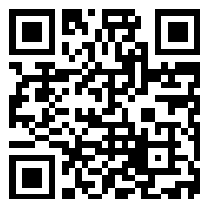

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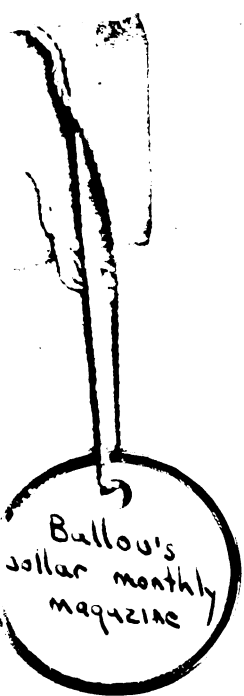
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BALLOU'S
DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XIV.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1861.



BOSTON:
OFFICE OF THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND THE WEEKLY NOVELETTE.
No. 22½ WINTER STREET.

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BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 1.

BOSTON, JULY, 1861.

WHOLE No. 79.

A GLIMPSE OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

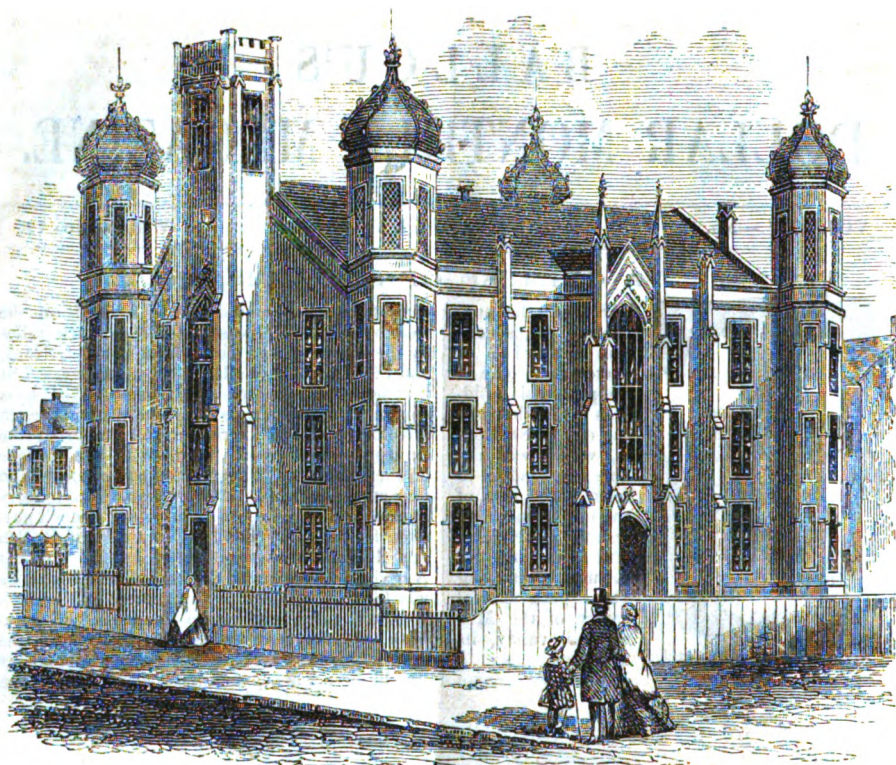


THIS and the succeeding pages contain a series of sketches of some of the principal buildings in the flourishing city of St. Louis, which will enable our readers to form some idea of the importance and wealth of the place. The city of St. Louis, occupying the geographical centre of the Mississippi valley, its advantages as a commercial depot

cannot be exaggerated. It is located on the west bank of the Mississippi River, 1210 miles by the course of the river from New Orleans, and 863 from the Falls of St. Anthony. The first settlement was made here about 1764, by a company of merchants on whom the French director-general of Louisiana had conferred the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians on the Missouri. They built a large house and four stores, which, in 1770, had increased to forty houses, including a fort and a small French garrison for defence. In 1780, an attack of British and Indians was successfully repelled by the American forces under General Clark. St. Louis was formerly the seat of government of Missouri. Its site is lofty, and hence its proverbial salubrity. It rises from the river by two plains; the first, which is alluvial, being twenty feet above the highest water; and the second, which is a



BIDDLE MARKET, ST. LOUIS, MO.



HIGH SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

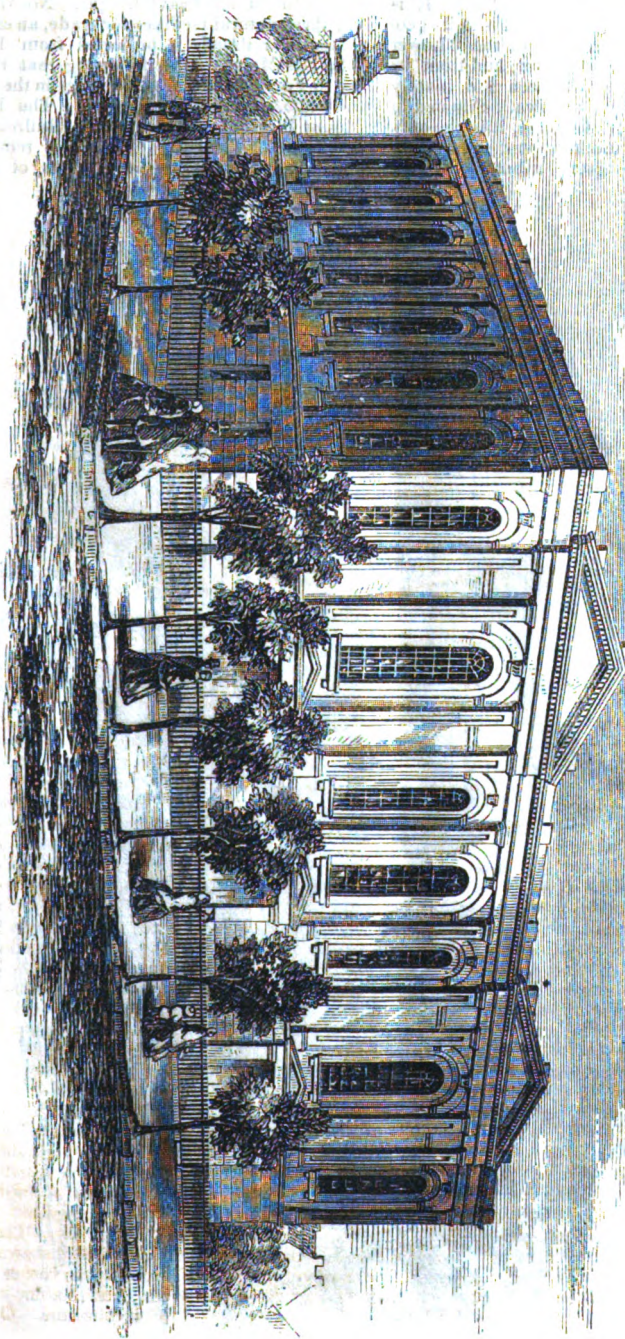
limestone bank, ascending forty feet higher than the first to the level of the adjacent country. From the river to the first of these terraces, the ascent is abrupt, but the second acclivity is more gradual. The prospect from the upper terrace is extensive and delightful. Situated almost at the focus to which the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and Ohio converge, St. Louis must in time become a mart of wealth and commerce scarcely surpassed by any in the United States. The trade of New Orleans alone exceeds it now. The city swarms with steamboats, baffling an attempt to number them. St. Louis is also a great depot and point of departure for the American fur trade, and for the lead mines of the upper Mississippi. Here hunters, trappers, miners, adventurers and emigrants meet in the prosecution of their various objects, and hence diverge to the most distant parts of the great West. Under the French and Spanish colonial sway, St. Louis was a mere village, and originally laid out on the first bank, consisting of three narrow streets parallel to the river's course. Under the auspices of the American settlers, it soon extended itself to the upper plain. This portion of the city is well laid out, with broad and airy streets, crossing each other at right angles. The city is built compactly for an extent of about two miles, with extensive suburbs. Many of the warehouses, public buildings, and private residences are fine specimens of architecture. The limestone, which abounds here, furnishes

excellent building material. One of our pictures represents the Court House. It is a massive structure, well and securely built, and thoroughly fire-proof. It is situated in the square formed by Fourth, Market, Fifth and Chestnut Streets. On the right of our picture will be seen part of the Planters' Hotel. The Mercantile Library Hall is the subject of another illustration. It stands at the corner of Fifth and Locust Streets, has one hundred and five feet front, is twenty-seven feet deep and ninety feet high, and cost \$140,000. The lower story on Fifth Street is devoted to stores. On Locust Street it is occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association. The second floor contains the Library, which embraces eleven thousand volumes, selected with excellent judgment; also a neat Lecture Room, which will seat an audience of seven hundred persons. But the principal feature is the Hall, which will seat two thousand persons. It is most beautifully decorated, and is a credit to the city. The High School, the subject of another of our engravings, is situated on Olive Street, and is a substantial Gothic building. It has eighty feet front, and is one hundred and four feet deep. The basement is finished as a lecture room. It occupies an elevated position near the western limits of the city. The Medical Department of the University, shown in our third engraving, is situated at the corner of Myrtle and Seventh Streets, and is a fine building, of a pleasing style of architecture. Our next

engraving delineates "McDowell's College," as it is familiarly called. It is a dispensary connected with the Medical Department of the University of Missouri. It is located opposite the Pacific Railroad terminus. Our view is taken from Seventh Street. The building on the right

is the St. Joseph's Academy, by the brothers of the Christian schools. The Biddle Market, shown in our first picture, in an unique but not unpleasing building, situated at the corner of Biddle and Thirteenth Streets, and is a place of great business activity.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



SOMETHING ABOUT KEOKUK, IOWA.

The engravings following the St. Louis set faithfully represents some of the most striking features of Keokuk, Iowa. Keokuk is one of the most thriving and beautiful among the marvellous young cities of the great West. It is the semi-capital of Lee countv. From its geographical position, at the foot of the "Lower Rapids" of the Mississippi River, and from its other local advantages, it has been not inapty termed the "Gate City" of Iowa. Situated in the southeast corner of the State, it is the only city of Iowa that has uninterrupted water communication with the great tributary of the

"Father of Waters," and must therefore remain, as it is now, the principal outlet for the produce of one of the largest and most fertile States of the Union, so long as river transportation is cheaper than railroad for heavy freight. Notwithstanding these natural facilities for trade, an extensive system of railroads is projected from Keokuk. The Des Moines road, following that rich valley to Fort Des Moines, 150 miles in the heart of the State, is rapidly going on. The Keokuk, Mount Pleasant and Muscatine Railroad runs northward. The site of Keokuk is remarkably fine. It covers the top and slopes of a large

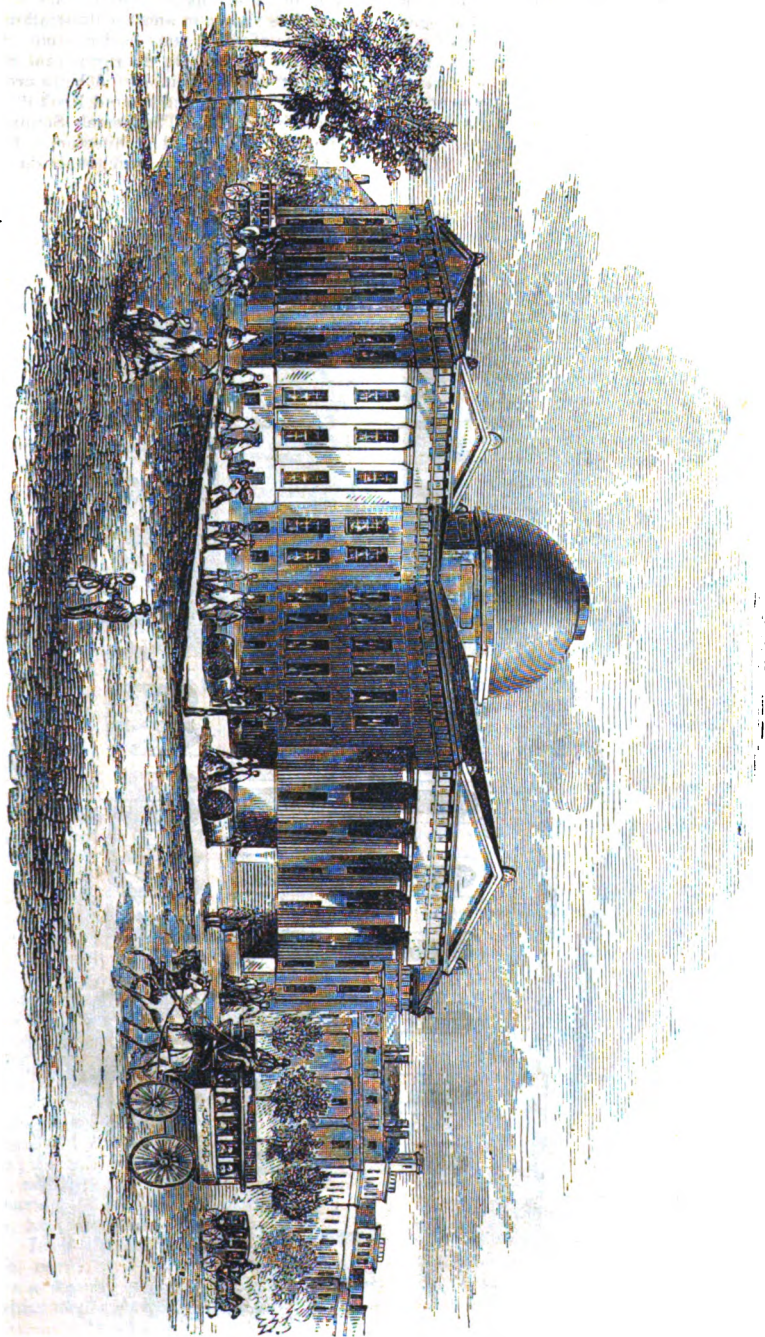


MCDOWELL'S COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

bluff, round which the river sweeps in a semi-circle, and thus commands a noble prospect extending many miles north and south, and is exempt from those diseases so prevalent in the low bottom lands of the western country. The city now contains a population of seven or eight

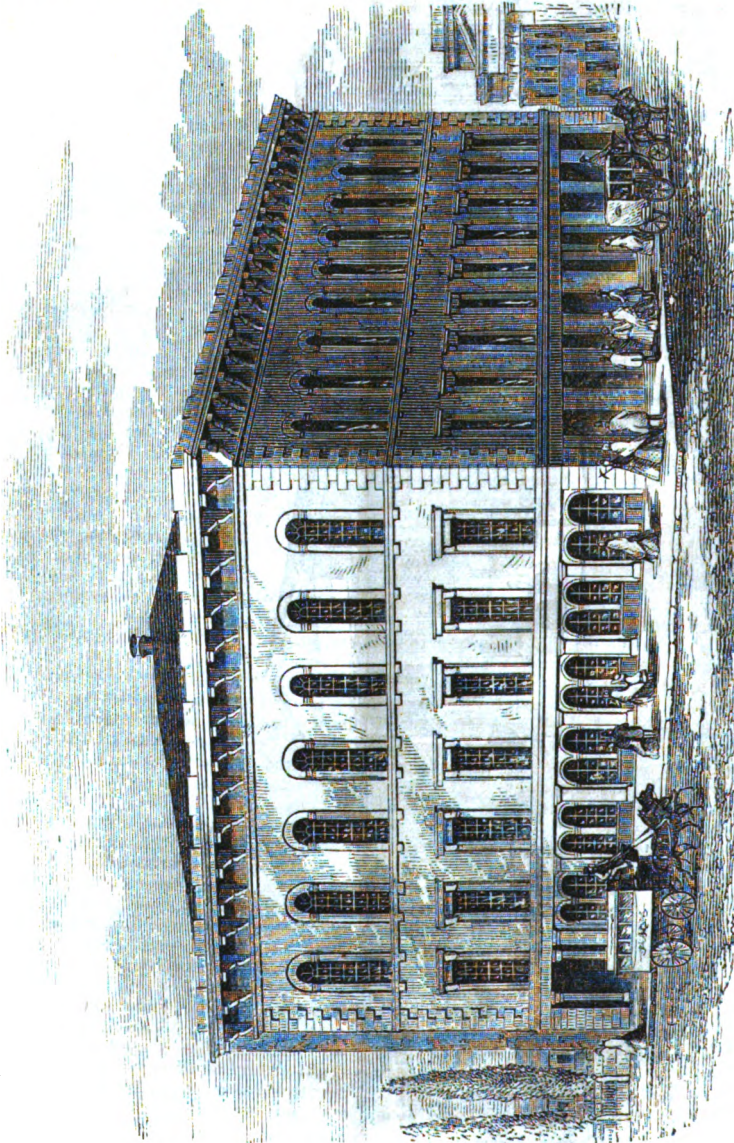
thousand; but, according to the ratio of increase in previous years, it will probably gain two or three thousand on those figures by the emigration of the present season. There is an extensive and rapidly increasing wholesale business done in manufactured goods, groceries, etc., which are

COURT-HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



supplied to an immense agricultural region north and west, and the demand seems to exceed the supply. This is especially the case with building material; and double the number of mechanics in every trade would find employment at high wages. The citizens are mostly eastern men, and their energy is shown by the modern improvements already introduced. The gas works, of which a view is given in one of our engravings, erected by Messrs. Herrick & Kilbourne in 1855, are built of brick, in a tasteful style of architecture that does the designer much credit. The Keokuk Athenæum is a handsome brick building, with a neatly ornamented front, on Second Street, between Johnson and Main.

The crossing of the last named street is seen in the middle distance of the picture. It runs at a right angle to the river, and is a wide, straight, macadamized avenue over a mile long, lined with substantial stores, many of which would do credit to Washington Street or Broadway. The intersection of this main thoroughfare with the "Levee" is shown in another illustration, with a perspective of the boats, landing, etc., looking towards the north. On the right is the river and the distant shore of Illinois. A large proportion of the residences in and around Keokuk are well and tastefully built. The Female Seminary is a specimen of this sort of architecture. It is constructed of stone, in an octagonal shape, and,



MERCANTILE LIBRARY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

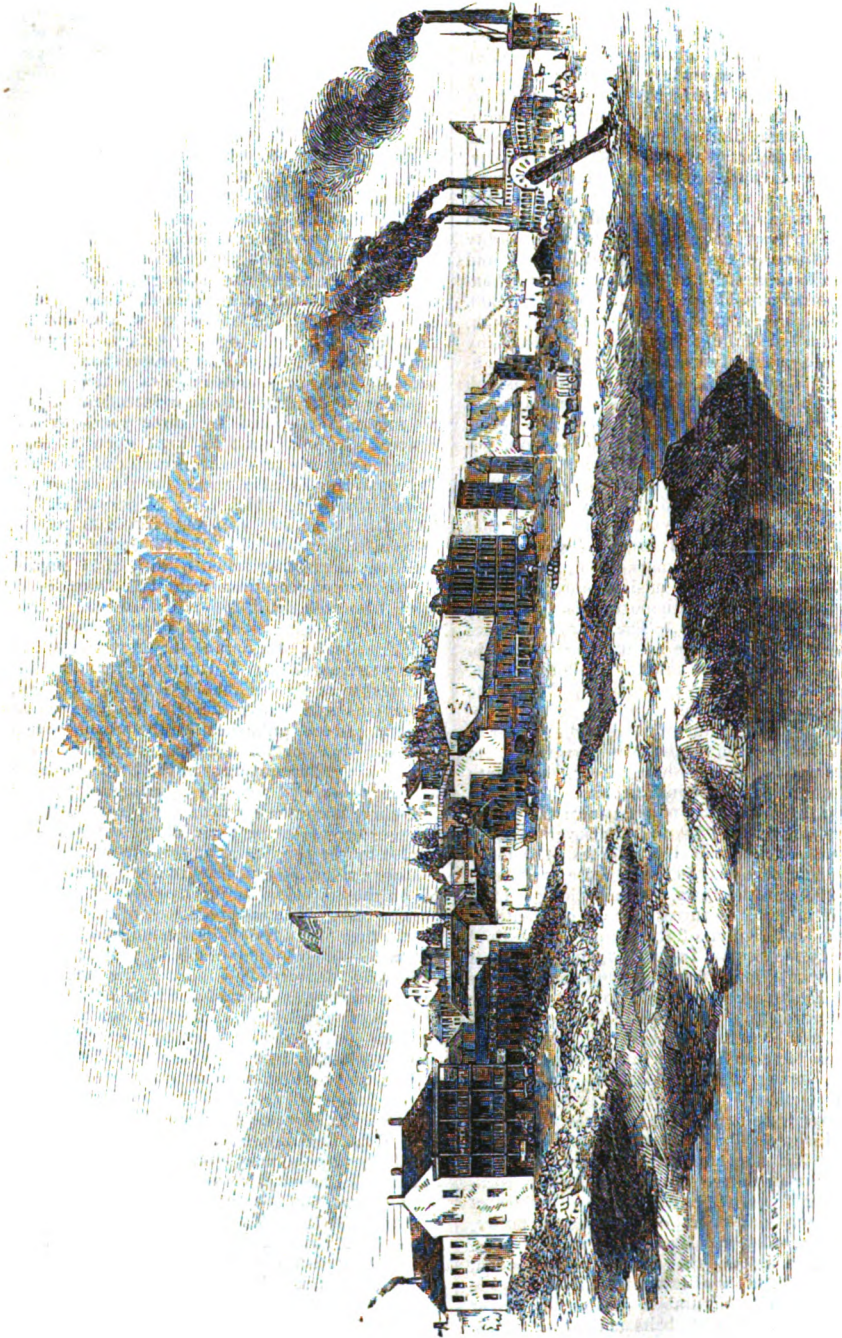
with the surrounding grounds, occupies the summit of the bluff, commanding a magnificent prospect in every direction; just to the left is seen the residence of Colonel Curtis. A line of splendid steam-packets runs daily between Keokuk and St. Louis; the number of steamboat arrivals in 1852 was 795. The Lower Rapids are eleven miles in extent, in the course of which the river has a fall of twenty-four feet. The cargoes of vessels ascending the river are transhipped over the rapids by steamers drawn by horses, and then reshipped on board of steamboats for their destination. The city contains the medical department of the State University, six or seven churches, three academies, several public schools and a hospital. Two weekly newspapers and a medical journal are published here. The town contains also between eighty and ninety stores, two steam flouring mills and two iron foundries. The value of the merchandise reported as sold here in 1852 was \$1,345,000. The Mississippi is about a mile wide at Keokuk, flows on a bed of limestone, and is bordered by bluffs rising abruptly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The above statistics, though the latest published, probably give an imperfect idea of the condition and business of the place, which is conducted on the high-pressure, go-ahead principle, and increases yearly in magnitude. Enough has been said, however, to show that it is really "something of a village," as our New York friends are willing to admit that Boston is. The State of Iowa, of which Keokuk is one of the most remarkable cities, formed originally a part of the Louisiana purchase, then successively a part of Missouri, Wisconsin, and lastly of Iowa territory. The first permanent settlement was commenced at Burlington in 1833. It was admitted into the Union in 1846. It is bounded as follows: North by Minnesota territory, east by the Mississippi, west by the Indian territory and Minnesota, from the former of which it is separated by the Missouri, and from the latter by the Great Sioux River, and south by Missouri. It contains an area of 50,914 square miles. The face of the country is generally a rolling prairie, furrowed by several important rivers, such as the Des Moines, 450 miles long, which traverses the entire State, the Skunk River, 200, and the Iowa, 300 miles long. Iowa is rich in mineral resources; about one-tenth of the great lead region of the Upper Mississippi lies within the State. In 1853, 3,256,970 pounds of lead were shipped from Dubuque and Buena Vista. Zinc and copper are found, and there are also productive coal mines. The climate is healthy, and permits of varied agriculture; the peach tree blossoms in April, fall wheat ripens in July, spring wheat in August, and Indian corn in October. The rivers are generally frozen over from two to three months in winter. The soil is generally excellent and easily tilled, and there is a due admixture of woodland and prairie; the staple productions are Indian corn, wheat, and live stock, besides large quantities of rye, barley, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, butter, cheese, hay, wool, maple sugar, honey and beeswax. Iowa is, on the whole, well wooded, though north of the 42d parallel of latitude there is a scarcity of timber. Ash, elm, sugar and white maple grow in belts on the river banks.

Among the other trees are oak, black and white walnut, locust, ironwood, cottonwood, lime and pine. Manufactures are yet in their infancy; but as the State possesses abundance of coal and water power, we may presume that they will be rapidly developed. In 1850 there were 482 manufacturing establishments, with an average yearly product of about \$500. Three of them were engaged in the manufacture of iron, employing about \$5500 capital, and producing castings worth \$8500; one woolen factory, with \$31,225 capital, produces stuffs valued at \$13,000, and breweries and distilleries, producing from an investment of \$19,000, 160,000 gallons of whiskey, beer, etc. In 1852, \$280,483 were invested in mills and distilleries. We have alluded above to the internal improvements of the State. Thoughtful provision is made for education. All lands granted by Congress, all escheated estates, and whatever per centage Congress may allow on the public lands sold within the State, are to constitute a fund, the interest of which, and the rent of unsold lands, together with military and court fines, are to form an appropriation for the support of public schools in Iowa, which are to be under the direction of a superintendent of public instruction elected for three years by the people. Schools must be kept open at least three months in every year in each district. An appropriation is also made for the support of Iowa University, which is to be perpetual. In 1850 there were two colleges, with 100 pupils; 742 public schools, with 29,616 pupils, and 31 academies and other schools, with 1051 pupils. In the same year there were 193 churches in Iowa, of which the Baptists owned 20; Christians, 10; Congregationalists, 14; Episcopalians, 5; Friends, 5; Lutherans, 4; Methodists, 71; Presbyterians, 38, and Roman Catholics, 18. The rest were divided among German Reformed, Moravians and Universalists. Many excellent newspapers are published in the State, which also contains several libraries established on a good basis. The governor of the State is chosen for four years, and receives a salary of \$1000; the senate is chosen for the same period, and the representatives for a term of two years—all elected by the people. The sessions of the Legislature are biennial, and the two branches assemble on the first Monday in December of each alternate year. The members receive \$2 per diem for the first fifty days of the session, and \$1 a day thereafter—a plan unfavorable to protracted debates and dilatory legislation; the members receive mileage at the rate of \$2 for every twenty miles of travel. The judiciary consists of a supreme court, presided over by one chief and two associate judges, receiving each \$1000 per annum, and of district courts, each presided over by one judge, who receives \$1000 a year. The judges of the supreme court are elected by a joint vote of the Legislature for six years, and the district judges by the people of their district for five years. The assessed value of property in Iowa in 1853, was \$49,384,905. In 1854 the public debt was \$79,795. There was but one bank in June, 1852, with a capital of \$200,000. But, after all, statistics and figures convey to few minds an accurate idea of the substantial realities they represent. A careful tour can only realize its greatness and the extent of its resources.

HARVEST IN NORMANDY.

Three of the last four engravings in this number of the Magazine, represent the rural pursuits of the people in Normandy, France, while one is devoted to a representation of wine-making in Pola,

Istria. The first picture delineates the wood-cutters and wood-carriers in the forest of Brotonne, Normandy. A long file of horses and mules, the foremost furnished with panniers and



VIEW OF THE LEVEE, KEOKUK, IOWA.

bells, and each bearing a heavy load of even cut sticks, winds its way through the mountain pass. A peasant boy in his sabots, or wooden shoes, heads the column. On one of the horses a peasant girl is riding, her feet comfortably ensconced in a pannier, listening to the compliments of a

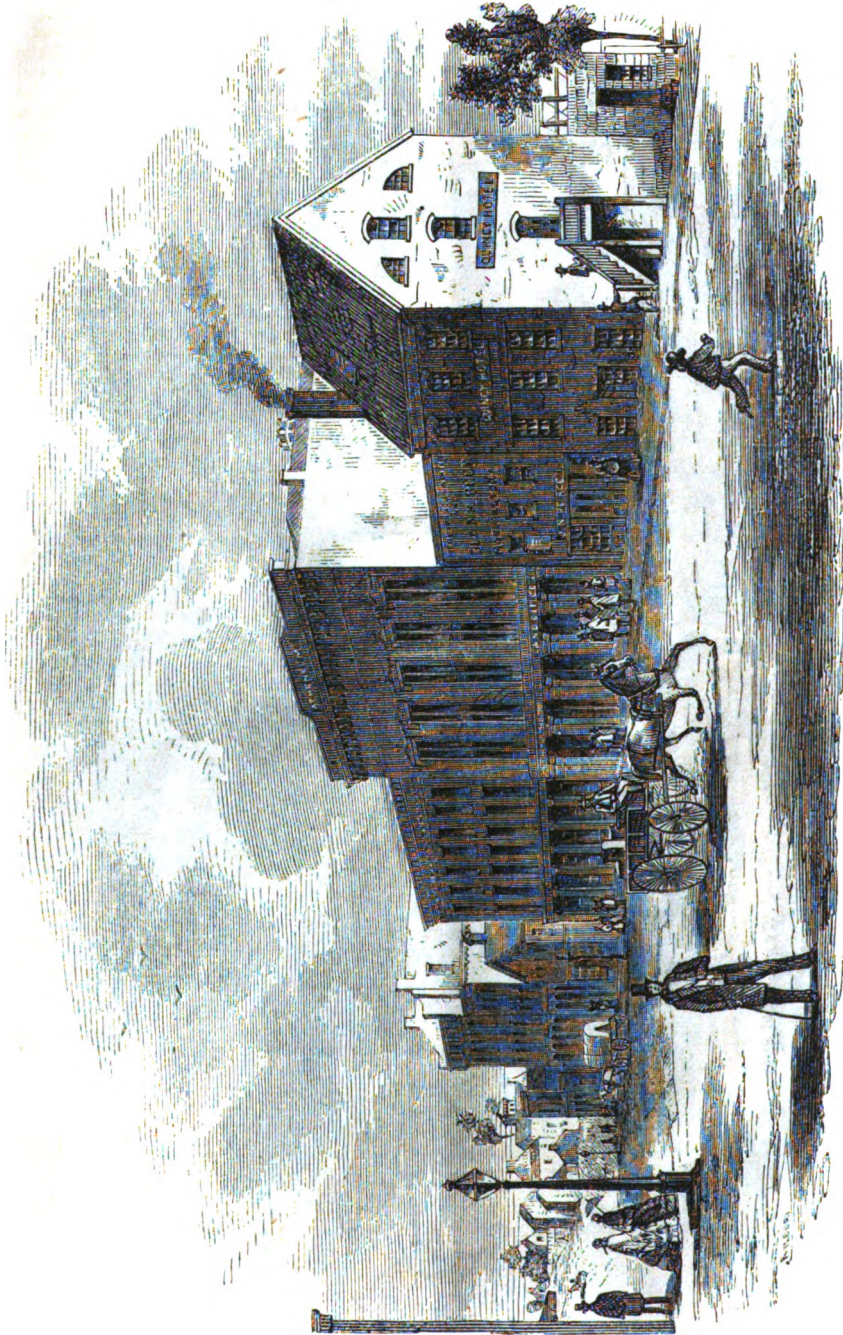
queerly-equipped rustic attendant. In the distant gorge of the hills a quaint old town is visible. The peasant women of Normandy wear a very picturesque dress, the effect of which is heightened by gay colors. The petticoat is perhaps of intense red, the neckerchief of pink, the

GAS WORKS, JOHNSON STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.



apron striped with orange, and not unfrequently "bends over all," not exactly the "blue sky," but the much less poetical canopy of an immensely large scarlet umbrella, which is used as a defence against the overpowering heat of the sun. Seen among the depths of the green forests, such forms

give a richness and harmony to the picture, which would otherwise be wanting. Although there are coal mines in forty different departments of France, yet the abundance of firewood produced in the forests is still sufficiently great to prevent coal from being used exclusively, even

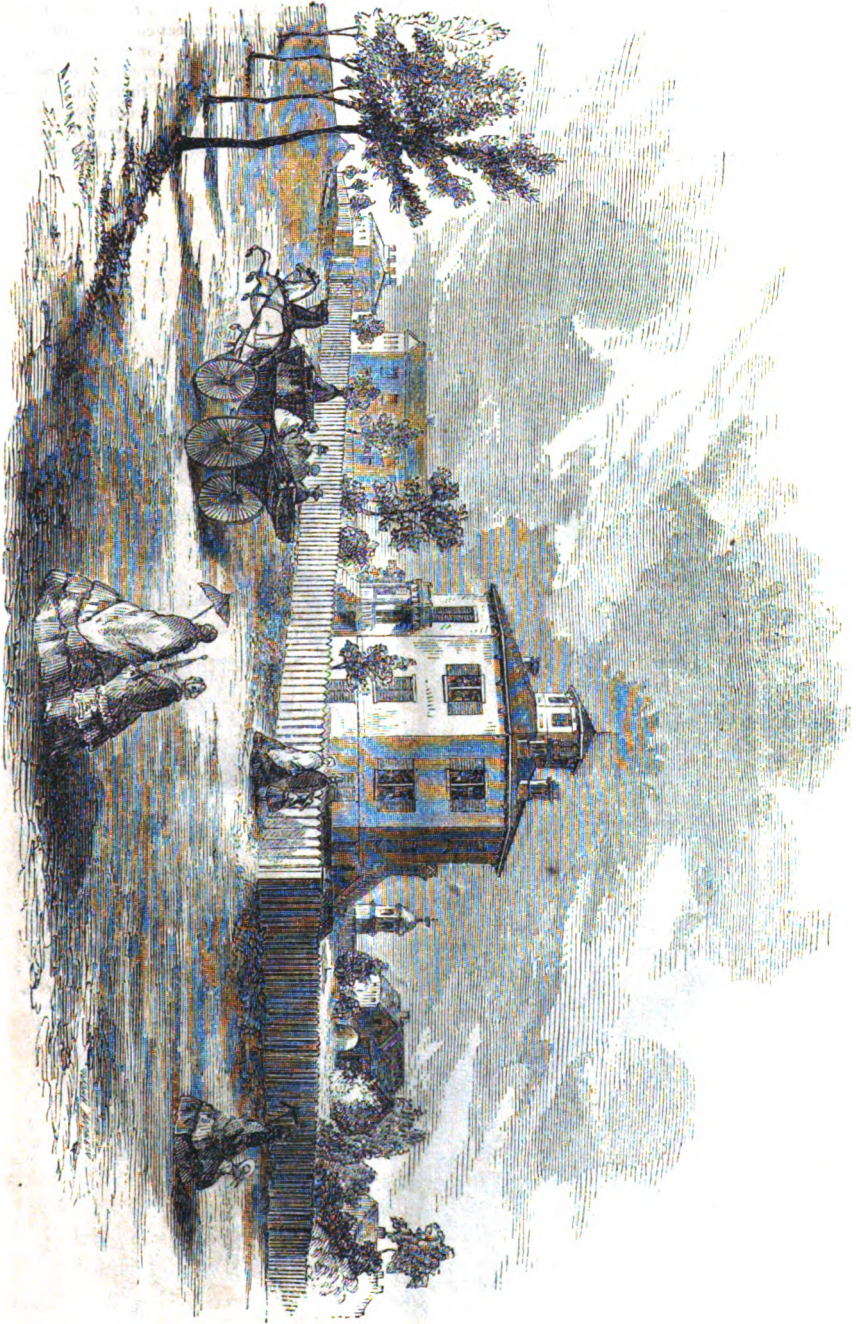


KEOKUK ATHENÆUM, SECOND STREET, KEOKUK, IOWA.

where the wood is not procurable; while the want of internal communication still further limits the use of coal. Many of the French collieries are lying idle, or nearly so, because the expense of the coal itself, added to the cost of transport over insufficient roads and canals, raises the price

too largely to enable the seller to compete with the forest proprietor. It has been stated that in the department of Aveyron, the coal mines, if properly worked, would provide a supply nearly equal to the wants of France; but that the deficiencies in respect to roads and canals render this

FEMALE SEMINARY, CORNER OF SECOND AND HIGH STREETS, KEOKUK, IOWA



bounty of nature almost unavailable. One eighth of the surface of France is still covered with woods and forests, the annual produce from which, comprising building timber and firewood, is estimated at about thirty millions of dollars. Ten years ago it was estimated that France, with half as many more inhabitants, consumed only one fifth the quantity of coal burned in England. The consumption of every kind of fuel in Paris amounted at that time in value to nearly eight millions and a half dollars a year, being nearly one half the amount of the annual rent of all the houses in Paris, and two thirds of the sum spent by the inhabitants in wearing apparel! This estimate, if correct, places in a striking point of

view the expensive nature of wood fuel. The firewood for the supply of Paris, paying duty on entering the city, is brought down the river Seine on rafts. Sometimes the supply is obtained from a great distance; and in that case, the wood is seasoned before being made up into rafts. The bark is stripped off at the time of the wood being cut, and then allowed to remain exposed, the wood becomes hardened, and much better fitted to be used as fuel. Some forests, contiguous to the Seine, are preferred to others in respect of the quality of wood there obtained—one kind, for instance, obtained from trees growing in a stratum of stones and gravel, is much esteemed at Paris. Two or three other kinds are



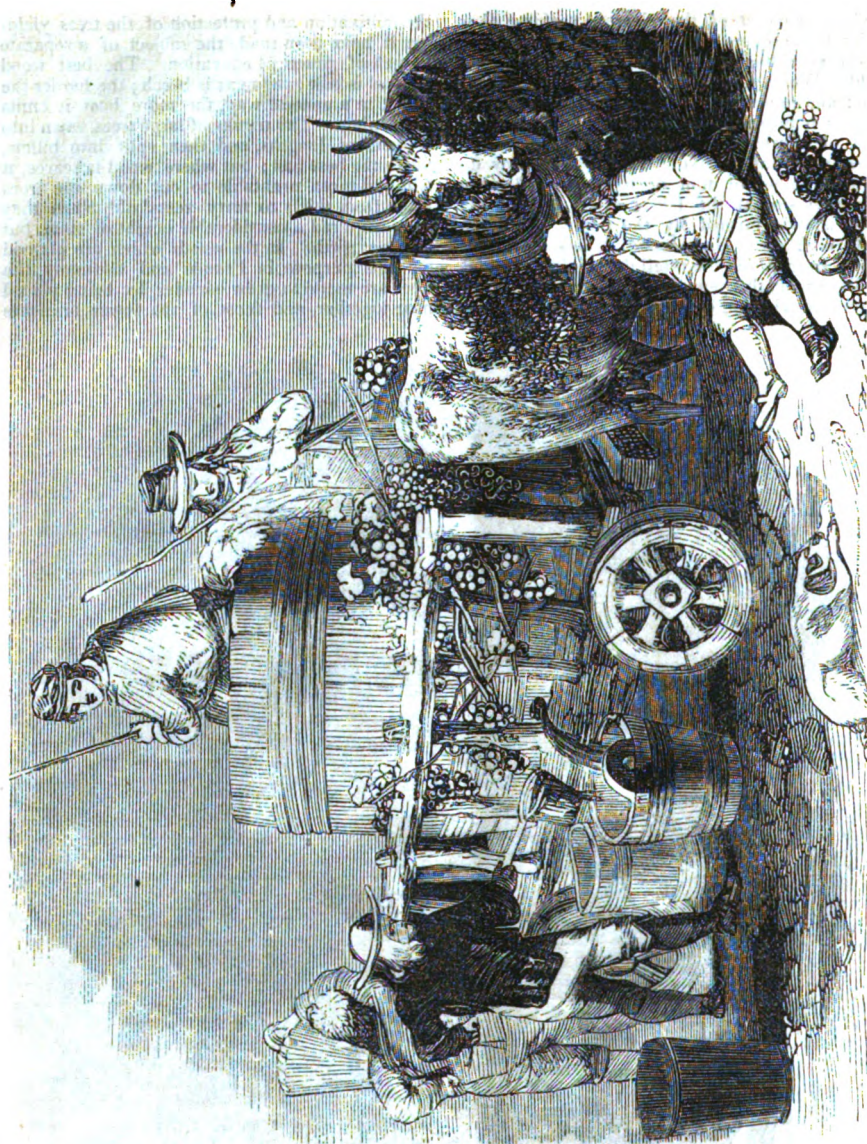
WOODCUTTERS AND CARRIERS IN NORMANDY.

used on account of the pleasant perfume they emit; while others also are in good favor for the bright, sparkling and cheerful blaze which they yield. Wood, however, is paid for at a very dear rate; and to economize fuel, the Parisians often keep their fires in a smouldering state, or use a kind of charcoal composition with the wood. When wood rafts arrive in Paris, which they do to the number of four or five thousand every year, they stop at the Isle Louvier, one of the three islands formed by the Seine within the walls of Paris. Here wood depots are established, from which the retail dealers in this commodity obtain their supply. In France and Germany, the selection of the best wood for fuel, and

the cultivation and protection of the trees yielding it, have been made the subject of a separate branch of practical education. The best wood for fuel is oak; the next is beech; the harder the wood, in a general way, the more heat it emits in burning. The trunks of large trees, sawn into convenient lengths, and then split into billets, make the best fuel; but where wood is scarce, it is found most profitable to cut down the trees when from thirty to forty years' old, when they have acquired a considerable height of stem, but no great girth. In the woods which are planted for this purpose in France and Germany, the trees are made to grow slender, by being placed near together, and most of the lower branches



HARVEST IN NORMANDY.



WINE MAKING AT POLA, IN ISTRIA.

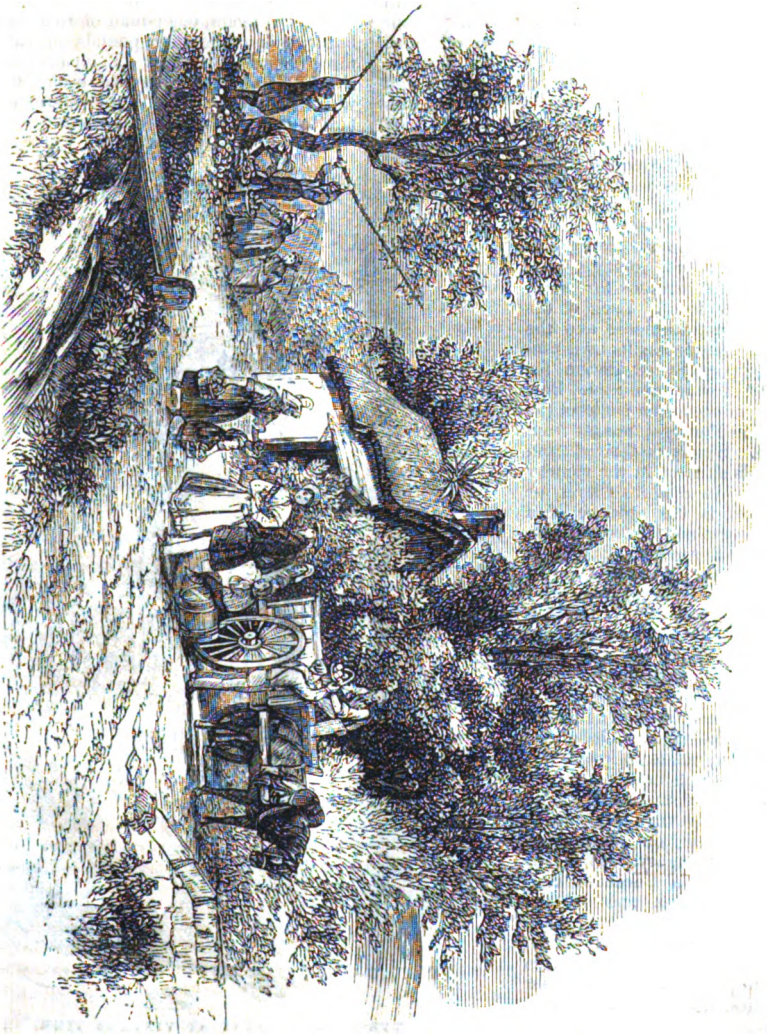
being cut off. This is a well-known mode of determining the manner in which a tree or plant shall grow, whether tall or spare, or short and bulky; and it is simply a matter of calculation, under particular circumstances, as to which of the methods will be, on the whole, most conducive to the object in view. About sixty or seventy years ago, a German traveller, Riesbeck, gave rather a quaint account of the condition of Prussia at that time; and while defending certain monopolies which existed at that time, and which, he said, were established by the king for the good of the people at large, he gives us an insight into the employment of wood for fuel, the sale of which was monopolized by a company:

"This company is not allowed to set an arbitrary price on its commodity, but the wood is taxed; and they are obliged to furnish the best sort. Though the price of the wood be high, it keeps pace with the wages of the manufacturers; so no one feels it but those who live upon their own estates without doing anything, or those who receive stipends from the court. If the former of these would work like the other parts of the industrious public, they would reckon the article of firewood in their account; as they do not, they are very properly punished for their laziness. As to the latter, to be sure they do not get much, but what they get is sufficient for the decent purposes of life; and the king's maxim is, that every

man shall have enough, but no man shall have too much. To the former the monopoly is of service, for the company is obliged to sell him wood as cheap as if there was no monopoly; and, besides, he is himself allowed to take a certain portion of it to market, where the regulations enable him to sell it to better advantage than he would do otherwise. The monopoly also serves to preserve the forests, which all Europe has so long lamented the diminution of. The scarcity of wood makes people more cautious how they grab and burn. Nor does the monopoly affect any but the inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam, who have great advantages over the rest of the country from the residence of many officers of state in them, and the facility with which money circulates. Strangers, indeed, who reason from the state of their own purses, and see that the materials for fire are as dear at Berlin and Potsdam as Brazil or Campeachy wood, form no

prejudices in favor of the Prussian monopolies, and thus far they are in the right." The last fact mentioned, that of firewood being equal in price to dyewood and ornamental wood brought from abroad, is not a little remarkable. A wonderful degree of activity has been shown within the last few years in devising new kinds of fuel, which, being compounded of easily procurable ingredients, shall be cheaper, or cleaner, or more portable, or more fitted for particular purposes than coal. Mr. Williams, a director of the Dublin Steam Packet Company, has devised a kind of composite fuel, in which peat is brought prominently into use. In one of his methods, peat-moss, pressed nearly dry, is further dried with powdered limestone and mud. In another preparation, he combines bituminous matter with peat, and this produces fuel which answers all the purposes of pure coal, and is much cheaper and more portable.

APPLE-GATHERING IN NORMANDY.



Our next picture represents the manner of getting in the grain harvest in Normandy, France. In the foreground, we have one of the famous Norman horses, led by a peasant woman, in the picturesque costume of her district, and loaded with wheat sheaves, while in the distance are seen other female peasants engaged in cutting and binding sheaves. Women are largely employed in the heavier labors of agriculture in Europe. Another picture represents the annual apple-gathering in Normandy. A cart, to which a stout horse is harnessed, receives the golden fruit handed in by the laborers. Women and children are bringing in the heavily-laden baskets of fruit, and the proprietor and his lady are superintending the operation. In the distance two men are beating down the apples from a tree, which are gathered by the women and children at the foot of the trees as they fall.

Still another of our engravings represents the manner of making wine at Pola, in Istria. In the immense tun on the ox-cart, is a peasant treading down the grapes, the juice of which flows into the tubs set outside. All wine, so called, is made from the juice of the grape; and in those countries where the grape is best cultivated, there is the best wine made, or there, at least, it may be made, if the cultivators possess the requisite skill. All the beverages produced from other fruit, such as cider from the apple, perry from pear, and home made wines from the raisin, currant, gooseberry, orange, etc., are rather substitutes for wine, than wine itself. Each of the countries in the middle and the south of Europe has its own proper and peculiar reputation for the kind of wine produced. Port is the produce of the banks of the Douro, in Portugal, not far from Oporto. Sherry is derived from vineyards situated in the vicinity of Xeres, in Spain. Claret, or Bordeaux, is the produce of a small district not far distant from the city of Bordeaux. Burgundy and Champagne are the names applied to the wine made in these two French provinces. Rhenish wines, Moselle and Neckar wines are named from the vineyards situated on the banks of the great rivers bearing those names; and the special names, such as Reidsheimer, Hockheimer, Johannisberger, etc., relate to particular vineyards which have acquired a wide-spread reputation. Tokay is a most expensive wine, made at and named from the town of Tokay, in Hungary. Thus it is also in Italy, in Southern Germany, in Greece, and in the Mediterranean islands: each country produces wine, which, when tasted by a connoisseur, is found to possess its own peculiar properties, distinguishable from others.

OUR FOOD.

From experiments made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread every hundred pounds' weight is found to contain eighty pounds of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only thirty-one pounds in a hundred pounds; French beans eighty pounds; peas twenty-three pounds; lentiles ninety-four pounds; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only eight pounds of solid nutritious substance in a hundred pounds; carrots fourteen pounds; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, a hundred pounds of potatoes only yield twenty-five pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, one pound of good bread is equal to two and a half or three pounds of potatoes; and seventy-five pounds of bread and thirty pounds of butcher meat are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes. Or, again, one pound of rice, or of broad beans, is equal to four pounds of cabbage and three pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.



TYROLESE PEASANT AT VINTAGE TIME.

[ORIGINAL]

THE ITALIAN ORPHAN'S LAMENT.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

O, give me back my mother!
 O, give her back to me!
 My father sleeps beneath the turf,
 Beyond the dark blue sea.

The smiling zephyrs o'er him
 Breathe in Italia's clime,
 Where once we dwelt as happily
 As heaven's golden chime,

That rings throughout the dome
 Of everlasting bliss;
 And gentle flowers of sunbeams born
 The green sward o'er him kiss.

O, give me back my mother!
 I cannot dwell alone
 Upon this cold, unfeeling shore,
 Where hearts are made of stone.

O, give me back my mother!
 I miss the glowing smile
 That lit her face when gaunt distress
 And sorrow marched in file.

But that hid not the burning tear
 That washed her furrowed face,
 To think of him she soon must leave
 Here in this desert place.

O, give me back my mother!
 The snow is piled around,
 And sweeps in demon circlets
 Upon the frozen ground.

'Twas never thus upon the Po,
 Whose silver stream I loved;
 Whose every glance spoke of the light
 Which on its surface moved.

O, give me back my mother!
 Her sainted face again
 Shall drive before its angel smile
 All sorrow, want and pain.

O, give me back my mother,
 And take me from this land,
 To dwell beneath an azure sky,
 And on a golden strand!

O mother, thou wilt come
 To me no more again,
 But I shall meet on heaven's shore
 Thy fair and fairy train!

[ORIGINAL.]

A CRUISE ON AN ICE BOAT.

BY JOHN H. UNDERWOOD.

THE village of Smithville—a village of no great pretensions in point of wealth and population, but justly celebrated for its pretty girls, its prosperous academy, and its fine scenery—is situated on the margin of a broad lake in one of the

New England States. It is not to be found, however, upon the maps in common use, and the too inquisitive reader may as well refrain from wearying his patience in searching for a locality which really exists, but which we have chosen to designate by a fictitious name.

In the outskirts of the village, and close to the margin of the lakes, there lived, at the time of our story, one Deacon Thorndike, a man of eminent piety and considerable "worldly possessions," which latter consisted of the best farm in town, a goodly pile of "filthy lucre," safely deposited in the savings bank, and last, though by no means least, three amiable daughters, who bore the well-merited reputation of being the prettiest girls in Smithville.

At the time of our story, three young men from a neighboring State, who had been playmates in childhood, and were now fellow-students at the academy, boarded at Deacon Thorndike's, which, by the way, was a favorite boarding-place with students of the masculine persuasion. Doubtless the romantic location of the house, the motherly kindness of *materfamilias*, the privilege of listening to the pious counsels of the deacon, and of attending family prayers morning and evening, and, possibly, the society of "the girls," were the chief attractions of the deacon's household in the eyes of the young men; at all events, the trio above mentioned found their boarding-place more than satisfactory, and remained members of the family during the whole of their two years' course at the academy.

Henry Hammond, Frank Carlton and Tom Wilson were wide-awake, active boys, always ready for a harmless "lark," or anything of the kind, in fact, which promised fun; while the deacon's daughters, Lucy, Carrie and Sarah, albeit their father was a "member in good and regular standing," of a Puritan church, were brimful of fun and mischief, and many a frolic was enacted in the old farmhouse which would, perhaps, have shocked "Miss Nancy's" sense of propriety, or offended the fastidious tastes of those who are "more nice than wise."

Of course the girls and boys were careful to behave with the most solemn propriety in the presence of the deacon; but the kind-hearted and genial dame of the house, who believed in the common-sense doctrine,

"'Tis better to laugh than be crying,
 When so swiftly life's moments are flying,"

could see no harm in their innocent playfulness and merriment, and, as a general thing, the young folks "went in for a good time" without fear of molestation.

One fine morning during the winter vacation of the academy, a large, substantially built ice-boat was launched upon the lake, near the deacon's house, in the presence of a crowd of spectators; and as she glided gracefully upon the ice, in the midst of rousing cheers, Harry Hammond, who acted as master of ceremonies, sprang upon an elevated mound, and in a loud voice proclaimed her name to be the "Ice Bird."

This craft, the like of which had never been seen in that region before, the boys had constructed during the week previous, with the assistance of a carpenter and the village blacksmith, under the direction of Harry, who had once made a short sea voyage, and now considered himself "posted" on matters pertaining to all kinds of navigation. The boat, which was quite large, and furnished with secure and comfortable seats, was capable of holding at least six or eight persons, and still affording every facility for successful navigation, and the performance of necessary evolutions. It was sloop rigged, that is to say, fitted with one mast, to which was attached a common fore and aft sail, arranged to be hoisted or lowered by means of a single set of halyards, and provided of course, with a boom and gaff. The steering apparatus consisted of a moveable pair of runners under the stern, attached to a perpendicular pin, or pivot, which passed through the bottom of the boat, and was fastened to a tiller in the stern sheets. The foresheet was belayed near the stern, and close to the steersman's hand, so that one "sea-faring man" was sufficient to manage the craft, which, in addition to these arrangements, was provided with an "outrigger" on either side, to prevent her from going about, or being capsized, a kind of brake to press upon the ice and check her headway when occasion required, and a grapple or ice-anchor for mooring purposes.

During the day of the launch the boys tested the sailing qualities of the Ice Bird, to their satisfaction, by making short trips in every direction, which resulted in convincing them that the boat was not only a miracle of speed, but could be safely navigated to any distance, with any wind, and under any circumstances. She obeyed the slightest touch upon her helm, went about in a twinkling, ran almost in the "wind's eye," and, as Harry expressed it, "sailed like a witch, either by the wind or before it!"

It had been previously arranged that her first regular voyage should be made on the evening following the launch, when it was proposed to run her to the head of the lake, a distance of some twenty-five miles, and back again, with her three owners and the deacon's daughters on

board, as "crew and passengers." Accordingly, at the time appointed, our merry young friends embarked in the Ice Bird, having first provided themselves with extra outside garments to be used in case of a change in the weather, and a basket of refreshments from the pantry, to which Harry had slyly added a bottle of the old lady's currant wine, and a small flask of brandy procured "for medicinal purposes" from the town agent.

Harry, of course, took his seat in the stern sheets, and grasped the tiller, Lucy seated herself by his side, and the others settled themselves into their proper positions; that is to say, Carrie and Frank amidships, and Lucy and Tom in the bows. At the word of command from Harry, Frank released the anchor from its hold in the ice, Tom loosed the foresail, and swayed it to the masthead, while, as Harry trimmed aft the sheet, the boat glided swiftly from the shore, gathering fresh headway as it emerged from the lee of the land, until it almost seemed to fly over the glistening surface of the lake.

The moon had just risen, and, although the sky was partially overcast with clouds, its beams shed sufficient light upon the broad expanse of ice to give full effect to the scene presented to the eyes of our young voyagers, as they sped swiftly onward. The rapid, noiseless flight of their vessel, the beauty of the evening, and the novelty of the whole affair exhilarated their ever buoyant spirits to a pitch of wild and joyful excitement, which could only relieve itself in noisy demonstrations, and their songs and laughter broke the stillness which till then had reigned over the frozen bosom of the lake, and echoed back from the forest upon the nearest shore, till "night was vocal with the sound."

Suddenly, and just as Harry had proposed to sing what he called a "beautiful evening hymn," commencing:

"We won't go home till morning,"

Tom, who had been acting as lookout, sprang up in alarm, exclaiming:

"Thin ice ahead! Stop her for Heaven's sake, Hal!"

At the first word of this warning cry, Harry comprehended the danger, and was about to put his helm hard a-starboard, but ere this could be accomplished, the boat had left the edge of the firm, white ice, which was distinctly marked by contrast with the black, transparent surface beyond, far behind; and the cooler thought which instantly followed his first impulse, was to keep his helm steady amidship, for he knew there was far less danger in rapid motion upon thin ice, than in coming to a stand, or even attempting an

evolution which must necessarily check the headway of the boat. Accordingly he decided upon the instant to hold his present course, hoping to find the old ice again at no great distance ahead.

By this time all on board had become aware of their danger, and their merry songs and laughter of a moment before were hushed into silence, as pale with alarm they looked upon the black, treacherous surface of the frozen ice which now extended around them in all directions as far as the eye could reach. As yet the new ice had borne the weight of the boat, as well, apparently, as that which they had just left, but soon a sharp crackling sound pierced their startled ears, and as the boat sped onward swift as an arrow from the bow, the ice beneath it bent and surged like the swell of the sea! Had its headlong speed been checked but for a single moment, it must inevitably have gone down in the depths of the lake, for the ice was afterwards ascertained to have been less than an inch in thickness! At this new evidence of danger, the girls uttered a simultaneous cry of terror, and clung convulsively to their companions, and even Frank and Tom gave vent to ejaculations of alarm.

"O, Harry," exclaimed Lucy, throwing her arms about his neck, and trembling violently, "what will become of us?"

"Don't be alarmed, Lucy dear," was the reply. "You girls keep perfectly cool, and we'll soon be out of danger. Boys," continued Harry, gently disengaging himself from Lucy's terrified embrace, "do you see any land except the distant shore of the lake?"

"No," replied Tom, after casting a rapid glance around the horizon.

"Then mind your heads, all of you, and look out for the boom! I'm going to square away for the shore," exclaimed Harry, as he cast off the turns of the fore sheet, from its belaying pin.

All bent their heads in expectation of the gibing of the boom; but just as Harry was about to put his helm up, Tom suddenly cried out:

"Land, ho! Right ahead of us, and not more than half a mile off."

In a moment more this newly-discovered land was visible to the eyes of all on board. It appeared to be a small island rising only a few feet above the surface of the lake, and scarcely distinguishable except at a short distance.

"Good!" exclaimed Harry, in answer to Tom's hail. "We can make that island in five minutes, so stand by to let go the halyards at a moment's notice. Any port in a storm is desirable, and if we can once beach the craft upon that island we shall be safe from drowning, at least."

The boat was still running with the speed of a race-horse over the bending ice, which crackled like glass beneath its weight, and in more than one instance the hinder pair of the runners, composing the steering apparatus, cut entirely through the fragile substance. The boat, however, rapidly neared the island, her great velocity saving her from destruction, and when sufficiently near, Harry gave the order to

"Let go the halyards, and haul down the foresail!"

This was instantly done; but the momentum which the boat had acquired still carried her onward with scarcely a perceptible decrease of speed, until, with a crash which piled the girls and boys in a promiscuous heap in the bottom of the boat, carried away the mast by the board, and otherwise damaged the vessel, she "brought up standing," high and dry upon the island.

Her crew and passengers, who had sustained but little injury beyond a general disarrangement of apparel, and a few slight contusions, where a pair of heads had come together in a manner more sudden than agreeable, hastily disembarked and proceeded to take a bird's-eye view of the island. This, however, required but little more than a single glance, for the diameter of the island could not have exceeded a hundred feet, and nothing of particular interest was visible upon it, with the exception of a quantity of driftwood, which the boys observed with pleasure, as both they and the girls began to suffer considerably from the cold.

To collect this into a pile and set fire to it, was but the work of a few moments, and very soon our castaways were warming themselves by the bright blaze, which, reflected by the ice, lit up the surrounding lake to a considerable distance. As soon as the grateful warmth had infused new life and spirits into the party, the basket of provisions was brought from the boat, and the good things therein contained were partaken of with a keen relish. Nor were the "liquid refreshments," previously mentioned, forgotten. The boys partook of the brandy, and the girls of the currant wine, in moderate quantities, and the party soon became, not only resigned to their fate, but even exceedingly merry over their adventures and misfortunes.

At length it was proposed to examine the ice upon the side of the island opposite to that upon which they had landed, with a view to ascertain the chances of escape which might exist. Accordingly, after replenishing the fire, the boys set out upon a voyage of observation, which soon resulted in the pleasing discovery that upon the opposite side of the island, and as far up and

down the lake as they could see, the ice was thick and strong. This diversity in the condition of the ice, which was at first a matter of surprise to the boys, was at length satisfactorily accounted for by Harry, and subsequent investigation proved the correctness of his theory. The thin ice over which they had passed, lay not far from the mouth of a large stream which flowed into the lake, and the motion of the water had kept that portion of the lake open long after ice had formed elsewhere. Hence the thinness of the ice in this place, while beyond the influence of the current it was frozen to the thickness of nearly a foot. The island upon which our adventurers had beached their vessel, lay directly opposite the mouth of the stream, but at such a distance that the force of the current was nearly spent before reaching it, and consequently had little or no effect upon the ice beyond.

The boys immediately returned to the island, and having reported the good news to the girls, proceeded to repair, as well as they could, the injuries which the boat had received. With a few nails which Harry chanced to have in his pocket, the runners, which had been loosened by the collision, were soon secured again, and a few other slight repairs, which were easily made, restored the hull of the vessel to its original condition. After this had been accomplished, the boys attempted to step their mast, which had been carried away by the board; but not a fathom of string of any description was to be found, and unless some substitute could be procured, it would be impossible to put the boat in sailing trim.

This was a great disappointment, but necessity is the mother of invention, and woman's wit is equal to any emergency, as we shall see. The girls, having learned from the boys' conversation that a few yards of string was the "one thing needful" at that particular time, promptly declared their ability to supply the deficiency. Then having requested the boys to "shut their eyes for a few moments," they drew close together, went through some mysterious manipulations of their apparel, and at length Lucy advanced, blushing like a full blown peony, and, asking timidly if "those would do?" held out towards Harry three pairs of—ahem!—our lady readers can easily guess what, and as to the gentlemen, it is not essential that their curiosity in this respect should be gratified.

Harry resolutely choked down his laughter as he took the long, slender bands, and knotted them together, remarking with emphasis that they "would do admirably." As an evidence that they did, we have only to state that in five

minutes later the mast was again in its proper place, and the Ice Bird in good condition for another cruise.

It was then hauled round to the other side of the island, and the party again embarked. So much time had been spent upon the island, that it was unanimously decided to steer directly for home, particularly as the clouds had been rapidly gathering until it was now quite dark, and a light fall of snow had commenced before the party left the island. The foresail was hoisted, the helm put up, the sheet properly trimmed, and with the wind on her quarter the Ice Bird shot swiftly into the darkness, leaving the island upon which the fire had not yet entirely gone out, rapidly astern, until only a faint glimmer which appeared like a star in the distance, marked its position.

Meanwhile the snow continued to fall, and ere long had covered the surface of the ice to such a depth as somewhat to diminish the speed of the boat. Still the party had little fear of being prevented from reaching home by this cause, and if less noisy than at first, our young friends were still in capital spirits, and doubtless enjoyed the first part of the homeward passage no less, although in a different manner than when outward bound.

After singing "Sweet Home," and several similar songs, they relapsed into comparative quiet. Each of the young men, who occupied the same seats in the boat as at first, moved closer to his fair companion, and with an audacity very reprehensible, no doubt, but still very natural, and also, we venture to assert, very agreeable to all parties, stole his arms around her slender waist, and indulged in any amount of soft talk and nonsense. More than this, we are of opinion, although we venture no direct assertion, that sundry kisses were then and there exchanged; at all events, the girls were more than once heard to utter such ejaculations as those who have "been there" tell us are common to such occasions; but this is none of our business, after all.

Soon after leaving the island, it became necessary to alter the course of the boat, and about the same time the wind hauled ahead several points, so that she was soon running close on the wind, instead of before it, with her sheet hauled chock aft. Presently, Harry, who was now sailing his vessel entirely by guess work, decided to tack in order to follow a bend in the lake near which he supposed himself to be, and accordingly shoved his helm down, crying as he did so:

"Hard a lee! Mind your heads!"

But the warning came too late, at least for

Carrie and Frank, who sat amidship, with their heads in very close proximity. Just at the moment when the helm was put alee, the young lady, for some reason or other, had pouted her rosy lips in the most enticing manner imaginable, and Frank, unable to resist the sudden temptation to kiss them, had leaned forward for that purpose, when the boom gibed over, hitting him a blow upon the head in its passage, which made him see a whole firmament of stars.

Carrie, too, received a not very gentle thump upon her head which knocked her off her seat; but as she had a thick worsted hood on, the blow had less effect upon her than upon Frank, who sprang up in a rage, muttering something that sounded very much like a "swear," and began to abuse Harry in no measured terms for letting that "da-da-dangerous stick come round without giving timely warning."

"I did give you fair warning," replied Harry, "and if you and Cal hadn't been away up in the seventh sphere of nonsense and moonshine, you'd have heard it."

"I won't say you lie," retorted Frank, "but I'll be blessed if you don't talk just as I do when I'm lying!"

Harry was just on the point of making a sarcastic reply to this remark, when a sudden crash was heard, and the forward end of the boat was precipitated with great force upon the ice. The next instant the girls and boys were very much surprised to find themselves "lying round loose" upon the ice, at a considerable distance from the boat, and in a great variety of postures. The forward pair of runners had suddenly given out, thus arresting the progress of the boat in an instant, and suddenly bringing about the unexpected result we have just mentioned.

For several moments after the catastrophe, not one of the party essayed to speak, or even to move, surprise and alarm having, as it were, completely paralyzed them; but soon mutual inquiries concerning the amount of injury sustained by each were heard, then followed curses, "not loud, but deep," from the boys, and petulant complaints from the girls; at length the party, having regained their feet, collected about the wreck of the unfortunate Ice Bird, and both "in sorrow and in anger" gazed upon its ruins. All had sustained more or less injury in person or apparel, and altogether a more sorry-looking company than they were at that moment, is seldom seen; while, to add to their unhappiness, it was soon ascertained that the Ice Bird was damaged beyond the possibility of repair. Nothing now remained for them but to make the best of their way home on foot; an undertaking which

would be attended with no little difficulty, as they had but a faint idea of the proper direction to take, and the distance was at least three or four miles, and worse than all, it was now pitch dark, and snowing heavily. The precise condition of matters was soon communicated to the girls, who very naturally indulged in a "good cry," in view of the long, difficult and somewhat dangerous journey before them, but their tears were soon kissed away by the boys, and a few encouraging words gave them renewed energy and resolution.

As no time was to be lost, the party now took up their line of march for home, under the leadership of Harry, who seemed to have the clearest idea of their whereabouts. Hand in hand they pushed resolutely onward, encouraging each other at first, by cheerful words, but at length relapsing into long intervals of silence, so the labor of walking through the deep snow, and in the face of the storm which constantly increased, became more and more severe. Occasionally a sharp, quick crackling beneath them, warned them of their approach to the thin ice over which they had passed in the boat; but this also served as a sort of guide, and enabled them to continue in the direction of home.

After several hours of constant and excessive exertion, the exhausted little party reached a point upon the margin of the lake, which they knew by various familiar objects to be near the farmhouse. During the last hour of their wearisome march, the girls had become so completely exhausted that the boys had been obliged alternately to carry them in their arms, and compel them, by angry words, and even by force, to active exertion, to prevent them from perishing of fatigue or cold.

After leaving the lake, they followed a lane which led direct to the farmhouse, where they arrived at length, just as the deacon had built a fire in the kitchen before commencing his out-door morning labors, according to his custom. The deacon held up both hands in amazement as they entered the house, for both he and his wife, who were sound sleepers, supposed that the party had returned after they had retired to rest, and were now safe in bed.

He wasted no time, however, in useless reproaches, but immediately called his wife, and with her assistance, did all that could be done for the comfort of the adventurers. We scarcely need say that the young people were sick for nearly a week, in consequence of their exposure and excessive fatigue. They fully recovered in due time, however, and were again as full of fun, mischief and the spirit of adventure as before; but the wreck of the Ice Bird was never found.

[ORIGINAL.]

OUR MILLINER.

BY ADA D. WINDSOR.

WE had in the town of L—— about as pretty a little milliner as any village in New England could boast; and her shop was the centre of fashion and gossip for all the first ladies in the village. Not that Lizzy B—— ever troubled herself about other people's affairs, any further than her profession required. No one ever heard a word of news, a comment of praise or blame on any person's character from her pretty lips. She seemed all ribbons, flowers, patterns, styles, from the heart outwards; and was as close a manager of her small concerns as though she had been old and ugly. People used to won'er greatly at her meanness, as they called it. Although she had a monopoly of the fancy trade and labor, and was known to have been doing well for years, she allowed herself but the plainest and cheapest clothing consistent with respectability, never took a leisure day, or went to any place of amusement; and what was much worse in some people's eyes, neither lent money nor signed her name to charities. "A mean, stingy little thing!" many a lady said, but then, nobody could make a bonnet or dress like her, or so becomingly deck one's hair for a party, and it must be owned she was very obliging where money was not concerned.

One other fault rankled in the hearts of pretty girls, and mothers of young men. The girl was really beautiful, and as graceful and high-bred too, in her shilling calico, and behind her counter, as though old Mrs. B——, who took in work and came to market with two dozen of eggs and a pair of mixed socks, had never been her mother.

You could not find a vulgar thing about Lizzie. She was perfectly neat, always good natured, well-bred under all circumstances, and expressed herself correctly and intelligently, when any one got her to say anything out of her business affairs. She was proud too, in her way, and would not have lied, or flattered, or cringed to any one, for all the money in L——, much as she loved it.

There was quite a mystery to me in the care with which she hoarded her gains, and the rigid self-denial she practised; and one summer evening, after I had become quite intimate with her, I took the liberty to ask her about it. It was just after twilight, and we sat alone in the little back shop listening to the sounds that stole in from the concert over the way, where all other loungers had gone. The door stood slightly

open, but I would not have a lamp, so neither of us noticed that we had an auditor standing in the outer doorway—for the shop was in a large building appropriated to offices, all opening into one entry.

"Why don't you ever go to concerts?" I asked her.

"Can't afford the time or money," she said, concisely; and after a moment's silence she added: "I'm afraid you're just like the rest in thinking me mean, Ellen, so I'll tell you, if you'll listen, why I hoard my money so."

"Do so if you please," I said. "I'm as curious as possible about the matter."

"In the first place," she answered, quietly, "I must tell you that often and often when I was a child, we suffered for food and warm clothing, and were never quite out of want, until I could work and take care of myself. Mother didn't own the place, and one woman in a country town like this can't do much you know. I dream now very often that we have no supper, and that she gets us all into her arms as well as she can, and tells us funny stories, and tries not to weep where we can see her. I can see her work almost all night, and then go to the stores to sell her knitting, or carry a few pounds of butter, so that we shouldn't be hungry or cold, and often in winter time when she was not half clad. How I used to wish that I was old enough to help her, and how I used to plan what I would do some day for her and the girls. They are plain, but you don't know how much talent they have. From the first, they longed for books and for an education. Every old paper or tattered book they could get, they pored over again and again, and thought it better than play. I remember mother saying to me once, with a tear in her eye, 'O, Lizzy, if I was only rich enough to send them to school!'

"We'll try, mother," I said, for that was when I had just learned my trade.

"You'll do well if you take care of yourself, child," she said to me. 'And then you're pretty and will get married, very likely, and have husband and family. No! the children must shift for themselves.'

"You wait one year, mother," said I. I took this shop, and brought the girls to help me, and when the year closed we laid by fifty dollars, clear of all expenses. The next, I made a hundred besides sending the girls to the high school a quarter each. Now, I've got nearly enough hoarded to send them away one year to the boarding school at C——, and pay all expenses of clothing, travelling and the rest. One year will be a great start you know. They can teach then, and help

themselves, and if God spares my life, and gives me good luck, I mean they shall have as thorough an education as the richest."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then I shall work to get mother a nice little home, where she won't have to work any more than she chooses."

"Then you don't think of getting married at all, do you, Lizzy?" I exclaimed.

"No, dear, not at all. I haven't time to build that sort of castles. I've had but one sentiment since I was a child, and that was to benefit my mother and sisters. Before I got to work, and could see my way clear, I used to lie awake nights, and wish that I could coin my blood, or my strength, or my capacity for happiness, or sacrifice myself in some way to help them. Now, thank God! I've only to work a few years, and give up the fancies and pleasures that some other girls have. It's no sacrifice. It fills me so full to think of it that I don't care for anything else. I can hardly go to sleep nights now, for planning about our house that shall be some day."

I sat a moment in silence, listening, for I heard soft steps down the sidewalk, as though some one had just gone away from the door; then some person came in, the lamps were lit, and I had no more chance to speak to Lizzy for a week. I asked her then how soon she hoped to send her sisters away, and finding that it was only a few weeks to the commencement of the term, I offered my services to assist in the preparations. I had never been able to feel much interest in the plain, silent sisters, but a little intercourse soon showed me that they were worth all the care and sacrifice that Lizzy bestowed on them, and that they loved and revered their sister above everything.

I used to feel almost as much interested in their letters, and the accounts received from them, as their own family could be, for I was continually haunted with the fear that something might happen to them, and so all this life-long devotion bring no result, except the richness its falling leaves gave to the soil whereon it grew. But a year passed, and the girls made great progress in their studies, and came home to their vacations rosy with health, and the joy of congenial employment. The trouble came in a shape I had not thought of. Lizzy's shop was completely burned out with everything it contained, books as well as stock, and, excepting the debts due her, for which she had no account to show, the poor girl was penniless. There were other losses, and heavy ones, but none that fell so heavily as hers. I shall never forget how pale and resolute her face looked, as she stood and gazed at the fire.

"Poor children! they'll have to come home and wait awhile," she whispered sadly to me.

"What will you do, Miss Lizzy?" asked Judge H—, who was himself an occupant of the building, and who had lost a valuable law library and many papers of importance.

"Just what you will do, sir," she said, quietly. "Begin again."

"Then you are not discouraged," he asked, with a look of decided admiration in his eyes.

"Not at all, only I wish it could have happened a little later," she answered, with a passing cloud on her fair face.

"Because of those who must suffer through you?" he asked, in a low voice.

She nodded an assent, for we were in a crowd and there were plenty listening, and after a little while I took her home to dine, and arrange some plan of action. She had already matured one, while looking at the embers of her fancy stock. Such a room would answer very well for a milliner's shop, there was a considerable due her which she would try to collect, and she could start for Boston in three or four days to buy a new stock of goods. She had no fear but her creditors would trust her, and in a little while she should be in full operation again. She would say nothing to the girls about her misfortune for a day or two, for if she collected well the money due her, it would pay the expenses of the winter term, and they need not leave until spring. The matter was settled as far as the plan went, and I started to walk a little way towards home with her. On our way past the post-office, the postmaster called to her that there was a letter for her, and looked inquisitively at her as he handed it. It was a drop-letter, and opening it we saw a package of bank bills. I would have had her go back to the house with me to read it, but she said her mother would be anxious, and she would read it as soon as we got past the houses. It was an anonymous letter containing fifty dollars, saying that the writer had no more money at hand then, but would remember her again when he thought she needed for the object she had most at heart. He begged her to accept it without reluctance, and if she would be better pleased, to consider it a loan to be paid when she was able. There was something more, sentences of encouragement and praise for her self-devotion, all very gracefully written, and very sensible too.

"What shall I do?" asked Lizzy.

"Take the good luck that has come to you, thankfully," I said. "You'd be foolish to do any other way, and I don't see how you can well do otherwise. He hasn't given you any clue as I see."

Lizzy looked over the letter again. "He? there's nothing here to show that it was a gentleman," said she; and there was not, although my thoughts had identified the giver at once. "I'm sure I can't think who could be so kind unless it was Mrs. Wainwright," said Lizzy, musingly. "She might, and it's just her quiet way of doing things. I'll watch her, and if there's any reason to suspect she was the giver, I'll ask her outright."

"That's right!" I said, smiling inwardly. "You watch, and I will too;" and I went home building a very tall castle for Lizzy to live in. One sentence will describe it. Judge H—— was a widower. I thought of the look he had given her that morning. Such a respectful, admiring glance, that showed how thoroughly he appreciated her. I remembered when she had first told me her story on that summer night, that I thought some one had been near, and that when I went out afterwards, I looked up and saw a light in the judge's office, and met him coming leisurely down the street as though returning from a walk. If he had heard her story, or a part of it, and watched her course since, how natural that he should wish to assist her, for she had worked the past year until the color was all gone out of her cheeks, and this new misfortune was a cruel disappointment to her. That letter was just like the judge—he could afford to be as generous as he chose, and was known to be very liberal on proper occasions. Any lady reader will understand the train of thought that followed. The judge was rich, honorable, kind-tempered, without any incumbrance—except a brother—and could afford to fall in love with and marry a poor girl, just as well as not. To be sure he was on the shady side of forty, and was exceedingly shy of female society, because as people said, his wife had been a vixen, but if he and Lizzy would only fall in love with each other, everything would be made straight.

Lizzy was scarcely to be seen for a few days, and then went off to Boston for her goods. As she had expected, she was freely trusted, and was soon well established in a comfortable room, and as busy as ever. It was spring soon, and when it was time for the girls to come home from school, another mysterious letter containing a bill for one hundred dollars, appeared. It was to assist in paying her sister's expenses, the writer said, and again urged her to accept it without fear or pride.

"It must be Mrs. Wainwright, though she didn't appear conscious when I hinted about it the other day," Lizzy said.

"You just keep quiet, and use the money," I

said. "If worse comes to worse you shall have a part of my hoard to pay it with. There! don't thank me! I haven't done it yet. There's Judge H—— across the street," I added, carelessly. "Don't you think he's handsome?"

She looked out carelessly. "Yes! he is very good looking. That would be a nice match for you, Ellen."

"I hope I may get some one as good," I said, and forthwith told a story I had heard of his forbearance and tenderness towards his wife. Her face took a new expression as she now looked at him.

"I thought he was a very worldly person," she said.

"Some people used to think so of you," I answered. "And because he seems cold and proud and doesn't make a show of his sympathies, he has the same reputation. He bore enough of ill treatment from that selfish wife of his to discipline any man, and it was cruel too, for he loved her and did a great deal for her relatives."

"I shouldn't want a man to do a great deal for my relatives," she answered with a shrug. "I'm afraid he'd be reminding me of it sometimes."

"Not if he was generous. They say that H—— never was heard to retort when his wife taunted him ever so badly. I've heard Mattie H——, his cousin, say that he set his teeth together, and when he answered her, spoke as calmly and kindly as though nothing had happened; and he's a very proud man."

"It shows how much he loved her," she said, gently, leaning forward to see him as he strode round a corner.

"It shows how noble the man's nature is," I said, taking up my bonnet to go. "There's a little heaven," I said to myself.

The next time I came, Lizzy had received a Christmas present; a warm set of furs accompanied by a note from her secret correspondent. It said that the writer noticed she failed to consider her own comfort and health in her devotion to others, and that she must not forget that every person's life was valuable, and often very precious to some outside the circle of their immediate family. There might be far more important work for her in the world than the work she was now doing, and she must not waste herself on that.

"Did you ever mention what I told you about the girls and mother?" she asked me.

"Certainly not," I said. "But any one with two eyes in his head can see that you are killing yourself to keep the girls at school, and you should remember that you may be kept for other duties, and want strength for them. There's the judge going out. Seems to me he's looking ill

lately. I should think a man would die of loneliness, without any one to love or care for."

"You'll have to propose, Ellen, as sure as fate?" Lizzy exclaimed, laughing.

"I think I shall some day," I answered, putting my own interpretation on the matter, and wishing that the judge would make a few open advances, if he was really the person who took such an interest in Lizzy. But he gave no sign. The winter passed, and at the spring vacation the eldest of the sisters was offered a subordinate post in the school where they were, with the prospect of rising as she advanced in her studies, a position she gladly accepted, since it would pay all expenses of board and tuition, without sacrificing all her time. In one year more she could take care of herself, and if all things favored the younger sister, would be able to meet a part of her expenses. Lizzy began to see her way clear, as she expressed it. With both girls settled, and the unknown creditor paid, she had only to work for a home and a fund against any contingency that might arise, and then! she sighed faintly and stopped, for we heard Judge H—— and some one talking on the stairway. The judge certainly had a fine voice, and the laugh with which he greeted his companion's joke, rung out as richly as a boy's. He went out and crossed the street, bowing smilingly at one of the belles who bridled and made eyes at him on all occasions.

"I wonder if that wont be a match some day," I said, feeling my way.

"It would be a very suitable match," Lizzy answered, mechanically, going about her work, and fetching a sigh some time afterwards, that sounded as if it had been kept a while. We met the judge that night, as we went out. He spoke very politely to Lizzy, and stopped to make some remark to me. I answered him gaily, and attacked him about a new charity we were getting up. I wanted his help, and he promised it, merely asking Lizzy if she was interested in such things.

She said "no," very quietly, and he took no further notice of her. It wanted some faith to hold on to my old opinion of his being her secret friend, yet the next night as I was at a window opposite, and Lizzy came out and went down the street, some one at the judge's window sat and watched her until she was out of sight, and then walked the room in the twilight as long as I stayed to watch him. Yet the next day, I saw he passed her in the entry with only a slight bow. I was really vexed. I had made up my mind that they two were to come together, but it seemed further off than before.

Thus the summer passed. The girls came

home for vacation, and it was announced that one of the trustees of the school, a man of character and standing, wished to marry the youngest. The lover came in person to plead his cause, and won the mother's and sister's consent to an early day for the ceremony. He had a large house, with not enough to fill it, he said, and begged the mother to make her home with her daughter, and assist her with her advice. The old lady was loth to go and leave Lizzy, but the wife to be pleaded so strongly, and Lizzy was so sure that she could get along very well with an occasional visit, that it was arranged among them all that she should make one of the family, and that the other girls should spend their vacations there. It was to be the head-quarters of the family, and the husband elect seemed to be in love with all of them.

The rest of the summer and early autumn was spent in preparations for the marriage, and before Thanksgiving, the family were gone, and the old home was broken up at last. Lizzy spent a week with her sister, and came home to her work again, quietly happy. Her labor was accomplished much sooner and better than she had expected. The elder sister would receive a small salary the next year, and they would all be independent of her.

"All that remains is to pay that debt, and then I shall have no better object than to earn my bread," she said to me.

"That suffices most people," I said.

"Never those who have had one less selfish," she answered. "I am thankful and happy for the good fortune we have had, but I keep thinking all the time that nobody needs me. I have lived upon what I might do for them so long, that it seems as if the prop was suddenly knocked from under me. I shall have to be a missionary yet," she added, smiling.

Another winter passed, and I was quite sure that I must have been mistaken about the judge. He took no more notice of Lizzy than of any other person, and even allowed two or three belles of the upper circle to flirt at him, which he had never done before. He went into society too, and dressed with more care than formerly, and I gave it up altogether. The castle must crumble!

One day in early spring, Lizzy came to me quite excited. She had picked up on the stairway a piece of paper, evidently swept from the judge's office, and the writing was identical with the anonymous letters she had received. What did I think about it?

"I thought all along that it was he," I said.

"And never told me? Well! you must go with me to his office to-night. I'll ask him out-

right, and I can pay him nearly two hundred of the sum, and give my note for the remainder. There's enough due me to pay the whole, if it were only collected."

We went accordingly, at an hour when the judge was usually alone, and not finding him in the outer office, we rapped at the door of his sanctum—an inner room where he kept a miscellaneous library, and received his personal friends. He said, come in, without rising, but started up quite confused when he saw who it was, and offered us chairs, stammering something about his being honored by the visit.

"I've come to ask a question, if you please," Lizzy said, and I saw her tremble. "Some benevolent friend has several times assisted me with money and other gifts. I have reason to think now that it was you. Am I right?"

"This is a very singular question, Miss Lizzy," he answered, coloring deeper still.

"That almost answers my question," she said. "You promised me that I should repay the debt, sir, and I am able to give you most of it, and can give you my note for the remainder, with what interest will be due. The remainder can be all paid next autumn."

I was astonished at her coolness, when I thought she would fall on her knees to thank him, and I saw that he was deeply hurt.

"I did not intend it as a business transaction, and I had much rather you should not pay it," he said, with a very perceptible tremor in his voice, as he turned towards the desk and moved some writing materials. "I won't attempt to deny the thing," he added. "I saw you struggling with a great task, and I wanted to help you. It has given me more pleasure than any other act of my life. I hope I have not presumed too much in doing it."

He had moved a chair to the desk for her, and sitting down beside her, waited for her to count out the money she had drawn from her pocket. I wished he would look up, for her eyes were full of tears. At length she put up her hand to brush them away and his eyes met hers then. He drew a quick breath of relief, and clasped both hands with the half-counted money, in his.

"We don't understand each other," he said, rising. "Put up the money, and come out with me for a walk. I want to talk with you."

I followed them out, quite satisfied with the way in which he drew her arm into his, and went off ignoring my presence entirely. "Good symptoms!" I thought, as I went home. That was eight o'clock, and at ten, Lizzy came into my room, her clothes all damp with the thick spring mist, but her face radiant with a new light.

"Is he going to sell the goods?" I asked.

"He thinks he'd rather take the body," she said, with a blush and a smile.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to take him when you know I've wanted him so long. And by the way, what made you treat him so badly about the money?"

"It was too bad, when he felt it so much," she said. "But the truth is, Ellen, just after I found out that it was he sent me the money, I saw him go down the street with Margaret A——, and I felt as though I couldn't bear to be under obligations to him then."

"Jealous!" I said. "How long since you were so smitten with the judge?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered, simply. "It's a good while; and a good deal," she added, smiling.

I made her tell me all about it after we had gone to bed, and the lamp was blown out. The judge had begun to talk in a friendly, middle-aged sort of a way, and suddenly, to her great astonishment, had broken out with a passionate declaration that would have done credit to a young fellow of nineteen. When she had not answered at once (looking for all the fragments of love hidden away in the corners of her heart, I suppose), he had taken it as a refusal, and said sadly, that he knew it was presumption in him to think of winning one so young and fresh, and he supposed it was his fate to waste himself always without any return, and so forth. Then suddenly she had felt how much she loved him, and found some words to tell him so. They both forgot all about the time, or the ground over which they travelled, or the weather, or anything but themselves, and she made him take the money after all, and wouldn't promise to marry him until the whole was paid. As to this latter clause, the judge did me the honor to call me in to consult, protesting against such an unnecessary delay. Our united arguments brought her to promise that as soon as she could find a purchaser for the goods on hand, she would become Mrs. H——. But she persisted in paying the whole sum with interest, and even took a receipt for it. As for the marriage, the astonishment of the gossips, the beauty of the young wife—first fully appreciated in her aristocratic setting, the proud happiness of her husband, and the extreme friendship of some who never could remember her name formerly, are they not written in the chronicles of the town of L——?

MAN.

Admire, exult, despair, laugh, weep, for here
There is such matter for all feeling—man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—BRONX.

[ORIGINAL.]

"MY ANSWER."

BY EFFINGHAM T. STATT.

You ask me to meet you as ever we met,
In the mood of each halcyon hour,
To gather love's flowers without a regret,
That I now have no claim on the bower;
I answer, the trust you have placed upon me
Shall be sacred as honor above;
And the hope which I feel now I knew I am free,
Is as strong as my faith in thy love.

You ask me with tears in those beautiful eyes,
If I ever shall love thee as now;
If time can efface the unhappy surprise
I have felt since you've broken your vow;
I answer that time can thy figure efface
From the shrine where you taught it to dwell,
But the light which doth beam in thy maidenly face
I shall ever remember too well.

You ask me to leave you, and still you require
My presence to cheer you again;
For the winter of love without sympathy's fire
Is dreary in sorrow and pain.
I reply, as I hope for a happier sphere,
To escape all the sadness of this,
Though absent in body, in spirit I'm near
To the maid I would die for with bliss.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHARLOTTE ARDENBURY.

BY MATTHEW S. VINTON.

"PRIDE, pride, pride! there you have Charlotte Ardenbury. Mischief, mischief, mischief! there you have Lizzie Dane. Look out for them both, Hart! And now good-by. I'll pray for your success."

With this, my worthy friend by whose kindly influence I was installed in the academy of Marlborough, as principal, turned to leave me.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Jeffries," I said, "how can I keep—"

"Clear of them?" he added, with a sly laugh. "Draw your own inferences. Handsome young men with light purses must keep light hearts. When you catch a glimpse of your pupils you will understand me. I haven't been a teacher here for five years for nothing."

"Thank you! thank you!"

With this I gave my friend my hand, and so we parted. An hour later I was seated at my desk, in the pleasant school-room, looking about me with no small degree of interest, for the two pupils of which my friend had spoken, and wondering in the meantime, if his kindly, well-meant caution would not bring me at once face to face

with the very danger which he had wished me to avoid. Smiling at my own conceit, and failing to find, in the threescore faces before me, one that was particularly stamped with pride, or one that was marked with mischief, I turned to my books. Something like a quick whisper broke through the stillness of the room as I did so. I glanced up. Every countenance bore unmistakable marks of demureness. Smiling again at my thoughts, I turned a second time to my books, and this time a big apple started from one of the back seats and came rolling down the aisle. The incident was slight, but taken in connection with my reflections and my friend's parting words, it annoyed me. I picked up the apple and laid it on my desk, and glanced in the direction from which it came.

Goodness! what a pair of blue eyes were raised to mine at that moment! Eyes, saucy, daring, and almost wicked, which wavered and brightened like two beautiful stars. This was Lizzie Dane, I was quite sure of that; the red mouth was dimpled about by smiles, and the white chin quivered with suppressed merriment.

"A good beginning," I thought. "It argues well for the future."

"Just then the school-room door was darkened, and looking up, I saw Charlotte Ardenbury. My friend's caution was well. How like a beautiful picture she was, as she stood there, her fine head crowned with jetty braids, perfectly poised, her figure straight, round, and perfect, brought out by the strong clear light. The very fall of her soft white robe, as well as of her slender, gaitered foot, just visible beneath the folds of her sweeping skirt, was artistic. She stood as if hesitating whether or not it was best for her to enter the school-room, and her manner was calm, quiet and cool.

Miss Lizzie Dane telegraphed to her with her sparkling eyes, to enter. This failing to have the desired effect, she doubled up her white chubby hands, and held them to her mouth trumpet-fashion. I suppressed the smile that was rising to my lips, and turned to Miss Ardenbury, saying:

"Have you selected a seat?"

"No sir, I have not," she answered, without moving forward a single step.

"You may do so now, if you please," I said.

She glanced up and down the long rows of seats several times, and then turned to a side desk but a short distance from my table.

"This one, sir," she said, raising her eyes for a single moment to my face, and then turning them indifferently away.

I bowed in approval of her choice, though at

the same time it did not please me. I did not care to have her so near, criticising everything that I said or did, as I felt sure that she would. At the quarter-hour of intermission, Miss Ardenbury and Miss Dane passed the time in pacing, arm in arm, back and forth on the blank space of floor before my desk. I could have wished, and I did wish, that they had chosen any other place for their promenade. But not knowing how to help myself, unless I sent them out of doors to play like two little children in pinafores, I raised the lid of my desk between their faces and mine, and pretended to be engaged in setting my papers and books to rights. Children in pinafores! I smiled grimly to myself, as the audacious thought penetrated my head. Children they both were, I said to myself, unceremoniously thrusting my head above my temporary screen to confirm my opinion by a good look at them—a proceeding which made Miss Lizzie toss her curly head in a disconcerted attempt at carelessness, and brought a dash of exquisite color to the one velvet cheek of her companion's face which was revealed to me. "And as for pinafores," I said, sulkily, continuing my soliloquy, and drawing my head in again, like a turtle,—"I'm sure they'd be vastly more appropriate and becoming than that little pinked, and scalloped, and puckered affair of plaid silk which Miss Lizzie wore, under the dignified name of apron." Such saucy little pockets, fixed off with gimp and things—the corner of a tiny note, and the profile of a big yellow orange revealed from the distended mouth of one, and the lace edge of a handkerchief, with a captivating rent in it, hanging jauntily from the other—such wicked, knowing-looking tassels! such lengths of variegated silk cord wound round and round her pretty waist, as though once started it had lost its way, and been travelling in a circle ever since, instead of going straight ahead as any sensible cord would have done, that had been stout enough not to get becoiled on the road. It looked contented though, as if it didn't care a whit for the predicament it was in, or whether it ever went straight again, as it could have that charming route to travel round and round; and I began to wonder—

"He's splendid, isn't he, Lot?"

Miss Dane's voice broke my wondering. I was modest in those days, and blushed easily. My wife told me yesterday, referring to that morning, that the tip of my ear, just visible at the side of my desk-lid, grew red as a coal, and that her friend threw a lozenge at it, and missed by the sixteenth of an inch. I wasn't aware of the circumstance before.

"Say, Lot, don't you think he's splendid?" came that loud whisper again.

"If I do, I don't intend to tell him of it," was the meaning answer. Evidently however much averse she would have been to informing me on such a point, she was nothing loth for me to judge of her musical powers, for she burst into a merry song, and warbled like a—*a bird*; in fact, like twenty birds. Whether my ear looked like a coal or not, it drank in that gay melody thirstily, and when it ceased, longed for more.

"What eyes he has!"

"Rather too deep-set for beauty."

"Deep-set, indeed! they are protruding as a cow's, and as big."

"Mere difference of opinion, my love. Don't let us quarrel."

"No. Then how much character there is in his nose."

"Decidedly."

I had a large nose, reader.

"Room for more—"

I startled her there by dropping a book. I was actually getting angry. But she recovered from her fright almost immediately, and went on in a still louder tone:

"How do you think he'll answer?"

"Answer?"

Miss Ardenbury spoke inquiringly, with a puzzled tone.

"Yes—how do you think he'll answer?"

"You speak as if you thought I intended to propose to him."

"And so I dare say you will, it being leap year, and you so smitten."

A merry laugh followed this sally.

"In that case I think he would answer in the affirmative."

"O, you conceited creature, Lot Ardenbury!"

"Hush! what if Mr. Eldridge should overhear us?" As if I hadn't overheard them!

"Who cares if he does? It's nothing to him!"

Nothing to me! to sit there and hear myself discussed in that way—O, nothing at all! To be *s-u-r-e*!

"But seriously, what did you mean?"

"Why, have you forgotten that I prophesied a flirtation? I meant how did you think he'd do for that?"

Hum! A flirtation! Maybe I didn't hold my breath for fear of losing the answer, and then may be—

"O, passably, if he understands his place and stays in it. I hate presuming men."

"Men! Boys!"

"Well, boys, then. Men in assurance, boys in intelligence, are what we have now-a-days."

She spoke as if she had lived in the days of her grandmother. I clenched my hands, and declined Jupiter, under my breath, in Latin.

"Do you think you'll bring him round?"

"For shame! How vulgarly you speak! I'm sure I've no such design on his peace. I've more important things to attend to this fall."

"O, have you, though? Your studies, perhaps?"

Very slyly put. The very question I would have asked.

"Perhaps."

Very coolly answered.

"Come, now, don't go to putting on airs with me. I understand them, you know. And really, I'm aching to know what you intend to do. *Shall* you flirt with him?"

My intentions were not consulted, but I made them, nevertheless, biting my finger-nail viciously all the time.

"You absurd little minx!"

"Don't waste your breath calling me names, dear. I got you apart from the other girls on purpose to have a confidential chat, and here the time is almost up, and you haven't told me a thing."

"O, haven't I? well, I will, now—two things. Your hair is twisted out of your net, and your collar is shockingly tumbled."

"Bother my collar, Lot! *Shall* you flirt with him? I wouldn't mind, only that hateful Sue Liscom vows she'll be ahead of you, and I don't want *her* to have the triumph, and all the other girls looking on to witness your defeat. Come, *shall* you?"

I thrust my head up again and looked at them. They were not minding me in the least, though they had stopped directly in front of me. Lizzie looked flushed and anxious—Miss Ardenbury cool and self-possessed. I laid my hand on the bell and gave it a violent ringing. The two girls started like culprits, and glanced hurriedly up at me. What they saw in my face, I can't say, but they both colored. Just then the other scholars came pouring in, and they separated for their seats. But not before I had heard Lizzie whisper desperately, "*Shall* you?"

And determined not to be mistaken, low and firm floated back the reply, "*I shall*!"

"Hum! She *should*, should she? We'd see!"

That afternoon, while I was engaged with the French grammar class, I was startled by a sharp little scream, and by Lizzie Dane springing up, and crying out:

"O, good gracious! A hornet has bitten Charlotte Ardenbury, Mr. Eldridge!"

The whole school uttered. I scowled very

pedagogue-ly (to coin a word), and commanded her to resume her seat.

"Yes sir, but I thought you'd like to know it, sir."

"On the contrary, I am very sorry to learn of Miss Ardenbury's mishap, though I think she will not suffer very excessively from the bite of a hornet."

I tried to say it scorchingly, and am of the opinion that I made a jack-a-napes of myself. The school laughed again, Lizzie founced into her seat, very red in the face, and I saw Miss Ardenbury put a book to her face to conceal a smile. After school, I went to her and inquired politely for her arm. She showed me her round polished wrist, with a large, discolored swelling marring its whiteness.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, forgetting myself—"how it must have pained you! Why didn't you go home? I would have excused you."

She smiled, and looked amused. That smile recalled me to myself.

"O, it is nothing. It was slightly painful at first, but I was not child enough to run home for so slight a hurt."

In spite of my anger at her, I envied the very words that slipped through her red, haughty lips. "Had she already begun her arms?" I asked myself. If that simplicity of look and frankness of voice were art—why confound nature. Well, I walked home with her, carrying her satchel of books. My excuse was her—*arm*! Heigho! As if she hadn't but one, and couldn't by any possibility have carried her books on the other! O, the day that followed! O, the days that followed!—and the weeks! and the months! Miss Ardenbury wanted to flirt, and we flirted! Miss Ardenbury wanted me to make love to her, and I did it. Of course I had no further exposition of her wishes on the point, than the overheard conversation of the first day. But that was enough. I took the part assigned me to play, and played it with all my heart and soul—especially with all my heart.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, as I stood by one of the long windows, at the close of the last day, watching the scholars file out one by one, some tearful, some dry eyes, but nearly all red, that the whole village was alive with the rumor that my beautiful pupil and myself were engaged. I should have my revenge. Revenge! I suppose revenge, or the thought of it makes a man choke in the throat, don't it? and wish he was dead and buried, and feel like a booby, generally, eh?

Charlotte Ardenbury lingered behind the oth-

ers as if wishing to speak to me. The coquette had her last snare to set, I said bitterly, and advanced valiantly to the contest.

"I—I stopped to bid you good-by," she said, falteringly, as I approached her. How the proud face was humbled by its blushing! "And to— to give you this."

She held out a white rose—a withered white rose. It was one I had begged from her hair the night before at a party, and she had refused it.

"Thank you. It will be a precious souvenir."

I spoke derisively, for all the bad blood in my heart was roused by her crowning artifice. The words were scornful, but Heaven knows they were true in spite of me. She looked up with a shocked expression, and made a half-angry motion to snatch the flower from my hand.

"We have had a very pleasant flirtation—have we not, Miss Ardenbury?"

Her face grew deadly white, then fiery red.

"Flirtation?" she faltered.

"Yes. This will remind me of it, when I am far away."

I saw the mighty pride that struggled in her face. I was having my revenge—my sweet revenge—but I felt very like a beaten cur, nevertheless.

"I don't quite understand you, I think, sir," she said, with dignity.

"I refer you for explanation of my words, to the conversation you held with Miss Dane about me, the first day of the term."

She looked puzzled.

"I did not have any," she replied, after a moment's hesitation.

"It is false," I wanted to thunder in her ear—for I felt ferocious—but I checked myself.

"About flirting," I suggested, to prompt her memory. "You were to win me away from Sue Liscom, I believe."

She leaned her head on her hand a moment, wondering and confused. Then she lifted it and broke into a merry laugh.

"What an absurd mistake! And you overheard us! And have been laboring under that impression all these months! O, Mr. Eldridge, how could you!"

And as though some sudden recollection well-nigh maddened her, she hid her face in her hands and broke into a choking tempest of tears.

"What is it, Charlotte?" I inquired, softening, and feeling that I had been a brute.

"We—we were not talking of you at all, sir," she faltered.

A new strange light broke over me.

"Not talking of me! It was all my own in-

sufferable conceit, then! What an—(I said idiot aloud, and ass under my breath.)

She drew her head up a moment later, and would have left me—but—but—

Pshaw! The scene wont bear rehearsing. She is my wife now.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

If you have been once beguiled, and have seen others sink, let your resolution be doubly fortified against the allurements in future. Sir Matthew Hale, while a young man, spent an evening with a feasting party, when one of them drank to such excess, that he fell down dead in the midst of them. They hastily separated, and Hale was so shocked that he resolved never again to mix in such society, or drink another health while he lived; and he faithfully kept his resolution. But was it necessary, you may ask, to lay himself under rigorous restraint approaching to austerity? It might be, or it might not be, for this is a point of moral casuistry not always easily settled; at any rate it is best to be on the safe side. The anecdote above given brings to mind a circumstance related of the celebrated Baron Haller. His social disposition and the excitement of his companions, having in a convivial party betrayed him into an act of intemperance, this solitary deviation into excess so strongly impressed his mind with ingenuous shame that he instantly formed a resolution to abstain from wine in future, and adopted a strictness of morals from which he never departed. We should not have had a pillar of the law and a pattern of integrity in Hale, or an ornament of literature and philosophy in Haller, had either of them been given up to drinking.—*London Magazine*.

"OREIDE."

Waterbury gold, so called from the place where it is principally manufactured, in Connecticut, was first discovered in France, and so strongly resembles gold as to deceive all but the expert. The "oreide" is composed of copper, zinc or tin, magnesia, sal ammoniac, lime and cream of tartar, fused carefully together. The cost of the metal is very light, and the expenses of manufacturing it into articles of ornament is reduced, by machinery, to so low a point as to leave a handsome profit to those who present "a full set of jewelry to the purchasers of a book worth one dollar."—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

TO DO GOOD.

There is a way of doing good in the world on a small scale that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully, may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible; but its results may go abroad and lighten the mass of a community.—*Life Illustrated*.

Those men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.

[ORIGINAL.]

JANET BURNS.

BY JOSIAH P. HIGGINS.

Upon a summit of the cliffs,
Thousands of miles away,
She sits and looks upon the sea
Each pleasant summer day;
She sits and watches, while the tears
Roll down her cheeks so pale,
And hope is dying slowly out,
And she cannot see the sail.

Three years ago—how long it seems:
He parted from her side;
Three years ago she promised him
That she would be his bride.
'Twas on this very cliff he said,
As arm in arm they stood,
"May God protect thee, gentle one—
The God who is so good!"

And then he sailed upon the tide,
And as he left the shore,
She stood upon the cliff again,
Where they had stood before.
Her heart was heavy then with grief,
With sorrow, and with pain;
The thought into her heart would steal,
He may not come again.

A year had passed, and now she said,
"So many days to come,
And I shall hear his voice again—
He will be safe at home."
Ah, Janet Burns, God pity thee!
Thou nevermore shalt hear
The voice of thy beloved again,
In tones so soft and clear.

Ah, Janet Burns! dear Janet Burns!
Under the same blue sky
That shines o'er all, both far and near,
Thy lover's form doth lie.
The waves roll o'er his lone grave,
And are his only pall;
But fear not, gentle-hearted one,
For God is over all.

He will remember thee, dear one,
When years have passed away;
He will remember her, so sad,
In that swift-coming day:
When from His throne a gentle voice
Shall come to such as thee,
In accents pure and sweet as heaven,
"There shall be no more sea."

But on a summit of the cliffs,
Thousands of miles away,
She sits and looks upon the sea
Each pleasant summer day;
She sits and watches, while the tears
Roll down her cheeks so pale;
God pity her who looks and hopes,
But cannot see the sail!

[ORIGINAL.]

CROSS PURPOSES.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

"MAURICE SINGLETON, you are incorrigible! Just turn your eyes this way—a movement only of that finely-poised head of yours will bring a dozen lorgnettes to bear upon you at once—and all admiringly—and I will show her to you. She's a pure diamond, brilliant as the Koh-i-noor. Come, Maurice, rouse thee!"

Maurice Singleton very slowly and languidly lifted the long, fringed lashes, that, hiding a pair of soft, gray eyes, swept a cheek as fair and smooth as a woman's. The curved lip, shaded by a brown moustache, just relaxed with a smile—not a smile of mirth, but one having something bitter and mocking in it which marred its otherwise rare sweetness.

"Foolish fellow! Have I no sense to be caught the one time over the thousand? Don't I remember Nora, Mary and Isabel North, and Margaret Leslie, and a host of Marys and Jennys and Nellys whose surnames you yourself have forgotten. Haven't I followed you to Saratoga and Newport and the mountains, lured on by the light of some wonderful star which proved to be only a will-o'-the-wisp?"

"But seriously, Maurice, Miss Graham is—"

"So was Nora and Isabel and Margaret and Mary and—"

"Now, upon my honor, Maurice, I never met so superb a woman as Henrietta Graham in my life."

"Don't stake your honor, Edgar. Put up your fortune if you will, but spare your dearer possession. Doesn't Shakspeare say—"

"Hang Shakspeare! I want you to see Henrietta Graham."

"And I want to see Grisi, so, Edgar Farnleigh, be quiet."

Edgar knit his close, black brows into a frown, and fixed his eyes upon the stage. He did not keep them there long, however, but they soon wandered off to another part of the house, drawn by the magical spell of a pair of dark eyes. The room was brilliant with beauty and splendid with gorgeous costumes. Jewels flashed, the sheen of silk dazzled, plumes waved, flowers shed their loveliness and perfume. It was one of Madame Grisi's triumphs. The last echoes of a wonderful melody sank down upon the hushed audience. For an instant was silence, then enthusiasm overflowed. Very carelessly Maurice Singleton turned his head.

"See how mad these people are. As though

any pleasure in this world were worth the repayment of such applause."

His proud gray eyes—they had grown very proud and cold within a moment—sought Edgar Fernleigh's face, but Edgar's gaze was still fixed by that wonderful charmer upon the opposite side of the house. Involuntarily Maurice let his look follow the same direction. Equally involuntary was the expression of admiration and interest which instantly lighted up his face.

"Fernleigh! Is that your goddess?" he exclaimed.

"Ah, you see her now!" returned Edgar, smiling.

"And seeing, adore. What a magnificent creature!"

"I knew you would say so," replied Edgar, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I knew if any one could find the way to your heart it would be Henrietta Graham."

"Stop, stop! Not too fast, my young romantic. She has but just found the way to my eyes, and my heart lies a deal deeper."

"But you'll admire her when you know her, I'm sure of it."

"How do you know I shall know her? I should fancy such a queen would hold a very select court."

"So she does, but she will receive my friend."

"O! Ah! Stand you so well? I wonder that you introduce me. Am I to be the foil? Am I to play into your hands?"

"My hands!" returned Edgar, coloring. "She wouldn't think of me. I am admitted to favor because of my insignificance."

Maurice looked at him curiously. But there was no concealment. Edgar had spoken frankly. Apparently Singleton believed it, for he laughed lightly, and said:

"So I'm not to have the pleasure of trying to rival you. You don't know how much you've diminished my interest."

Not so much that he ceased to look at her. Presently the curtain rose again, and Henrietta Graham, like the lover of music that she was, listened. Singleton watched her. Magnificent! Yes, that was the word. It just fitted that head with its regal carriage, and its coal-black masses of hair. And the face, too, was wonderfully beautiful. Perfect in outline, from the soft oval of the chin to the curve of the arching eyebrows and the line which defined the forehead. The complexion was dark—a clear, pale olive. There was no bloom in those smooth cheeks, but the lips were a vivid crimson, as if they had stolen the life that lies in the heart of a rose. The expression of this face was very haughty. It was

in the arching eyebrows, in the slightly dilated nostril, in the lips. How was it with the eyes?

Maurice Singleton wished he could see those eyes. Then he was sure he should have a key to her character. A great physiognomist was Singleton. Indifferently as he went through the world, careless as he seemed of it, one sweeping glance of that gray eye of his revealed more to him than the study of months would to another. Somehow he felt as if he should compel her to look at him. Not that Maurice was a believer in any of the pseudo sciences that find their support in questionable abnormal facts. No man's faith ever stopped more firmly within the limits of everyday possibilities than his, and yet, as with a strong, almost passionate desire to read the secrets of that soul, whose beautiful outside tempted him with curious wonder, he gazed at her, it seemed as if presently she would look toward him. And she did. Not all at once, but after a moment of disquiet and nervous, uneasy motion. Then she haughtily raised the drooping lids, and their eyes met. She was not too far away for him to accurately distinguish their form and the shades of color. Only for an instant did he suffer his gaze to dwell upon her, then Maurice Singleton, the gentleman, pushed aside the physiognomist and turned to the stage.

Perhaps (trisi sang well, perhaps she did not. The viol might have been a trombone for all he knew of it—the connoisseur in music, the cold-hearted amateur, who professed that his heart was subordinate to his head, and maintained that love is but the æsthetic pleasure bestowed by the satisfaction of a refined taste. What singular fascination had those eyes for him? Had he met them somewhere in another state, that they awakened such singular emotions? He had never seen Henrietta Graham before—of that he was sure—but those eyes had dwelt with him always. In the lucent flood that streamed downward from the evening star, in the wistful look of some flower-cup, in the opaline tints that glittered in shallow water, he had watched their hue and expression.

But while Maurice Singleton dreamed, Edgar Fernleigh wakefully adored. Not analyzing the subtle charms, not even hoping any appreciation or requital, the boy loved her. Boy say I, for Edgar Fernleigh was not yet twenty, and in heart and mind, in worldliness of spirit, in tact and adroitness, he was far more than eight years the junior of his twenty-eight year old friend. Sometimes Maurice wondered why he had taken that boy to his heart so, he who worshipped intellect and despised weakness. Edgar had not a single point of contact with the intellectual nature of

his friend, but he was his complement—his heart—his better self. All that Edgar was, Singleton felt that he ought to have become, if he would have done justice to what God had made him. So Edgar was to him purity, goodness, love, frankness, truth—the embodiment of the virtues whose germs he felt to be latent within himself. Scorned that he was, he never sneered at goodness in the abstract—for there was Edgar, and to know him was to be disarmed. So in many ways Edgar Fernleigh kept heaven open to Maurice Singleton. * * *

The midday sun was shining through crimson silken folds, and plates of glass clear as amber and lucent as crystal, into a room in the upper part of the metropolis. It was a scene of luxurious ease and elegance, and the sun which threw broken and uncertain rays into the squalid haunts of poverty and glimmered forlornly in dark cellars, where filth and wretchedness met together in companionship, fell here with a mellow, softened glow. The coloring was warm and deep—no glitter, no merely surface effects. One or two exquisite gems of art were there, and a grand piano stood open. The room was quite in keeping with Maurice Singleton's tastes, for he was a real Sybarite at heart—though his earlier life had not been without rough struggle and severe trials. Into this room came Edgar Fernleigh—a vivid contrast to his friend, and not less so to all his surroundings.

"Now, Maurice, condole with me," he said, in a tone quite in place with the lugubrious visage, into which his usually saucy face had been transformed.

"What is it? Is his meerschaum a shade too dark?" said Maurice, slightly curling his lip, "or has Vixen lost in the last race, or the yacht fallen a point behind her rivals?"

"You heartless mocker! I'll tell you at once—I'll not break it easy though it break your heart. Miss Graham was off for Newport this morning."

Singleton removed the amber tube from his lips, for an instant opened his dreamy gray eyes a hair's breadth wider, and emitted the single syllable, "Ah!"

"Ah!" repeated Edgar, in mock anger. "Ah! Why don't you rave? Here have I followed her from Washington; saw her at the opera, but couldn't get a chance to speak a word to her; consoled myself with the intention of calling this morning, and now—she's off."

"Follow her, as the needle follows the star."

"I can't. You know I'm tied to town about that will business, and shall be for a month to come. It's too bad!"

"Poor boy! What a pity you haven't my fortitude. Now see the power of philosophy. I meant to call—witness Beauchamp, that I rose ten minutes earlier this morning on that account only—but see, I lose not single a whiff in consequence of that disappointment."

"You! No, you'd sit unmoved amid the crash of empires and the shock of fate."

"And you are thrown off your balance if a single feather fly against you."

"Well, seriously, Maurice, aren't you sorry you've lost the opportunity of seeing Henrietta Graham?"

"Sorrow, my dear Edgar, is an emotion that I never permit myself to indulge in. It wastes time, spoils the temper, wrinkles the face, turns the hair gray, brings on dyspepsia, and finally breaks the heart; for all which good and sufficient reasons I've determined to cut it altogether. But you may be as sentimental about it as like—if it suits you to be lachrymose, be so. Don't let me interfere with you, pray. I like to see my friends happy in their own way."

"Happy! O, that reminds me—to drop Miss Graham—Tom Leslie is going to be married to-morrow," said Edgar.

"My dear fellow! How you shock me. Poor Tom! When did you receive the painful intelligence?"

"This morning, with cards for the wedding. You'll be good once, and go, wont you?"

"I? Go to witness the sacrifice of one of my best friends? Excuse me. I thought you gave me credit for a little natural feeling."

"I don't, if you can't appreciate Amy Barton—one of the prettiest and best girls out."

"A pink and white sugar-doll, a creature of blonde and tarleton, an automaton, warranted to go through a quadrille gracefully," said Maurice, contemptuously.

"What's the matter with you this morning?" asked Edgar, giving him a sharp glance. Maurice watched a blue column of smoke curl upward in a graceful, spiral coil, before he answered:

"Nothing, only you vex my sweet repose by bringing an image of that unfortunate Tom and his waxen-faced pet up before me."

The truth was, that Maurice was very much disappointed, and not a little provoked at Miss Graham's abrupt and unexpected departure from town. Those singular eyes of hers had haunted his dreams all night, and his first waking thought had been of her. It was seldom that Maurice Singleton became so much interested in a woman, and when he had condescended from his proud reserve, it was too mortifying to be thus rebuffed. It hurt his pride, and he could have inveighed

against fate "in good set terms," only he was too proud to acknowledge to himself that he was so moved.

Whether Edgar had any real suspicions of the state of the case is uncertain, but it is sure that he heard Maurice's announcement a week after that he was off on a summer tour, with some little twinges of jealousy, as well as suspicion.

"Where are you going, Maurice?" he asked, with a strong anticipation that the answer would be, Newport.

But no—he did not know his friend.

"How should I know, Edgar? I put myself in charge of the steamboat or railroad company, labelled, 'to be delivered, etc.,' and if neither collision, nor an explosion, nor a fire, nor any other of those interesting perils interfere, I shall come to light again somewhere. Indeed, I don't know but I shall purchase a season ticket, and go up and down river a month or six weeks. One has at least a variety of company, and a certainty that if it is disagreeable, the annoyance will cease at the end of one day."

"It is a pity in that case that you should spend so much time idly. You might get an agency of some sort, or make up a small trunk of useful articles, and make it profitable," laughed Edgar.

"Combine the useful with the agreeable, you inveterate Yankee. I'm quite above any such utilitarian notions. The truth is, I shall start for the Adirondacs, though whether I shall go there or not I can't say. Wont you come along?"

"I can't, you know," said Edgar, a little relieved. "Perhaps I'll meet you somewhere."

It was true that Singleton intended to start in the direction he had named, but I suspect he was morally certain he should not go there, for he refrained from marking his luggage except for the terminus of the railway.

Maurice Singleton, indolently lounging in a railway with the last number of the Knickerbocker in his hand, was precisely the same man as Maurice Singleton at the opera or in his luxurious bachelor rooms. He leaned back in the hard-cushioned seat as if it had been a velvet couch, and rested his feet as daintily upon the oil-cloth as if they had been pillowed in velvet. Perhaps the Knickerbocker was not so interesting as usual, at any rate, he occasionally lifted those dreamy eyes of his, and they fell, rather wearily at first, afterwards with interest, upon the gray travelling dress and bonnet of the figure before him. The bonnet was carried easily and gracefully—not too dignified.

Perhaps it was rather foolish to augur anything of the head under the bonnet; to guess that the lady was a brunette, because one of the bonnet

strings that fell a little back had a deep crimson edge; to fancy that she was a pianist from the shape of her hand; and to be sure she was a lady from the color and fit of her glove.

Of course all this was especially foolish for a man like Maurice Singleton, and I do not doubt he would be quite angry, if he saw such a list of absurd fancyings set down opposite his name. Nevertheless, all these notions flitted through his head at the intervals of his magazine reading. By-and-by the conductor came along, passed Maurice, and took a ticket from the hand of the lady before him. As she gave it up, she addressed some question to the conductor. Such a voice! so flute-like, so pure; the tones so well rounded, so well-bred, in short—and this was Maurice Singleton's superlative of praise. He leaned forward to get a glimpse of her face, but the little brown veil falling over the rim of her bonnet effectually shaded it.

Presently the cars made another stop, and the conductor called out, "Valley Springs!" And now the lady in the gray travelling-dress and bonnet rose and took her reticule in hand to go out. As she did so, her face was turned towards Maurice Singleton, and in the interim before the veil descended, Singleton had caught a look at her. "Henrietta Graham, by all that's lovely!" was his inward ejaculation, and hastily seizing his own travelling equipments he rushed out of the car. The train whisked off, and Singleton began to think he had done a very foolish thing. He saw Miss Graham step into the Valley Springs House coach, which was in waiting, and with a notion of atoning for his former folly by an excess of self-denial now, took his place in another. Some detention occurred to his carriage, and that in which Miss Graham rode went on in advance. Doubtless its passengers had all been shown to their rooms when Maurice Singleton alighted on the steps of the hotel.

"Dinner at two, sir," said the landlord, as Maurice disappeared upon the stairs.

Half an hour afterwards, Maurice Singleton, fresher than when he left, reappeared in the hall. There was quite a merry chattering going on in the ladies' parlor, but Maurice was fully aware what sort of people he might expect to find in such a place, and did not care to show himself. He sauntered out, and paced up and down the verandah.

A pleasant place was this same Valley Springs, with its groves, and white-trodden foot-paths winding about among the trees. Then there were clumps of woodland, and a hill or two in the distance, giving promise of pleasant drives and walks. A certain sense of satisfaction and

repose which suited his temperament well, grew up in Maurice Singleton's mind, and his thoughts, following the blue cloud which unwound from his meerschaum, became lost in air.

The dinner-bell broke rudely in upon his reverie, and Maurice started with a feeling of vexation, but instantly the image of Henrietta Graham recurred to him, and he entered the dining-hall with a quick glance over the company which thronged around the tables. Ah! there she was. It was the same face with its delicate oval, its rich complexion and luminous eyes. It was not altogether pleasant to be placed opposite it, for somehow it interfered with and retarded the business of the moment. A lady somewhat past middle life occupied the seat next Miss Graham, whom he had no difficulty in assuming to be her mother. Doubtless the mother had come to Valley Springs while her daughter had joined the gayer set at Newport. Something—he could not tell what, but whatever it was he fervently blessed the chance—had interrupted her original plan, and drawn her thither.

Any one who looked at Henrietta Graham, might have thought that her coming was likely to prove of little import to her fellow-boarders in the house—she sat so indifferent and quiet, only now and then replying to some remark of her mother's in a tone whose sweetness contradicted the proud, haughty spirit which sat in her eyes, and manifested itself in the carriage of her head. But Maurice Singleton was not one to be daunted by indifference or reserve. It rather stimulated his interest. Still it was not quite plain how he was to make her acquaintance.

He was thinking of this after dinner, when Henrietta and her mother, as well as the other ladies, had retired, and the house had grown still. It was not time for the afternoon drive, or the equestrian party, yet here was a groom bringing round a wild-looking pony "all saddled and bridled, and fit for a fight." It was equipped for a lady's use, and Maurice Singleton watched the man arrange the stirrups, expecting that he would presently bring around the companion steed. But when he had completed the necessary arrangements, he took the pony by the bridle, and stood awaiting the rider. In a few minutes Singleton heard a step in the hall, and Henrietta Graham came out, looking lovelier than ever in her riding costume, which was singularly becoming to her style of face and figure. The jaunty hat with its narrow brim, its short feather and black ribbons shot with scarlet, were just the accompaniments to the dark, piquant face that it shaded. The groom was probably more used to the stable than to his new office of squire, in which he deported

himself but awkwardly. Singleton thought his interference justifiable. A very sweet smile accompanied her "thank you."

"Have you confidence in your pony? She has rather a wild-looking eye," he said, as he handed Miss Graham the rein.

"I think I can manage her," was the reply, a little proudly; as if it were not to be supposed for a moment that Henrietta Graham could be mastered by an animal.

But the words had scarcely left her lips before the pony showed the wild spirit that Maurice had remarked in her eye, by springing away with a sudden leap, which, however, did not disturb the admirable equilibrium of the rider. The groom gazed after her admiringly.

"Nobody but Miss Graham can ride 'Fiery Nan,'" he said.

"She has tried it before then," suggested Maurice.

"O, yes, often. Mrs. and Miss Graham spent last summer here, and she—Miss Graham—rode a great deal," answered the man, walking off as his sentence ended. It was rather dull here now, and Maurice began to tire of the verandah and his newspaper.

Miss Graham had taken the road which seemed to lead into the heart of yonder wood, and there grew up in Maurice Singleton's mind a curiosity to know what sort of a ride had a charm for her, what kind of scenery she would naturally seek. It was a comparatively new country about Valley Springs, and Mr. Selden, the landlord, happening along just then, told him that it was a good five miles' drive through an almost unbroken forest to the next village. Maurice sauntered away meaning to explore its mysteries. A few minutes' walk led him into the seclusion and stillness of the forest.

The trees soared far toward the blue heavens, and a ceaseless murmur went on amid their boughs. The ground was bright with patches of moss, darkened in spots by piles of last year's leaves or the needle of the pine turned brown by winter frosts and the midsummer heats. Now and then a dry twig lightly pressed by the foot of rabbit or partridge crackled in the distance, or a bird broke the silence with a few bars of a song. Otherwise the wood was quite voiceless. Maurice walked on and on till miles lay behind him. The afternoon was advancing, and dim shadows began to lurk in the forest. The sun sank down behind the trees, and lines of light fell beside the shadows. Maurice Singleton had just reached a turn in the road, when the diverging path led down into a fairy-like glen. It was too late to explore it now, and he retraced his steps. But

he had not advanced far when a rushing sound and a din of hoofs startled him, and just as he turned his head, a riderless steed galloped past, the saddle turned, the reins hanging, and his mouth white with foam.

It needed but one swift glance to assure him that this was Fiery Nan. He did not stop for another, but went back, his blood cold at the contemplation of an awful possibility. He did not know how far he had gone—it might have been a mile, or only a few rods—when he saw the skirt of the blue riding-dress partly concealed by a clump of bushes. He came up to her breathless. She was sitting on the grass, very pale, but smiled as he approached. Perhaps she was less frightened than he, for she found her voice first.

"Don't be alarmed. I am not hurt, I think," she said, replying to the question which he could not find any words for, and she made an effort to rise, but an expression of pain and faintness came over her face, and she sank back.

"You must be hurt, Miss Graham—pray keep still—I can bring aid soon."

"No, it is nothing—only a sprain, at most," she said, again. "I shall be better presently," and indeed, in a moment, Maurice was inexpressibly relieved to see that she was able to stand with his assistance.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"Very naturally. I insisted upon urging Nan at full speed down the hill, not remembering that she might be frightened when she came in sight of the waterfall at the foot. But I suppose she took it for some fearful Kuleborn, for she wheeled instantly, and the saddle unluckily turning, I was in the road before I had time to think."

"Thank Heaven it was no worse," said Maurice, fervently. "And now, as you are quite unable to walk,"—he paused, dreading to propose leaving her alone in the wood while he went for a carriage.

"You must leave me here for the present," she said, looking up in his face with a courageous smile.

"Thank you—you know that we cannot choose, though you must see how I dislike it."

An attentive listening look swept over her face.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I think I hear wheels approaching," she replied.

"I wish I might trust to your keener senses," said Maurice, after listening for a moment in vain.

"You may," said Henrietta, smiling. "There it is, the afternoon stage from Cranston."

"How glad I am!" exclaimed Singleton, looking greatly relieved. "I was so distressed about leaving you here all the time it would have required for me to return to the house." It was fortunate, indeed, that the coach hour happened to be just then, for the injury proved rather more serious than Henrietta had been willing to allow.

Maurice Singleton was not a bad resource in the tedious hours of recovery. Miss Graham very soon grew angry with herself for allowing his presence to become so necessary to her. To be sure there were not many pleasures available, and in such circumstances one is apt to make the most of what one has. And Maurice was so quiet, so unobtrusive in all his ways, that one was insensibly won by the charm of his manner. And yet it was strange to Henrietta Graham, that, proud as she had always supposed herself to be, she should so easily admit a stranger to her friendship. But the truth was, that in Henrietta's case, a very warm and impressive heart had been early controlled and repressed, and the reserve of her manner was much more the result of circumstances than a natural growth. Now, however, a stronger attraction than she could readily resist was thrown around her, and though less ready of access and conscious of power than most women, Henrietta was influenced, more perhaps, than she was at first aware of. She learned this after a time.

One day there came to Valley Springs, Edgar Fernleigh. Maurice Singleton was present when his friend and Henrietta met. His keen glance, apparently so cursory and careless, noted the warm color that flew into Edgar's face. That was natural, and he was indifferent to it. Not so indifferent was he to the companion blush that mantled Henrietta's cheek. An emotion of anger awoke in his heart. And yet it was natural that Miss Graham should be moved. There came up to her mind the remembrance of an evening the preceding summer, when the susceptible boy had poured the story of his fervent passion into her ear, and she, not dreaming of returning it, had put his love away—gently, but not the less decidedly. But Edgar had always a place in her heart. His sensitive delicacy and sweetness of disposition charmed her, and she had a loving admiration of him. Nothing of all this did Maurice Singleton guess, and in his vexation the satirical spirit which always haunted him when troubled asserted itself.

It was the day after Edgar's coming, and as Miss Graham was not yet able to walk far, Maurice and his friend were drawn to the parlor. Almost alone they sat there while the evening

twilight gathered around. They had been talking of different subjects and Maurice was cool and satirical. Henrietta had never seen him in that mood before, and it threw a constraint over her manner. Fancying that she was indifferent to him, Maurice grew more bitter.

"It wasn't worth the trouble," said he, after Edgar had been speaking of some great blessing won by persevering effort.

"Not worth the trouble—a whole life of happiness?" said Edgar.

"No. Nothing in this world is worth troubling one's self about," said Maurice, moodily.

"Of course that applies only to trifles," Henrietta said.

"To great things as well," returned Maurice.

"What? wouldn't you exert yourself to win great good—the thing which you most desired?"

"Not if I would have to be at much trouble. The truth is, the valued good of life is mostly a sham. It makes no difference what it is—wealth, fame, power, friendship—there is nothing satisfactory in any of them."

"Not in friendship?" asked Edgar.

"A mere will-o-the-wisp. A wandering light floating over marshes. What we call friendship is merely an emanation from our own self love, which under certain conditions becomes luminous, steals fire from heaven and appears to be the thing which it is not."

"And love—woman's love?" said Edgar, blushing like a girl.

"Worse and worse. It is like one of your wonderful fourth of July rockets. It soars away towards heaven, outshining the stars and blazing famously for a moment, then its light goes out, and it falls down to the earth—a mere stick."

"How can you talk so?" said Henrietta, too grieved and indignant to choose her words.

"Don't mind him, Miss Graham. This is only the impulse of a moment—not his real conviction."

"Now you are wrong," insisted Maurice, perversely. "I'm sincere for once—wear my heart outside. Don't you know we must all be sincere sometimes?"

Miss Graham would not prolong the conversation, and after a half hour more left the parlor. It was a bitter reflection that occupied her in the solitude of her room that night. Through all the temptations of a career, unusually worldly, Henrietta Graham had kept pure and fresh her faith in human love and goodness. Nothing had ever seemed so repulsive to her as this skepticism which obtains in the world in regard to all the emotions natural to the mind. This mocking, Mephistopheles spirit was to her the most

hateful of all demons. And here was a man in whom she had allowed herself to become interested, and to him all innocent and pure feelings, all sentiment and emotions, were merely things to be laughed at. She could not learn to dislike him, but it infused into her love a painful element compounded of pity and distrust. It made her manner constrained and cold.

But for all Maurice Singleton's light words, he loved her dearly, and understood what her love must be. It vexed and angered him to see her give so much of her time to Edgar. He would have liked to engross all her thoughts—and yet without committing himself—for he lingered wearily and checked the words that often rose to his lips. Perhaps he could not have defined to himself the feeling which made him shrink from taking the irrevocable step. It was partly distrust of himself, partly of her; then he had a satisfaction in the present which he could not bear to have disturbed. He found a singular charm in the unspoken love which he feared would vanish if embodied in words.

But all his caution broke down one evening, very unexpectedly to himself, and his emotion shaped itself into the most passionate and fervent language. For an instant a strange, wild feeling of joy made Henrietta tremble—the next instant something in his manner, an impalpable expression, made her feel as if he would be glad to unsay the words. With the impetuosity of her nature her heart leaped to a sudden conclusion. He should not make her the sport of a superficial impulse. She drew herself up coolly. As the expression of her face met his eye, he dropped her hand, and the eager, tender look gave place to something far different.

"Mr. Singleton, you surprise me. You have forgot yourself." The words were spoken in a cold tone, and he could not guess how her heart throbbed nor how hard it was for her to maintain that indifferent manner. There was a moment's conflict within him, then he laughed lightly a little bitterly, though that was well concealed.

"Perhaps I have. Thank you for assisting my memory. And now if you will go on with me for the roses that we came in search of, I think we shall both forget that I made a blunder."

They hastened on after their party and during all the rest of the walk both jested and laughed and exchanged playful words as if neither suffered. Perhaps Edgar divined that all was not quite right with Henrietta—perhaps her gratitude for his kindness led him to presume upon it, for a few weeks after the misunderstanding between Maurice and Miss Graham, arrived at an enter-

tainment, Edgar sought his friend. There was an unusual flush in his face, and his manner was excited and restless. He found Maurice indolently poring over a volume.

"Now for some wonderful confidence," said Singleton, as Edgar entered. He spoke half kindly, half satirically.

"Now, Maurice, as you're a good fellow at heart, hear me patiently. I have got something important to tell you this time," pleaded Edgar. Maurice gave him another look, then read over another sentence in his book, and looking up, said quietly:

"Let me anticipate you. You are engaged to Miss Graham. Accept my congratulations."

"O, Maurice," stammered Edgar, "could you ever have thought it—she so brilliant, and I so—"

"Nonsense! don't underrate yourself," said Maurice, lightly—"you've more than enough virtues to balance any imaginary defects."

"Don't say so, Singleton," remonstrated Edgar. "You know I've always admired her, but it has been a great way off. The desire of the moth for the star."

"Of the night for the morrow," laughed Maurice.

"Yes, only don't make a jest of it." There was a little silence, and then Edgar added—"Maurice, I always thought that if you and Miss Graham were brought together—you—that you would—" Edgar paused. Maurice did not speak. "You know, Maurice, that I would not value any happiness bought at the cost of your friendship," he said, his voice rather anxious and low.

"You may be at ease my dear Edgar," said Singleton, greatly touched. "I care for Miss Graham as little as—as she cares for me. But this is nothing, of course. Let's talk of your prospects. When is Mrs. Fernleigh to come out?" He laughed as he said the words, and it jarred harshly upon Edgar's ear.

He would not have wondered at the bitterness of the laugh, if he could have seen into his friend's heart. Maurice came home very late that night from a long walk. For miles through the dark forest, over rough roads and far out into the open country he had wandered, but he did not leave behind him the sore, angry, wounded spirit he carried out.

The next day, however, he met Henrietta with all his usual graceful ease. She was very pale but in high spirits, and overflowing with brilliant repartee. Never had her singular and characteristic beauty appeared to better advantage. In the evening there was dancing in the hall of the

hotel. The scene was really very pretty and picturesque. Most of the ladies wore a profusion of flowers, but Henrietta's black braids were without an ornament. It chanced that in the interval between the dances, Maurice was standing near one of the windows. The window was long and wide, and served for a place of egress upon the upper verandah. Out upon the verandah were boxes of earth containing growing plants; and a jasmine vine in one of them clambered about the window partly shading it. As Maurice stood there silent, Edgar approached with Miss Graham.

"Ah, you selfish fellow," said Edgar, playfully. "You choose the moonlight and the romance of vine-covered windows rather than the dance."

"I don't care for dancing," returned Maurice. "It seems to me a great outlay of muscular power, and all to no purpose."

"But you should dance for the good of society. Self-sacrifice, my dear fellow. You should immolate yourself upon the altar of conventional etiquette."

Maurice smiled, and to turn the conversation said:

"You don't favor flowers, Miss Graham. I see the other ladies have laid the garden under heavy contribution."

"Yes, how is it, Henrietta? you haven't a single flower," said Edgar.

She made some slight excuse, and Edgar said, playfully, "you ought to have some of those scarlet fuchsias. They would be marvellously becoming to your shining hair. Let me get you some. I know the very spot where they grow. I'll leave Miss Graham in your care." Edgar went away and left them together.

There was an awkward silence of a moment. Miss Graham pulled nervously at the sprays of jasmine which fluttered at the open window. She looked very lovely with the moonlight just touching her black hair and softening all the outlines of her face. A painful sense of loss smote his heart, and a perverse wish to say something sharp and unkind took possession of him.

"I hope you will not think me tardy in offering my congratulations, Miss Graham," he said. "Permit me to present them now." She bowed, without speaking.

"I hope you think I am sincere—I trust you believe that any feeling I have before expressed is entirely past, and any fancies I may have entertained quite given up." She quickly lifted her hands as if imploring him to spare her, and one who saw it could not soon forget the expression her face wore.

"Henrietta!" exclaimed Maurice, bending forward.

"I think I have the honor to claim your hand for this dance, Miss Graham," said a voice close by. Singleton drew back, and the gentleman led Henrietta away. Maurice gazed after her a moment and then walked to another part of the room. After he was gone a figure flitted from the shadow of the jasmine vine into the light, and Edgar Fernleigh stepped in at the open window. He stood for a moment near it looking around like one half awake, then rousing himself went and joined the dancers.

Late that night a light was burning in Edgar's room and he sat at the table writing. It was apparently not a pleasant thing that he was doing, for he often laid down his pen and rested his head upon his hands. The notes—there were two of them—were finished at last, however, and Edgar's light was extinguished. But he was early astir the next morning, and the first outward stage took him as passenger. The breakfast bell had not yet rung, and Maurice Singleton was awaiting its summons, when a servant tapped at his door.

"If you please, sir, here's a letter Mr. Fernleigh left for you."

"Left?" echoed Maurice.

"Yes, sir, you know he went away this morning."

Maurice took the letter and broke the seal. It contained an enclosure addressed to Miss Graham. Strangely moved, Maurice Singleton ran over the note. It was brief, but it had the power to call the changing color over his face and make the hand which held it shake. Without waiting for a moment's deliberation he opened his chamber door, went out and down the stairs at a rapid pace. There was no one in the parlor but Henrietta. He went straight up to her and put the letter addressed to her into her hands. She looked up at him wonderingly.

"Read it," he said, shortly.

She opened it and began to read, but the paper dropped from her hands and she burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing. Singleton knelt down by her.

"Dear Henrietta, we have both much to ask forgiveness for and to forgive," he said, huskily. "But nothing must part us now—Henrietta."

"Maurice—don't speak of it now," she sobbed. "Think how I have wronged him."

"And I too. But I was most to blame, dearest. O, will not this be a lesson to me?" But they spoke no more of their own happiness then.

Need we say that Edgar, returning by the shorter way of the verandah, had come up just

in time to hear the colloquy between Maurice and Henrietta, and to catch a glimpse of the faces of both through the parted leaves of the jasmine? Through the shock of pain which it gave him came the clear insight into their hearts. His after course was like himself. His letters implored them to yield their pride to love, and accept the sacrifice he so freely made. Future years were kind to Edgar, and in another affection, full and satisfying, he found his compensation.

DON'T GIVE UP.

In most cases the wise and good man will come down, but never give up. The heroic thing to say is this: Things are bad, but they may be worse; and with God's blessing I shall try to make them better. Who does not know that by resolute adherence to this principle many battles have been won after they had been lost? Don't the French say that the English have conquered on many fields because they did not know when they had been beaten; in short, because they would never give up? Pluck is a great quality! let us respect it everywhere; at least, whenever it is enlisted on the side of right. Ugly is the bulldog, and indeed blackguard-looking; but I admire one thing about it, it will never give up. And splendid success has often come at length to the man who fought on through failure, hoping against hope. Mr. Disraeli might well have given up after his first speech in the House of Commons; many men would never have opened their lips there again. I declare I feel something sublime in that defiant *The day will come when you will be glad to hear me*, when we read it by the light of after events. Of course only extraordinary success could justify the words. They might have been the vaporing of a conceited fool. Galileo, compelled to appear to come down, did not give up; *Still it moves*. The great nonconformist preacher, Robert Hall, fairly broke down in his first attempt to preach; but he did not give up. Mr. Tenneyson might have given up, had he been disheartened by the sharp reviews of his earliest volume. George Stephenson might also have given up, when his railway and locomotive were laughed out of the parliamentary committee. Mr. Thackeray might have given up, when the publishers refused to have anything to do with *Vanity Fair*. The first articles of men who have become most successful periodical writers, have been consigned to the Balaam-box. Possibly this was in some measure the cause of their success. It taught them to take mere pains. It was a taking down. It showed them that their task was not so easy; if they would succeed, they must do their very best. And if they had stamina enough to resolve that though taken down they would not give up, the disappointment was an excellent discipline. I have known students at college whose success in carrying off honors was unexampled, who in the first one or two competitions were ignominiously beaten. Some would have given up. They only came down; then they went at their work with a will, and never were beaten more.—*Recreations of a Country Parson*.

[ORIGINAL.]

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY EDWARD J. HOWE.

Press on, ye ardent souls,
That labor for the right;
That are the earnest pioneers
Of freedom and of light!

Yours is a noble task,
And noble your reward,
To labor for the truth
Of God's eternal word.

Though some may vainly seek
To pass their halcyon days
Amidst the devious paths
Of error's flowery ways;

Yet soon the rose shall yield
The piercing of the thorn,
And from their sins a thousand woes
Forevermore are born.

Then forward urge your way,
Ye champions of the right;
Assured that you shall wear a crown
Of everlasting light!

[ORIGINAL.]

AN HOUR IN AN OLD WELL.

BY C. L. FENTON, M. D.

"NAN, Nan!" shouted a group of irreverent youngsters, "where in the world are you going?"
I deigned no reply.

"I say, Nannie," said Rodney Grafton, my father's guest, advancing toward me, eye-glass in hand, "I say, what wild-goose chase are you upon now?"

Now he must have known how cordially I hated both him and his eye-glass.

"Going to find somebody worth talking to," was my saucy reply.

"Bless me, what a curious creature!" And he eyed me in a quizzical manner.

The fact was I had donned a plain brown gingham dress, and bonnet of the same, and armed myself with an umbrella and a small basket of eatables. I was going in search of adventures, and not a soul except my mother knew anything about it. I was, to confess the truth, tired of the humdrum life of a fine lady in the country, and was anxious to make the acquaintance, in some way, of our rustic neighbors.

"Ah," exclaimed Rodney, "I've got an idea. 'You're going, like Maud Muller, to captivate some judge. Poor fellow, I pity him!'"

"Try again," I replied, with scornful indifference.

"Well, then, you're going to ensnare the heart of some farmer, making hay in his shirt sleeves."

"Perhaps. I do verily believe such a one would have ten times more talent than some people I know. Wherever I may—"

"O, I have him, I have him, interrupted Rodney. "A great tall, gawky fellow, red hair, blue eyes and long arms, who will sit down to dinner in his shirt sleeves, and say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to me."

I turned away in contemptuous silence.

"By the way, Nannie, I believe I'll go too."

"Better wait till you're invited, sir," was my answer, and away I went.

Rodney laughed, and walked back to the house. I went slowly down a long lane, gained the turnpike, and turned my face towards the next town. Rodney's words haunted me in spite of myself, but I dismissed the matter, by determining, if I had an opportunity, to convince him that I was not afraid of his ridicule.

The summer day crept on, and the sun grew warm. I raised my umbrella and went steadily onward. A host of admiring or wondering faces graced nearly every window, but I, who had stood the battery of so many eyes, was not seriously troubled, and kept on in the even tenor of my way.

By-and-by the bells from the distant town rang out the hour of twelve, and I sat down like my country neighbors to an early repast. I had won by my long walk an excellent appetite, and relished the simple food I had brought with me far more than the elegant dishes usually presented at our late dinner.

But I was thirsty, and therefore looked about me to see how I might best obtain the draught of cool water which I coveted. A well with an old-fashioned sweep stood upon the roadside, suggesting pleasant ideas of the cool stream which flowed down deep beneath. But how was I to reach it? I couldn't get down there, and I didn't exactly know how to manage the sweep, for though highly romantic, it was rather an awkward thing for a lady to manage, who had never in all her life, handled anything more formidable than a crochet needle.

I looked around for help, and then coming up the road, I saw the very person whom Rodney had pictured. As he came nearer, however, the likeness was not so great. True, he was tall and slight, but he had a graceful and elastic gait. Then again his hair and eyes were very dark, and his complexion was more like an Italian's than an American's.

As he dropped the bucket into the well, I could not help noticing the delicate stitching of

the cuffs, hidden by no coat. There indeed was my hero of the shirt sleeves. The bucket was raised, and there was another dilemma. I had nothing to drink from unless I raised the bucket to my lips, and that would have been rather awkward. We looked at each other and smiled.

"I have it," said my companion, and he stepped aside, plucked a huge plantain leaf, filled it with water, and presented it to me with a grace which would have been the envy of half my high-born friends. There was nothing left to do but to thank the stranger and resume my walk. But still we both lingered, until a sudden embarrassment seized us. In great hurry I gathered up my basket and umbrella and went hastily forward. But tramp, tramp! I heard behind me the peculiar, swinging step of my new friend, as he too went on his way.

"Madam!" I turned about. "Permit me to restore your umbrella, which you just now dropped."

I had been unconscious of my loss, but I received the article smilingly. How it happened I cannot say, but our conversation, diverging from umbrellas, included within its spacious range nearly every subject of which I had any knowledge. My companion quoted French authors, and talked Latin with a volubility which left me nearly breathless.

"Bless me," I exclaimed to myself, "what a learned rustic!" And I compared the hero of that insolent picture which Rodney had drawn to my shirt-sleeved hero.

All this time we had been walking on and on. Suddenly my companion paused.

"I hope you are near the place of your destination, for if I mistake not your umbrella will soon come in use."

I looked about me and laughed. A tiny black cloud far down in the bright west was all that my inexperienced eyes could discover. And surely there was nothing very formidable about that. My companion shrugged his shoulders, and spoke earnestly.

"It will come nevertheless. Take my advice and go back."

How did he know I was going back? I looked the question.

"Pardon me, but it was plain enough that you had come from home merely for a walk. The rustic damsels of my acquaintance are too busy at this season of the year to call upon their neighbors, and you I think have none to call upon. I am afraid, after all, that you will have to hurry to avoid the shower."

I showed my appreciation of his guessing

faculties, by immediately bidding him a graceful adieu, and turning down a cross road, which I well knew led still farther from home. I never yet did like people who were so fond of giving advice. That was one of Rodney Grafton's prominent traits, and a very disagreeable one it was, too.

On I went, musing over my late romantic adventure, and hardly noticing the road I was traversing. A drop of rain upon my face disturbed my thoughts. Lo, the tiny cloud was swollen to an enormous size, and was nearly above my head. Its livid hue, frightful in contrast with the white sky beyond, betokened that a tornado slumbered beneath. I recollected with a thrill of regret the warning of my unknown friend, but it was useless to turn back now. It was far better, I thought, to keep on, and take the next road, which branched off from the main one upon which I was now.

The drops came thicker and faster. I raised my umbrella, and kept steadily onward, hoping if the worst came to the worst, to find some shelter near at hand. But as far as I could see ahead, there was no sign of habitation, nor even when I had turned the curve of the road, was there a solitary house to be seen. The bright sky was now completely hidden, and a strange gloom settled down over the land. That awful silence, which precedes a sudden storm fell upon all around me. Not a twig or leaf moved in the lazy atmosphere.

I was brave enough for ordinary purposes, but this terrible pause of the elements filled me with a strange dread. I ran hastily forward, just as the wind and rain came in all their fury. The former blew me completely across the narrow street, the latter penetrated my flimsy umbrella at the first onset.

The gloom became more profound, the rain blinded me as I stumbled forward, striving to keep the right path, and an awful clap of thunder immediately overhead made me cower and cringe. I struggled on for a while, until bewildered I sank down by the roadside and strove to peer through the darkness. A flash of lightning lighted up the landscape and revealed to me the road I sought. I took courage, gathered myself up, and went onward. Rocks and stones obstructed my path, trees grew in the very centre of the road. I perceived that I had made some mistake, paused a moment then turned aside, lost my footing and fell down, down, struck against something hard and relapsed into unconsciousness.

At last I began to dream the strangest things. I was in the old boat at home, gliding down the

familiar river all the long, warm, summer day. I heard the cool splashings of the water, and saw the leaves of the dog lily waving upon the surface. Suddenly an iceberg floated down from the northern seas, and came sailing grandly toward my little bark. I strove to escape from it, but could not. Nearer and nearer it came, and I experienced the old sensation of falling down unmeasured depths.

The chilling rain falling upon my face awoke me. I raised my hands, and encountered cold, slimy stones upon all sides. Far, far above me, I saw a round gleam of light, shining like a great star. The whole truth suddenly flashed upon me. In my bewilderment I had fallen into an old, uncovered well, of which I had heard there were many in that vicinity. Fortunately the season had left it dry, and some kindly soul had thrown down a heap of brush which had partially broken my fall. Yet, whenever I attempted to rise, I experienced a sensation of pain, which convinced me that I had not escaped without injury.

Again I heard the bell from the distant town, this time ringing out the hour of seven, for every stroke came distinctly to my ear. The possibility of my being obliged to lie there all night filled me with horror. I cried aloud, but my voice seemed to die away ere it reached the opening of the cavern. Then I rested awhile, striving in the meantime to accustom myself to the evil of my position, since it was hardly possible that any one would discover me immediately in that wild place. But my philosophy was but a poor comforter, and again I exerted myself to the utmost to be heard. In vain! The rain ceased to fall, the clouds cleared away, and the sun was setting in a flood of crimson, but not a sound beyond my own voice was to be heard.

I thought of the family at home, of Rodney, of the young farmer. There was a gleam of hope connected with the latter. When search for me was made, as it would undoubtedly be soon, if it had not already commenced, he alone could give the clew to the road I had followed. The thought of rescue from my disagreeable and dangerous position, even the shadow of hope which I had conjured up, gave me courage and comfort, and again I shouted for assistance.

The light above, upon which I had fixed my eyes as upon a star, was suddenly obscured, and a face, as if set in a round picture frame looked down. This sudden apparition seemed like a dream, rather hideous than otherwise, and much as I had longed for assistance, I could not speak.

"Nannie, dear Nannie, are you there?"

Never shall I forget the joy that possessed me when I heard those words, and realized the fact that friends were near at hand, and I should yet be saved.

"O, Rodney, do get me out of this horrid place!" I exclaimed.

"Then you are down there? I thought I heard your voice. Yes, Nannie, you shall be saved."

I never liked him better than I did at that moment.

"Are you much hurt?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I haven't tried to move much as yet. As long as I keep perfectly quiet, I find I do very well."

"See if it is possible for you to stand."

I raised myself painfully and by degrees to a standing posture, but fell back speedily. It was of no use. My ankle was badly sprained, and after having remained in such a cramped position for so long a time, it was utterly impossible to stand but for a moment. Intimated as much to Rodney.

"Then I must go for assistance," was his reply. "There are others of your friends in this vicinity, but they have taken different routes. I can soon overtake some of them."

"Don't go," I pleaded. "Think, Rodney, it is just like death to be shut out from the sight of a human face in this dreadful place."

"I know it, dear, it is dreadful. But how can I help you as I am? I want a rope and some other things, besides people to help me. I am going now for them, and I need not tell you that I shall hurry back. O, Nannie, I would have given my right hand rather than this should have happened."

"For good, Rodney?" I exclaimed, and then laughed. "What do you suppose I want you to lose your right hand for? You are not gone, are you?"

"No, dear, but I'm going. I will put wings to my feet, and be back very quickly, I hope. Now keep up your courage, Nannie. You know you are brave, and never was there a better chance to display that virtue."

"So I will. You may go now, Rodney. No fear for me now."

And away he went, with a speed which I could only imagine. But when he was gone a double night closed upon me. Darkness reigned above the mouth of the cavern, and darkness indescribable below. By-and-by, waiting in patient hope, I saw far above the peaceful stars coming out one by one, and upon them I kept my eyes, for though fear and anxiety beset me, they at least glowed with solemn light. The dampness chilled

me, through and through, the cold slime from the rocks above fell down drop by drop, saturating my thin clothing. Would they never come? At last I heard them coming along in the still night, and talking low and fast.

"Nan," exclaimed my father, his honest face coming between me and the stars, "are you there, child? Here we are with help, and we will soon have you out of that hole."

"I hope so," was my answer.

"How deep is it?" asked Rodney, who seemed to be busied with a rope, and he leaned over to catch my reply.

"I can't well tell. Not very, I should judge."

I couldn't for the life of me imagine how I was to get up, but I waited patiently. There seemed to be a moment's altercation at the opening of the well. I heard my father's impatient, "Nonsense, Rod!" and Rodney's quiet answer.

Then the latter looked down once more. "I'm coming, Nan! Look out for me."

There was a hush up above, then a moving mass shut out all light from me. Down, down it came, nearer and nearer, now swinging against the slimy walls, now swaying fearfully above my head, but always approaching. I gathered myself into a corner. Slowly, carefully, the swaying mass settled itself at my side. Rodney grasped my hand.

"Now, Nan, see, you are to go up in this."

"Up where?"

"Is the child crazy? Why up above, to be sure."

"But I can't go up in that. I shall be dashed against the walls."

"Keep your hands out and you will be safe enough. There, Mother Goose, now are you ready?"

Without more ado, he lifted me into the arm-chair, and fastened me securely to it, then gave the signal agreed upon above, and I began to ascend slowly.

"Bless me, this isn't so agreeable a place as it might be," were his parting words.

At last, giddy with the motion, I reached the top, and found myself once more breathing the free air, supported and surrounded by my nearest friends.

"Why, Nan, you are as pale as a ghost. Any hobgoblins down there?" asked my father.

"No, sir."

"Well, you're a brave girl, any way. Come, here's the carriage. You shall be driven home in fifteen minutes."

"Has Mr Grafton come up yet?"

"The young scamp, he would have his own way. No, they haven't got him up, yet."

"Then, if you please, I will wait till he is safe."

My father laughed, but allowed me to have my own way.

"I say, Nannte," said Rodney Grafton, a week after this remarkable occurrence, "I say, what do you think of farmers?"

I suspended operations upon my fancy work for half a moment.

"O, a great deal. You ought to have seen the one whose acquaintance I made on that unfortunate day. By the way, how did you know that day in what direction to search for me?"

"That's a secret. But about that farmer—was he at all like the one whose picture I drew for you with such infinite skill? You recollect, don't you? Blue eyes, red hair, etc."

"Pshaw! My farmer had dark eyes and hair, and the richest complexion. He wasn't afraid of injuring it by working in the sun, and he didn't have to use eye-glasses. And besides being handsome, he was so intelligent, and graceful! Why, I know of a great many of my friends who would give their eyes to have his grace of manner."

"Who particularly of the many?" asked Rodney, with one of his quizzical looks.

"No matter. Then you should have heard him quote Latin and French authors. Really, I fell quite in love with him."

"But don't you wish you had heeded his warning, and gone back in season, and thus avoided that terrible experience in the old well? I hadn't taken a sea voyage not to know a little something about the weather."

"You don't mean to say that you were—"

"Yes, I do. I was the handsome and intelligent farmer. Now, Nan, you are fairly caught."

And so, indeed, I was. After all, my adventure had one good result.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND RUIN.

Since the rage for dress and finery set in—since extravagance became a womanly beauty, and to live beyond one's means a social requirement—since the loom and the workshop have taken the place of birth and refinement, and the moneyed vulgarian is counted higher than the penniless aristocrat—since women have been ranked by what they wear and not by what they are, and a becoming toilet is accounted equal to a personal grace—since none but a chosen few dare to be simple, none but a remnant of the faithful dare to hold themselves aloof from luxury and fashion—more families have been ruined than has ever been known before, and the boasted happiness of many a home is fast becoming a fable and a myth.—*Home Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

PATIENCE.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

The sun woos long with amorous glances,
With pretty arts, conceits and fancies;
Sometimes a feint of sorrow making,
He weeps as though his heart was breaking,
Still smiling silly all the while,
To see how well his arts beguile.

The waking earth coyly advances,
Till quickened by his ardent glances,
Shouts out, her dainty banners flinging—
The smouldering fire to flame is springing!
Then veils in green her faded tresses,
And springs to meet his warm caresses.

So be thou patient—love's warm rain
Shall germinate thy hidden grain;
Nor leaf, nor bud, nor fragrant flower,
Spring to perfection in an hour.
Work bravely, with this sweet fore-knowing,
The right, though cramped, is surely growing.

Then patient work until the ending,
Thy heart's warm rain and sunshine blending;
O, faint not now, the dawn is breaking!
The world's slow pulse is just awaking!
Beneath the ice the stream is flowing:
Courage, and wait the tardy growing!

[ORIGINAL.]

ELEANOR WESTBURN.

BY MRS. A. M. LOVERING.

"No good will come of *her* visit! I feel it through my whole heart, Fran!"

"Hush, mother! she will hear you."

"No danger, I spoke in a low tone," answered Mrs. Page, a slight flush rising to her forehead.

As she said this, she moved towards the parlor door to catch another glimpse of the haughty face which had called forth the above remark. At the same moment there was a light springing step in the hall, and a glad, musical voice cried out:

"Dear Eleanor Westburn! how glad, how very glad I am to see you. I have watched for you days and days, every member of the party is here before you, and I was so fearful that you would disappoint us; we are to have a glorious summer of it, and I am so very happy that you have come at last!"

This was followed by the exchange of innumerable kisses, and then Helen Russell caught her friend by the arm and hurried her up stairs to her room, calling a servant to follow after with her baggage. From the parlor door Mrs. Page watched the handsome face and figure of

Eleanor Westburn, as she disappeared, arm-in-arm with her niece, and then went back to her son's side with a sigh, saying, as she rested her hand anxiously upon his head:

"I'm sorry that we came here, Francis. Indeed, I'm quite sorry."

"But the pleasant summer, mother, and the change you needed so much," was the quiet answer.

"I know it, and Helen is very kind, and her house is beautiful and pleasant, yet I don't feel quite right. But you are sitting where the breeze is too strong. Move back a little, so that the curtain will shield you."

He did as she requested, and smiled pleasantly, thanking her in a silent way, for her thoughtfulness and care. At the same time a slight, a very slight expression of pain flitted across his face, as though the knowledge that was constantly brought before his mind by her watchfulness distressed him. He rested his head for a moment upon his white, slender hands, and when he raised it again, his features were as quiet and calm as ever.

The face of Francis Page was almost womanly in its tender beauty. About his broad forehead, which had a track of blue veins swelling across it, his bright brown hair hung in silken waves. His eyes, blue as the sky of a June morning, had a look of sadness shining up from their liquid depths, which was repeated and repeated by the expression that was caught in the curves of his fine delicate mouth. There was seldom any color in his face; now and then a little flush of pink flitted across his cheeks like a cloud, and was lost before it reached the clear whiteness of his forehead.

When he stood up erect, the girlish beauty of his face seemed accounted for by a slight deformity which marred the symmetry of his otherwise perfect figure. Such faces, for some strange unaccountable reason, we often see with such forms—faces, clear, transparent and beautiful. Because of his misfortune his mother cared for him as though he was a child, showing by her devotion that there was no sacrifice she would not make in his behalf, or no suffering she would not be willing to undergo for him. For a long time after the arrival of Miss Westburn, Mrs. Page sat watching her son's thoughtful face, sometimes shading her eyes with her hands, as if fearful that he would see the tears that constantly brightened them, and then again turning quite away from him to hide from his eager glance the sadness that was upon her.

As they sat there, mother and son, and as the afternoon died away and the twilight purpled,

the whole summer party, guests and friends of Miss Russell, gathered in the handsome parlors; all with the exception of Miss Westburn; she still remained in her room. But that she was momentarily expected was easily seen by the glances levelled towards the hall, at the slightest sound in that direction, or on the stairs. A group of girls in one window wondered, and gave vent to their wonderment in whispers, what she was like, and if she were, indeed, so very handsome and proud and everything grand, that Miss Russell had described her as being, while Miss Russell herself, seated upon a sofa by the side of a proud-looking, stylish man, was teasing him in a sly way about the new comer, which seemed greatly to disconcert two other gentlemen who listened near by, thinking that the great attraction was to be at once yielded up to Mr. Sherman Woodbury.

"But confess yourself delighted that she has come at last, Mr. Woodbury," said Helen, with an easy familiarity that had a charm in it, "and confess, too, for truth's sake, and my pleasure, that you are as impatient as you well can be, to see her."

"Not for your pleasure, Miss Russell, can I make such a confession, and I forbear, believe me, for truth's sake," he answered, smiling. "I'm not in the least impatient, nor have I been," he added.

"Then 'tis because you are afraid of her; afraid of her power, and afraid to meet it. Now I have had a purpose in bringing you together, and no mean one, either. I thought it would be the happiest thing in the world, if you two, hitherto unconquered, could conquer each other. I don't care, mind you, if you break Eleanor's heart, or if she breaks yours, or if both be broken together. It is no more than just; you both deserve it, for the pain you have caused other people." Mr. Woodbury smiled.

"I have no patience at all with such old veterans," Helen went on laughingly. "You have learned the art of war perfectly, and woe be to the young soldier who dares to breathe before you. Beware of retribution. But I must go up stairs to my friend," she added, looking at her watch. "Be patient, you shall see her soon!"

"May I have strength to exercise that Christian-like virtue!" was the reply, given in mock gravity.

The next moment Mr. Woodbury had joined the group of girls at the window, and not once did he look towards the door, or raise his eyes, until the quick whisper ran around the room:

"Miss Westburn! how handsome she is! how beautiful!"

Then he saw the haughty face that had impressed good Mrs. Page so unfavorably.

"Beautiful, indeed," he said to himself, turning indifferently around, and scanning more closely the white forehead, large, dark eyes, and ripe red lips, the poise of the head, queen-like, with its coronet of heavy braids, was perfect. The full figure—little above the medium height, was grace itself, and her step, as she moved forward with Helen, was quick and springing, yet firm. He could not keep his eyes from her face, as she made the circuit of the room, and was presented in turn to every one present. To him, as Helen half slyly pronounced his name, she raised her eyes, as though it was exceedingly tiresome, extended her hand, gave him the tips of her white fingers, and said "Mr. Woodbury," and passed on, without seeming to notice that he was by far the handsomest man in the room, or that his dress was the most exquisite in point of taste, or that she was unmindful of what every other woman observed, at the first light glance.

Mr. Woodbury was not the only one who kept his eyes upon the face of Miss Westburn. From his seat by the window, Francis Page observed her every glance and motion, much to the distress of his good mother, who had, when she was presented to him, tried to shield her son from her gaze, as though she were some terrible wild creature bent upon his destruction. Perhaps she had a better reason for this, from the fact that Eleanor seemed struck by the quiet beauty of the face half hidden by the shadow of the heavy curtain, and something, faint though it was, like a pleasant surprise played across the haughty features.

"Haden't you better go to your room, Fran? aren't you tired?" asked Mrs. Page.

"No, I thank you, mother. I will stay here if you please. I'm very comfortable."

The question was repeated before half an hour had elapsed, as with Helen, Miss Westburn made her way to that part of the room again. She was seated near them the next moment, and the jealous mother saw her proud eyes wander to the face of her son, as if strangely attracted there. But she did not speak but once, although she might have done so, had there not been a call for music, and Mr. Woodbury came forward and led her to the piano. Helen smiled.

"They look well together, don't they, cousin Fran?"

"Charmingly," was the answer.

"What a pity that Mr. Woodbury doesn't sing. But you must sing, Fran—sing with her. It will be so splendid. Few have a voice like you, and few like Eleanor."

The mother listened.

"Don't ask him to sing to-night, please, Helen," she said, "he is not feeling quite well."

"Ah, I was not aware of it."

"No more was I," answered Fran. "But hush!"

The room had grown suddenly still, as Miss Westburn's fingers touched the piano. Presently through its silence, her voice broke, clear, rich and strong, rising in waves up the impassioned heights of the melody, and then flowing softly and tenderly, like a smooth stream; smooth, yet rippling and trembling, bringing to light nothing but the sun-touched surface, and keeping its great power hidden beneath. The face by the curtain leaned forward further and further. The large eyes were bright and eager, the mouth wistful and tremulous, and the hands, fair as a woman's, were clasped tightly together.

"O, if you would only sing it with her, Fran," whispered Helen. "Your tenor is so rich."

"I should spoil it," he answered, shaking his head.

"No—no—let me speak to her!"

She sprang forward and whispered a few words in Miss Westburn's ear, as she ceased singing.

"Your cousin?" said the lady, in answer, her face lighting as she glanced towards him. "Indeed, I should be very happy."

"I wish you wouldn't urge this, Helen," put in Mrs. Page. "I'm afraid Fran will over-exert himself."

"Just one song auntie, just one. Come, cousin Fran!"

O, how conscious, how terribly conscious was he of his misfortune at that moment! Never before had he so dreaded to have the defect in his form noticed and commented upon. His face flushed a pale crimson, then grew white, as he thought of the proud, beautiful eyes turned towards him. A sharp pang shot through his gentle heart. Why was he so cursed? what had he done? what wickedness committed, that he should be singled out from other men by this wretched curse of deformity, robbed of the love—

"Come, Fran!" said Helen.

"Yes!"

He arose, and offered her his arm, and they went to the piano together. This was the beginning of Miss Westburn's and Fran's acquaintance. They seemed to understand each other as they sang that night. Through the sweet melody of their voices which mingled so perfectly, unmarred by the faintest discord, undivided by the first blemish, a sweet, subtle knowledge ran, and they understood each other heart to heart.

"Charming!" said Mr. Woodbury, his lip curving.

"Poor Fran!" sighed Mrs. Page, in her niece's ear.

But Helen only said, "Beautiful, beautiful!" and wiped her eyes with her lace handkerchief, and leaned forward again, fearful that she should lose the faintest note.

Two months went away, and it was rumored about, that it was a tough, a desperate flirtation between Mr. Woodbury and Miss Westburn; that they were both flirts of half a dozen seasons, and had broken more hearts than they would ever see years. The report reached Miss Westburn's ears one day, as she sat in the parlor, busy with some light, fanciful needle-work.

"I'm sure you don't act like a coquette," said the gossip, a little fair-faced, unsophisticated creature, "I'm sure you don't."

"Don't I?" was the answer.

"No, I'm sure you don't, and I'm sure I don't believe you are getting in love with Mr. Woodbury."

"Indeed!" said Eleanor, slightly coloring, as she raised her eyes and saw Fran occupying his accustomed seat by the window.

"May I tell you something that I heard this morning?"

"If you wish it. I have no choice."

"Well, Kitty Burr said that she heard Mr. Woodbury telling Mr. Harris, as they were walking one night, that you hadn't any energy, that you didn't choose well in your choice of subjects, and that you had set your eye on Fran, poor Francis—"

"Silence! How dare you come to me with such a miserable story?" cried Eleanor, springing up with flashing eyes. "See—"

She gave one quick glance towards Francis, who sat as if frozen, his white, even teeth crushed down upon his pale lip.

"I didn't know—I didn't see, I'm sure," said the girl, half crying, as she moved towards the door. "I'm sorry—I'm sorry."

For a moment Eleanor walked up and down the room, her face flushed and angry. Not once did Fran glance towards her—not once move from the attitude in which he seemed petrified.

"You know me better than this," she said, pausing before him, while her eyes filled with tears. "If I thought you did not," she went on hurriedly, "I would leave this house this moment and never look upon you again."

He looked up into her face with his great sad eyes.

"Let me ask you now, to shut your ears to what you hear; to believe that I am not heart-

less and not false; that I would sooner die than wound you, or cause you a moment's pain—will you believe this?"

She held out her hand as she spoke. He caught it and pressed it to his lips. At that moment Mr. Woodbury stepped inside the door.

"Ah, excuse me!" he said, beating a retreat. "I was not aware that I should be intruding."

Eleanor turned about, her face changing instantly in its expression.

"You are not intruding," she said, haughtily. "Please walk in and be seated."

She resumed her needle-work without another word, and without seeming to notice that he had taken a seat close beside her upon the sofa.

"It would be a splendid day for that ramble that we more than half decided upon last evening," he said, as if to remind her of his presence.

She bowed.

"The morning is cool, fresh and sweet, and there is a rare breeze afloat."

Another bow.

At any other time Mr. Woodbury would have left the room without another word, but after the little tableau which he had just witnessed, he did not deem this the most advisable thing to do.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"If you please, yes."

She answered promptly, rising as she spoke, and laying aside her work.

"Alone?" he queried.

"By all means."

In his self-conceit this was enough. He did not stop to notice that her lip curled scornfully as she spoke, or that from the depths of her dark eyes, an angry contempt flamed up when he addressed her. They were going, and alone! This was what he thought of, and this was her choice, better than all. They rambled off through the valleys, and out across the fields together, Mr. Woodbury and Miss Westburn. Fran went up to his room and watched them until they disappeared in the distance, and then seated himself by his open window and dropped his face upon his hands. Hours went by, and he did not move from that position. In his true heart there was a great struggle. His light wavy hair grew damp with perspiration, as he sat there, and curled in soft rings about his forehead. His face paled and flushed alternately; and his mouth quivered one moment and the next was closed tightly, as if he was trying to fix in his mind some strong resolution.

"Why hadn't I shut myself away from sight, hidden my face and unsightly figure from the gaze of every human eye?" he murmured to

himself. "Why did I not flee like a cursed, guilty thing when my eyes first fell upon her face, and I felt and knew what would come to me? And now she pities me. Good God! I saw the look creep over her features when she spoke; I saw her beautiful mouth quiver, and her eyes soften, and a tear, a tear from her proud eyes. I could have died of shame, and yet I was as soft and tender as a babe!"

He wrung his hands in pride and mortification, and then sank back in his chair and dropped his head, and sat silent and motionless while the sunny hours drifted by him. He was aroused at last, by his mother's voice at the door. Brushing his hair quickly from his forehead, and composing his troubled features, he went to meet her.

"Are you ill?" was her first query.

"No—tired, mother. We will go home to-morrow."

"Yes, thank you, dear. I have wished it a long time. But it is late, and—and—Miss Westburn has been inquiring for you for sometime," she added, hesitatingly.

"Has she?" he asked, his eyes lighting up. "I will go down."

The mother sighed.

Eleanor stood the centre of a lively group as they entered the room. She nodded towards Fran when she saw him, and then turned to Mr. Woodbury.

"That is the way," moaned Mrs. Page, to herself, "she must have her poor puppets dancing continual attendance about her."

"What splendid flowers!" cried Helen, pointing to a knot of scarlet blossoms which Eleanor wore upon her bosom. "Where did you find them?"

"They were found upon the top of a high lodge. Like a true gallant, Mr. Woodbury risked his life to get them for me," she continued, laughing.

Mr. Woodbury frowned. He had been particularly tender and impressive when he told her, glancing with a meaning smile into her eyes, that for *her* he would endanger his life to do a smaller favor than that. This was the way, then, that she made light of him. He longed in his anger to snatch the flowers from her, and crush them under his feet. But she sat before him as cool and indifferent as ever.

"Kind Mr. Woodbury," laughed Helen, "I wish some one would try and coax just one little insignificant bud away from her."

Eleanor shielded them with her hand.

"No one—"

Glancing up as she spoke, she caught Fran's eye.

"There goes the dinner-bell," she added, stopping short.

When she arose she crossed the room, and paused before Fran. Mr. Woodbury watched her: and even Helen paused, wondering what strange freak had come over her.

"I'll give them to you," she said, unfastening the scarlet flowers from her bosom, and placing them in Fran's hand.

He looked up wonderingly and doubtfully into her radiant face.

"To you," she repeated, almost in a whisper, while all the pride melted from her face, and she grew unconscious that she was observed. "To you, dear Fran, and may God bless you," she added.

Still he kept his wondering eyes fixed upon her face. The company vanished from the wide parlor. Fran in his sensitiveness knew and felt it, though he did not glance about him.

"Do you love me?" he asked, grasping both her hands.

"With all my heart, with all my heart!" she answered fervently.

A long drawn sigh came from behind the curtain of the next window.

"God forgive me for doubting you, my child!" cried Mrs. Page, coming forward. "Blessings upon you, my children!"

She went out of the room, sobbing as though her heart would break. This was the surprise of the summer, but all agreed at last, the happiest of matches; even Mrs. Page.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

The book of Job is generally regarded as the most perfect specimen of the poetry of the Hebrews. It is alike picturesque, and artistically skilful in the didactic arrangement of the whole work. In all modern languages into which the book of Job has been translated, its images, drawn from the natural scenery of the East, leave a deep impression on the mind. "The Lord walketh on the heights of the waters, on ridges of the waves towering high beneath the force of the wind." "The morning red has colored the margin of the earth, and variously formed the covering of the clouds, as the hand of man moulds the yielding clay." The habits of animals are described, as for instance, those of the wild ass, the horse, the buffalo, the crocodile, the eagle and the ostrich. We see "the pure ether spread during the scorching heat of the south wind, as a melted mirror over the parched desert." The poetic literature of the Hebrews is not deficient in variety of form; for while the Hebrew poetry breathes a tone of warlike enthusiasm from Joshua to Samuel, the little book of the gleaner Ruth presents us with a charming and exquisite picture of nature. Goethe, at the period of his enthusiasm for the East, spoke of it as "the loveliest specimen of epic and idyl poetry which we possess."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

In speaking of London, I speak of the capital of England, the metropolis of the British empire, the seat of its government and centre of its commerce. It comprehends within its area the cities of London and Westminster, and the boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Southwark and Lambeth, and has now absorbed Kensington, Hammersmith, and many other parishes and districts. The heart of the main metropolis contains by far the most concentrated population upon earth. Sir John Herschel says that "it is not a little explanatory of the commercial eminence of our country, that London occupies near the centre of our hemisphere." Athens, Sparta, Troy, and other cities of ancient history, as compared to London in point of size, sink into insignificance. Gibbon says that Rome, when besieged by Alaric and the Goths, contained one million two hundred thousand inhabitants, "a number which cannot be thought excessive for the capital of a mighty empire, though it exceeds the population of the greatest city of modern Europe." Gibbon could not say so now. A Frenchman has remarked that "London is a province covered with houses." According to all accounts it is the most densely populated city in the world. It contains one-fourth more inhabitants than Peking; more than the whole population of Greece; and nearly four times as many as your own city of New York. The city of London contains seven hundred and twenty-three acres, and one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants; but the metropolis of which I speak, contains seventy-eight thousand acres, and a population of two million eight hundred thousand. London increases at the rate of one thousand a week. There is a birth every six minutes, and a death every eight minutes. About one in six of the deaths occur in the public institutions, the workhouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums. The circumference of London is sixty miles; it has five thousand paved streets, extending three thousand miles, besides lanes, roads, alleys, places and squares. The cost of paving the roads was seventy millions of dollars, and the cost of repairs is nine millions of dollars per annum. London contains about three hundred and fifty thousand houses, and an average of four thousand are erected every year. It has been computed that if all the buildings of London were set in a row, it would reach across England and France to the Pyrenees.—*J. B. Gough*.

GETTING RICH SLOWLY.

If men were content to grow rich somewhat more slowly, they would grow rich much more surely. If they would use their capital within reasonable limits, and transact with it only so much business as it could fairly control, they would be far less liable to lose it. Excessive profits always involve the liability of great risks, as in a lottery, in which there are high prizes, there must be a great proportion of blanks.

BLUE EYES.

She is most fair, and therefore
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Falling or rising that was not true
Ne'er made her beautiful the blue,
Uncoloured beauty of her eye, &c.—*J. R. Lowell*.

(ORIGINAL.)

SOLITUDE.

BY L. E. LADD.

When earthly cares have us depressed,
 When all the world looks dark and drear,
 When life to us seems all unblest,
 And hope, bright star, has failed to cheer:
 'Tis then we'll seek some quiet nook,
 'Neath forest trees by babbling brook;
 There rest awhile—there seek repose
 From toil and strife, from earthly woes.

There, 'neath the silver moon's pale light,
 Our spirits calm—at still of night,
 When all the world is hushed in sleep,
 When out the sky the bright stars peep,
 We'll look to heaven, so clear, so bright,
 All care forget, so blest the sight;
 Then homeward turn, our souls subdued,
 Our spirits calmed by solitude.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MYSTERY.

BY LORING W. HUNTER.

"THERE's the Round House," said the driver, pointing with his whip-handle in the direction of a queerly shaped wooden dwelling, at the same time looking at me significantly. Something in his tone and look aroused my curiosity.

"Anything remarkable about that house?" I asked.

"Some people pretend to say that Colonel Blanchard, who lives there, has a curious portrait, about which they tell a hobgoblin story. For my own part I know nothing about it. But perhaps, sir, if you're going to stop there awhile, you will find out the mystery."

I laughingly promised to discover the mystery of the Round House if such a thing were possible, and bade my companion good-by, as I descended from the coach and turned my steps up the avenue. I rang the bell, inquired for Colonel Blanchard, and was shown into a handsomely furnished room.

During the few minutes that I awaited his appearance, I busied myself in wondering what my reception would be, for I was a perfect stranger to Colonel Blanchard, although I had with me letters from mutual friends, recommending me to his acquaintance, and to the vacant office in his gift, which it was my present ambition to fill.

The result was much better than I had anticipated. Not only did I receive a most kind welcome, but also a cordial invitation to remain at the Round House until our business affairs were settled, which invitation I did not fail to accept.

Once or twice during our conversation, it struck me as somewhat curious, that my host should assume such a friendly demeanor towards one of whom he knew nothing, and that he should almost insist upon my making his house my home during my brief stay. But stifling such ungrateful ideas, I followed the colonel, who was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, to the corner sitting-room, where I was introduced in turn to Mrs. Blanchard, and her daughter Lucy. Never shall I forget the evening that followed. If the hours heretofore had dragged themselves on heavily, until I wearied of their monotonous and endless passage, now they flew by so swiftly that I was in constant dread of hearing the knell ring out, which would be the signal of our separation.

We made up a cosy little fireside party, all the cosier that the wind blew fiercely outside, and the snow rattled against the windows. After the cheerful tea was disposed of, my host and myself indulged in a spasmodic conversation, varied by intervals of gazing at the grate of burning coals. The discourse became livelier when Mrs. Blanchard's voice dropped into it, and presently all four of us found ourselves chatting merrily. Now and then it seemed to me that I was dreaming, this pleasant home scene, so novel and strange, since all my previous life had been passed in cheerless boarding-houses, but I soon succeeded in persuading myself that I was awake.

I would have been content to be silent forever, gazing at my fair neighbor opposite, whose large, dreamy eyes were now and then lifted to mine, when in anticipation of such a result, I directed some remark to her. Gradually the conversation drifted towards my own affairs, and I opened my heart more freely to these acquaintances of an hour, than I had ever done to friends known to me for years.

"And you have no relatives?" said Mrs. Blanchard, looking at me pityingly.

"Not one. That is—"

Here I paused, somewhat confused. I could not tell them that within the walls of a mad-house, the only relative I had in the world, was wearing out her days in wild ravings. There was a pitying expression in Lucy's eyes, and then the conversation glided into another channel.

"I dare say," said the colonel, laughing, "that you have heard, ere this, that we entertain goblins here."

"I confess to having listened to some such story," was my reply.

"You must know," resumed the colonel, "that the mystery of the Round House is concentrated upon a portrait, which hangs in one of the rooms up stairs. I cannot tell how and when

it came into our family, but I know that for generations it has been regarded as an heir-loom."

"But what is the mystery, papa?" interrupted Lucy.

"The legend connected with it, is this. It is asserted, and generally believed, that whoever gazes at the midnight hour upon this portrait, which represents a female head, and which is finely executed, but far from agreeable, will have made known to him his destiny. In short, this is the oracle whose communications reveal the drift of one's life, hitherto not even dreamed of."

"Have you ever tried the experiment?" I asked.

"Not I. In my younger days I was foolish enough to meditate such a thing, but fortunately fell asleep before the appointed hour."

"But did you ever hear of such an experiment being successfully carried out?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, there are several instances upon record, one of which I particularly recall, since it was told me by my own father. A young friend of his came down here to spend a week, and upon the first night of his arrival heard incidentally the story of the portrait. It made a profound impression upon him, and he begged my father, as a favor, to allow him to occupy the portrait chamber in order that he might try the experiment. My father, considering the affair as a good joke, laughingly consented, and so that matter was settled. Next morning the guest appeared pale and thoughtful, and seemingly but little disposed to communicate his experience, but being urged to do so, he at length consented. According to his own account, he had drawn the curtain at the appointed hour, and then it was revealed to him that he would marry a woman who resembled the portrait. On this point alone he seemed clear. All else connected with his destiny he had forgotten, or it had not been revealed to him. My father laughed and congratulated him, but the young man still appeared thoughtful and indisposed to make it a subject of merriment. His visit was soon over, and then for awhile my father lost sight of him."

"And was that the end of it?" I asked, as the colonel paused.

"Not exactly. A year afterwards my father accidentally encountered his friend in a lecture-room. He greeted him warmly, but suddenly, and without apparent cause, relapsed into moody silence. A lady seated by his right hand slowly turned her head, and my father saw the exact features of the portrait. He started violently, but recovered himself sufficiently to respond to the brief introduction, 'My wife, Mr. Blanchard.'"

Here the colonel paused. Mrs. Blanchard smiled and fell to raking the coals in the grate. Lucy folded her hands and cast a timid glance towards the door, while I gazed first at the colonel, and then almost unconsciously allowed my eyes to rest upon Lucy. That moment my resolution was taken.

"You have succeeded in exciting my curiosity, Colonel Blanchard, and have awakened in me an ambition to become the next hero of the portrait chamber. Have I your permission?"

A smile trembled on the colonel's lips.

"On one condition only."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"Promise me to recount your adventures to-morrow at breakfast. I mean the whole story, without reservation."

I assented willingly, and from that our conversation turned upon other ghostly matters, until I, at least, felt a thrill of horror creep over me at the bare idea of encountering an apparition in the lonesome portrait room. But casting a look at Lucy, my courage returned, and when we had broken up for the night, I was enabled to receive my candle with a show of great bravery, and to march manfully off, followed by the good wishes and good night of the family. My host himself introduced me to my sleeping chamber, which, as soon as I was alone, I examined with much curiosity.

It was a large room, rather grand and chilly, in spite of the fire which the domestic had kindled in the grate. The furniture, dark-colored, and of an antique pattern, had been polished and re-polished until it shone like a mirror. The bedstead, a huge, overgrown pile in the corner, was unpleasantly suggestive, as was also a door at the further end of the room, whose dark panels and shining knob constantly attracted my attention. I bravely crossed the room, opened the door and peered in, and discovered, to my relief, that it was nothing more than a great, wide, empty closet.

So I turned to retrace my steps. I was a little disconcerted to observe two objects upon opposite sides of the room, both closely covered with dark cloth. One, I knew directly, from my host's description, to be the portrait, but the character of the other I could only imagine from the outline, which to my excited fancy suggested a very broad shouldered person carefully enveloped in folds of dark cambric. I walked back to the fire and pondered a moment, finally coming to the conclusion that I had no right to indulge my curiosity so far as to examine the mysterious object, since it could not possibly concern me. Then I looked at my watch, and

fell to stirring the fire. It was but half-past eleven, and half an hour remained ere I should be permitted to draw the curtain from the portrait and know what fate had in store for me.

Divert myself as I would, however, I found myself at intervals gazing steadily at that mysterious object, whose sturdy proportions the envious cambric hid from my view. Was it a living person? I could almost have taken my oath that I saw the folds of the cloth rise and fall, keeping time with the quick, irregular pulsations of my own heart. Then convinced that I was laboring under a delusion, I arose and paced the room, until by close observation, I satisfied myself that the object in question possessed the stillness of marble.

The clocks in all the town around were pealing out the hour of twelve, the hour designated for my interview with the veiled lady. Slowly I drew aside the curtain. I had prepared myself for a sensation, but in fact experienced nothing beyond wonder, that any mystery whatever should have attached itself to a pale, indistinct daub like that before me.

Having arranged the curtain, I drew back, seated myself in a chair, and gazed steadily at the painting. It still seemed nothing more than a light, grayish daub, upon a large piece of canvass, the whole enclosed in a heavy sombre frame. I cannot tell when it first occurred to me that the painting had assumed a new aspect. Certainly not until I had gazed at it for some minutes. Then I saw the semblance of a face, and little by little the features filling in. First the eyes, gray and piercing, then the aquiline nose, and finally the stern and disagreeable mouth. Suddenly dropping into view, and shading the face, came long masses of light brown hair, and below from the apparently indistinct daub, a perfect arm slowly rounded itself, about which the drapery was disposed gracefully and naturally.

But even then the portrait made no impression upon me, beyond a vague and disagreeable feeling that the face was not entirely new to me. Still I sat gazing at it, rather charmed and interested at the curious development, and not at all disposed to hasten the scene. Hitherto, the face had seemed perfectly dead, with no more expression in it than in the dark polished walls against which it hung, but the longer I looked, the more it grew into the semblance of a living person.

It might have been fancy, but it appeared to me that a crimson tide suddenly emerged up into the deathly pale cheeks, a wild light, the glare of a maddened animal shot into the eyes, and the mouth curled into a smile so strange and re-

pulsive that it burned itself upon my recollection forever. With its new expression, the face became more and more familiar to me. I had seen it before, not once, nor twice, but many times in the days that were gone. Very slowly it dawned upon me that the face before me was the fac-simile of that, which impelled by duty, I had reluctantly looked upon now and then at the hospital for the insane, that of the only relative I possessed.

The portrait suddenly grew hateful to me. It was the face of a mad woman. Now, indeed, was the singularity and repulsiveness of the features explained, since they were suggestive of that terrible form of disease, which from childhood had been my special aversion. I shrank back, turning my face to the opposite wall, and in doing so, my eyes fell upon the object so closely enveloped, which had previously excited my curiosity. Again I advanced towards it, but hesitated as before. I recollected that the midnight hour was fast slipping away, and but little time remained to me to complete my novel experiment. Once more, therefore, I placed myself before the portrait, and waited with exemplary patience for the oracle to speak.

Some slight change had taken place in its aspect. At first I hardly knew what it was, but thought it must be in the expression of the mouth. Then again it seemed the eyes, whose wild, insane glare had been exchanged for a prophetic light, and which, instead of being fastened upon myself in a persistent and disagreeable stare as formerly, were now directed across the room.

The intensity of the gaze drew my eyes in the same direction, and for the third time that night I approached the veiled object at which the portrait looked steadily, with the conviction that it was in some way connected with my destiny. For a moment I stood debating the matter, whether or not I should examine and thus satisfy myself. But if I left it untouched how was I to know my fate, and convince the colonel that I had really passed through the ordeal?

Slowly, inch by inch, I undid the cloth, now and then pausing and laughing to myself at the absurdity of the thing, and wondering what Tom Chelton and Harry Seaverns would say to the story when it reached their ears. But no number of Toms nor Harrys could have prevented me now, since the deed was fairly done. The cambric fell to the floor and disclosed to my eyes another portrait with its face turned to the wall. I moved it around hastily and then walked away a little to contemplate it.

My surprise and delight were equally great to discover in the nearly completed painting, the

sweet face of Lucy Blanchard. I believe I fell into a reverie over it, from which I was aroused by the striking of the clocks, warning me that the midnight hour was passed. I gladly drew the curtain over the opposite portrait, and then settled myself anew to my musings.

The wind without whistled and blew, the coals in the grate fell with a crash, sending up a transient flame which made the old pile in the corner look like a huge tomb. The light upon the table trembled and dwindled away, quite expiring at the last. Everything, even the wind, finally sank into silence, and I into a profound slumber, from which I was awakened only by the morning light streaming into my face.

I was late at breakfast and found the family awaiting my appearance, with faces whereon I thought I could detect curiosity, although it was politely veiled. Over our first cup of coffee we chatted on indifferent subjects, the weather, the quantity of snow fallen, the state of the sleighing, and every other common and available topic. Then suddenly I plunged in *medias res*.

"Colonel Blanchard!"

"Mr. Carlton!"

"I am happy to state to you, sir, that the story of the portrait room is not without foundation, since I myself had a singular adventure there last night."

"Ah, an apparition, I suppose," said the colonel, confusedly.

"Yes sir."

Mrs. Blanchard smiled, and went on placidly pouring out the coffee. Lucy looked up anxiously.

"Something fearful?"

"No, quite the opposite. Nothing could have been more agreeable than the fate pictured out to me by the portrait."

"Was it, I mean the ghost, like those which we read about?" inquired Lucy.

"Vastly pleasanter."

"Mr. Carlton," said the colonel, laughing, "you are very mysterious. Tell us frankly, sir, according to agreement, what you saw and heard."

"Well, then, the eyes of the portrait, lighted by a prophetic fire, were directed opposite. I followed their direction, and saw an object closely enveloped in cloth. Prompted by curiosity, I proceeded to examine it, and discovered the half-finished portrait of a lady, who for the sake of the mystery, I call the ghost."

"You mean Lucy's portrait," said the colonel. "I am sorry I did not think to remove it."

Lucy bit her lips, half-vexed, half-pleased.

"I do think these mysteries and ghost-stories

so absurd and ridiculous," she said, affecting not to have heard my story, and she whisked off through an adjoining door.

"Now," said the colonel, gravely, "I am going to demonstrate to you, Mr. Carlton, that we are not the absolute strangers you suppose. You and I were once schoolmates and playmates, though I am many years older than you."

"And was it my father's story which you related last night?" I inquired.

"Why do you ask?" said the colonel.

"Because," said I, "the portrait which I looked at last night closely resembled my step-mother, who is now in an asylum for the insane."

The colonel looked distressed.

"I was not aware," he began.

I hastened to interrupt him and change the subject.

"The portrait must be very valuable," I said.

"As a work of art, I, at least, who have had some little experience in such matters, never saw its equal. But in the matter of beauty, I greatly prefer that other painting which occupies the portrait room."

"You are right," was the reply. "That old portrait is quite a fortune in itself, and I have more than once been offered a large sum for it. But I have about made up my mind to bestow it upon Lucy as a wedding portion."

Here the conversation dropped, but years afterward, as Lucy and I were loitering one long sunny afternoon, through a gallery of paintings, we happened upon that identical portrait, and smiled upon each other, as there came vividly to our remembrance that night when I saw the ghost of the Round House.

A CLEVER ZOUAVE TRICK.

During the spring of 1860, in Algiers, the tribe of Beni Suassin were meditating an attack on the French. Being short of powder, they tried to obtain it from their enemy; offering one dollar for a cartridge, they found the supply equal to the demand. Soon the transaction leaked out among the officers, who laid a trap, and caught an old Zouave, in the act of pocketing four dollars for four cartridges. Being brought before the court-martial, old Zou-Zou pleaded guilty, and requested the favor to blow his own brains out and avoid formalities. This being granted, a horseman's pistol was brought in, loaded by the culprit, and applied to his temple. Click! the cap only exploded. "Try again," said the commander. So he did. Click! The court began to laugh, for it saw the cartridges which he had sold were made of coal-dust and not of powder, and that, as demonstrated in his attempts at self-punishment, they were not likely to go off—save to the Arabs. Old Zou Zou was permitted to return to his duty.—*Journal Pour Tous*.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. E. R. NOBLE.

Come to me, come, I am heartsick and weary,
 Friends have grown cold, and love has grown dim;
 Why are the dregs in the chalice so bitter,
 When 'twas so tempting and sweet at the brim?

I have lost well nigh my faith in my fellows,
 Goaded to madness by doubt and distrust;
 Taunting rebukes and cruel reproaches
 Never will humble a soul in the dust.

Is there no stain to disfigure the whiteness
 Of the robes of your spirit, ye who haste to condemn!
 Think you I know not, far better than you do,
 That virtue is priceless—that truth is a gem?

I know I have erred, but I erred through my loving;
 Pity me, ye who are sinless and pure;
 God and good angels e'er keep you from knowing
 The pangs that the erring and fallen endure!

Come to me, friend of my innocent childhood,
 Soothe with thy love-tones my throbbing heart to rest;
 Come to me, darling, you will not regret it
 When the wild grasses wave over my breast!

[ORIGINAL.]

WIDOW GREEN'S NEIGHBORS.

BY MARY W. JANVIER.

"PHEBE GREEN, come right here this blessed minit, and not stand loiterin' there, with your mouth and eyes wide open, staring as though you never see anybody afore! I declare, I'm ashamed of you!" said the Widow Green to her daughter, as the latter stood with eyes strained from the window to the house opposite, one sunny spring morning.

"Why, mother, I want to see the new tenants come out," said the girl, as she pressed her face closer to the window pane, "Ann Perry told me yesterday, that the lady was the handsomest person she ever saw, and that Mr. Morgan—that's her husband's name, I suppose—was a splendid-looking man. There! they are coming out now; do look, mother, and say if ever you saw such a noble-looking couple before?" And little Phebe Green's eyes were bent on the lady and gentleman who emerged from the house across the street.

"O, mother!" exclaimed the girl, as she hastily darted back from the window, while her rosy cheek put on a deeper hue, "the gentleman looked up here and smiled—such a lovely smile—as he saw me, and then spoke to the lady, and they both looked over. She is very handsome, and

she must be very happy with such a noble-looking husband, I'm sure. They can't have been married long, for they are both young looking."

"Do hush, Phebe," exclaimed her mother. "What matters it to you if they are so fine looking? You can't expect to go into company with such people. Do come right away from the window, and go to your work! There's to-day's baking not touched yet, and you idling away your time looking at strangers. Come! the oven's just right for the baking. Beat up your eggs quick for the sponge cake and cookies for tea, while I fry some nut-cakes. My boarders are remarkable fond of my nut-cakes, especially Major Smart, he says he never eat sich nice ones afore as I make." And so the two, Widow Green and her pretty daughter Phebe, busied themselves about the day's baking.

A half hour passed away, and Mrs. Green put aside the rolling-pin and cutter with which she had shaped the smooth dough, preparatory to frying into cakes.

"Phebe," she said, as the girl rested from her work a moment and stood surveying a large tin of golden sponge cake which she had just taken from the oven, and which had been made by her own hands. "Phebe, I've been a thinking, this some time back, that you were about old enough to have a home of your own; you are seventeen now, nigh about as old as I was when I married yer father, and went to live on the old home place with him. I was a little rising eighteen, and a smarter gal there wasn't to be found in the country, if I do say it; and your poor father would say the same this blessed day if he was a living, but the Lord saw fit to take him away from the evil to come, for your father—'Liph'alet Green that was—wasn't a man that could bear the trials of this world like his wife Mehitable. He wasn't calculatin' and shrewd enough, and that's the way he come to lose the old place, Phebe; for I told him agin and agin, when he signed that note for Tom Jones, that he would have to pay it, and mabbe lose the farm in consequence. But 'Liph'let Green want the man to refuse a feller-cretur in trouble, and so he signed as security to Tom Jones for over three thousand dollars, when he wanted to build a cotton mill on the river which run through his place; and though Jones said he never should be called upon to pay one cent, it wasn't more 'an a year before he failed, the cotton mill bust up, and the creditors came on from Boston, and 'tached all the things, and our farm along with the rest, and every cent o' that three thousand dollars had to be paid out o' your poor father's property!

"That was fifteen year ago, Phebe, when you were a leetle gal; and we were obliged to give up the farm, and your father come here to the village to live. He had good larning, so he kept the village school here, and we got along comfortably till he took cold, and went into a decline and died, leaving me a widder, and you without a father. Since then, I've done the best I could to get along, for you was a mere baby then; but arter you got a little older, Phebe, so I could sent you to school out o' the way, I commenced taking boarders, and I've kept it up ever since. Now, Phebe," and here the Widow Green paused a moment to take breath, and then continued, "what I was goin' to say to you is *this*—that I've been a thinkin' that if you should get married—and you're as likely a looking girl as any about—the picter of what *I* was at your age—that we needn't work so hard then; we could give up taking boarders, and live like other folks, and not be worried to death with cooking and washing dishes. If you should only be so fortinit as to marry *Major Smart*! He's the oldest and the best of my boarders, and a man you could look up to. He's laid up something, too, a publishin' the '*Weekly Budget*,' and you know you're remarkable fond o' readin' and you'd have his paper free, and lots of others beside—'changes' he calls 'em. Now, what do you think of it, Phebe? Seems to me 't would be an easy thing for you to have him, for, Phebe, the editur always looks at you as if he thought a heap of you. Say, darter, how would you like to be Mrs. Major Smart, wife of the editur of the '*Weekly Budget*?' " again asked Mrs. Green, as she dropped the last doughnut upon the already heaped platter, and, wiping her heated brow, stood awaiting her daughter's answer.

"I say, that I should not like it *at all*, mother, for I do not love Major Smart in the least, and never could! He is altogether too old for me, mother; nearer your age than mine; and I should prefer taking boarders all my life to marrying a man old enough to be my father, and one I didn't care about! And I don't imagine Major Smart cares for *me* either, mother."

"Why, la sakes, girl! you are foolish enough, Phebe, for Major Smart has spoken to me about it, and asked me if you kept company with any gentleman, and I telled him 'no,' and then he wanted to know if I thought you would like him. I answered him, that, if you was a gal of the sense your mother had when *she* was young, you would be glad to have so good and smart a husband; and when he said he might be too old, I told him that his age was his best recommend with me, and ought to be with you. So, Phebe,

I've spoke to you about it, and shall leave the rest to him. You'd best make up your mind to like him; and when you are Mrs. Major Smart, *then* you'll be somebody to be proud of, and your mother needn't keep boarders and slave so any longer for a living—only you and your husband if you want to board—for he said that, 'if you married him, you might do as you liked in everything, and go to house-keeping or not.' Only think of that, Phebe! Now don't say anything more now—but think on't for a few days. It'll seem different bime-by.

"But here it is, almost dinner-time, and the table not set! Do fly round, Phebe, and help; for Major Smart is a dreadful precise man, and I wouldn't be a moment behind time for the world, 'specially jest now, for he'll think 'like mother, like darter,' and I wouldn't have him think either Mehitable Green or her darter Phebe was remiss and shiftless-like. There, Phebe, what are you starin' out of the window *agin* for? I declare, if you aint looking at that couple over the way *agin*! There they go into the house—and I'm glad on't, for it's time you'd changed your dress for dinner, and I do believe you wouldn't stir as long as you saw them folks. To be sure, they are a proper nice looking couple—jest married, I should think, though they look amazin' like. But I wonder what made 'em look so earnest over here, Phebe? P'raps they don't like house-keeping, and would like to board with me. Well, I don't know but I might take 'em a spell, if you don't marry Major Smart; but, Phebe, you'll think better o' that, and not want your poor old mother to take boarders all her life, for a living."

"O, no, mother; I shall never think differently in regard to Major Smart, and so we shall have to take boarders for some time to come yet, I'm afraid, though I *should like it*, if we could, to give them all up to-morrow; but then we are doing very well, mother, so we wont complain."

"Well, Phebe, if you are determined that you wont like the editur, and wont have him, I guess we shall hev to keep 'em all a spell longer; but I'm afeard you'll repent when it's too late. But here they come for their dinner!" said the Widow Green. "Run, Phebe, and change your dress!"

"Why, where can Phebe be?" exclaimed her mother, a half hour later, as the girl did not make her appearance at the table, from which the boarders, four in number, had all left, save Major Smart, the editor of the village paper. "You must excuse her, major, for the news I told her overcome her so that—"

"Pray do not make any excuses, Mrs. Green. Your daughter has doubtless retired to think of what you communicated to her. When she arrives at a conclusion, you will confer a favor on me by letting me know at the earliest opportunity." And, taking his hat and cane, Major Smart, editor of the 'Weekly Budget,' left his boarding-house and proceeded to his office.

Three days later—for Phebe Green had been allowed three days of grace by her mother—the Widow Green broke to her best boarder her daughter's refusal of his suit.

Major Smart received the news with several loud hems, and remarked "that he was extremely sorry, for he had hoped the girl might like him." But he did not, as Mrs. Green had anticipated, mention changing his boarding-place, for he knew too well that he was in too comfortable quarters to desire to leave so amiable and accommodating a landlady as the Widow Green.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Phebe, a few days later, "I've found out about the new tenants opposite! They are brother and sister, and not a newly-married couple as every one thought. But the lady is going to be married right away, and live there. They've been arranging the house—her brother and herself, for the gentleman she is to marry has been sick; and they are going to live here so that he can have the benefit of country air. He's a distant relative to them—so Ann Perry told me, she knows all about them, for she called there the other day and the lady told her. She said she was a perfect lady, graceful and social, and wished to become acquainted with the people of the village, for she was fond of society. Ann Perry said she spoke of us living opposite, and asked her to call with me some time. Hadn't I better soon, mother?"

"Jest as you like, Phebe; though, for my part, I think we've enough to do without making new acquaintances—but then young folks thinks different about it. I suppose 'twould be perillite in us to call, 'specially as they show a dispersition to be neighborly; so we'll call this arternoon, and hev it over with."

That afternoon, the Widow Green and her daughter Phebe called on their new neighbors over the way; and while the former was expatiating on housekeeping and "taking boarders" to the lady, the brother, Philip Morgan, was conversing with the pretty, blushing Phebe, and they both came away much pleased with their new acquaintances.

A month passed, and Lucy Morgan was married to her lover, who came to live in the pleasant country house across the way from Widow Green's.

From the time of the first call on the new tenants, there had sprung up a great friendship between them and their new neighbors opposite; and, more than ever, Phebe blushed now when in the presence of the lady's brother, Philip Morgan. At length, one soft moonlight evening, Phebe came in from a walk with Philip Morgan, and, going up to her mother, exclaimed:

"Mother, do you wish to part with your Phebe now? for I know of some one—not Major Smart—who would like to take her from you! What say, mother, would you be willin' to give up boarders, or take another?" said the girl, with a merry light in her blue eye.

"Why, Phebe Green, what do you mean! What's come over you, that you run on so? Do you mean to say that you've had an offer—and who is it from, I should like to know? Not our neighbor, Mr. Morgan?"

"Yes it is, mother!" said the girl, hiding her face in her hands to conceal her blushes.

"Wall, I declare, I never *thought* of sich a thing!" exclaimed her mother, "for I thought mebbe the young man had a gal in the city where he come from. I never imagined you'd be so fortinite as to have another sich offer as Major Smart! But there's no tellin' *what* people will come to, though, to be sure, you're likely lookin' and respectable enough for him, or anybody else, if that's all! But deary me, I'm dreadful glad, though Major Smart'll feel kinder hurt about it."

When the October days came round, little Phebe Green became the happy wife of Philip Morgan, the tenant of the house over the way, and accompanied her husband to the distant city from whence he had come to pass the summer months, in the pleasant country house where Phebe had first met him.

At the earnest entreaty of her daughter, the Widow Green made arrangements to give up "taking boarders" and spend the winter in the city, but she was much surprised one day at receiving an offer of marriage from Major Smart, who, being a remarkably methodical and "precise man," could not endure the idea of making a change in his boarding-place, consequently concluded to transfer his affections from the daughter to the mother.

This offer of Major Smart was accepted; and the Widow Green, in losing her boarder, secured a successor to her departed husband—"Lip'hlet," also the "'Weekly Budget' for nothing" into the bargain; and all this came from her calling on her new neighbors over the way.

To be angry with a weak man is proof that you are not very strong yourself.

(ORIGINAL.)

DOMESTIC DRAMAS.

BY T. M. DALTON.

NUMBER I.—REPININGS.

SCENE I. *An elegant country seat. Coach with superb appointments drawn up at the long flight of steps. Driver holding open the door while a richly-dressed lady descends languidly, and is led into a splendidly-furnished drawing-room by her mother, who is waiting at the door for her.*

Mother.—"You seem scarcely enlivened by your drive, dear Miranda. Your face looks sad, and your eyes—child, child! I declare you have been weeping! What has happened, tell me, I beseech you?"

Miranda, with a burst of tears.—"O, it is nothing new, nothing unusual, only that I am the most miserable creature in existence, and it seems as if all the world conspired to make me aware of it."

Mother.—"You, youthful, pretty, the wife of one of the most distinguished men in the country, surrounded here by every luxury that taste can devise, or wealth procure. Indeed, I beg your pardon, but it is decidedly ludicrous to hear you called the most miserable creature in the world. Pray, has any alarming accident occurred? Colonel Eagerton has not been thrown from the carriage and killed?"

Miranda, pettishly.—"He? No, indeed? There is no danger of his accompanying me on any drive to incur harm. He is probably safely ensconced in a dining-chair at Parker's, or the Revere, with some member of that odious committee that engrosses so much of his time."

Mother.—"Can he have met with any loss in his business, or have the banks suspended, or been robbed?"

Miranda.—"No, no, our property is safe enough. The colonel surely spends enough time taking care of it to screen it from loss. That has nothing to do with my distress."

Mother.—"Little Algernon is not ill. I saw the nurse just now taking him out in his pretty carriage. What can it be, Miranda, that has cast such a gloom over you?"

Miranda.—"I told you at first it was nothing new. I am never happy. Look at me, and see how lifeless, and languid, and pale I appear. When I wake in the morning I am too listless to wish to rise. There is nothing to look forward to but a day of fruitless fatigue, and wearisome ennui. Yes, I have a husband, handsome, distinguished and gifted. I thought it was a bless-

ing, once, and was proud and happy, and admired him as much as any of the silly girls he smiles so courteously upon now."

Mother.—"But, Miranda, dear—"

Miranda.—"Hush, I know what you would say—that of course he must be polite to the sisters and daughters of his constituents. That is little consolation for me. What care I where or why his smiles are bestowed, so that my own supply is entirely cut off? Yes, I have a husband. Can you tell how many times a day, or rather how many times a week, we behold each other? And on these rare occasions, how many monosyllables I extract from the tired, exhausted man of fashion, or the absent-minded, scheming politician?"

Mother.—"But his business cares, his political engagements—"

Miranda.—"Ah, yes, I anticipate your meaning; but unfortunately for one of my position in life, I have a heart, and have been foolish enough to cherish for him a wife's affection, which prompts me to mark closely how ready he is to join a party of equestrians here (I never ride, you know my health will not admit of it), or make one of some merry boating club there, or dance at this fashionable hop, or attend the bewitching Miss C—— to that famous concert. And yet my modest, trembling requests for a few moments' company invariably are answered, 'Well now, really, Miranda, dear, you'll have to excuse me. I don't see how it is possible. I've a thousand and one engagements, and you know what is expected of one in my position. I must attend to these things now, but after the campaign is over, we'll have more time to ourselves.' Yes, so we might, perhaps, but the campaign is never over. Do you wonder I envy such a vision of domestic bliss as I have seen to-day? Yes, it was the contrast that brought home my own wretchedness more vividly, and showed me what a miserable life I led."

Mother.—"You have seen what? Where have you been?"

Miranda.—"Listen, and I will tell you. While I was out on my solitary ride, I saw some primroses growing by the roadside. They looked at me with friendly eyes, reminding me of the time when Colonel Eagerton wove a garland of them, and playfully crowned me his queen (he was my lover then). I stopped the carriage, and sent John to gather some. It was just before a pretty nest of a cottage, and through the open windows and door I could see within a woman of just about my own age, I should judge. Of similar personal appearance, too, only she had kept her bloom, and the cheerful brightness of youth.

Everything in the house looked so nice, and simple, and homelike, and she was flying around from stove to pantry, and every few moments she would stoop to caress a rosy little urchin playing on the floor. How delightful must have been such genial labor! O, she looked so useful, so busy and contented! Heigho, it made my frivolous, wearisome life seem so sickening. Well, just as we drove off, she came out with a basket on her arm, leading the boy. I bade John drive slowly, and followed along after her, till I saw her carry the basket to an unfinished building, when a manly-looking fellow came down from the scaffolding to meet her, with such a happy, loving smile, and catching up the boy he tossed him up and down, talking all the while earnestly to her, in such a loving, tender way, it made me envious, and I could not keep back the pouring tears, thinking of the bitter contrast. Now, then, you know why my ride has not been a joyous one."

Mother.—"It is true, your husband is much engaged now, but after election—"

Miranda.—"Hush, don't repeat his excuses."

Mother.—"My poor Miranda, you are nervous and over-sensitive. There is your child."

Miranda.—"Yes, yes, that is the hardest of all, that is the misery of fashionable life. Only see how the little fellow cries to get away from me to his nurse. She is his mother, in reality. What does he know of me? Amidst the uselessness and ennui of my daily routine, still I cannot devote a mother's care to the child, because I must submit to be decked in fashionable trappings which I abhor, and, seated in formal state in the drawing-room, be ready to receive, with a deceitful courtesy, Miss W——, whom I dislike, or Mrs. T——, or a dozen others, for whom I have not a particle of respect, sympathy or affection, listening either to fickle compliments or politely insulting thrusts. I know some would say, there is no reason why I should submit to all this. It is false. The fetters of custom and etiquette are stronger than those of a prison. Felons often pick the lock, and escape, but poor victims of fashion are too slavishly afraid to walk forth, even though the doors were opened for them. Should I not enjoy trudging along with my baby in his carriage, through the cool byways around us? But imagine the consternation, in our circle, such a proceeding would create! The remonstrance of my husband, my own false shame-facedness! All this the happy wife of the honest carpenter is spared, and I envy her, and would gladly exchange my riches and splendid surroundings for one half the blessings of her peaceful lot."

Mother.—"Hush, hush, poor child, how you are sobbing! What if any one should call, and find you in this plight? I must send for a sedative, and take you to your chamber." (*Exit mother and daughter.*)

SCENE II. *A cottage kitchen—the windows open to the highway. A young woman laying the tea-table. Child playing with blocks on the floor. Enter a lady.*

Lady.—"Good afternoon, sister Nelly! How do I find you? Johnny, shake hands with aunty, there's a good little fellow!"

Nelly.—"Good afternoon, Maria! I am as well as can be expected, thank you."

Maria.—"And that is pretty well, isn't it?"

Nelly.—"I don't know."

Maria.—"You don't know! Why, Nell; what ails you to-day? I declare now, if your eyes are not filling up with tears. What is the matter, dear?"

Nelly, sobbing.—"O, Maria, I feel so miserably to-day! Try as hard as I can I can't help crying."

Maria.—"Are you sick, dear? Go right to your chamber, and let me finish your work. I'll step over and ask mother to come in, and make you some of her famous tea."

Nelly.—"No, no. I'm not ill, only heart-sick. Maria, Maria, I'm tired of trudging around in this slavish way. It's nothing but work, work, from morning till night, weak in and out."

Maria.—"Why, Nell—"

Nelly.—"Don't interrupt me, but let me tell you, so you'll understand. Now this morning I was quite cheerful and happy when I began; but everything went wrong. After the breakfast table was cleared away, and Susan fixed off to school, and Henry gone to his work, Johnny began to cry, and cling to my skirts, so I could scarcely get around. I suppose his teeth trouble him. It flurries me to hear him cry, and I get so nervous I can scarcely hold anything in my hand. I tried to coax him to play with his box of toys without any success. Then I attempted to work about with him dragging after me. The first result of the experiment sent him tumbling over on to the stove, and half frightened the life out of me. See that frightful scar on his arm! By the time I had pacified him, my bread had risen, and was streaming over the pan, stove-hearth and floor, and the kitten was helping herself to the remainder. And at the same time an angry sizzling, and disagreeable smoke announced that my meat in the oven was burning. I flew from one to the other, stepped on the kitten's foot, fell down on my knees, and broke the

platter I had set on the floor for kitty to take her breakfast from, and at the same time contribute to Johnny's entertainment. The kitten gave an unmusical feline screech that sent Johnny off into another cry, and I rose up, looking around me in dismay, at the littered, untidy room, the sink full of unwashed dishes, the clothes basket of garments fairly suffering for the smoothing-iron—in short, what I see half of the time around me—a dozen things wanting attending to at once, and only my one poor pair of hands to work for all. Don't you think that an agreeable state of things?"

Maria.—"Well, to be sure, it is pleasanter when everything is straightened out, as I see by looking around me, was eventually done."

Nelly.—"Wait, you haven't heard the worst. My hands were in the dough, and I was shouting frantically as a maniac to amuse Johnny, clinging to me with a roar entirely eclipsing all my efforts, when there came a knock at the door. O, dear! O, dear! I scraped my hands the best I could, caught off my floury apron, settled Johnny, still screeching, in the cradle, and with a face blazing as furiously as the fire, dashed to the door. It was Miss Jenkins with a subscription paper for some foreign missionary cloings. She needs one herself if she hinders people at their work in the morning as she did me. Will you believe it, she staid three quarters of an hour explaining the object of the subscription, and telling about Mrs. Egerton's munificent donation. I thought I should fly, thinking of my bread and burning meat, the fumes of which came stronger and stronger into the parlor. Johnny for a wonder was quiet. Well, she took her departure at length, and then Johnny went to sleep, and I flew around to make up for lost time. Dear, dear, is there such a thing as a woman's getting beforehand with her work? I said a woman. I don't mean fine ladies like Mrs. Egerton. I was tired enough to go to bed, but I had promised Henry to bring him some luncheon, for he was not well in the morning, and could not eat; so I got my basket ready, and was washing Johnny, when the splendid coach of the Egertons came along, and stopped right out here, and the footman got down and gathered some of those wild roses over there, and gave them to Mrs. Egerton, dressed so beautifully, sitting there all alone in the carriage. I don't think I felt really miserable until then; but the contrast was too much! Here was I, worrying, hurrying, working all the time, nurse, cook, housemaid, waiter, everything; and there she sat in her beautiful carriage, servants to wait upon her, even to gather her flowers for her.

She has a little boy, too, just about Johnny's age. Little trouble does she have from him. And her grand house—when the bell rings, she has only to rise from her easy chair in those splendid drawing-rooms, to welcome them, while the servant escorts them in. The difference is too cruel. What a fortunate lot is hers, and how slavish and unpleasant is mine!"

Maria.—"Have you finished, foolish girl—sinful wife and mother? What if your husband and children were taken from you? Would not these home duties and irksome tasks seem blessed privileges? O, Nelly, Nelly! Listen; I have just come from Mrs. Egerton's—I am her dress-maker, you know—and from my seat in a curtained recess, I heard the conversation of Mrs. Egerton and her mother, immediately on her return from that very ride. I thought it wisest not to betray my presence, as I had involuntarily heard what it might be unpleasant for her to remember. But now I shall repeat it all to you, and then return to acquaint her with the whole, your foolish discontent amid the rest. I trust it may be a profitable lesson for you both, to forbear envious repinings, and look closer for your own blessings."

NUMBER II.—TWO WAYS.

SCENE I. *Prettily-furnished dining-room.—Young wife seated at the table. Enter husband, with downcast eyes and serious face.*

Wife, fretfully.—"Well, Henry, you don't say you have really arrived? You see I did not choose to have my own dinner spoiled because you took the notion to be dilatory. I believe punctuality has got to be an impossibility with you."

Husband, serious face growing gloomy.—"It's likely to be in other things besides coming home to my meals."

Wife, looking up at him.—"What's the matter now—cross, eh? I should think I ought to be the one to complain, not you. Here have I been hurrying around all the morning to get ready to go out this afternoon; and you knew I was going, and any one would suppose you would have hurried home to accommodate my work; but no, instead of that, I must be delayed an hour longer than usual, and now you are cross!"

Husband, sadly.—"I haven't complained, Maria. I am tired and blue, and you don't seem in just the state of mind to cheer me. I had no intention of hindering your dinner, or delaying your pleasure. I have no appetite; I wish I had not come at all. One would imagine you had been taught by this time, that a poor clerk cannot

always choose his own time for leaving the store."

Wife, coldly—"I expected you would have an excuse to make yourself out aggrieved instead of me. 'Tired and blue!' Do you think it is any different with me? I'd like to change a little while. What is it to stand up at a desk in a cool counting-room, and take your time leisurely to copy off a few figures? Just you try flying around a house full of work, first one thing and then another, fretting, worrying and hurrying all the time. I imagine you'd be thankful to get back to your book-keeping again."

Husband, growing angry—"I should have been very much obliged to you had you changed places with me to-day. Women are such frivolous, heartless creatures they have no sympathy with a man's business cares and trials. Perhaps, however, it will affect you a little to hear that I was detained by Mr. Adams to-day to learn that two hundred dollars had been taken off my salary."

Wife, vehemently—"Two hundred dollars—that is outrageous! Now you will have but eight hundred. Why don't you go away? I wouldn't stay with him another day. I should think Mr. Adams would be ashamed to look honest people in the face."

Husband, testily—"I should not. I appreciate and honor his motives. All expenses must be retrenched if the business sustains itself through this wretched panic. I only thank him for not dismissing me entirely. Your advice is such as I should expect from you. It would be very wise and prudent to be angry because luxuries are denied us, and starve on nothing because of pride and obstinacy."

Wife—"You are exceedingly complimentary. I have no intention of starving, thank you! I shall be welcomed any time to my father's house where you found me, petted and cherished, without knowing the meaning of care, or work. Goodness knows I've seen enough of both since!"

Husband—"O, dear, I wish—"

Wife—"Speak on. You are not usually so courteous as to be afraid of plain talking now. Why don't you say at once you wish you had left me there? Your face says it plainly enough."

Husband—"Maria, Maria, you will drive me crazy!"

Wife, sarcastically—"There it is again! Yes, yes, I am the cause of all your trouble, the reduction of your salary as well as the rest. Poor, unfortunate man, to be tied to such a wife! Well, sir, you have only to say the word and I can rid you of such a burden. I can go any

time. And whatever may happen, fate can scarcely send me a more slavish life than this."

Husband, springing up, and pushing away the untasted dinner—"You need not look for me home to-night. I shall stay away till this storm is blown over. (*Exit husband.*)

Wife, throwing herself upon the sofa—"Was there ever another such wretched and unfortunate creature as I?"

SCENE II. *A neat cottage home. While the whistle of the cars is heard, pretty little wife flies to the door and waits till her husband appears.*

Wife—"Ah, Ned, here you are, a train later to-day, aren't you? How tired you must be. I thought it likely you had extra work, and so I've made you a refreshing cup of tea, and the dinner isn't spoiled, either. I took such pains with it, to keep it warm."

Husband—"You're a thoughtful little wife, Annie. I hope you didn't wait for me?"

Wife—"Of course I did. How would dinner taste without you? And an hour's delay don't signify much. Though I shall hurry you a little now, because I promised sister May to spend the afternoon with her." (*They take places at the table.*)

Wife—"What's the matter, Ned? You are only playing with food. Are you ill?"

Husband—"O, no, I am well enough. This pie is delicious."

Wife—"But you have only tasted it. No, no, Ned, never try to deceive your wife. I can see the sadness in your face. Has anything unpleasant happened at the store?"

Husband, evasively—"What an inquisitive little puss you are! Why do you care to perplex that pretty head with business annoyances?"

Wife—"Because it is a wife's duty, and her right, to share all her husband's trouble as well as his pleasures and prosperity. Tell me yours, Ned, or it will grieve me."

Husband—"I did not mean you should know it, Annie, darling; but I remember now how unsafe you think it, to hide anything even for the sake of saving pain. So you shall hear what it is. Mr. Adams called all his clerks to-day, and told them that the state of the times compelled him to reduce their salaries. He advised us to look around and see if we could do better, and then named the sums he could afford to pay. We could none of us blame him, for we saw how it grieved him; but it is a terrible blow to me. We thought it hard enough to get along on eight hundred dollars. How shall we manage on seven? One hundred dollars a year isn't such a

great affair, but it will make a great gap in our household purse. I grieve more for you than myself. It is cruel that you should be pinched, and denied the few little gratifications you desire. O, dear! what hard times honest men and women see, while many's the black villain in town rolling in luxury. I say it is hard."

Wife, rising from her seat to go over and rest her head against his shoulder.—"I am very sorry. Poor Ned, you work hard enough to earn double your first salary; but don't be discouraged, dear. It can't last long. Mr. Adams is such an honorable man he will make it up to you as soon as he can. And we shall get along famously. I'm a grand economist. It will be genuine sport! Make the most of that pudding, Ned. Wont I cheat you in sugar when you get the next one? Ah, I'm glad to see a smile clear off that gloomy cloud! O, Ned, Ned, don't look so disconsolate again, while we are left to each other, and He who careth for the ravens has not forgotten us. I'll give you my security bond (it isn't very valuable 'on change,' I know,) that we sha'n't starve, nor even be a particle less comfortable and happy for the loss of that one hundred dollars. Here was May offering me two dollars for the worsted tidy I finished this morning. I'll let her have it, the old one is just as useful, only not quite so bright. Who knows but these insignificant fingers of mine, as you are pleased to call them, may earn as much as Mr. Adams takes off?"

Husband.—"My own true little wife! Verily you are indeed a helpmate for a poor unfortunate man. I came home dispirited and anxious, bitter and repining. A single jarring word from you had been like a spark to a powder magazine, but you have dispersed all my gloom by your gentle faith, and cheery hopefulness, and in convincing me of the invaluable treasure I possess, I feel rather like one upon whom a great fortune has been suddenly bestowed, than one whose income has been seriously decreased."

COURAGE.

Whatever you be in rank, fortune, or abilities, be not a coward. Courage is the armor of the heart, and the safeguard of all that is good in this world. Not the valor that faces the cannon, or braves the perils of the wilderness and wave. That is a useful quality, and much to be respected, yet only after its kind, as a thing which a man may share with his dog. But courage to speak the truth, though it be out of favor and fashion; to stand by the right when it is not the winning side; to give the wrong its true name, no matter what other people think or say, that is the bravery most wanted in these days of much profession and little practice.—*Life Illustrated.*

FAT.

"What is the use of fat?" "It performs several offices. One is to round the system and complete the beauty of the person. Your cousin Jane's smooth neck owes its beauty to the skilful manner in which the adipose matter is packed into all the crevices between the muscles, veins and arteries. For nature expends no small amount of labor in the production of beauty. 'Behold the lilies of the field, not Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed like one of these.' Another use of the adipose matter is to serve as a reservoir of aliment for the support of the system. In the fever which I recently had, my stomach was in such a state that it could digest no food, and, by one of those beautiful adjustments so common in nature, my appetite rejected it, and I did not eat a mouthful for several days. The consequence was, that the heat of the body had to be kept up by burning the fat in the system, and how rapidly this was consumed! I suppose I lost twenty pounds in the course of three days. Hibernating animals, that sleep through the winter, are generally as fat as they can be when they crawl into their nests in the fall. Their thick furs prevent the radiation of heat, so that little is required to be generated; their breathing and circulation are sluggish, causing a slow consumption of matter, and this matter is supplied by the stores of fat in the system, which is slowly burned up during the winter, and the animals come out in the spring as lean as Pharoah's lean kine.

"If you put a piece of fat on the fire, you will see that it burns with a blaze. Whenever any organic substance burns with a blaze, you may be almost sure that it contains hydrogen. The burning of a substance is simply its combination of oxygen. Whenever an organic substance containing hydrogen is sufficiently heated, it is decomposed, and, as the hydrogen is separated from the other elements, it takes the gaseous form. Rising in this hot state, as it comes in contact with the oxygen in the air, it combines with it—in other words, burns; one atom of oxygen combining with one atom of hydrogen, and producing water. There is phosphorus in the bones, which, when separated, will burn with a flame, but almost invariably when you see any animal or vegetable substance burning with a blaze—the flame of a lamp, of a kitchen fire, of a burning building—it is hydrogen in the act of combining with oxygen, producing water. On the other hand, when you see any organic substance burning with a red heat without blaze, like charcoal or anthracite coal, it is carbon combining with oxygen, and producing, generally, carbonic acid. If the blaze produces a good deal of light, you may be pretty sure that the substance contains both carbon and hydrogen, the light coming principally from the intensely-heated carbon before it is burned."—*Saturday Post.*

MEMORY.

But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments pour the grief of years.

BRAUN.

[ORIGINAL.]
TO A FALSE ONE.

BY WILL ALLEN.

O, take them back, and ne'er again,
Thou false one, think of me!
And though it cause my bosom pain,
I'll say "farewell to thee!"
Take the letters and the tresses
That you gave me years ago;
Then so fraught with tenderness,
Now with mingled pain and woe.

When we meet 'twill be as strangers:
Once, O once, it was not so!
When I mingle in life's dangers,
Who will bless me as I go?
Take the ring—a bitter token;
Take the picture—and forget!
Every vow you made is broken—
It were better we'd ne'er met!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SERPENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY GEORGE D. BEDFORD.

I was young, gay and thoughtless, when Lina Hamilton was wedded to Baldwin Ray, and when they stood before me that evening, after the ceremony that made them one, receiving the congratulations of the numerous guests that surrounded them, I saw nothing but sunshine and happiness in their future, and expressed as much to an old lady who happened to be near me, one who had lived much in Lina's family.

"How beautiful Lina looks to-night, in that simple white muslin dress, which by the way is not much whiter than her fair arms, neck and brow," I said; "and what a contrast they present to her glowing cheek, deep blue eyes and dark auburn hair. Just see, Mrs. Blenn, how cunningly those white rosebuds peep out from among her glossy curls, and how happy, yet thoughtful, she looks."

"Yes," said the old lady, sadly.

"And Baldwin, I'm sure I never thought him handsome, but he really looks well to-night. His gray eyes sparkle with pleasure, when he looks upon his pretty bride; and he evidently regards her as something very dear and precious. I always thought him cold, reserved and taciturn, and I told Lina so, but he seems to be lively enough now. Wont they be a happy couple, Mrs. Blenn?"

"I hope so," said the old lady with a sigh,

"You sigh as if you doubted it; can you tell any reason why they shouldn't?"

"Yes; I see a serpent in their little paradise, coiled among the sweetest flowers; let them beware, or it will coil around their hearts," she replied, in a boding whisper.

"What put such a silly idea as that into your head?" said I, indignantly. "They seem to love each other dearly; few young people around us have more to begin the world with than they, and where will you find the bugbear in their future prospects?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes; one that is worth keeping."

"Sit down here in this corner, then, and watch that newly wedded pair for a half hour, and you will ask me no more questions, and keep your own counsel," she said, and then turned and walked away.

Provoked at her doubts, and aware of the impertinence of the act, I mused a moment, and then, from motives I could hardly define, suffered myself to drop into the seat and look and listen as she bade me. The substantial wedding feast fashionable in those days was soon disposed of, the viands removed, and their places supplied by wines and other liquors, in which it was then customary to drink the health of the married pair, who must, perforce, out of politeness, pledge all who thus proposed it. I was very near them, and after awhile heard Baldwin say, in a tone too low for other ears:

"We must get away from here, Lina, or we shall get tsey. I never drank so much wine before in my life."

"O, wine will never hurt any one," said Lina, gaily, "and people would think us singular if we refused to pledge them upon our wedding night."

"They had better think that than worse," he returned, glancing uneasily at his young wife, who I now discovered was gaily and carelessly tossing off glass after glass of the rich liquor, I should only have tasted.

As I gazed, I remembered all at once how often I had unthinkingly seen her do it before, *in fun*—that her father's well filled decanters had always held a tempting and prominent place in the household—that alcoholic stimulants were the family medicine in every little ailment, and as I thought of it all, a suspicion of Mrs. Blenn's hidden meaning dawned upon my mind, awakening much more than an idle fear for Lina's happiness.

As this was long before the great temperance reform was thought of—when liquors were the great staple for entertainment in every household, it was less noticeable, and unnoted by others; but before the evening was over, my newly

awakened eyes detected an unusual lightness in Lina's behaviour, that sadly pained me, as well as I feared, her new-made husband. And when, towards the close of the evening, while mirth, and jest, and song, and the gay dance occupied the heads and hearts of almost every one, I saw her talking gaily with Harry Moore, a young man she was said to have discarded for Baldwin's sake, and he watching them from afar with jealous eyes, I trembled for their future happiness. For some time he stood watching them, with the demon flashing and glowing in his eyes, as uneasy apparently as a caged lion, then he went to the sideboard, tossed off two or three glasses of wine, and then out into a dark entry where he could watch them unobserved, as he thought; though I could see his fleecy burning eyes fixed upon his fair bride, with a look that made me shudder. I got up, took a circuit among the guests till I came to Lina, in whose ear I whispered:

"Beware! jealous eyes are upon you."

As she turned to look after me, her eyes fell upon the dark form of her husband in the deep shadow, and the smile and the glow in which her face was wreathed vanished, and a moment after she was by my side.

"You saw him," she whispered, tremblingly.

"Yes."

"O, what shall I do?"

"You are innocent of all thought of harm, Lina, I know it. But go to him at once, if you value your happiness."

She hesitated. I saw she felt a new-born fear of him; but at last she went; and when she returned half an hour afterwards, she looked pale, grave and thoughtful; and so she remained until the bridal was over. For some time the memory of what I had seen that night haunted me like an evil conscience; but after they had removed to their new home, and Lina was called the model housekeeper, and he the best young farmer in town, and that a happier couple could not be found, I began to think my fears were idle; and when I removed to a distant part of the country, where I seldom heard from them, I dismissed all fears concerning them from my mind. Years passed away before I returned to my old home once more; but when I did, one of my first inquiries was for Baldwin and Lina Ray.

"O, they are going to destruction as fast as time can carry them," said my friends. I was deeply shocked, because I had supposed they were doing well.

"Yes, and just now, too, they are in deep affliction. One of their six children lies dead, and

another is dying of one of those dreadful diseases to which children are liable."

By a few rapid questions I got the whole story. Baldwin had become a confirmed toper, and was sometimes literally drunk; and his wife was more than suspected of the same failing, though till quite lately it had been a great privacy in the neighborhood. As soon as possible I went to assist them in their great affliction.

And O, what a sad, sad change was there! That thin, delicate, fair young bride of ten years ago, transformed into the coarse-looking, bloated, red-faced woman, with scarcely a trace of her former beauty left. She was undoubtedly worn down with watching, anxiety, grief and fatigue, though that could not fully account for the state in which I found her. She revived enough after a while to know me, and in a maudlin way related her troubles, though I felt that the worst were unrelated still.

The second child was dead, and laid by the side of its poor little mate in the parlor. Baldwin had gone to the village, and the women of the neighborhood were making preparations for the double funeral, while two of the younger children lay sick in the room adjoining. It was truly a house of mourning. Presently Baldwin returned, and I saw as soon as he entered the room that he had been drinking, and my nerves were all in a tremble through fear of some violent outbreak. He looked old, haggard and bleary-eyed; his face and clothes were spattered with mud, and he presented quite as striking a contrast to his past appearance as that of poor Lina herself.

"There is that cursed bundle,"—tossing one into Mrs. Blenn's lap—"but my devilish mare stumbled, or something, and threw me and that slippery budget over her head, or tail, I don't know which, and landed us in a mud puddle," he said, in a drawling tone, and with a hiccup at the end of every sentence.

Mrs. Blenn opened the bundle, and there were the two little shrouds neatly done up, but thoroughly soaked in muddy water. She looked blank enough at this discovery; but Fanny Grey, ever ready in expedients, said she could wash and do them up before they were wanted for the funeral next day, and so that trouble was disposed of. Baldwin now took off his hat and coat, and proceeded to examine his saddle-bags, where a new disappointment awaited him. Several jugs and bottles of liquor that he had bought for the funeral (it was customary to treat at funerals in those days), were all smashed up, and the contents had undoubtedly gone to swell the contents of the mud gutter.

"By—I've lost the whole of it!" he exclaimed with a violent oath. "I'll whip that devilish mare within an inch of her life if she ever cuts another such caper."

We saw plainly enough how it had happened, and I trembled for poor, weak, guilty Lina when his eye fell upon her.

"A, there you are, snoring and half drunk as usual," he said, going up and shaking her rudely. "The beast that was washed would always return to her wallowing in the mire, and you are like her. Get up and get me some supper."

She started up in a fright, with one child clinging to her breast and another to her skirts, but seemed too stupid to understand anything but her fear of him, till Fanny had set the table, and got him down to his supper. When the meal was over, he went into the front room, and we heard him at the cupboard jingling the bottles and glasses, and he came out with a frown as black as midnight upon his brow.

"What have you done with all that rum?" said he, fiercely, to poor Lina.

"Nothing," she said, in a deprecating tone.

"That is not true. You have been drinking, and hiding it away as usual."

"No, I have not," said Lina, bursting into tears.

"I don't believe a word you say, you miserable torment. You have done nothing but deceive me from the first hour of our acquaintance, and I deserved it, for being such a blind fool as to believe you cared a straw for me, when you were in love with that sorry blackguard Harry Moore. I saw it all on our wedding night, and that you loved liquor, too;"—and he turned suddenly to me—"or I am much mistaken. Little peace have I had since, if the truth must be told; and now that you expose yourself so shamefully, I do not care longer to cloak your sins from the world. It shall know how you have disappointed and disgraced me, and made of my home a hell."

"And have I alone been to blame?" exclaimed Lina, rising, thoroughly sobered, confronting him with flashing eyes, and speaking rapidly and vehemently. "Have I not had bad treatment enough at your hands to make any woman wish to die, or drown her troubles in rum? You were always cruel, unforgiving, and jealous without a cause, for I never loved Harry Moore, or any one else but you, till your tyranny crushed every kind feeling out of my heart—a heart that is now as cold as that of Helen, my poor dead child!" And again the poor woman sobbed convulsively.

"Your child!" he exclaimed, fiercely; "how

dare you call the name of the child, killed by your neglect and drunkenness? the child that lay and suffered for the want of care, with her drunken mother for a watcher, when care alone would have saved her? Don't talk to me of the child, you Jezebel, but go and get the rum, that I may drown the memory of my wretchedness and disgrace together."

We had all looked and listened in mute horror and astonishment, to see how lost to every sense of shame and decency they had become, till now, when his fierce words and threatening gestures warned Mrs. Blenn, who did not fear him, that it was time to interfere.

"Calm yourself, Baldwin," she said, in a low, determined tone, "and I will show you what has been done with your rum;" and taking his arm, she led him unwillingly into the parlor, set down the light, and proceeded to bathe the faces of the dead with the liquor that was standing in a bowl on the stand.

The flush of angry excitement passed away from his face, and his lips quivered as he gazed upon the faces of the dear dead children, who lay there side by side, with the blue-veined lids closed over their sightless eyes, their mute lips pleading with him for their lost mother, and looking so beautiful, even in death.

"My Hamilton! my best, and brightest, poor, poor boy! I would willingly have died for thee!" he murmured; "and Helen, dear child, she is an angel now! She always was an angel; the pleasantest tempered child we ever had, and who could she take it from? Not from me, and surely not from her mother."

"Do you suppose they can see us now?" he said, after a long pause.

"If they can, what scenes they have just looked down upon," said the old lady, with a shudder; thinking, as she afterwards told me, quite as much of the long and horrible draught she had, unnoted by her, seen the wretched Lina take from that bowl upon the stand, not half an hour before his arrival, as of the quarrel to which we all were witnesses. Like him, she had searched in vain for the liquor, that Mrs. Blenn, knowing her weakness, had emptied into that receptacle; and maddened by her insane thirst, or perhaps a stupid forgetfulness of the object to which it was to be applied, she had taken a draught, the thought of which chills the blood with horror. But she dared not tell Baldwin this. As he was turning away, however, she took his hand and said:

"O, let me warn you this once, in the face of this great affliction, of the ruin that is before you, Baldwin Ray! You and Lina stand upon the

eye, and the jaunty cap, with its glistening brooch and snowy plume, well became her glossy black curls, bright eyes, and brilliant complexion, and the gay highland mantle imparted a regal stateliness to her graceful figure.

And Isabel Harwood was very beautiful; but the lovely face lacked the angelic gentleness of expression that shone in the dove-like eyes of her companion. Joyous hopes and brilliant life sparkled and shone there, as the sunny ripples come on the lake surface beneath summer skies and caressing zephyrs; but the calm, tranquil resignation on her step-mother's countenance was like the stirless beauty of sleeping water under pensive moonlight.

"Ah, Viola, dearest—how absurd it would be for me to call you mother!—how beautiful this world is, and what gracious gifts can life bestow!" said Isabel, suddenly drawing a full, deep respiration, as if to relieve a heart overflowing with delight.

Mrs. Harwood smiled, and caressed the fair hand lying on her chair.

"I am glad to see you so happy, dearest, but pray be calm in your joy, lest misfortune come to chastise presumption."

"Happy? Ah, yes, I am happier now than I ever thought to be, surely more so than I deserve," repeated Isabel. "All my dearest wishes seemed granted me by a fairy hand. Here was I but a little time ago, moping and dreary in our solitary house, with scarcely spirit enough to keep poor papa cheerful, sighing so much for a companion of my own years to love me. Then what a nightmare I made of the expected wife my father was to bring home, picturing everything disagreeable and unhappy. Yet here you are, dear Viola, the best, the dearest, the sweetest friend I have ever known, and everything is beautiful and gladsome. Then, too, how sad and vexed I used to be about Walter, and now—" She paused, a bright color deepened the bloom on her cheeks, her black eye grew soft and tender, and the proud curve of the lips was lost in a happy smile.

"And now," said her friend, with an answering smile, yet at the same time a nameless air of melancholy, "Walter is yours, and love, and happiness. Heaven grant, my Isabel, there shall come no lightning stroke to scathe and desolate your paradise."

Miss Harwood shook her black curls with an impatient movement.

"Why bring up such dark contingencies? Raven-like you send a shiver through my veins, where the blood was dancing gaily to the heart's merriest music. What is there to happen now?"

One would think, Viola, you had known just such hopes, and they had been torn away from you." And as she spoke, the brilliant black eye was bent curiously upon the refined and gentle face below her.

A faint sea-shell tinge shone a moment on the clear cheek, a teardrop glistened in her eye, yet her father's wife said calmly:

"And it were so, Isabel, it would scarcely be right or prudent to disturb the ashes of a grave time has closed over forever. Tell me more of this Walter of yours. It is singular I have never asked his other name, and he is only 'Walter' with the general and yourself."

Isabel Harwood respected the native dignity and delicacy of one in reality but a girl of her own wild untamed years, and sought no further to discover the secrets kept sacred from idle scrutiny, not alone of the outside world, but of their own immediate circle likewise. All curiosity had been completely baffled, and not even the history of Mrs. Harwood's previous life had been vouchsafed to the inquisitive world upon whose gay current she was fairly embarked. General Harwood was wise enough to keep his own counsel, and his refined and lady-like wife never, by look or speech, betrayed any consciousness of the unsuitability or singularity of her position. Isabel touched her lips to the pure white forehead while she said, thoughtfully:

"Dear Viola, what a blessed gift you were for Inglewood Manor. The pride and joy of my father's heart, the best and truest of friends for me. It is enough for me to know you are actually here, and wholly ours. As for Walter, since you are so soon to see him, it is scarcely needful I should describe him. It is only to you I dare confess how long he has been the hero of my dreams, or how good and noble I believe him. But hark, surely there is the carriage! And only see how I have tangled my curls. I must run and smooth them." And throwing back her graceful head, with glowing cheeks and glistening eyes she listened a moment, and then darted away.

Mrs. Harwood smiled, and replacing the highland cap and mantle, she passed leisurely down the avenue. The carriage had halted before the closed gateway, and with boyish impetuosity the gallant old general, leaving the younger lover still quietly seated, sprang out and came hurrying to meet her.

He was a noble specimen of the English gentleman, that tall, fine-looking old man, with his eagle eye and erect form little harmed by Time, whose fingers seemed but to have dealt leniently and kindly, adding new graces with advancing

years. Nor was it so unlovely a sight when the fair young wife, clasping both hands upon his arm, looked up in his face, with a smile of welcome that betrayed all the respect and reverential affection cherished for him.

"Well, my little Viola, so I am home again. Will it make you vain if I tell you how dreary London was to me, and how I sighed for Inglewood, and my treasures here? What are you looking after? O, never mind Walter. We'll walk this way, and give him a chance to hunt up Isabel all by himself. Why didn't the child come out to meet him—was she too shy? Look here!"

And forgetting to wait for an answer to his question, the general passed one arm around her shoulders, and unfolded the tissue wrappings of a tiny velvet case, exposing a brooch, a spray of heather skilfully wrought of amethysts and diamonds. "There's a pretty trinket to fasten the plaid of my Scottish flower that has deigned to bloom against an old man's heart, truer and more devoted, albeit, than many a sentimental youngster's. See, Viola, sweet, what a fond and foolish lover you have made of an old soldier like me. There was Walter, who has not seen Isabel for months over a year, not once even, since their betrothal, astonishing me by his nonchalance and coolness, while I was fretting and fuming because the distance seemed so interminable, and John's stout horses such moping snails."

The young wife replied with words of grateful thanks, while she admired the brooch, and fastened it upon her mantle, yet her eyes were turned away, and her cheek burned as though such devotion pained and grieved her.

Growing garrulous with the joy of return, her husband continued:

"Viola, dear child, how charming you are in that highland costume. You look happy and cheerful, and contented. Tell me again you have never repented yielding to my suit which at first seemed so unnatural to you, that this is far wiser and better than the life of sacrifice you had accepted. Tell me again I have not dealt unkindly by you in return for the precious gift of your youth, and goodness, and beauty."

She raised the blue eyes swimming with tears of the deepest sensibility.

"God bless you, General Harwood, you have been gentle and considerate as the tenderest father, devoted and loving as the fondest husband. I should be a wretch indeed to ascribe any imperfection or shortcoming to you. It is I who fail, and can do so little in return for all you lavish on me."

"And you do not repent, you will not sigh to be freed from a husband old enough to be your father?" he continued, looking down eagerly into the ingenuous face.

Perfect innocence and truth looked forth from the clear blue eyes, as she replied, fervently, "No, no, that will never be."

Alas, in a few brief hours how those earnest words came back to her with a mocking reproach that nearly maddened her! With a sigh of mingled tenderness and admiration, the proud and happy husband led her onward toward the house.

Meanwhile Walter Avenel had descended from the carriage, and turned slowly toward the manor door. But as he followed the servant through the long and spacious halls, there was a strange look on his handsome face, for an eager and accepted suitor. Ennui, discontent, nay, positive annoyance, were all betrayed in his restless eye, and compressed lips, and however joyfully the beautiful Isabel had looked forward to this meeting, it was quite evident her affianced shrank from it with dread, if not disgust.

But when the drawing-room door was thrown open he dashed his hand impetuously across his face, dispelling its gloomy coldness, and with a smile, not warm and tender, but kind and friendly, passed in where the bright, beautiful girl, with eyes downcast to hide their happy smiles, and lips as tremulous in their sweet unrest as the summer rose, where the zephyr hangs over it caressingly, was waiting for him.

"I need not ask if I find you well, dear Isabel," he said, taking her hand in his a moment, "the question were needless after a glance at your face. And happiness, too, can be seen as plainly. So the anticipated evil over which you were grieving when I saw you last, proved but a phantasy of your own imagination, and I find you and the general equally delighted with this new mistress of the manor."

Isabel glanced up at his face, too happy herself to notice its lack of lover-like enthusiasm, so she suffered her white fingers to lie shyly in his careless clasp, while she returned eagerly:

"Yes, to be sure. She is all I could ask or desire, the kindest mistress for the household, the dearest wife for my father, and the warmest friend, sister and mother, all in one for myself."

"You are enthusiastic as usual, *ma bella*. I grow exceedingly curious to see this fair Mrs. Harwood." And then, as if conscious his cold and constrained manner scarcely became the relation between them, he added, with an effort, "Certainly I ought to be interested in one who is so soon to be my mother-in-law."

Isabel blushed, laughed gaily, and nestled her hand more closely in his. Strangely enough the fond gesture and the eloquent story of the brilliant eye seemed to irritate him. He bit his lip till every vestige of color died out of it, and turning away his face, he said, almost impatiently:

"Do you know, Isabel, I wonder at you for accepting such a phlegmatic, unromantic fellow as I must ever prove? I warn you of my faults, my lack of all rapturous enthusiasm so beautiful a creature as you should make in a lover. It is a pity some of your warm Scottish blood had not mingled with the stolid sedateness of my British ancestors. Will you never distrust my English hauteur and call it harshness?"

Again Isabel Harwood laughed, although a momentary look of questioning surprise crossed her beautiful face.

"Nay, Walter," she returned, eagerly, "I have known you too long to distrust your sterling goodness and quiet ways. And your warmth of heart surely should not be doubted by one for whom, years ago, you periled your own life upon the lake yonder. Are you quite well?" she asked, timidly, glancing at his colorless face. "Your long sojourn on the continent seems not to have improved your health."

"O, yes, I am well enough," he answered, indifferently. "Now tell me what news my mother forgot to relate in our hasty interview."

"There is a dearth of news in this dull neighborhood. I think the most frequent topic of conversation is my father's marriage, and our charming Viola's youth and beauty."

The young man started so violently, her hand fell from his, and coloring slightly he said, apologetically:

"It was nothing, only a sudden spasm. So her name is Viola? It is not a common one among my acquaintances. Well, you shall introduce me shortly."

"This very moment, if you choose," said Isabel, gaily. "See, there is my father on the lawn with the overseer, so Viola is at liberty. Come with me to her sitting-room."

The young man yielded listlessly to her eager guidance, without animation or interest, in reality, only seeking to act his part faithfully as possible. His careless glance wandered first to the open window of the luxurious apartment they entered, from which could be seen the gorgeous bloom of a tropic conservatory, and the graceful figure rose from the easy chair, and advanced toward them, before he beheld her face, for his own was averted, while Isabel said, in joyous tones:

"Here, Mama, Viola, let me present to you

Walter Jasper Avenel. Two such dear friends of mine must be mutual friends."

And then—ah, had a thunderbolt fallen into the midst of the peaceful scene, no more ghastly looks of consternation and distress could have ensued—springing forward with eyes a-flame, and features convulsed in anything but apathy and cold coldness, Walter Avenel cried in anguished tones:

"Just heavens, Viola—my Viola—do I find you thus?"

And Viola? Some sudden and terrible emotion left a ghastly whiteness on cheek and brow, and with blue eyes dilated wildly, and lip shivering drawn away from the glistening, pearly teeth, she caught at a chair for support, and faltered:

"Jasper, Jasper, have you risen from the dead to mock me?"

With her black eye flashing in wrathful gloom, and her form drawn up to its stateliest height, Isabel gazed from one to the other of the agitated pair, taking in at once the whole meaning of the unexpected scene. The rosy flush of happiness had fled from the girl's face, leaving it stern and pale, and when fainting and powerless her step-mother sank into a chair, while her lover buried his face in his hands, she said, in a quick, scornful voice, how changed from the joyous tones of a moment before:

"This is an impromptu scene, methinks. I must congratulate you, Mrs. Harwood, on the successful acting that has so completely duped us all. And you also, Mr. Avenel, upon this very respectful behaviour before the lady you have asked for as a bride."

The scorn in the ringing tones aroused them both. Mrs. Harwood clasped closely her trembling hands, and raised her drooping head with gentle dignity.

"Isabel," said she, with touching tenderness, "you know not what you say. Be patient, dearest, your happiness, I trust, is safe and secure."

Isabel laughed scornfully. Then with a powerful effort Walter Avenel mastered his emotion, and said, authoritatively:

"I will thank you, Miss Harwood, to allow me a few moments' private conversation with this lady, then I will hear all you wish to say, and will answer all your inquiries."

As he spoke he opened the door for her to pass out. But the gay girl seemed suddenly transformed into a fierce, passionate, and vindictive woman. She stood firmly in her place, while she replied with almost insulting scornfulness:

"This lady, if you will please to remember,

is my father's wife, and although I have shown little penetration in crediting excuses for a lover's lukewarmness, yet I am not dull enough to be insensible to the requirements of my father's honor. I shall remain here, and with leave of mine, neither now nor henceforward, shall a recreant lover obtain private interview with one who, however unworthy, bears our untarnished name."

"She is right," said the calm, sweet voice of Mrs. Harwood; "what is needful to be said to explain so much mystery had best be spoken before one who has witnessed our strange emotion. For the first and the last time we will allude to the past. I know not of what your reproachful looks accuse me, Jasper—Mr. Avenel, I mean." Here the white lip writhed, and quivered as with the smart of some inward wound. "A few words will explain my conduct. Only two months after we parted, and you sailed from port, a lady of rank, a relative of yours, she said, brought me the news of the shipwreck of the packet, and showed me your name among the lost. It is scarcely proper to tell you now, how long and severely I suffered, and yet it is needful to justify my subsequent course. From the extinguishment of my own hopes of happiness, I roused myself to devote what strength was left me to the support of my helpless and dependent mother, my young and tender brother. It was a bitter and discouraging task for one with so little self-reliance as I. Poverty and suffering stared us in the face. Horrible want reached out its gaunt hand toward my dear ones, when a noble heart came to my relief. With the most delicate benevolence, the most noble generosity, he ministered to our wants, smoothed with the old accustomed luxuries my poor mother's passage to the grave, and rescued my gifted little brother from the contamination of the streets, to place him within the life-giving walls of a college. He asked but one thing in return—a worthless gift it seemed to me—my own heart-broken, life-weary self. I told him that all the vigor and freshness of my womanly affection was buried beneath the cold waves of the sea. He only opened wider his arms of tenderness and love. What was there left for me to do? Bruised, fainting, and worn, like the weary dove, I fled to the ark of safety. And I have been tenderly cherished by a heart whose nobility grows grander and grander the more I learn of it. There is no more for me to say. Isabel, your stern looks are unkind, unjust. I am still your mother."

Walter had listened with a face rigid as marble, but as she paused a tempest of emotion swept

across it. Gnashing his teeth, and clenching his hand in impotent wrath, he exclaimed:

"I see it all, the whole accursed plot. I have been cheated and fooled and ruined. O, Viola, Viola, we have been foully wronged. They persuaded me that you had deserted me for a wealthier rival. I thought their proofs convincing. I was a brute to doubt you, and now I have found you only to lose you forever. O, Viola, my beautiful, my beloved, I have lost you!"

The heart-rending despair of his anguished tones was a terrible trial for her own quivering heart, and Viola Harwood grew so deathly pale it seemed she must faint in another moment, yet she said firmly, even authoritatively:

"Hush, Jasper! Hush, Walter Avenel! It is not your Viola that you address, but the wife of another, the noblest and bravest heart in England. Here let us to-day bury the past from thought and sight forever and forever. Your future is bright with the fairest hopes. Yonder is your good, and fair, and worthy bride. Isabel, Isabel, do you not love me still?"

But Walter Avenel's broad chest heaved with a sob of keener distress, and Isabel, striking fiercely at the outstretched hand, said, angrily:

"You shall not cheat me again. Your face belies your fair words. You talk honorably, but your face, your face tells me you love him still."

As if the cruel words bore with them a scorpion sting, Mrs. Harwood shrank back, and then with a low cry of grievous distress, turned, and with tottering steps fled from the room. Walter Avenel dashed one hand across his eyes, which flashed a swift glance of scorn at the upright figure, stern and vindictive enough for a statue of Vengeance, and without a single word of apology or explanation, passed out slowly from her presence. The moment the door closed behind him, the rigid form of his betrothed sank quivering and helpless to the floor, the wild, dark eyes raining floods of passionate tears, as she sobbed with girlish abandon:

"O, I am so miserable, so wretched, just when I thought everything so beautiful and bright!" And then springing up suddenly, with such fiery glances of indignation, they seemed to possess the lightning's power to scathe, and clenching her white hands fiercely, she exclaimed, "They shall rue this day! Is the heart of a Harwood, which can claim kindred with the royal blood of Bruce, to be trampled on, and its owners to submit tamely? Just heavens, how I have loved them both! But I will tear out such womanly weakness, and fling it away, thus!" And she

caught up the delicate handkerchief lying on the carpet, where it had fallen from her step-mother's hand, tore it asunder and flung the fragments disdainfully from her. Then with burning cheeks and eyes glittering with baleful fire, yet surpassingly beautiful, still she passed out of the room, no longer the gay, joyous-hearted girl, but a fierce, bitter, alas! unchristian woman.

Isabel Harwood's was a strange nature, warm, enthusiastic and devoted where she loved; cruel, deadly and pitiless in her anger and revenge. The one absorbing passion of her life had been this love for her early playmate, Walter Avenel. It had survived his carelessness and coldness, almost his positive dislike, and still clung to him, when he peremptorily refused his ambitious mother's urgent appeals to fulfil the engagement contracted by the parents before either Isabel or Walter was old enough to understand its meaning, and wandered off in foreign lands, an exile from home and friends, in preference to becoming a lover of hers.

So forgetting girlish caprice, and the imperious exactions so usually claimed by maidens of her rank and beauty, she welcomed with unfeigned joy and delight the news the manœuvring and indefatigable mother of the recreant lover hastened to impart, that he had at length returned to his duty, and consented to the engagement. Even now, so fond and idolatrous was the love she cherished for him, though her woman's pride bade her release him at once, she could not listen to it, but perversely determined if the engagement between them was broken, it should be his hand, not hers, to strike the dissolving blow. All the fierceness of her anger was directed against the innocent and hapless object of the affection she had so long coveted.

Poor Viola Harwood, whilst thus fiercely and bitterly reviled by her husband's daughter, was sitting alone, in intense grief and agony, striving for strength to apply the cruel iron to cauterize and burn away from sight the deep-seated wound thus freshly opened. It had been bitter and hard enough so long ago, to receive the tidings of the beloved one's death, and believe it true; but with inward tears of blood she acknowledged this sore trial that had come was more terrible still.

But the spotless innocence, the firm integrity, the unflinching religious principle of her rare and admirable character triumphed over the weakness of affection. With a calm smile on her pale lips, she rose from her servent petition for heavenly guidance and said aloud:

"My path is plain before me, and I shall find strength to walk in it. Thank God for one

thing, the general will never fail to trust me, and I will be worthy his confidence."

They met again in the dining-room where the genial, smiling host presided, those three so lately amid the war and shock of passion's earthquake. Yet they were calm and guarded in their demeanor, so that the general, far from suspecting anything amiss, jested lightly with his daughter for forgetting to welcome him home, archly inquiring which should be visited with the blame, Walter for monopolizing her attention, or herself for allowing a lover to outweigh a father's existence.

Walter bit his lip, and stammered some confused remarks, while Isabel bent her burning eye upon her plate to hide its angry sparkle. Each felt the necessity for dissembling before the noble old soldier who had gloried more in his untarnished, honorable reputation, than in his most renowned victories, or successful spoil. The very respect and affection he inspired, urged them the more vigilantly to hide from him the sad revelation that had startled them all. Even Isabel, in her fiercest plans for vengeance, meant to spare her father the shock that had fallen so blighting upon her own hopes.

Mrs. Harwood gave undivided attention to her husband, never once turning to meet the agitated, imploring glances Walter cast toward her when her husband's attention was called away. And the young man, half frantic with the maddening whirl of thought, between his desire to escape from the house that held his unloved betrothed, and the beloved lost, and his fears lest some word or look of his might compromise in her husband's eyes the woman whose purity and angelic goodness none realized better than himself, scarcely knew what was said or done until they adjourned from the dining-room to the cool verandah. Then, as Mrs. Harwood thoughtfully moved a short distance from the chair where the general was enjoying his cigar, to gather a spray of the climbing rose that overran the pillared roof, Walter dashed to her side as if to assist her, and began hurriedly in a low voice:

"For heaven's sake, Viola, let me speak with you alone, somewhere, that you may tell me what is right to do, and I will—"

He was interrupted by a quick, ringing laugh, musical and clear, yet jarring on his ear like a fiendish scream.

"Take care, Mr. Avenel, I shall forestall you. No one is privileged to give roses to Viola but ourselves. See that ugly thorn, there!"

The general smiled at what seemed to him a playful sally, but Mrs. Harwood turned pale be-

neath the glare of rage in those wild eyes, and Walter clenched the hand that held the rose spray till the nails left their sharp impression on the palm, while Isabel, satisfied with the result, with a smile of malignant triumph leaned against the pillar and trifled with the vines, until Walter in despair made some hasty excuse, and hurried off to the stables.

So passed away a week. Wretched and distracted, Walter Avenel dared not speak a single word to betray the true state of his feelings, but was obliged to feign composure and tranquillity. Again and again he blessed the quiet habits and indolent demeanor they had been accustomed to in him, that he was not obliged to counterfeit gayety likewise. In every possible way he maneuvered to obtain a single word with Viola, and learn what course she wished him to pursue, but like a beautiful fiend, Isabel's mocking presence was ever in the way. She seemed ubiquitous, and certainly had obtained ample revenge for all she herself had suffered, since no demon's torture could have been more exquisite than this constant surveillance. At length, growing desperate, he dashed off a hasty note to her, imploring but a few moments' conversation. He left the note unsigned, and gave it to the chamber-maid, with a strict charge to deliver it only to her mistress. Half an hour afterward, as restless and moody he was wandering through the garden, a snowy plumed Scottish cap emerged from behind a tall hedge, and with a glittering eye and scornful smile Isabel Harwood came toward him. The slender white fingers held up mockingly the note he had so lately despatched.

"Honorable conduct, Walter Avenel," said she, tauntingly, "extremely honorable toward my father, as well as myself. See what comes to the unfortunate creatures who comply with your requests. The simple chamber-maid is packing up her trunk this moment as well as she can for her sobs and tears, preparing to leave Inglewood. Perhaps you will learn in time that what Isabel Harwood undertakes, she carries through faithfully. See what a charitable fate I give this love epistle, which I scorned too much to peruse!" And she tore it into a hundred pieces, and scattered them to the winds.

A crimson torrent of anger swept across Walter Avenel's face. He folded his arms across his breast, and looking intently into her fierce, handsome face, he said, coldly:

"Very well, Miss Harwood; had you read it, I had scarcely cared, so it reached its destination. I marvel that one who stoops to the contemptible employment of a spy should have hesitated at my proceeding, however unworthy or

indecorous. I am grateful for this opportunity of speaking with you in private. We can part now with a better understanding."

"In regard to what?" she asked, in frigid hauteur.

"What?" repeated he, impatiently. "What else should it be but this unnatural engagement of ours?"

"Well, sir, and what about it?"

"Good heavens, do you imagine it can stand after your proceedings of late?"

"Indeed," returned she, with a mocking laugh and sneer. "I have given no thought to it at all. But I will hear what you choose to say about it."

He looked at her—brilliant, glowing, radiantly beautiful, with that fiery sparkle in her black eye, that roseate glow of pride and ire upon her cheek, the mobile crimson lips working restlessly with alternate bitter smiles and sarcastic sneers,—and wondered if it were not possible that a maniac stood before him, then he said, slowly:

"It cannot be possible you wish for such an unholy alliance, you cannot dream we shall ever be a happy husband and wife—"

Her laugh was wilder, and more bitter still. "I am not given to dreaming. The realities that have come of late are far more romantic than visionary catastrophes. At present I am aware there is in my possession a letter from you, requesting the honor of my hand in marriage, which my father answered for me favorably. If you wish to retract, I can go to General Harwood and explain your sentiments. Of course he will naturally ask for the reason of so sudden a change, and, of course, I shall relate the pretty little scene I witnessed. Whatever shame and disgrace, whatever loss of reputation and her husband's affection ensues for the heroine of your late romantic address, the responsibility rests with you, not me."

He looked at her as if it were not possible he had heard aright.

"Such merciless refinement of torture is too monstrous," he said, at length, shivering. "Do you mean to force me to be the one to ruin her? Isabel Harwood, is there no womanly humanity within your heart? You can break the engagement on the most frivolous pretext, and send me away, and no harm, no scandal follow. Peace and harmony will remain for her, for you, and I will hide my wretchedness in another hemisphere. You who so pitilessly torture me, you cannot love me, why do you not send me away?"

The wild dark eyes were bent upon him in mocking triumph. She stood erect and haughty, with a fearfully vindictive smile on her scarlet lips.

"Because," she answered slowly, "because I do not choose."

A bitter malediction escaped him, he flung her a glance of loathing, contempt, disgust, and darted away. The moment his form disappeared behind the shrubbery, with a wild cry like that of some goaded animal, she fell down upon the ground, kissed again and again the footprints where he had stood, clenching the turf, and wringing her hands till the paroxysm of passion passed away, when she rose, calm and stern again.

Viola grew thin and pale beneath the mental sufferings he endured in silence, from Isabel's unkind suspicions and cruel coldness. All her innocent efforts at reconciliation had been met with the most repelling and insulting haughtiness on the part of her step-daughter, and at length she never ventured away from her husband's side except to the privacy of her own room.

The tender husband noticed her languor with anxious solicitude, and began also to remark the restlessness and uneasiness of the wretched Walter, who dared not leave Inglewood before the time he had originally fixed upon, lest it should awaken the general's suspicion, and Isabel's threatened exposure heap disgrace and additional suffering on the hapless Viola. Isabel, with masterly self-command, still managed to appear unchanged before her father; the very words that seemed to him so careless and sportive, never failing to carry home to the hearts of the others the dagger thrust she intended.

Thus stood affairs, when one day the general declared it his intention to make an excursion to Scotland, promising that the fragrance of the heather hills should bring back the color to his wife's pallid cheek. Walter eagerly grasped the opportunity for escape, and begged to be excused; but the general replied good-humoredly, but peremptorily:

"No, no, that will not do. Who will see to Isabel? I must have Viola free from any care. You must go with us, of course, Walter."

And the miserable Walter was obliged to comply, as much to Viola's dismay and Isabel's exultant satisfaction, as his own discomfiture.

A gloomy fog hung over London the day they embarked on board the steamer for Glasgow, but the bland old general, overflowing with the highest satisfaction and delight, at the prospect of revisiting his native hills, and contributing so much as he intended to the enjoyment of the whole party, led them on deck as soon as the bustle and confusion of departure from the wharf had subsided.

"See, Viola, love," said he, with a smile,

pointing to the sky before them, where the foggy banks were breaking away to let down a smile of sunny blue, "all the blackness of cloud lies behind, and the pathway before you is opening with sunshine. I take it for an auspicious omen that your journey will be agreeable and prosperous."

His young wife looked up in his face with a thoughtful smile, but Isabel spoke at once:

"I cry your pardon, father, but that is only mock sunshine. See you not that inky mass advancing so threateningly toward it? I prophesy we shall have a gloomy day of it."

A foreboding thrill shot through every heart. Walter, Viola, and the general all followed her outstretched finger that pointed to the huge mass sailing swiftly toward the blue oasis, each one with suspended breath, and a dim consciousness that it symbolized approaching fate.

On swept the warlike, vapory host till its black edges grew golden and glittering against the sunny speck. The air darkened, the blue faded into gray, the gray into blackness, and the whole heavens were clouded.

"I told you so," said Isabel, bending her glittering eyes on Viola, to whose side Walter had instinctively advanced as if to protect from some approaching storm.

Even while the triumphant menace of the tone chilled the listener's heart, the gloomy aerial invader moved away, freeing the sunlight, which, creeping along sky and sea, fell in a narrow, shining line across the deck till it reached Walter and Viola, around whom it enclasped a halo of light leaving the others in the darkness and shadow. Isabel turned away with a quick shiver, and her father at length dimly conscious of unseen disturbance, glanced perplexedly from one startled face to another. Walter's brow crimsoned beneath that penetrating gaze, but the blue eyes of Viola met his calmly and unflinchingly, while her soft hand was laid confidently upon his shoulder.

"I do not know—I cannot tell—" said the general, and then he paused.

Isabel wheeled around suddenly.

"You cannot tell which is most weatherwise, you or I, I suppose. We will consult the barometer presently, and be enlightened. Ay," she repeated to herself, as she turned back again, "you shall know presently, the crisis may as well come now as any time."

Her new purpose was easily carried out. Later in the afternoon, she left Viola in the little private cabin adjoining their staterooms, and persuaded her father to take her to see the great engine whose mighty arms were speeding them over the waves. As she anticipated Walter

seized the long sought opportunity to speak with Viola. The moment her watchful eye saw him disappear from the deck, she laid a vice-like grasp on her father's arm, and said vehemently :

"Come with me at once, father, and learn how we have been betrayed."

And swiftly and silently she led him along the narrow passage way between the railing and the cabin window till she reached the closely curtained window against which Viola leaned within. Startled and panic-stricken, scarcely knowing what terrible disclosure to expect, the poor old general stood mute and passive.

"Viola, Viola," came to them in Walter's agitated, impassioned voice, "have I at length found opportunity to speak with you? O, there is so much, so much clamoring for utterance, and yet so little I can say. I must not speak of my own sufferings, my blighted hopes and crushed heart. Tell me, I implore you, what is right for me to do. That girl seems transformed into a fiend, and has held me bound by chains stronger than iron—my fears for you. Can I depart at once, and leave you secure from her threatened vengeance? I have feared to act, knowing General Harwood's headstrong pride when once the lion is aroused. He is noble and brave, but will he not listen to his daughter? Jealous rage is ever cruel and unjust."

There was a pause, and while the old man clenched his hand fiercely, and Isabel drew one long breath of expectation, spoke Viola's clear, sweet tones :

"Act as your conscience dictates, Walter Avenel, and have no fears for me. My husband would have known everything the very day of your arrival, but that I feared to grieve his sensitive spirit, and endanger Isabel's happiness likewise. Poor Isabel, you speak harshly of her. Do not forget that the depth of her love for you makes this sore trial more terrible for her. It is enough to change to gall the tenderest nature. I had hoped all might be well between you, and that sometime we might calmly explain many things still clouded in mystery."

"Calmly!" repeated Walter with intense bitterness. "O, Viola, can you believe there is any more calmness for one who has loved you, and lost you through the treachery of others? All, as I know now, through the accursed love of wealth, and the machinations of my own friends to entrap me into fulfilling this odious engagement. Do you think, after all I have witnessed of late, of the amiability of this betrothed bride of mine, that I can take her to the heart that is swelling and throbbing with its love for you?"

"Hush, be silent—you are talking to the wife of General Harwood."

"Angel!" groaned Walter. "I honor and respect your noble truth and purity, even though it is my own death warrant. Fool that I was to think Isabel or any one else could injure you. What reasoning husband could doubt such angelic goodness? I will see the general, and somehow dissolve this sinful engagement, and the moment we reach Scotland, I will leave you, and fly to the western world praying for a speedy release from life's misery."

"Say, rather you will pray for resignation to the will of Heaven," came falteringly, with a choking sob, as for a moment Viola's heroic fortitude gave way, and turning hastily to the window she drew aside the curtain and leaned out to catch the reviving air. Very white and wild was the face she presented to the startled listeners she discovered there. Yet no signs of guilt were there, while she said calmly, with a mournful smile :

"Then you have heard all, my husband! It is well, for you will need now no assurance of mine that your honor has been closely guarded."

How erringly had Isabel counted upon her father's wrath and indignation! Shaking off his daughter's clenched fingers from his shoulder, he bent forward as Viola ceased speaking, and touched his lips reverently to the pure forehead.

"My Viola," said he, tenderly. "I know what nothing can make me doubt, that I possess a wife, the noblest, the worthiest, the most angelic ever man was blessed with. You have acted honorably, you and Walter both. Poor child, poor child," he added, gazing into the pale face with the pitying tears streaming down his cheeks. "And our Walter is the Jasper you have mourned so much! Would to Heaven, my precious one, I could annihilate these bonds that bind you to a worn-out, aged soldier, and restore you to your maiden freedom. I meant to do what was best, but I see now that it was wrong. May and December must ever keep winter's icy bridge between them. O, my Viola, I am bitterly punished, this anguish is harrowing!"

He paused, his grand and noble face convulsed with grief, and then looking up suddenly, he said, in a quivering voice :

"I thank Heaven for these silvered hairs, this weight of years—have patience, Viola, Walter. I am an old man, O, I will welcome death as the fairest boon, the most beneficent friend. Surely there can be but few more years for me! I shall die soon!"

"No, no," cried Walter, impetuously, deeply affected by this generous self-devotion. "Long

and happily may you live. General Harwood, you alone are worthy of her."

And Viola, clasping fondly in hers the hand wet with their mutual tears, faltered, "Talk not, my husband, of releasing me. My warmest regard, my deepest respect, my most devoted love are all yours. If I sorrowed, it was for the unhappiness of others. Isabel—Walter."

"Poor Walter—poor Walter," repeated the general, sorrowfully, and then turning to his daughter who stood erect with flashing eyes and indignant mien, he said sternly:

"Isabel, I scarcely understand the part you meant me to act in this unexpected scene, but your looks would lead me to think that your own conduct has been neither creditable to yourself nor friendly to me. Come with me to the cabin, and let me hear all that has transpired."

Moodily and resentfully Isabel followed him to the little room, where Walter was sitting with his hand shading his melancholy face. Mrs. Harwood advanced tenderly to her husband's side, as if there alone were safety and peace. A long, painful, and deeply agitating explanation ensued. Meanwhile, the thick gray of the sunless sky grew darker and darker with approaching night, which came unheralded by moon or star. The lights on board the steamer were only bewildering to the eye that sought to pierce the heavy fog that enshrouded the laboring boat, and with the fitful gusts of wind came, now and then, a heavy plash of rain. Nothing of this, however, was heeded by the earnest group in the little private cabin, until an interruption came too terrific to be disregarded. A sudden, rushing grating noise above the hum of steam, the wail of winds, the surging of the sea—a violent shock, and the whole structure upon which they stood, seemed to reel backward like a living creature, beneath its death blow. A shiver and tremor, through the entire steamer, and then a wild shout, and hurried trampling momentarily increasing to a terrific uproar, arose above them on the deck. Springing up in consternation, the startled group clung to each other for support, while the boat veered, rolling over and over on her side till the spray and foam of the waves came dashing to their very feet. A moment more and the truth was known. Walter had darted to the deck, and came staggering back with an ashy face that told more than his word, the appalling nature of the accident.

The steamer had come in collision with some unknown vessel, and the water was pouring in sweeping torrents through her sides. The engines would work but a few moments longer. The fires were already deluged, and although all

on deck were working for life, casting in every inflammable ingredient to be found, it was believed to be a hopeless chance of reaching the shore. Mute and tearless the two ladies followed instantly to the deck, clinging to rail and stanchion as they passed along.

What sights and sounds met their horror-stricken gaze, and deafened ears! Such blanched faces, and agonized features. Such wild shrieks and cries. Such hoarse commands, unavailing and useless the moment they were uttered. Hurrying wretches seeking for absent loved ones, craven spirits bemoaning their individual disaster, and imploring others to protect and save them. Maddening appeals for mercy, and prayerful petitions for heavenly aid, while the human tide swept to and fro, as the wounded bark writhed and staggered beneath the angry tossings of the waves. Over all the black inky darkness only more frightfully visible by means of the feeble flickering lights still burning on the deck, hung here and there, just enough to show beneath them the white eddies of the hungry, remorseless billows.

Without a word or sob Viola nestled within her husband's enfolding arms, and Isabel, trembling and shivering as with an ague fit, clung with one arm to an iron pillar, and passively allowed Walter's strong shoulders to support her on the other side. It seemed impossible there could be an added horror, but it came. The engine had been deserted and the fire-room abandoned, but their dimness had been growing brighter, and from the cabin arose also a vapory cloud of smoke. Then arose the cry most terrific of all.

"Fire! Fire!" rang out in gasping tones of extreme despair. Clamoring vociferations arose, and the commander came forward, nobly calm and self forgetful, seeking in vain to restore order and coolness. He gave his directions promptly to lower the one boat the disaster had left them. It was but an eggshell in comparison with the need of a shrieking host, and the greedy haste of the desperado ones who leaped furiously towards it, destroyed the one slender chance for safety. It was swamped and carried off in a whirl of foam. Then came that distressful scene, too full of horror to be accurately described, once beheld, never in a lifetime to be forgotten, while the flames leaped fiercely from spar to spar, and the groaning hulk sank slowly, deeper and deeper, and frantic men and women seizing every object that offered a straw's hope of safety, flung themselves from the scorching embrace of the fire to the as pitiless bosom of the sea.

"It is time to act," said Walter Avenel, to

General Harwood. "A few moments longer, and it is too late. We are nearer the shore than I dared to hope. Give your wife to my care. I am young and strong, and you will need all your own strength for yourself, and I will restore her to you, so it lies in human power. Stay," he cried, as a stalwart sailor hurried by him with a plank on his arm, "lend your manliness and strength to assist this poor girl—help her to the shore!"

The earnest appeal—possibly the wild beauty of Isabel's face gleaming white and fair from the jetty cloud of ringlets in the glare of the firelight, touched the gallant young seaman's heart.

"Ay, ay, I will save her," he cried, and held out his arms.

Walter lifted her as if she had been a feather, and placed her in them.

"Stay," said Isabel, gasping for breath, and leaning her ashy face towards them. "Walter, Viola, I see my sinfulness—we know not what will come to any of us. Say once that you forgive me."

"God bless you, my own Isabel!" sobbed Viola, and Walter, while he secured his own life-preserver around her waist whispered:

"It is all forgotten—Heaven preserve you!"

Then came a sorer parting. Even in that hour of anguish and horror the noble veteran lost none of his generous thoughtfulness. Parting away the fair golden locks from Viola's forehead, he kissed it fondly, and whispered, ere he laid her fainting form in Walter's arms:

"Take her, Walter, this precious treasure, and deal as tenderly with her as I would have done." Then his voice grew deeper with prophetic solemnity. "God bless you, Viola! farewell, my Viola—farewell forever!"

A tongue of flame swept by them as he spoke, the danger was imminent, and there was no time for reply. Peering over into the boiling mass of water where the waves were retreating, Walter cried "Now," and sprang overboard.

A dizzy fall, a cold icy rush of water above her head, a suffocating struggle for breath, and Viola knew no more. When consciousness returned, stranger hands were chafing her chilly limbs, and stranger voices sounded in her ear. Attempting vainly to raise herself, she opened her eyes and looked anxiously around her. The light from several tallow candles on the mantel-shelf beyond her revealed the rude walls of a fisherman's hut, and a coarse, but kindly featured woman bending anxiously over her, while upon an extemporaneous couch on the other side of the room writhed and moaned several other wounded forms.

"Where am I? O, what has happened?" she cried, vehemently.

"Hush, hush, poor little dear, canna ye be quiet? ye're safe and sound," replied the woman, pityingly.

"But my friends—my husband—Walter, Isabel! O, what has befallen them?"

A feeble voice spoke from the other couch. "Viola, Viola, I am here. Thank God, I was permitted to save you!"

"O, Walter, Walter—but the others!"

"Alas, I know not! let us hope they found as I did a piece of wreck to cling to."

She turned her face to the pillow, and then held out her hand for the strengthening draught. When the gray clouded morning broke upon the beach strewn with the melancholy fragments of the boat and its merchandize, and the far more mournful remnants of its human freight, both Walter and Viola were so far recovered as to be able to walk, and despite the remonstrance of their rough but compassionate nurse, they persisted in going out to search for their friends. They were told that a number of living survivors had been carried to a house further up the land. Thither they bent their steps, trembling at the very nearness of the answer to their momentous question. At the threshold, Viola leaning against the doorway, closed her eyes and gasped:

"Go in, Walter—I will wait here."

He came out in silence. Not a word was spoken, but hand in hand they went down again to the beach. Pityingly and reverentially Walter supported her tottering steps, as they threaded their way from one ghastly face to another, where the fishermen had collected the bodies that floated ashore. Almost among the first was the mangled form of the poor sailor who had taken charge of Isabel, and still lashed with a strong scarf to his waist, was the stark, rigid form of the hapless girl. The sailor had evidently been bruised against the rocks, but her face was unharmed, its chiselled beauty in mournful contrast with the tangled seaweed and sand-strewn mass of dripping curls that swept damp and heavy across her throat. With blinded eyes Walter gazed, while Viola kneeling down pressed her lips on the cold cheek moaning:

"My poor Isabel, my poor Isabel."

Then she rose up to seek further. Down at the water's edge two men were raising a long straight burden from the waves. The silver-threaded locks arrested Viola's eye. Her icy hand grasped Walter's nervously, while she said, with a choking sob:

"Let them bring him here."

The rough fishermen laid the body gently on

the sand, according to Walter's direction, and after a single glance at the agonized face of the lovely mourner, retired in respectful sympathy. Yes, it was he, the familiar features still grand and noble in their marble-like repose, and on the benignant lips that gentle, never-to-be-forgotten smile.

"O, Walter, Walter," cried Viola, wildly, "I cannot bear it. He was so good, so noble. Am I never to hear another word of blessing from those frozen lips? And they said truly 'farewell, my Viola, farewell forever'! O, I have not half deserved his love!" And throwing herself beside him, she laid a face almost as ghastly against the cold wet cheek, moaning feebly: "Speak to me, my husband, once more, but once more, dear general, speak to your Viola."

And Walter stood gazing at the mournful sight till the impetuous tears blinded him. Forgotten was all his jealous, envious repinings, his wild hopes, his thwarted love. In the solemn presence of death, such earthly passions were utterly silenced, and had it been possible for any sacrifice, however close and vital on the part of Walter Avenel to have wrought the miraculous result, General Harwood at that instant would have thrown aside the fetters of death, and responded to his Viola's frantic call.

But Viola's exhausted frame was not equal to the severe trial. Senseless and prostrated she was carried back to the fisherman's cottage, and long before she was able to be lifted from her couch, the good old general and his hapless daughter were laid at rest in the family tomb at Inglewood. Many months elapsed ere the widowed Viola could speak calmly of the fearful scenes through which she had passed, but at length, with many misgivings, Walter ventured to intrude upon her grief. She met him with a burst of tears, and an earnest reply:

"O, Walter, Walter, can we be thankful enough for that last conversation, when everything was explained? But for that this blow would be intolerable, and its anguish hopeless of any cure."

"Ay, replied Walter, tremblingly, "and those parting words, when he seemed to foresee his own fate. You do not forget that he gave you to me, do you, Viola?"

Her answer was gentle, but very grave.

"Far be it from me, Walter, to gainsay a single promise of his. Yet ask not its fulfilment, until the sorrow for my noble dead has been chastened by time's softening finger."

And so two years elapsed ere the beautiful widow of General Harwood again approached the marriage altar, and when, smiling and tranquil, the bride entered the avenue of Inglewood

Manor, leaning on the arm of the proud and happy Walter, she led the way to the marble shaft which commemorated the virtues of the departed ones, and hanging there her bridal wreath, said softly, while she lifted her eyes reverentially to the smiling heavens above them:

"I am tranquilly happy at last, Walter. Some inward influence, invisible and nameless, yet subtle and convincing, assures me that all is known there, and that his benediction from above is breathed upon our union."

TABLE-LANDS OF THE TROPICS.

The table-lands of the Andes resemble the rolling prairies of the West. Both have the same beautiful undulations—those of the table-lands are bolder. The prairies are far more extensive, though often the table-lands present as broad a horizon of gently-curving land. The agricultural wealth of the Andes is mainly concentrated in these table-lands—in these millions of rolling acres. *Paromas* are sandy plains; in the dry season liable to great droughts, and in the wet season to fearful snow-storms. The table-lands complete the sublime varieties of the scenery of the Andes. Their serenity enchants, as the grandeur of the mountains that rise above them exalts the mind. The Author of nature has not only adapted his works to human need with infinite skill, but his combinations are the best suited to inspire feelings different yet harmonious. He who tempers the glory of his immediate presence to the gaze of angels with the rainbow of emerald about his throne, with the sea of crystal, the tree of life and the gates of precious stones, has also smoothed the sublimity of the mountains with gentle traits of scenery and soft gradations of color, which give more passive enjoyment than awe, and rather captivate than strike the eye and soul. From the table-lands can often be seen in the distance, snow-covered tops of the mountains, projected in bold white outlines against the deep blue sky; and there the sky is really blue, not of that pale tinge that often passes for it, but of a deeper blue than even the rich October sky of North America. As if joining the sky are the shining summits of the mountains. The two ethereal colors, blue and white, thus meet in dazzling harmony. Sometimes so many of these white towering heights can be seen and in so different quarters, that one may almost fancy the sky itself to be a dome of sapphire supported by gigantic pillars of marble.—*Wm. G. Dix's Lecture.*

THE WAVE OF LIFE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"
"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIDGER.

Read not books alone, but men; and, chiefly,
be careful to read thyself.

[ORIGINAL.]

LEELO-A-DUSKAW.

OR, THE SQUAW'S CURSE.

BY MISS C. ALBERTINE HAYDEN.

From the flaming pile she wildly sprang,
Though her burnt limbs trembled beneath her weight;
Clear and piercing her wild voice rang
On him who had wrought them that fearful fate.

Might he who had quenched their dark eyes' light
Be blind forever—him and his race:
Who had cast o'er them that fatal blight,
Never more gaze on a mortal face.

She cursed him who her sons had slain,
Stern vengeance should follow the bloody crime;
Naught e'er could efface the burning stain,
Be they sinless to the end of time!

As he had proved false when they trusting came,
Might sorrow ever around them wall;
And treachery blast in their stately home,
"Long as the shadow lay on the vale."

Her strength failed fast, but loud and fierce
Echoed that mournful voice through the air;
Like a death-knell seemed each awful curse,
And she sank and died with a cry of despair.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOST IN THE BONNY RIVER.

A DISAGREEABLE NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

"PULL hard, Manvers, pull hard," I shouted, to my companion at the oar, while the rain was falling in torrents—as if an endless succession of water-buckets were being emptied from aloft, rather than in the fashion of an ordinary rain-storm.

We had obtained permission to take one of the ship's boats and go on a fishing excursion, while the brig to which we belonged lay at anchor in one of the bights of the Bonny River, and had lost our way in one of the numerous narrow streamlets which pour their waters into the river from the interior. The marshy banks, overgrown with rank grass and bullrushes, rising to the height of eight or ten feet, and flanked by aquatic trees and bushes, cause all these streams to appear so much alike, and they twist and turn, and run one into another, in such tortuous confusion, that if once one loses the way, to get right again is a mere matter of chance. We were five in number—all youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and we had been out since early morning. It was now growing

dusk, and though for hours we had been satisfied that we had lost our way, we saw no sign that we were any better off now than we had been hours before. To add to our discomfort a tropical rain had been falling—that is too light a word—*tumbling* down in one continuous cataract—for the last hour, filling the boat so rapidly that it required the utmost exertions of two of us to bale it out with our hats, and darkness was coming on, while the provisions we had brought with us were rendered uneatable by the water, and we had already emptied the flask of spirits, which would have been so much more grateful to us this moment, than it was earlier in the day.

"Pull away—hard; bale away, boys—we've got into the right lane at last."

"It looks precious like the one we were in an hour ago, but it's so dark, and the rain blinds me so, I can't see."

"By Jove! it is the same, Manvers," cried one of the balers, stopping his work for a moment, and peering through the darkness.

"Look here—see ahead—there's that infernal old mango tree that we have passed twice before. Look out! Look out! Mind your oars. Here we are, right upon it!"—as the prow of the light skiff struck the projecting stem with a force that threatened to split us in two, and submerge us all into the water.

"I won't pull another stroke," cried Manvers, "that's flat. I've pulled my shoulder-joints out of their sockets, already, I believe."

"What are we to do?"

"Pull in under the bank and lie by till daylight."

"And be eaten up, or stung to death by snakes and centipedes, and mosquitoes and scorpions—and the deuce knows what?"

"Can't help it! Better than to be drowned with rain water, and worried to death into the bargain."

We pulled under a thick clump of bushes which overhung the streamlet, and by this means obtained partial shelter, though the rain still dripped through, as fast as in any ordinary shower.

"What's to be done now? We can't sleep."

"We sha'n't need to keep baling the boat out, and pulling our arms off, at any rate."

"I'm going to try to get a snooze. One of you fellows keep watch," said one of the party, as he pulled his soaked jacket tighter round him, and lay back in the stern sheets.

"I'm shivering with cold," said another.

"And I'm as hungry as a starved wolf. I say, Johnson—is all the bread wet?"

"It's all in a mush at the bottom of the boat."

"Curse these mosquitoes! I'll be hanged if they seem to care for the rain a bit—I think they like it."

"What fools we were to drink all the grog."

"You mean what fools we were not to bring more with us."

"Or to lose our way. Hillo! what's that? An alligator, by Jove! Hang me if I don't think he was trying to jump into the boat!"

A huge alligator actually poked his long black snout above the water, close to the stern, and fell back with a snort and a splash, which threw the spray over us.

"Well—this is jolly. Who'll give us a song?"

"Better sing psalms. We shall be stung to death before morning."

"I say, fellows, we can't stay here. This is worse than pulling and baling."

"I thought you were going to sleep."

"Sleep be—who can sleep with this buzzing, and croaking, and whistling, and wet? Might as well lie on our backs in the water at once."

Such were the exclamations, and questions, and answers, that passed and flew from one to another, for the space of half an hour, until our position actually became untenable. Every part of the body exposed was covered with stings, and even our wet garments were penetrated by the bills of the fierce insects. The rain now began to show signs of abatement, and it was proposed and carried *nem con*, to pull until we could find some place where it was possible to land, and then to climb the trees and hang out to dry till morning.

In the course of a few minutes the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun, but it was now pitch dark, and a mist began to rise from the water, which enveloped us in fog, while the river suddenly became alive with alligators which swarmed around the boat, snorting and splashing in every direction, and on shore, the hum of insects, and croaking of reptiles, and the occasional yells and howls of some wild animal, were most disagreeable to listen to. We pulled and pulled, every now and then stopping to reconnoitre, to see if we could not find some place where it would be possible to land without sinking to the knees, and perhaps overhead, into the abominable, fetid, black marsh, but all in vain. Sometimes we fancied for a while that we had struck the right stream, and we, in such case, redoubled our exertions, until we discovered that we were as much at fault as ever.

"I wonder what's o'clock?" said one of the party.

"It must be midnight," answered another.

"I can't see my watch, and if I could, it's either

stopped or run down. I expect it's spoiled by the rain. Hillo! what light's that, ahead?"

"Light! where? So there is a light, by jingo!"

"Let's pull for it. It's a fire."

"Suppose it should be some of the natives?"

"No matter. They'll not harm us. We're too near the coast. We shall be able to get shelter, and dry our clothes, and warm ourselves, at all events."

"And get something to eat."

"And to drink, perhaps. The fellows may have some rum. I'd sooner have a swig of that than all the grub in the world."

"Natives! Likely, isn't it? What would a party of natives be doing hereabouts? There's no village near the coast."

"What can it be, then?"

"Some slaver's crew on shore, and a nice welcome they're likely to give our blue jackets."

"No matter. We can't fare worse than we shall do if we remain where we are. I shall be stiff before morning."

After some consultation it was resolved to run the risk; to pull for the light, whether it was on shore, or in some bend of the river, and throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the people, whether they turned out to be Africans or Europeans. Half an hour's strong pull brought us near enough to discover that the light came from a fire in a large hut on the shore, almost concealed from view by the trees and bushes, and after searching for a while, we came to a spot where we thought we might effect a landing. We poked the prow of the boat in between the bushes as far as we could drive it, and one of our party leaped from the bows on shore, and sank immediately over his knees into the tenacious, black mud.

"Hold on! Hold on, boys!" he shouted.

"Don't jump. By George, I'm in for it! I can feel myself sinking deeper and deeper. Make haste, some of you fellows, and try to land higher up, and pull me out, or I shall be smothered."

It was Manvers who had met with the mishap, and conscious of his peril, we backed the boat into the stream again, and pulling in where some trees overhung the water, by clinging to the branches, and climbing amongst them, we managed to effect a landing where the mud did not sink us over our ankles. We then hastened to Manvers, and by dint of our utmost exertions succeeded in dragging him out, with the loss of his boots and stockings, and, as he swore, by dislocating his shoulder-joints. The ground soon became firmer, and a few minutes' walk brought us to the hut, where we had already dis-

tinguished the sound of men's voices carousing. We approached very near, without being discovered, and were consulting how we should make our presence known to the inmates, when a hoarse voice shouted in Spanish :

"Who comes here?"

We were at a loss what to answer, but the next moment the report of a pistol and the whizzing of a bullet which struck off some of the twigs of the trees above our heads, advised us of the necessity of replying. One of the party who could speak Spanish, answered :

"Strangers who have lost our way."

The report of the pistol had brought out a couple of dozen men, all armed to the teeth, and some carrying lanterns, and thinking it advisable to show the weakness of our force, we walked boldly up to them, and were soon surrounded by them. They questioned us in Spanish, and then, as if they guessed who and what we were, in English. We informed them that we belonged to a brig-of-war off the coast, and had lost our way in the river.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed one, who appeared to be the chief. "A brig-of-war!" and scrutinizing our appearance closely, he spoke to his companions in a low tone that we could not hear.

Perhaps fortunately for us, they believed our story, and that there were no more of us lurking about near by. Indeed our miserable appearance ought to have satisfied them that we had told the truth, and after some further colloquy, they invited us to enter the hut, civilly enough, and when they saw by the light within our wretched plight, a general burst of merriment came from the whole party.

"Officers?" said the chief, laying his hand on the arm of one of the party.

"Midshipmen," was the reply.

Another laugh followed, and we were told in English to go to the fire and dry our clothes, while the chief offered us spirits and water in tin pannikins. We were at no loss to discover that they were what we anticipated—a party of slave dealers, and we soon perceived that they were of all nations, English and Americans, French, Portuguese and Spaniards—though the last evidently predominated.

They were much astonished to learn that a man-of-war was so near them, and questioned us narrowly as to her position on the coast, the length of time she had been there, and whether their presence was suspected; the chief bidding us sternly to tell the truth and conceal nothing. We knew that we were in their power, and that the safety of our lives depended upon our telling the truth, and we said that we had heard that

slavers were on the coast, but we did not have any suspicion of any particular vessel or party, and had no idea that any were close at hand.

They then informed us that we were fully fourteen miles to the northward of the place where we had described our vessel as lying and nearly at the source of a stream that ran into another branch of the river, whose mouth was still eight or ten miles further to the northward; also that they had a number of slaves in a calaboose near by, which they were going to ship on the following day, and which would complete their cargo; and until they had effected this, we could not be permitted to leave them. If we remained quiet, they added, we should be well treated, and had nothing to fear.

They then offered us food, and told us to strip off our wet clothing—they furnishing us with dry frocks and trousers—and when we pleased, we could lie down and sleep. We had no alternative but to obey. We were glad of the food and dry clothing they offered, and tired enough to sleep, though not without some fears lest they might take it in their heads to put us out of the way in our slumbers.

This, however, would only have exposed themselves to greater danger, and to severer punishment, if they were discovered; and as while they had us in their power, they knew we could do them no harm, we lay down on a heap of old canvass, and soon fell sound asleep with much apprehension of evil. They were all astir when we awoke in the morning, and finding our clothes dry, we brushed off the mud, and resumed our proper attire, and one of the party was kind enough to supply Manvers with an old pair of shoes, in place of the boots he had lost in the mud. We then went out and walked to the calaboose, where the slaves—some hundred and fifty in number, and mostly very young—but of both sexes—were confined.

They were laughing and joking, and appeared happy and contented enough, and ate heartily of the puddy—or coarse black rice, in its husk, which they shook off by pounding, themselves, and of the boiled maize which was provided for them, though some of them appeared very thin and emaciated, little better than skeletons. Others were in good condition enough. The former, they said, had been brought down from the interior—many days' journey.

All were in a state of perfect nudity! After the slaves had been fed we returned to the hut and breakfasted on corned beef, dried fish, rice and biscuit, with cocoa, and an hour afterwards the slaves were separated into gangs and marched away. We found that we were but six miles

from the coast, so that we had made almost a complete circuit the day before, having pulled to the eastward until we fell in with the stream which led towards the northerly branch of the river, which we had followed—taking a course exactly opposite to that which we ought to have taken. Towards nightfall the men who had led the slaves returned and said they were all safe on board, and that they had heard of, but seen nothing of the brig-of-war.

We were then conducted down to our boat and allowed to depart, after having been instructed which course to take in order to find our way to the southern branch of the river. We were amply supplied with food and rum, and bidding us good voyage, our friends left us, to proceed to their own vessel. It grew dark before we had been an hour on our way, and after eating our supper we lay down and slept till morning—being fearful of losing ourselves again if we pulled on in the darkness. By noon on the following day we struck the river, and in an hour or two met the brig-of-war's first cutter, with a lieutenant and a party of men in search of us. We told our story, and after having been assured by the lieutenant that the captain was as mad as thunder, and that we should get a famous rowing when we got on board, we followed the cutter to the brig, which we reached about nightfall.

The captain was "mad as thunder" at first; but he was glad to see us, nevertheless, and after hearing our story, and laughing at our misadventures, he said that he thought we had been sufficiently punished, and ordered us to our duty. The brig was got under weigh immediately, in hopes to intercept the slaver, but the attempt was vain. We saw a brigantine nearly hulled down at daylight the next morning, which might have been and probably was the slaver; but we might as well have tried to outstrip the wind, as to overhaul her. By noon she was completely out of sight. I cannot say but we were glad she escaped, for it would have been a poor repayment of the kindness with which we had been treated, if we had betrayed our entertainers, but for whom we might have perished on the river, or starved to death, or taken ill with longer exposure. As it was, it was a miracle that we escaped the African fever. But there is a providence attending midshipmen, who never are much hurt, whatever mischief they get into, or whatever mishaps befall them. So after vainly having chased the brigantine for twenty-four hours, we returned to our former anchorage. But we never again went on a fishing excursion on the Bonny River.

"BITE BIGGER, BILLY."

Walking down the street we saw two very ragged boys with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes upon which the soil of a long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was quite jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop these ere posies jest where I could find 'em, and these so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find something bimeby—O, jolly, Billy, if here aint most half a peach, and taint much dirty neither. Cause you haint got no peach, you may bite first. *Bite bigger*, Billy, maybe we'll find another 'fore long." That boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and if men and women forsake him, the very angels will feed him, and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his unselfishness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides. Want cannot crush such a spirit, nor filth stain it, for with him and about him the spirit of the Christ-child dwelleth always.—*American Agriculturist*.

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.

The Times and Messenger remarks that it has been ascertained, from authentic statistics, that one half of the human race die before reaching the age of twenty-one years; and the bills of mortality published in large cities, show that one half die before attaining the age of five years. With these undisputed facts before us, it will seem strange that the average age of Quakers in Great Britain is fifty-one years two months and twenty-one days. This is, no doubt, attributed to the restraints and moderation which the principles of that sect impose upon its members—the restraint they are under in mingling in many of the dissipations and pernicious indulgences that hurry thousands to premature graves. What an excellent example for the instruction of the world.

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Catherine Von Bora was a beautiful girl, of noble birth, who, having fallen in love with a poor student of Nuremberg, had been condemned by her parents to the cloister. Escaping, with eight of her companions, after some years, she took refuge at Wittenberg. Here Luther became attached to her. Yet with a sense of justice rather unusual in a lover, he wrote to the Nuremberg student—"If you desire to obtain your Catherine Von Bora, make haste before she is given to another, whose she almost is. Still she has not yet overcome her love for you. For my part, I should be delighted to see you united." The student not responding to this offer, Luther married her. In this union he was most happy—the details of his domestic life are full of sweetness and tenderness.—*London Journal*.

The Florist.

I see thee springing in the vernal time,
A sapling weak from out the barren stone,
To dance with May upon the mountain peak;
Pale leaves put forth to greet the genial clime,
And roots shoot down life's sustenance to seek,
While mere existence was a joy alone.—BOKER.

New Annuals.

The *Anagallis Indica*, or blue pimpernel, is an old and well known annual, but several very beautiful new varieties were introduced last season. *Anagallis Eugenia* has large, light blue flowers, shading to white at the edges. *A Napoleon III.* has rich crimson flowers. These are both free bloomers, half hardy, and continue a long time in flower. There are still two more varieties, *A Memoria del Etna*, a new variety from Italy with scarlet blossoms, and *A Trionfo di Forinze* with azure blue blossoms. The prettiest novelty of last season, we think, was the *Calirhoe pedata*. This plant grows two feet and over in height, bearing a profusion of most beautiful purplish crimson flowers, with white eyes, much resembling the Linnaea, but partially cupped. The plants commence blooming when about six inches high, and bear a profusion of flowers until the occurrence of very severe frosts. This must become a great favorite when known. It is easy of culture, and one of the most elegant annuals we have.

Cultivation of Annuals.

In sowing of annuals in a hotbed for early blooming use pots well drained or pans, with light soil. The present time is about the right season for first sowing. Scatter the seeds thinly, cover them lightly, shade them from the bright sunshine, and water them when necessary. When the plants are strong enough to transplant, place three around the edge of a three or four inch pot, place them in the shade, and keep them close till well established; then give them air gradually, and on fine days remove the glass entirely. Plant out about the middle or last of May, and not sooner. For succession, more seeds may be planted later, and consequently transplanted to the garden later. Many sorts may be planted in June or July for a later bloom.

Wash for Fruit Trees.

Take three gallons of ley of wood ashes, strong enough to just float an egg; one pint of soft soap, one quarter pound of nitre, and one handful of common salt. The nitre should be dissolved in warm water, then add the salt and other ingredients, and stir until thoroughly incorporated. Apply it to the trunk and large branches of the trees with a common painter's brush. It should not be applied to very young branches, or the leaves.

Homeria.

A genus of Cape bulbs, formerly included in *Mormea*, and which may be grown in the open air, if protected by a hand glass during severe frosts or heavy rains. The soil should be a sandy yellow loam; and the plants are propagated by offsets, which should be taken off and replanted in September and October.

Justicia.

Stove plants, with curious shiny flowers. They require a rich light soil, or a mixture of loam and peat, and flower freely with moderate care. They are propagated by cuttings, which strike very readily in sand, under a hand glass, and with bottom heat.

The Spirea.

No one after having seen a good plant of the *Spirea* family can ever forget its beauty. Its delicately-formed flowers, its flexile branches, which in some varieties shoot up to the height of three or four feet, and then gracefully droop their tops just enough to give them a pleasing beauty. No garden, however small, can be complete without a few varieties of this plant. The older varieties, *Spirea prunifolia flore plena*, appears to rank first in the list of this class of plants. Its habit is robust, its branches long and slender, and covered, when in bloom, with clusters of snow-white flowers. Next comes *spirea reversii*, and a new variety of pink-flowered plants. The former is of rather a dwarfish habit, but when in full bloom, covered with bunches of double flowers, it surpasses any plant of its size in beauty and productiveness. All the kinds grow with the utmost luxuriance in moist soil, having a poor and stunted appearance where the soil is dry and gravelly. They are readily propagated by suckers, which they throw out in great abundance. These plants are natives of Liberia, but there is one beautiful species, with loose feathery flowers, which is a native of California, and blooms rather late in the season.

The best Soil for Plants in Pots.

The best soil for plants in pots is generally peat mixed with vegetable mould and sand; and the pots should be filled a quarter of their depth with little bits of broken pots, called potshreds, so as to insure complete drainage. When plants are shifted, they are turned out of their old pots with their balls of earth entire; the roots are then examined, and if any are decayed or wounded, they should be cut off. The new pot, having a layer of potshreds placed in the bottom with a little earth, this plant is placed in the centre, so that the bole or collar may be just above the level of the rim, and the new earth is put in, and the pot being shaken to make it settle, the plant is then slightly watered, and set aside in the shade for a few days. Plants should never be re-potted when in flower; the best time indeed is when they are growing, before their flower-buds begin to swell, as when the flower-buds have appeared, they should be allowed to remain undisturbed till the blossoming season is over.

Mahonia.

The Ash Barberry. Very handsome evergreen shrubs, with planate leaves, and bearing abundance of brilliant yellow flowers, which are succeeded by black berries. All these kinds grow freely, and are very ornamental; but *M. aquifolium*, the leaflets of which somewhat resemble the holly, is by far the handsomest and hardiest species. They will grow in any common garden soil, and are increased by layers. *M. fascicularis* and *M. repens* are rather tender, and should have slight protection during severe frosts.

The Hyacinth.

Like the rose, the hyacinth is a universal favorite, and although great diversity of taste exists in floral matters, the merits of the hyacinth are never questioned. It is loved by every one for its beauty and its fragrance. It will thrive in almost any soil; and will flower almost as finely when grown in water as when planted in the richest compost.

Stenochis.

Stenochis speciosa is a very showy perennial, with large crimson flowers. It is a native of California, and will grow in any common garden soil. It is increased by seed, or by dividing the roots.

The Housewife.

Ox Cheek in Baking Pan.

Get half a one ready boned, if not to be had, get the half head with the bone—in which case they should be broken small, and put in the broth; but it gives more trouble than its worth. The solid meat is more economical. Wash it well, cut off the white part, put the cheek in the pan, and proceed exactly as above, only give it three or four hours to bake. A little mixed spice improves the flavor. Take the fat off, remove the meat, cut it into small pieces, put it into the tureen, and pour the broth over.

To kill Cockroaches.

Mix equal quantities of red lead and Indian meal with molasses, making it about the consistency of paste. It is known to be a certain exterminator of roaches. A friend who was troubled with thousands upon thousands of them rid his house of them in a few nights by this mixture. Put it upon iron plates, and set it where the vermin are thickest, and they will soon help themselves without further invitation.

Puff Paste.

Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of flour, add a little water, and make a moderately stiff paste; work it well together, roll it out thin, put some bits of butter on it, dredge it with flour, and double it up again; repeat this operation three times, using three-quarters of a pound more butter. When done, put the paste by for half an hour.

Sweet Potato Coffee.

A very good substitute for coffee can be made from sweet potatoes. Wash and scrape good sound tubers; cut them into pieces half an inch long; dry them in the stove; roast them as you would coffee until of a light brown color. Make "coffee" from them in the usual manner, except that the pieces are not to be ground.

Coal Ashes.

Coal ashes are stated, by some who have tried experiments with them, to be excellent for putting around the roots of peach-trees and gooseberry bushes in the spring. They are generally held to be of no use whatever, but as they contain some traces of potash and considerable lime, they will no doubt tend to destroy grubs and worms.

Union Cake.

One cup of butter, two cups of powdered loaf sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, one half cup of corn starch, four eggs, two teaspoonsful of lemon extract, one half-teaspoon of soda, and one teaspoon of cream-tartar.

Plain Rice Pudding.

Take half a cupful of the best rice, put it in a small pliedish with three tablespoonsful of moist sugar; fill up the dish with milk and water in equal proportions, and bake very slowly.

For the Complexion.

Pour ten or fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin in a wineglass of water. It will form a milky emulsion, which is perfectly harmless, and at the same time the best cosmetic known.

Crescent Cake.

Rub to a cream half a pound of good butter and three-quarters of a pound of very nice sugar; take seven eggs, beat yolks and whites separately and well, stir in the sugar and butter, add a wineglass of brandy, the half of a grated nutmeg, and a pound and a half of sifted flour; just before baking pour in a tumbler full of rich cream, stirring as little as possible. This will be found quite as good as its name.

Eggs for the Sick.

Sick persons can relish eggs when they can relish nothing else; but, if very feeble, cooked eggs should not be given to them. The best method is to give them a fresh egg beaten up well in a cup of tea or coffee. If a tonic is desired, mix the egg with a glass of wine, beer or porter. If boiled eggs are given, the yolk should be soft, the white simply congealed, and the *treddle* removed from the large end of the egg.

Chocolate Drops.

Reduce two ounces of chocolate to fine powder by scraping, and add it to one and a half or two pounds of finely-powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth and will not spread too much when dropped out; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate.

To take Stains out of Silver.

Steep the silver in soap-ley for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting wet with vinegar, so that it may lie thick upon it, and dry it by a fire; after which rub off the whiting and pass it over with dry bran, and the spots will not only disappear, but the silver will look exceedingly bright.

Jelly in the Sick Room.

Take rice, sago, pearl barley, hartshorn shavings, each one ounce; simmer with three pints of water to one, and strain it. When cold, it will be a jelly, of which give, dissolved in wine, milk or broth, in change with ether nourishment.

To clean old Oil Paintings.

The blackened lights of oil pictures may be instantly restored to their original hue by touching them with deutoxyde of hydrogen diluted with six or eight times its weight of water. The part must be afterwards washed with a clean sponge and water.

Lamp Oil.

To remove lamp oil from cotton and woolen goods, rub in thoroughly with the hand some clean, fresh lard; let it remain for two or three hours, then apply soft soap, and wash in warm water. This can be depended on.

Prepared Mustard.

Steep mustard seed in twice its bulk of distilled vinegar for eight days, then grind the whole to a paste in a mill, put it into pots, and thrust a red-hot poker into each of them.

Cream Sponge Cake.

Beat two eggs in a teacup, fill the cup full with thick sweet cream, one cup of white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a one of soda, season with lemon, bake in a long tin.

Fish Sauce.

Put in a pan a quarter of a pound of flour, moisten with a pint and a half of milk or skim-milk, add three parts of a teaspoonful of salt, the same of pepper, mix all smooth, add a little mixed spice, or two cloves, grated nutmeg, one onion cut in four, set on the fire, stir continually, and boil twenty minutes; it must be rather thick; take out the onions and cloves, add to the sauce four ounces of butter, mix it well, pour over the fish, and bake as above—a little parsley chopped thrown over before sending to table improves the appearance, and a little grated cheese thrown over previous to placing in the oven, gives a nice yellow look, and this will be much liked. The sauce can be made and kept for some days without spoiling. This sauce is nice with every kind of white fish. Bread-crumbs may be put over the sauce before cooking. The remains of previously cooked fish may be dressed in this way.

Coughs and Colds.

They are often quite simple and unimportant at first, but soon ripen into consumption, the bane of our New England climate. There are two sorts of remedies, the one is demulcent and soothing, the other is designed to dissolve and loosen the phlegm and mucus. In the celebrated *Bronchial Troches* we have a perfect combination of the two principles, and hence their remarkable efficacy. It is an article which advertises itself, as those who have been relieved by their use never fail to recommend them to the sufferers. They are endorsed by physicians everywhere, as a pleasant and sure specific from all troubles arising from throat irritations.

Patent Yeast.

Boll six ounces of hops in three gallons of water three hours; strain it off, and let it stand ten minutes; then add half a peck of ground malt, stir it well up, and cover it over; return the hops, and put the same quantity of water to them again, boiling them the same time as before, straining it off to the first mash; stir it up, and let it remain four hours, then strain it off, and set it to work at ninety degrees, with three pints of patent yeast; let it stand about twenty hours; take the scum off the top, and strain it through a hair sieve; it will then be fit for use. One pint is sufficient to make a bushel of bread.

Portable Glue.

Best glue, half a pound; water sufficient; boil it in a double glue-pot, and strain; add a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and boil pretty thick; then pour it into moulds. When cold, cut into small pieces and dry them. This glue is very useful to draughtsmen, architects, etc., as it immediately dilutes in warm water, and fastens the paper without dampening. It may be softened for many purposes with the tongue.

Egg Sauce.

Boll three eggs hard; cut them in small squares, and mix them in good butter sauce; make it very hot, and squeeze in some lemon juice before you serve it.

Plain Butter Sauce.

Mix a lump of butter and a little salt with a large spoonful of flour. Pour boiling water on slowly, stirring it at the same time. Let it boil up once or twice.

Artificial Goat's Milk.

Tie a piece of mutton suet in a muslin bag, and boll it gently for ten minutes in new milk.

Walnut Catsup.

When walnuts are full ripe and ready for eating, take the green outside shells, put them into a jar with as much strong vinegar (cold) as will perfectly cover them, and tie them up securely for twelve months. Then strain them and press the juice out through a strong sieve, and for every gallon of liquor take—anchovies, chopped small, six ounces; three heads of garlic, peeled; Jamaica pepper, one ounce; cloves, one ounce; mace, three-quarters of an ounce; black pepper, one ounce; ginger, sliced, one ounce; port wine less, one quart. Let the catsup boll up, and then simmer ten minutes, skim it well, and put it away for twenty-four hours; then boll it until reduced one-half. When cold, bottle it for store, and cork and wax it well.

Preservation of Iron from Rust.

A mastic or covering for this purpose is as follows:—Eighty parts of pounded brick, passed through a silk sieve, are mixed with twenty parts of litharge; the whole is then rubbed up by the muller with linseed oil, so as to form a thick paint, which may be diluted with spirits of turpentine. Before it is applied the iron should be well cleaned. From an experience of two years upon locks exposed to the air, and watered daily with salt water, after being covered with two coats of this mastic, the good effects of it have been thoroughly proved.

How to cook Ham.

Never put a ham into a kettle of cold water, and be equally carefully never to place one into boiling water. First let the water become lukewarm, and then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boll lightly for four or five hours—then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sugar into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking dish with a bottle of prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it bake an hour in a gentle heat.

To extinguish a Fire in a Chimney.

So many serious fires have been caused by chimneys catching on fire, and not being quickly extinguished, that the following method of doing this should be made as generally known as possible:—Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fireplace, to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

Flaxseed Syrup.

This excellent remedy for a cough is made thus:—Boll one ounce of flaxseed in a quart of water for half an hour; strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and half a pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and want of appetite, add half an ounce of gum arabic. Let this simmer for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wineglassful when the cough is troublesome.

Setting Milk.

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if desired to free it of cream, pour it into a broad flat dish, one inch in depth.

Chilblains.

Soap linctament, ten drachms; tincture of cantharides two drachms. Mix.

Curious Matters.

Singular Adventure.

A curious accident to an English traveller, Mr. John Burgess, recently happened. He was on his way from Hopetown, South Africa, with a party to join Dr. Livingston at the Zambesi. He had with him three Europeans, several natives, and three wagons, which contained, among other things, a considerable quantity of gunpowder. On the 23d of August the party came to a halt, and Mr. Burgess, after fatiguing himself in an elephant hunt, went to one of the wagons, where he laid down to rest and smoke a cigar. In two minutes after an explosion took place; he and two natives were blown up, the wagons were destroyed and seven horses killed. The rest of the party escaped. He was a fine young man, and only twenty-three years of age.

A Musical Village.

An English magazine says:—"In a Kentish village, numbering hardly more than five hundred inhabitants, the children, the young men and women, even several of the old men who work on farms, have become singers. Every Christmas and Easter for some years past they have performed an oratorio of Handel or some other great master; they cherish their church music, and they live together with their minds awakened to such a sense of harmony that for years past not one of them has been punished for or accused of any offence against the law."

A curious Watch.

During the reign of Catherine II., of Russia, an ingenious Russian peasant, named Kalubin, constructed a musical watch to perform a single chant. The machine was about the size of an egg, within which was a representation of the tomb of the Saviour, with the Roman sentinels on watch. On lightly pressing a spring, the stone would be rolled from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant which is sung on Easter Eve be accurately performed.

Pardoned by Mistake.

A worthy German citizen recently prevailed on Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, for the pardon of another German named Miller, in the penitentiary for passing counterfeit money. The papers in the application for a pardon in the case of a young man named Mitchell, confined in the penitentiary for larceny, were also on file at Harrisburg, and the governor, confounding the names of the two, pardoned out the latter. Though a mistake, it proves for the best, as Mitchell gives evidence of reform.

Curious.

As a singular coincidence it is mentioned that, shortly previous to the death of the Duchess of Kent, the great bell on Westminster was heard to sound repeatedly at three o'clock in the morning. There has been a tradition for a long time existing that a disarrangement of St. Paul's bell is an omen of trouble in the royal family.

Arsenic in Coal.

Dr. Angus Smith found this metal in thirteen out of fifteen specimens of Lancashire coal which he examined—a fact which has a very distinct bearing on our sanitary knowledge, as we must now add arsenic to the number of impurities in the atmosphere of our large towns.

Terrible Result of Superstition.

A farmer of the neighborhood of Culla, district of Castellon, province of Valencia, was some years ago attacked with vertigo and pains in the head, which returned regularly at intervals of a month. His wife and three daughters did all they could to relieve him, but in vain. At last a pretended sorcerer who called at the house made the woman believe that the man was possessed by a devil, and that he would never be well as long as the fiend lived. Accordingly, a few nights back, she and her three daughters, who shared her belief, attacked the man with hatchets, as he was in bed asleep, and did not leave off until he was not only dead, but literally cut to pieces. The next morning the woman went to the parish priest, and related that she and her girls had killed the demon who had so long afflicted her husband. The woman, the daughters, and the sorcerer were arrested. The indignation of the people was so great against the latter, that it was with difficulty they were prevented from killing him.

Strange Fish.

A strange specimen of the fish kind, known as the "sea-horse," was caught in the Rappahannock River, Virginia, a few weeks since. The creature is about five inches in length, has the body and tail of a water-dragon, and well-formed head and neck of a horse. Fins are in the place of ears upon the head, also along the back, and underneath the belly. It is said to be the first of its kind ever caught in the waters of Virginia. It was kept alive for three weeks, during which time it showed a fierce disposition, arising itself when angered, and making a short, snorting noise, somewhat similar to a horse. It has been placed in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, for exhibition.

A truthful and cheap Barometer.

Take a clean glass bottle and put in a small quantity of finely-pulverized alum. Then fill the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky, spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all.

A Cyclops.

A child was recently born in Hempfield, Pa., having but one eye, and that situated in the centre of the forehead. There was no nose, the mouth was well formed and where it should be, the ears were imperfectly formed and situated on the cheek bone. The rest of the body was well formed.

Odd.

The Rome (Ga.) Courier speaks of a negro woman of that place, who was formerly very black, but is now of a tawny white color. The change occurred gradually in this way—small white spots appeared, and these enlarged until they ran into each other and spread over her entire body.

"Old Folks."

A worthy old couple, living at Beaugency, France, have just celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their wedding. The husband is ninety-seven years of age, and his wife is ninety-one; both are in full possession of their faculties, and are in good health and spirits.

Sleight of Hand Incident.

At Bayeux, France, a Mdle. Anguinet, who performs conjuring and sleight of hand, lately gave an exhibition, and one of the tricks consisted in causing the ball of a pistol fired by a person among the spectators to lodge in the interior of an orange. The person who loaded the pistol, rammed down the charge with the point of his cane, and when, on a signal being given, he fired, Mdle. Anguinet, who was holding the orange in her outstretched hand, uttered a faint cry, turned pale, and drops of blood were seen on her arm. She had been struck with something from the pistol—it is thought a grain of sand which adhered to the cane. Fortunately the injury was but slight, and after retiring for a time she continued her performance.

An Ingenious Chamberlain.

A shoemaker in Stirling, Scotland, who from humble circumstances had elevated himself to a prosperous position, was appointed treasurer or chamberlain of that burgh. From defect of early training he was equally ignorant of account keeping as he was unfamiliar with the use of the pen. But native ingenuity came to his aid. Dispensing altogether with the ordinary ledger, he suspended a pair of old boots on each side of his parlor chimney, into one of which he deposited the amount of his receipts, while the other was the receptacle of his vouchers of disbursement. The boots were found a satisfactory substitute for the books usually employed by burgh chamberlains.

The Guillotine.

At the execution of a murderer at Nantes, on the 15th ult., the guillotine, generally so mathematically exact, failed to do its duty completely. When the knife fell, it was found that the head was not completely severed. The lower part of the jaw, elongated by a convulsive backward movement of the body, attached the head to the trunk, and, in order to effect the separation, one of the executioners leant upon the knife, while another dragged the body till the flesh and ligaments gave way. The patient gave no signs of life during the few seconds that this sad spectacle lasted.

Patent Cork Mattress Poncho.

An exhibition of the powers of a cork mattress as a life-preserver in case of shipwreck took place, recently, in the water at the London Docks, in the presence of a number of persons interested in shipping. This useful article is so constructed that it can be used as a mattress, and has an opening in the centre, through which a man can put his head, and by strapping the two ends round his body, it forms a poncho, and will effectually buoy him up in the water. The experiments showed that the "poncho mattress," as it is called, fully answers the purpose for which it is intended.

A Coincidence.

It is regarded as a remarkable coincidence, the fact that on the very same night on which Miss Cora Anderson, a celebrated St. Louis belle, was married, the steamer Cora Anderson, named in honor of the lady, struck a snag about forty miles above Vicksburg, immediately sunk, and proved a total loss.

A bad Customer.

The Lyons Republican says that a boy, who lives in Sodun, recently ejected from his stomach a live black snake almost five inches in length, and about as large as a pipe-stem—supposed to have been taken in with some spring-water, which the boy lately drank in the dark.

Tossing the Pancake.

On Shrove-Tuesday, says an English paper, the usual time-honored custom of "tossing the pancake" took place in Westminster School, London. The chief cook of the college was ushered into the school-room with all honor, attired in kitchen dress, by a verger of the abbey, about 11 o'clock. The boys were, of course, engaged in their usual studies when this annual apparition, in the shape of the *chef de cuisine*, entered the domain of the Rev. C. B. Scott and his assistants. The cook bore in his hand a farinaceous compound of peculiar appearance, which popularly was supposed to be a pancake, but looked suspiciously like a very aged crumpet. Posing the pancake on a fork, he cleverly threw it over a bar which separates the upper from the lower school, and then withdrew. As he was tossing the pancake all the boys rushed to clutch it, and as it fell a struggle took place for its possession—a glorious game at football, shinning, bullying, etc., ensuing. This custom is provided for in the statutes of the school. The cook receives a fee for the performance of the duty, and if any boy can catch the pancake and preserve it whole in spite of the attempts of the other boys, he is entitled to a guinea from the dean of Westminster.

Coloring of Gold.

Different shades of color are given to ornaments of gold by exposing them to different chemical agents, which dissolve out a portion of the copper and silver alloy, while they have scarcely any action on the gold. By this process the surface of the ornament appears like pure gold, while below the surface the quantity of copper or of silver may be considerable. The French jewellers possess a number of recipes for giving color to gold.

Bibliomania.

That remarkable collection of important early records on vellum, known as the "Saville MSS., having been collected by three very eminent men of that name, in the time of James I., came to auction in London, recently, sixty-five of the most dilapidated volumes brought the astonishing sum of £3019 4s. Some of the most distinguished bibliomanias, both insular and continental, were present and bid ravenously.

Sagaacity of a Dog.

Not long since a man, while superintending the works on the Franco-Swiss Railway, fell into the cleft of a rock, from which he could not extricate himself. The dog, seeing his master in that position, laid hold of his cap and ran off to an adjoining station of workmen, when the men recognizing his cap, and thinking that some accident had happened, followed the animal, and released its master from his dangerous situation.

Singular Suicide.

An old workman in France, who had lived fifty years, hung himself on account of domestic troubles. He was found swinging, with a note giving the reason for his act, with the following postscript:—"The rope has broken before strangulation was effected, and I am still alive. I will go to bed for a while to gain strength, and then I hope that I shall complete my job." The rope was found to have been broken and mended.

A Methuselah.

A man now living at Rising Sun, Indiana, says he was born in the year 1725, in the city of New York. "then a small town of five or six hundred houses." If this be so, the "oldest inhabitant" has been found at last.

Editor's Table.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
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A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* we commence a new volume, being the fourteenth of the work. It is gratifying to be able to say that its prosperity is still entirely satisfactory, and its circulation steadily on the increase. No one can dispute but that it is the cheapest publication in the world, and we strive hard to make it one of the best. With cordial thanks to our army of friends for their favors, we shall introduce to them monthly fresher and more valuable numbers to the end of the year. No publication in this country has reached in as few years to so extended a degree of popularity.

EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!

This is a glorious motto for a young man. Aim high, scorn the low, sensual grovelling of the vulgar, and seek every hour to attain to a higher elevation in the moral scale of existence. Let no day, nay, no hour, go by without improvement; and by acquiring the habit of a regular reviewal of the day before we lie down to sleep at night, we shall be led to be more particular through the day in order that we may congratulate ourselves on the improvement accomplished on returning to our pillow at night. Aim high, push high, ever crowd onward, and never for a moment let the tyrant sloth obtain power over you. Never think, How shall I kill the time? 'tis a fearful phrase; but rather think, How can I employ these precious moments to the greatest advantage? If it be true that there are successive stages of bliss in heaven, and that the greatest degree of intelligence will attain to the highest, how brilliant is the inducement, how constant should our motive be, Excelsior! Excelsior!

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CUNNING.—Some wag says that man, being the only animal that laughs, does so because he has no tail to shake when he is pleased.

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VERY TRUE.—Jerrold says that old bachelors are like dry wood; when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

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TEACHING.—One subtlety in a teacher will beget many sophisms in a pupil.

### AMUSEMENT.

Let no man professing to be a Christian, speak against amusement—it is as much a necessity as a luxury. The Saviour of the world gave his lessons in amusing tales called parables—some good, charitable and religious people have found it expedient to adopt this most wise policy, for poor, selfish human nature, that ever was or could be adopted. You ask your friend or acquaintance to subscribe a dollar, fifty cents, nay, twenty-five even, to some charity, to which he ought to contribute his mite, either on account of his wealth or his connection with the sufferers, and the chances are ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, ay, a thousand to one, that he will plead the many applications of the same kind—the losses he has sustained—the expenses of his family—the extravagance of his sons—the charges for the education, dresses, pocket handkerchiefs, and even the slippers of his daughters; but get up a grand ball or concert, let it be understood that it will be fashionable (if a ball, to make it so, you must put up the price of tickets at least five hundred per cent.), and your friend will pay for tickets for himself, his wife, his extravagant sons and expensive daughters. Gospel churches, who denounce stage performers, employ them for the sake of drawing persons to their pews and benches and putting money in their plates. Amusement is the spice of life. Morality embraces it, charity calls it its friend, and religion itself has recourse to it.

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A HINT.—Every person in the country who has a single square rod or acre of land, should improve it *this year* to raise *grain*. It will all be wanted, and will bring a high price!

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OUT OF ORDER.—The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stale egg at him, bawled out: "Sir, your motion is out of order!"

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PROBABLY.—The most tragic actors, however anxious to make a sensation, would rather see the tiers full of eyes than the eyes full of tears.

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NOT ALWAYS.—Providence, it is said, has placed disgust at the door of all bad places.

## PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

One of the most crying horrors and shames that the law sanctioned, disappeared on that day when capital punishment ceased to be inflicted in public. We well remember—indeed, how can we ever forget it!—how one morning, when a child at school, we were permitted, with our other school fellows, to look forth upon a procession passing through Washington Street. The thoroughfare was densely crowded, and every window was filled with heads as on a Fourth of July. But there was no jubilant music, no flutter of banners, no waving of handkerchiefs. Right along the crown of the causeway came the object to which all eyes were directed, a cart drawn by one horse, driven by a grim-looking man, and in that cart a coffin, beside which was sitting a pale, ghastly phantom, rather than a living being. It was whispered that the man was going to be hanged. All the rest of that bright, warm, sunshiny day seemed as drear and cold as any day in December. And what fantastic horrors haunted our slumbers that night! How often for a long time afterwards rose in daylight and darkness the image of that doomed face and shrinking form!

Even if that impression had not been produced on grown-up people, the exhibition would have been evil, for horror of the crime would have been merged in pity for the criminal. But we all know how the frequency of such scenes has blunted the feelings of most and completely brutalized many. We have all heard of the very crimes being committed at the gallows' foot among the multitude for which the wretched criminals wavered in the air above their heads. In the good old times, both in England and this country, a "hanging" was a holiday with the many, and the death-procession a pageant that held aloft its horrors, and was only productive of morbid excitement. A writer in *St. James's Magazine*, in searching the past, has brought to light many of those by-gone scenes as they were enacted in Old London. He tells us that there was a time when great persons rode from the neighborhood of the Tower, westward, up and down hill; but it made all the difference in life to them, whether on reaching a certain point they proceeded by Snow and Holborn hills, or by that of Ludgate. The latter sometimes led to the block in Lincoln's inn-fields or Westminster yard; but it more frequently took the wayfarer to Westminster palace and acceptable greetings, whereas by the other hills, a man who was the chief object of interest in a procession from the Tower seldom went to any other exaltation but that he had at Tyburn. So went Lord Bedelsmere, because

his obstinate wife, in his absence, would not surrender his Kentish castle of Leeds to Queen Isabella. So went, subsequently, Queen Isabella's younger friend, Edmund Mortimer. So went bonny Lady Hungerford, that pretty and petulant Agnes, who in a fit of impatience poisoned her husband, Sir Edward, and swung for it, like the ugliest of felons.

But it would take a volume adequately to tell the names only of all the villains whose passage down Snow and up Holborn hills was demonstration clear of their having achieved that "greatness" which Fielding has so happily illustrated. Look, through your fingers if you will, at the solemn spectacle! Generally speaking, it had little of solemnity in it. The heroes of the day were often on good terms with the mob, and jokes were exchanged between the men who were going to be hanged and the men who deserved to be. There they pass, from the Tower, or any of the city prisons, to the triangular erection on "Deadly Never-green." There pass Southwell, the sweet versifier; and Felton, the assassin of Buckingham; and five of the three-score-save-one who signed away the life of Charles I.; and victim after victim of Titus Oates; and John Smith, the burglar of Queen Anne's time, the only unlucky individual who ever really came to life after being duly executed at Tyburn. And there, amid the greetings and clamors of half a million of people, passes smilingly, that hideous young murderer, Jack Sheppard, whom the brightest talent cannot polish up into a hero. And there is the doubly-hideous Jonathan Wild, uttering "Amen" as he picks the chaplain's pocket of a corkscrew—if the treacherous coward had enough of the energy of evil left to allow of his committing that last felony. A nobleman follows him, Lord Ferrers, gaily dressed in his wedding suit; then a nobleman's servant, who for small pilfering suffered the same penalty that his "betters" did for murder. Lord Harrington's man rode over the London hills to Tyburn in a frock of blue and gold, with a white cockade in his hat, as a continual assertion of his innocence. That reverend gentleman who succeeds is the very pink of fashionable preachers, Dr. Dodd. He had long lain hid in the house known as Good-enough-house, at the corner of Gunnersbury-road and Brentford lane; and for robbing the Rev. Doctor Bell, the old Princess Amelia's chaplain, in front of that very house, that remarkably handsome young highwayman, with sixteen ribbons at the knees of his breeches, is going also to "the three-square stilt at Tyburn," whither Dodd followed him.

## OLD AGE.

"Length of days" was one of the blessings promised of old to those who walked in the ways of righteousness and truth. Old age is not a burthen to all; the sunset of some lives is brighter and more golden than their dawning, as there are days in the year when clouds have overshadowed the opening hours, but paradisaical splendor crowned the closing moments. In a country landscape, the young sapling, full of buds of promise is a pleasant object to look upon, but a sublime spectacle is presented by the "brave old oak" which has battled with a hundred wintry storms, and bathed in the sunshine of a hundred summers. Of old, it was a popular belief that they "whom the gods love die young," but those who are permitted to reach a healthy and happy old age are surely no exiles from divine favor.

Thoughtless youths are apt to cry out "a short life and a merry one!" and to associate old age with infirmity, loss of physical and mental faculties, isolation and gloom. But these are not the necessary accompaniments of "length of days." On the contrary, if the laws of health have been observed, if the conscience has not been wounded or seared, if habits of mental and bodily activity have been faithfully kept up, the means of usefulness and enjoyment may be preserved to a very late period of life. A modern physiologist places the period of decay far later in life than we are accustomed to locate it, and insists that men ought to live to a century. This theory is in opposition to all experience, and yet, as a general thing, we believe that people are prone to remit active exertions, and surrender themselves to infirmity much sooner than necessary.

Mrs. Sigourney, in one of the chapters of her charming work, "Past Meridian," has gathered several instances of mental and bodily activity in advanced life. She relates of the poet Dryden that "just on the verge of his seventieth year he was apprised of the approaching return of his son from Rome, in a feeble state of health; and though he had scarcely completed the task of preparing the second edition of his translation of Virgil for the press, he took no breathing time, but immediately contracted to supply a bookseller with ten thousand verses, at sixpence a line, saying pathetically of his invalid child, 'I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his.'"

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, ten survived to between eighty and ninety, and four to between ninety and a hundred. Hon. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton,

retired from the toils of public life at sixty-three, but he exercised an unbounded hospitality, and was the delight of a large circle of friends for more than thirty years afterwards, dying on the 14th of November, 1832, his age falling short only three years of a complete century. To how late a period of life were the literary activity and the social amenity of Washington Irving prolonged! The Hon. William Ellery, of Newport, R. I., for many years member of Congress and Chief Justice of the Superior Court of his native State, lived to ninety-three, and was so sociable, agreeable and happy that the young sought his company for their own pleasure. Judge Burnett, of Ohio, lived to eighty. "At more than fourscore years he moved through the streets with as erect a form, an eye as intensely bright, and colloquial powers as free and fascinating as at thirty." Daniel Webster, at seventy, was in the full possession of his gigantic mental powers.

Wellington well merited the title of "the iron duke." In spite of his laborious career, as soldier and statesman, his exposure to almost every vicissitude of climate, in spite of the delicate health of his youth, at eighty-five he was vigorous in mind and body. He used to ride on horseback to parliament in winter, and, unassisted, ascend the long flights of steps which led to the hall of the old parliament building. Lord Brougham, at eighty-two, exhibits no diminution of power. Lord Lyndhurst, who is now ninety, is hale and vigorous. The mental vigor of Hon. Josiah Quincy, who is equally advanced in life, is scarcely impaired. Colonel Thomas H. Perkins preserved his vigor to the age of ninety. Mrs. Sigourney says, "It was to me a source of exulting pleasure, while abroad, to meet him arriving in London, with unalloyed spirits, an energetic and excellent traveller, both by sea and land, though then on the confines of fourscore. The voyage, from which so many young persons shrink, was to him no obstacle; indeed, he afterwards repeated it, enjoying the changeful and boisterous scenery of the ocean, as when in his prime."

Here are some facts for young America to ponder. It is well for the young to bear in mind that every "old fogey" is not necessarily a fossil. Glorious as youth is, there may be a temperate glory even in extreme old age. Energetic as youth is, there may be still energy when the hair is no longer like the raven's wing, and the cheek no longer like the rose. The foot that no longer responds to the call of dance-music may yet rest firmly in the stirrup, and the hand that has ceased to gather roses, may yet grasp the war-

rior's sword or wield the writer's pen. All the honors and all the toils of life are not monopolized by the young.

#### THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

It is very difficult to form an adequate conception of the vast population of the Celestial Empire, but an ingenious writer thus undertakes to convey some idea of it: "The mind cannot grasp the real import of so vast a number. Four hundred millions! What does it mean? Count it. Night and day, without rest, or food, or sleep, you continue the weary work; yet eleven days have passed before you have counted the first million, and more than as many years before the end of the tedious task can be reached. Suppose this mighty multitude to take up its line of march, in a grand procession, placed in single file at six feet apart, and marching at the rate of thirty miles per day, except on the Sabbath, which is given to rest. Day after day the moving column advances, the head, pushing on far toward the rising sun, now bridges the Pacific, now bridges the Atlantic. And now the Pacific is crossed, but still the long procession marches on, stretching across high mountains, and sunny plains, and broad rivers, through China and India, and the European kingdoms, and on again over the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. But the circuit of the world itself affords not standing room. The endless column will double upon itself, and double again and again, and shall girdle the earth eighteen times before the reservoir which furnishes these numberless multitudes is exhausted. Weeks, months, and years roll away, and still they come, men, women, and children. Since the march began, the little child has become a man, and yet on they come, in unfailing numbers. Not till the end of forty-one years will the last of the long procession have passed. Such is China in its population; and if Homer could preach eloquently on the vanity of man as a mortal, with equal eloquence, had he seen or contemplated the millions of China, could he have preached on the vanity of man as an individual!"

**THE BODY AND THE RAIMENT.**—It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a good deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

**SWILL MILK.**—The sale of swill-milk in New York hereafter, is to be punished by a fine not less than \$50, and the adulteration of the lacteal fluid is likewise punishable by \$25 fine.

#### POPE'S CRITICISM.

When Pope's famous criticism on the "Provoked Husband," a comedy, which was the joint production of Cibber and Sir John Vanbrugh, first appeared, it was a matter of mere conjecture what part one or the other had written. It was generally supposed, however, that the high-life scenes were the work of Sir John, as he had previously distinguished himself in a similar style of writing. At all events Pope did not hesitate to come to the same conclusion. This he thought an excellent opportunity to give a death-blow to his old foe. Accordingly, sick as he was at the time, scarcely able to leave his bed, he wrote an elaborate article, in which he analyzed the play quite as carefully as he did any book or scene in Homer, expressing the highest admiration of the scenes of Lord and Lady Townley, of which he thought the fable, the dialogue, and, above all, the moral, were perfect. But, when he came to the part which he supposed to be that of his enemy, all was vulgarity and dulness—such as could have been written only by somebody whose pretensions to anything beyond coarse farce were not to be tolerated in any intelligent community. His mortification may well be imagined, when, two or three days after the publication of the critique, Sir John published a letter in the *Public Advertiser*, giving Cibber all the credit intended for himself, and claiming all the vulgar and stupid scenes as his own.

**EARLY MARRIAGE.**—Tacitus says that early marriage makes us immortal—that it is the soul and chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

**DEPRECIATION.**—All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

**A HINT.**—If you would avoid being angry with your servants, wait as much as possible upon yourself.

**INDEPENDENCE.**—To secure independence the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary.

**MONEY.**—Dean Swift says, "We must carry money in the head, not in the heart."

**A QUESTION.**—Why is it that a hackman always calls his vehicle a "kerridge?"

**NAPOLÉON AT THE OBSERVATORY.**

It is not often that distinguished persons are so favored in their chance observations of the heavenly bodies as was Jenny Lind, during her visit to the Cambridge Observatory, when a *bona fide* comet crossed the field of the great telescope at the moment she was looking through it. Napoleon's visit to the observatory at Paris, made casually one morning, in company with Maria Louisa, towards the close of his career, was unattended by any such demonstration. He asked Arago, subsequently so distinguished in science, and then very young, though full of promise, and a professor in the polytechnic school, to show him something in the heavens. Arago replied that he had nothing to show him.

"It would be very singular if I came to the observatory without seeing anything at all," replied the "man of destiny."

"Still," said Arago, "in my observations this morning, I noticed the spots in the sun, and I can show those to your majesty."

"Well, let us see the spots in the sun."

Napoleon looked at them, and then led the empress to the telescope. Very large bonnets were then the rage, and Maria Louisa wore one of such prodigious size that she could not approach the eye-piece near enough to see anything. Observing the difficulty, Napoleon very quietly took the bonnet in both hands and crushed back the costly Italian straw upon the crown. After repeating his own observations several times, the emperor said to the young astronomer:

"I should embarrass you very much if I maintained that these spots were in the glass."

"You would not embarrass me at all, sire."

"How so?"

"If the spots are in the glass they will not change place; if they belong to the sun your majesty will see them enter on one side of the glass, cross the field, and go out on the opposite. But your majesty must not touch the instrument."

The emperor, with his hands behind him, resumed his station at the eye-piece, made an observation, and then, turning to the young astronomer, said, "Demonstrated!" Afterwards the imperial party went out upon the platform. What would Napoleon have said, if a prophetic voice had then whispered in his ear:

"The 7th of December, 1815, is not far distant. On that day, at twenty minutes past nine by the clock of the Luxembourg, a soldier of the republic will make his appearance at the extremity of yonder alley. Paralyzed by an infamous sentence, plundered of the badge of honor which he had stained with his blood in twenty heroic battles, he will cross the garden of the Luxem-

bourg. Having reached that grating which your eyes discern, the soldier will be silently directed to one side of the esplanade. There he will place one knee upon the ground, and the bullets of French soldiers, by order of the Chamber of Peers, will strike down the marshal, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskowa, Michael Ney, whom thou hast named the bravest of the brave!"

**THE SABBATH.**

There is no land where—all religious obligation aside—the Sabbath is so necessary as in this country. We should become barbarians without it. Already the lust of money and distinction, acting upon natures lashed by our peculiar institutions into the most vehement emulation, wrinkles almost every brow, and makes anxiety a constant presence and power at which strangers gaze and wonder. Our very pleasures have this dash of impatience about them; and our days and hours, hurried on in the whirl of constant excitement, lose their distinctness, and mingle in a misty mass in which the better reasoning faculty can distinguish little that accords with the natural purposes of life. Were this hurried way of life, this eager hunt of gold or rank uninterrupted, it would soon sweep away before it all that elevates and purifies human nature, or gives grace and goodness to life. The Sabbath stays the fevered pulse of society. It opens the low and dark clouds that gather round the heart, and lets in the light of better thoughts and loftier feelings. To lose this recurring dispensation, from the curse of the impetuous life struggle, would be to render our destiny that of the dungeon slave. While, therefore, we regard the desecration of the Sabbath as primarily offensive, as a violation of a divine law, we condemn it as a war against the better charities of life—as a wrong done to the heavy laden—as a step taken onwards to barbarism.

**MEN AND ANIMALS.**—Furon, a French physiologist, says that the animals feel, know and think; but man is the only created being who possesses the power of feeling that he feels, of knowing that he knows, or thinking that he thinks.

**CHANGE OF COLOR.**—Three boys at school were found out last term in a practical joke, and they all changed color—Brown turned *white*, White looked *black*, and Green turned *crimson*.

**A GREAT CURIOSITY.**—The derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to its highest pitch."

## MARRIAGE.

A Mrs. or Miss J. Elizabeth Jones has been communicating to the Cincinnati Commercial her ideas about marriage, and without stopping to inquire whether she is wholly right, we admit that she tells many truths, in a plain-spoken manner. In fact she "speaks right out in meet-in'!" Young men will hardly relish much of what she says; for instance: "If all marriages were true unions, it would matter less whether they took place early in life, or at a later period. But the position of women is such, and the customs of society are so despotic, that they are made insincere and hypocritical. They enter upon the highest and holiest relations from the most unworthy considerations. They are prompted by a variety of motives as foreign to the true affections as the policy of the Czar to true democracy; and young men, *poor dupes!* think it is all for love that they are accepted visitors. Never was there a greater mistake. If men had not such inordinate vanity, they would understand some things better than they do. Young woman, number one, concludes to marry. She cannot live happily at home. She cares not particularly for the man to whom she is betrothed; but she thinks living with him will be more tolerable than living with her father's second wife. The lover boasts of his conquest, when he has conquered—what? Simply a choice between him and a step-mother, whom the girl mortally hates. Young men ought to be better informed when they vaunt their triumphs. Young woman, number two, is prompted by a different motive. She is poor, and the grim skeleton haunts her continually. She may form a true attachment. I do not say that this is uncommon; but I do not understand how the prospective husband is going to ascertain what are the motives that govern her. It may be pure affection, or, if she were put to the test, she might acknowledge that it was the handsome home, and the prosperous business, that attracted her; or, if she could get these without the incumbrance of the boots and whiskers, she would be glad enough to do it. Number three is afraid of being left to live a life of single blessedness, and that drives her into the matrimonial noose. Under the pressure of such apprehensions it is not unusual to see highly intellectual women marry men not half witted. We laugh at these absurdities, but they involve interests high as heaven, and as wide as the universe of God. All that is sacred in human love is at stake; all that is terrible in the heart's utter despair may follow. The victim may writhe in anguish, and finally retire from society like the stricken deer to the thicket to

bleed alone. It is true that matrimony is often a winning rather than a losing game. But he who fully understands what he risks by the turn of a die, will be somewhat slow to engage in it."

Our lady essayist does not go against marriage, she thinks it "God's best gift to man;" she only opposes hasty and interested marriages. Her idea is that woman should open an independent career, that woman, in short, should be a self-sustaining institution, and then she would never be obliged to throw away her hand, and barter her peace for social position, or support. She says: "No one need marry for position, or the regard she may acquire as the wife of Mr. Somebody. She may get position herself; she may assume as honorable a place as man can ever attain. Who ever thinks of Margaret Fuller as a wife? Who cares anything about the husband of Jenny Lind? Who is not sorry that Mrs. Norton ever had a husband? Is it necessary that such women as Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Blackwell and Miss Mitchell shall marry to secure the world's consideration?" It may be objected that every woman cannot become as learned as Margaret Fuller, as musical as Jenny Lind, as poetical as Mrs. Norton, as profound as Miss Martineau, "sculpt" as well as Miss Hemmer, or see as many stars as Miss Mitchell. Still many women who are mere dawdlers might make themselves active and independent members of society.

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WELL TO REMEMBER.—Any persons residing in any part of the country, having sheet music, magazines, newspapers, or serial works of any kind, which they desire to have neatly bound, have only to address them to this office, enclosing directions, and hand the package to the express. The works will be bound in the neatest manner, and at the lowest rates, and returned in *one week*. Godey's Magazine, Harper's New Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Peterson's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, London Illustrated News, Punch—in short, all and every serial work is bound as above.

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WORDS.—The knowledge of words is the gate of scholarship. The history of a word is often more instructive than the history of a campaign.

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JUST SO.—It is an old proverb that "boys will be boys." What a pity it isn't equally as true that men will be men.

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DISCRIMINATING.—"The population of Great Britain consists of thirty odd millions," says Lord Macaulay, "mostly fools."



## Foreign Miscellany.

The total sum paid to the police force of London last year was £497,436 17s. 1d.

There are two great institutions in Great Britain—the Bank of England and the London Times.

Nana Sahib is still alive and lurking in the Nepal hills of India.

The "Holy Synod" of Russia now sanctions the printing of the gospels in Russ.

An English manufacturer invites the public to see his *invisible* fences.

Fifty to five hundred dollars is the price of a respectable tradesman's vote in England, as has been proved in a late bribery trial.

Unceasing exertions have been made by several societies to encourage the cultivation of flax in Ireland. As yet their efforts have not met with very great appreciation.

At Foo-Chow, China, there is a bridge a mile and a half long, spanning the river between the foreign and native settlements. It is built entirely of granite, rests on 180 arches, and is 800 years old.

Mr. J. W. Walton has just finished a whole length, life-size portrait of the Duchess of Wellington, in full court dress. The picture is intended for the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy.

One of the acrobats at the Alhambra Palace, not long since, fell twenty-five feet on to the stage, while going through what are called "daring feats upon the flying trapeze." His spine was dislocated.

A proposition to bridge the Mersey, near Liverpool, has been broached—the arches to be five in number, each with three hundred feet span, and the contemplated cost of the work about £200,000, or about one million of dollars.

A ploughman at Knocksharen, Wexford county, found concealed, in a small case of stone, a statue of curious composition, resembling that of one of Ireland's chiefs of old. It is of exquisite workmanship, and as if clothed in the richest armor.

A musical society a hundred years old exists in London, and will soon hold its centenary anniversary celebration. It was founded in 1761, and called the "Nobility and Gentry's Catch Club."

A manuscript of John Huss, hitherto unknown, was discovered a short period since by Professor Hoffer in the Imperial Library at Prague. It is a fragment of a diary written at Constance.

The Agricultural Society of France has just had the different rivers of the Basses-Alpes stocked with 740,000 eggs of the Fera, one of the best kinds of fish in the Swiss lakes, and belonging to the same family as the salmon.

A curious instance of a thief's thoughtfulness is recorded in the Manchester papers. A lady had her purse stolen whilst in Manchester, and among other items it contained a cheque for fifty pounds. This cheque was returned by letter to the Manchester inspector of detectives. The thief probably dared not attempt to cash it.

Moulded glass casks, covered with wicker-work, are now used in Belgium.

There are 12,500 square miles of bog in Ireland—nearly a third of its area.

It is announced that the census is to be taken in France during the present year.

The chief editors of the three most prominent journals in Paris—the *Journal des Debats*, the *Presse*, and the *Siecle*—are Protestants.

In Madrid, last month, a Spanish merchant drew a prize in the lottery of \$200,000, and soon after became insane.

The library of the Vatican contains one hundred thousand printed volumes and twenty-five thousand manuscripts.

The Ionian Islands are almost in a state of insurrection in consequence of the popular wish to be united to the kingdom of Greece.

A little girl, two years old, was recently frightened to death in Paris, by a monkey that accompanied an organ-grinder. This is a fact which mothers should remember.

In London there are 20,000 doctors and 1800 undertakers. So we see that it takes upon an average only eleven doctors to keep an undertaker busy.

In digging at Malesherbes the workmen found under a massive rock the bones of many animals, and in particular the jaw of one species now unknown in Europe. The teeth, which still adhered, were twice the size of those of a horse.

Infantile appointments were quite common in the British army not half a century ago. A great hubbub in a Scottish noble's nursery, in those good old days, was thus explained by the nurse, "The colonel has burnt his finger, mem; and the ma ajor winna sup his porritch."

The English civil engineers, comparing themselves to those of other nations, say their own are trustworthy, but not as a body the most accomplished, the French are the most finished, the Germans are the most profound, and the Americans the most daring.

At the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. de Bialopiotrowicz sent in a paper on the treatment of hydrophobia, such as is now successfully practised in Lithuania, where it was introduced twenty-seven years ago. The remedy is furnished by two well-known plants; the *Hieracum pilosella*, and the *Lithrum salicaria*.

The population of China, for a long time estimated at 360,000,000, is steadily increasing, a recent census showing it to number over 416,000,000 inhabitants, whom it must be borne in mind is not formed like the population of other countries of a congeries of races, but is all homogeneous, though its origin and rise is a hidden obscurity.

The confusion arising from using Christian names common to both sexes, has recently been illustrated in France. A girl, named Marie, has been inscribed for twenty years on the conscription register as a male; when summoned, the other day, to draw for the conscription, her mother attended, and although she gave irrefutable proof that Marie was not a man, the municipal officer compelled her to draw; happily she drew a high number, which ended the difficulty.

## Record of the Times.

Eight hundred volumes have been added to the public library in Fitchburg this year.

The Chinese are successful in collecting pearls on the California coast.

The first discovery of the Washoe silver mines was in June, 1859.

A lady has presented Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, with a silver communion service.

Kit Carson is hunting for gold on the head waters of the Gila.

Coal oil springs have been discovered in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana, and also in Kentucky.

A smart boy has discovered gold at Perth, Canada West; he refuses to say where he found it, adding that his fortune is made.

There are two pear trees in Brighton which last year yielded an income of forty dollars each in pears.

To the Dutch, the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble. The Dutch achieved this great invention about the year 1690.

The question is often asked, what is a "stand of arms?" Properly speaking, it is a complete set of arms for one soldier, which would include the bayonet, musket, and its appurtenances.

Some curious bird's nests were lately discovered under the roof of a blacksmith's shop in Sheffield, entirely constructed of horse-shoe nails. The birds were pigeons.

It costs piles of money to cultivate the "sprigs of royalty." The Canadians have paid bills for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales amounting to \$232,347. There are some unsettled accounts to meet for which \$30,000 is reserved.

Seaweed, which is found plentifully in Barnegat Bay, and which until lately was little valued, is now becoming a source of profit to several persons, who gather, dry it and send it to New York, where it is used for sofas, mattresses, etc.

A curious juxtaposition of names occurred at Lowell some twenty years ago. There were six physicians in the then town—two of them bore the name of Toothaker, two of Pillsbury, and the other two that of Graves.

Of the 91,006 people in Montreal, 43,670 are of French extraction, and 47,836 of British and other origins. Of these latter, 363 came from Germany, and 1706 from the United States. The religious belief of 66,099 is Roman Catholic, and the remaining 25,007 are of various creeds.

The foundation of the Chinese Empire is coeval with that of Assyria and of Egypt, and while of these nations we have now only epitaphs to remind us of them, we study in the Chinese of the present day the manners and customs of their ancestors of four thousand years ago.

Tobacco has spoiled thousands of fine boys, inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening the bones, and injuring the spinal marrow and whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man, in the true sense; he generally lacks energy of body and mind. Boys, if you wish to be anybody despise tobacco.

Tobacco is raised in great quantities, in the town of Onondaga, New York State.

Daniel Adams of Keene, the author of Adams's Arithmetic, is now in his 89th year.

The soluble indigo of commerce, diluted with water only, makes good blue ink.

There are no fewer than 9000 locomotives now running in the United States.

In Utah, 4617 polygamists are the possessors of 160,000 wives.

The mind that busies itself with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

Fashion ignores the wash-bowl hats so much in vogue last summer.

Celibacy clubs are rife in New York now, says the Home Journal. Companies to insure against matrimony are talked of.

Stones may be readily broken into very small pieces by first heating them and then exposing them to the action of sulphur.

Petroleum, mixed with coal, is now used on some of the Western boats. At twenty-five cents per gallon it is cheaper than coal.

There are one hundred and twenty weekly religious papers in the United States, having a circulation of about one million copies weekly.

J. G. Kohl, a German traveller, has published a book in which he says that Americans are the cleanest people in the world.

Samuel Woodworth, the poet, was a native of Scituate, Massachusetts, was born in 1785, and was an apprentice of Benjamin Russell, on the old Centinel.

Nineteen wooden churches and meeting-houses have been destroyed by fire in Massachusetts, within the past three years, and the insurance companies are getting a little shy of taking risks upon those that remain. No wonder.

The seeds of the grape possess remarkable vitality. A lady in Columbia, California, in making jelly last year, boiled a quantity of grapes. The place where she threw the seeds, after they were boiled, has since become covered with grape vines.

The Italian government has decided that the fortifications which command the city of Messina shall be destroyed. The Bourbons have used them more than once to destroy life and property, and the people very naturally do not wish to see their old enemies frowning upon them even with a Victor Emmanuel as their sovereign.

Massachusetts is the most densely populated State in the Union, having about 170 persons to the square mile, Rhode Island comes next, with 145; New Jersey third, with 98; Connecticut fourth, with 97. Oregon comes last, with but one inhabitant to two square miles, or but one where Massachusetts has 340.

Dr. Paley used to warn his daughters against buying even a handkerchief or a calico gown when they had not money in their hands to pay for it. "Because," said he, "the money you see in your palm to-day looks larger than the money you expect to see in it to-morrow; and when you buy, and pay on the spot, you will spend less than by shopping with your credit-book instead of your purse."

## Merry-Making.

When did the ocean first bear grain? In the time of Co-crops.

Why is the Maid of the Mist like pride? Because it goeth before a fall.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

How many hens has your mother when it comes night? None. They are all roosters.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? We read that he was *hemmed* in on every side.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put round his neck.

"Pat, is your sister's child a boy or a girl?" "Faith, an' I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

"Boots?" answered a sea-sick Frenchman from his berth, "Oui, oui—you may take zem; I shall vant zem nary more!"

A Maine Law physician's prescripon on theti city agency: "West India rum, 1 pint; aqua (water), 5 drops."

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A man lately, inquiring for letters at the Lexington (Mo) post-office, was told that there was none, upon which he asked if there was another post-office in town.

An article in an exchange paper, announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns attended by his friends.

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted the old bell-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

A country paper says: "A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician who had a beautiful calf four days old!"

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle!"

"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by yer side."

Anatomists say that man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says the inimitable Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill contracted in 1854—I aint the man!"

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was arrested. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the sheriff. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the sheriff over, and ran off.

A hacking cough is said to be the first stage of consumption.

A flower is sweeter the more it is pressed. So is a young woman.

Lawyers, like scissors, never cut each other, but what is between them!

A slip of the foot you may soon recover;  
But a slip of the tongue you never get over.

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Rarey tames wild horses by the use of a strap. Wild boys may be tamed in the same way.

A man in Detroit advertises for a partner in the nursery business. A new way, perhaps, of advertising for a wife.

Since ladies have commenced the practice of medicine, the health of young men has been very delicate.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

A trusting wife—one who trusts, when her husband goes out in the morning, that he never will return.

Punch says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an artful man.

Mrs. Sizzle, my pa wants to know if he mayn't lend himself to your axe a little while. He had allers rather lend than borrow.

The lays of a nightingale may be very delightful to a well-fed man, but the "lays" of a hen are liked better by a hungry one.

The editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Times says the shape of a kiss is elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a *lip* tickle.

"That is a very knotty affair," said the culprit looking at the rope "It is because you have been *naughty* yourself," was the answer.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They wont weigh much if does," said his antagonist, coolly.

"Are doee bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is one tenth of an "eagle"—a dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with a tenfold devotion!

Two Quaker girls of our acquaintance were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

There is said to be a woman in Pittsburg, Pa., who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing with soap and sand, and then sets them in the sun to dry. She washes at four shillings per dozen. Pittsburg is such a smoky town, that the children have to be washed all over twice every day.

# Aminidab Piper comes to Boston to see the Town.



Aminidab, tired of hoeing potatoes, makes up his mind to seek employment in the city.



Arriving in Boston, is rather surprised at the assiduity of the hackmen.



Is suddenly submerged by a hydrant being turned on as he is passing.



Appearance afterwards, wondering if people who first come to town are always thus saluted.



Is advised by a citizen to take a glass of spirits to keep from taking cold.



Good idea! He takes several at the citizen's solicitation, who "jones" him.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The sad consequence of imbibing—is taken to the station house by the police.



Comes out with loss of all except the clothes on his back, Moraines on city life.



Meets a drill-sergeant, and is solicited to enlist and join the service.



His appearance after one month of drilling in the marine corps.



Five years after.



Twenty years after!

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1861.

WHOLE No. 80.

## NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.



**O**F the primitive inhabitants of America, while thousands are driven from their homes by the untiring advance of the white man, and are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, those who remain are very degenerate specimens of the aboriginal possessors of our soil. The first settlers of the country paid very little

attention to the history of the red men. Occupied in clearing the land, in erecting houses, churches and schools, and laying deep the foundations of those institutions which have become a national glory, regarding the Indian only in the light of a mortal enemy, they had neither leisure nor inclination for researches which would have yielded golden results, invaluable at the present time. Even now, however, comparatively few persons care to read the story of the Indian tribes, or take a deep interest in their fate. Now and then, only, some man of genius touches the subject with a graceful pen, and awakens a transitory feeling in behalf of the fading race. "The rights of the savage," says Washington Irving, "have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere pre-



GROUP OF SAUK AND FOX INDIANS.

caution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him, when he feels the sting of the reptile and is conscious of the power to destroy. The same prejudices, which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavored to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes; the American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontier and hang about the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence, which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breed desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, while it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrudged wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence." Red Jacket succinctly summed up the story of his race, when he said, in 1805, "There was a time when our forefathers owned this great land. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, and they gave us poison (alluding to ardent spirits) in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more

came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands. Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets." There is but too much truth in these laconic statements of the Indian chief. Very few of the race of red men yet remain east of the Mississippi. A few debased remnants of nearly extinct tribes still exist in some of the States, but they have lost all of the good qualities of the Indian character, while they have acquired some of the worst vices of the whites among whom they reside.

We present on the first and following pages, representations of some of the prominent tribes as they now exist in the vast tract of nearly uncivilized country lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. These sketches were drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn from authentic sources. The Blackfeet are still one of the most considerable tribes of the North American Indians. They migrate about the western prairies near the Rocky Mountains, but dwell chiefly between the three forks of the Missouri, known as the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin Rivers. They retain more of their original customs and independence than any other tribe; they number about 16,000. In person they are robust and well made, and sometimes attain great stature. They do not disfigure their bodies by tattooing, but paint their faces, red being their favorite color. Their dress is very picturesque; it is a shirt made of leather, with leggings, both being ornamented more or less elaborately, according to the wealth of the owner; with these is worn a buffalo robe adorned with porcupine quills, and usually painted on the tanned side with figures of men and animals. This robe they wear very gracefully, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. The men always go armed. Every Blackfoot carries a whip as well as his weapons in his hand. His gun and bow and arrows are slung on his shoulder; he also carries a pouch containing his powder-horn and a large knife. When thus attired, and mounted on horseback, with a housing made of a large panther's skin, so arranged that the tail hangs down on one side, over a saddle-cloth of scarlet, the Blackfoot warrior considers his equipments complete. The Blackfeet make slaves of the women whom they have taken prisoners, but their captives are safe from ill treatment; they never torture their prisoners, as is the practice amongst most other tribes.

The Dacotahs are one of the most numerous tribes among the American Indians; they with the Assiniboin, who have the same origin, number about 45,000; they live mostly between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. They have more strongly marked countenances and higher cheek bones than most other Indians of the Mis-





A MANDAN CHIEF.

souri. The women, when young, are not ill looking. One of our engravings represents the principal wife of a Dacotah of the branch of the Yanktons, one of the three great families into

which they are divided; she is accompanied by an Assiniboin girl. Her dress is of leather, with stripes and borders of blue and white beads, trimmed at the bottom with fringe, round the



SIOUX INDIANS HORSE-RACING.

and bitter enemies. They often followed their foes hundreds of miles through the wilderness, encountering every difficulty in order to be avenged. A feud was handed down from father to son, and traditional injuries found their avengers in distant generations. This was the spirit of the Corsican Vendetta. "Their kindness and hospitality," says one writer, "is seldom equalled by any civilized society. Their politeness in conversation is ever carried to excess, since it does not allow them to contradict anything that is asserted in their presence." The Indian appears to have distinct traditions of the creation and deluge, and some of their words, rites and ceremonies bear a strong affinity to those of the ancient Hebrews. Among those who have devoted time and talent to the study of Indian tradition, character and manners, Schoolcraft deserves honorable mention. He has made this a speciality; and no one has pursued the subject further. Of the valuable results of such contributions to our literature an illustration may be found in the last poem of Longfellow—*Hiawatha*—where the material is entirely drawn from the stores of Indian legendary lore, and with the happiest effect. Catlin's pictures are also invaluable as records of Indian life and character, and faithful portraits of the peculiar people they depict.

We are all extravagant in little follies. The sum spent on an inkstand, a tulip root, a bird cage, a dog collar, and amberheaded riding whips, would thatch a triple cottage anew at our garden gate, and fortify three large families against the rheumatism.

#### THE REPUBLICAN SPARROW.

At the Cape of Good Hope there exists a bird well known as the Republican Sparrow. This little creature builds a regular square. With a number of congeners it takes possession of a tree, and constructs around its summit an immense nest containing perhaps two hundred compartments. Each has his own snug little dwelling, where he lives with his wife, brings up his family, and enjoys the most absolute liberty. They are communists so far as is required for constructing their common habitation, repairing it, defending it in case of danger, and going in search of provisions. Does any bird display an unsocial, disobliging disposition, he is sure to be visited by a select detachment of police, who turn him out with merciless thrusts of their long beaks, and never allow him to enter the common precincts. Does some felonious reptile try to wiggle in, a civic guard is constantly formed, and as soon as the vigilant sentinels give notice the gallant troop give forth a shrill cry, hasten to reinforce the regular garrison, and almost always force the enemy to retreat before a mass of threatening beaks which form an impassable block.

#### IN OLD DAYS.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and that angel influence may be the hand of a little child.—*Silas Marner*.

**HOUSE PLANTS OUT OF DOORS.**

Those who keep plants in the house during the winter, should within a few days, set them out in the flower borders for the summer. In the case of most kinds of plants, it will be better to turn them out of the pots and set the ball of earth in the ground. To keep the ball whole, place the hand over the earth and gently knock the edge of the pot against any hard substance, and the ball of earth will come out whole without any difficulty. Transplanted in this manner, the plant will receive no check, as the roots will not be at all disturbed. There may be some plants, however, which it is desirable to keep in pots. Such should be plunged to the rim of the pots in the

border, and occasionally lifted during the season to break off any roots which may stray through the hole in the bottom of the pot. Most house plants should have a sunny exposure during the summer, but there are some which like a partial shade. Fuchsias, for instance, should be planted on the north side of a fence or house, as they will not flourish in a sunny spot. No plant should ever be put under trees for the sake of shade, as very few will succeed in such a situation.—*Country Gentleman.*

If one could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.



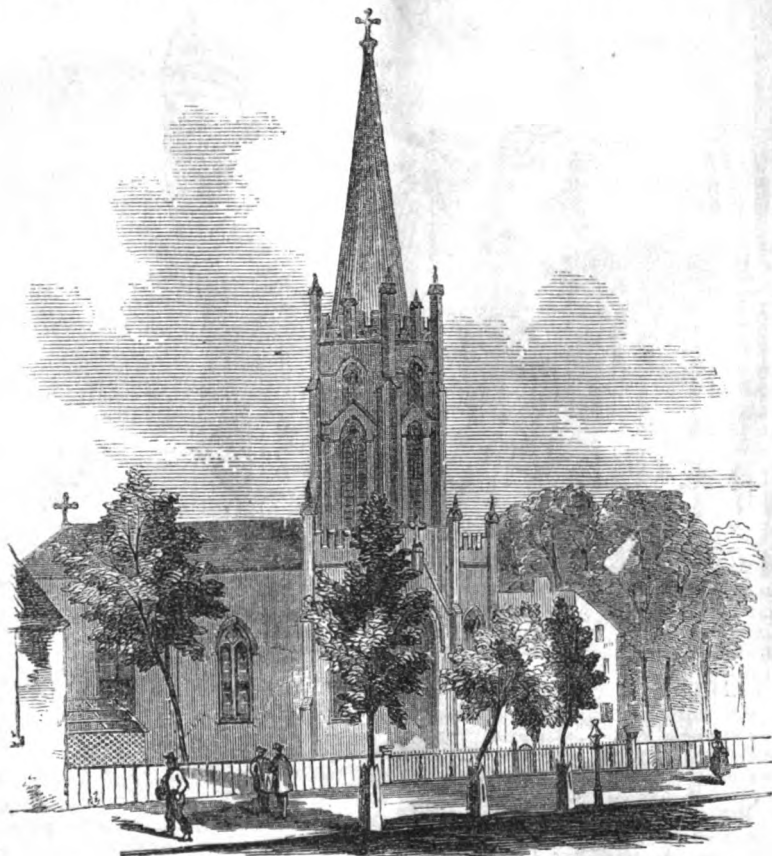
**DACOTAH WOMAN AND ASSINIBOIN GIRL.**

## A GLIMPSE OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The accompanying sketches represent two of the most prominent buildings in Alexandria, Va., a place to which a tragic interest now attaches, as the locality of the death of Ellsworth on the occasion of its occupancy by the federal troops a few weeks since. Alexandria is situated on the Potomac River, seven miles from Washington, D. C. It has a fine harbor, the river being deep enough to float the largest ships. At one time it was a port of great importance, but its business nearly died out, though its commercial prospects, recently, were rapidly reviving. The city is regularly laid out with wide, well-paved streets, and finely shaded with trees. Among the public buildings which we have not space to illustrate, may be mentioned the Widow's Home, a fine structure, and very unique in its architecture, and also quite near it the Orphan Asylum. The church shown in our first view is the new Catholic Church, on Royal Street, near the corner of Duke. It is a fine Gothic building, and has the only spire in the city, with the exception of that on the Market, all the other churches having towers. The Alexandria Lyceum, of which we present a view,

is a pleasing building with fine grounds, well shaded, as will be seen, with trees. It stands on the corner of Prince and Washington Streets. Our view shows it as seen from Washington Street. This building contains the Alexandria Library, and also a school. One of the other churches in Alexandria, Christ Church, is a venerable and picturesque building. This church possesses a peculiar interest from the fact of General George Washington having worshipped here. He was one of the vestrymen, and also one of the building committee, we believe. His family pew remains unaltered to the present day, and the Bible used by Mrs. Washington is kept in it. The church is built of brick, and the material was imported from Europe. The building is much covered by vines, which, with the surrounding trees and antique style of architecture, gives it a very picturesque aspect.

Within the enclosure around the church is a venerable looking graveyard, and a new brick edifice, used as a chapel. In the cemetery is a large marble monument to Charles Bennett, "a public benefactor," as the inscription says. A little interest is associated with this monument,



CATHOLIC CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

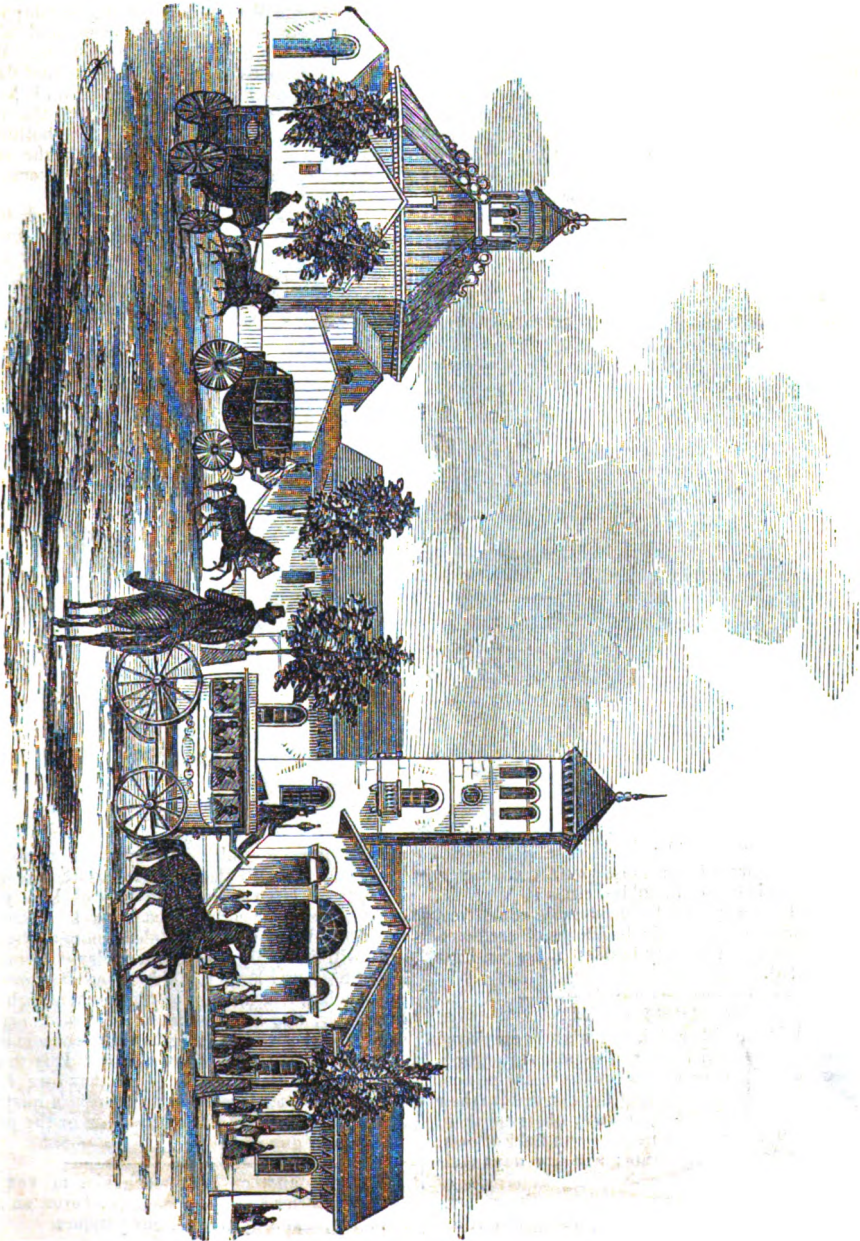


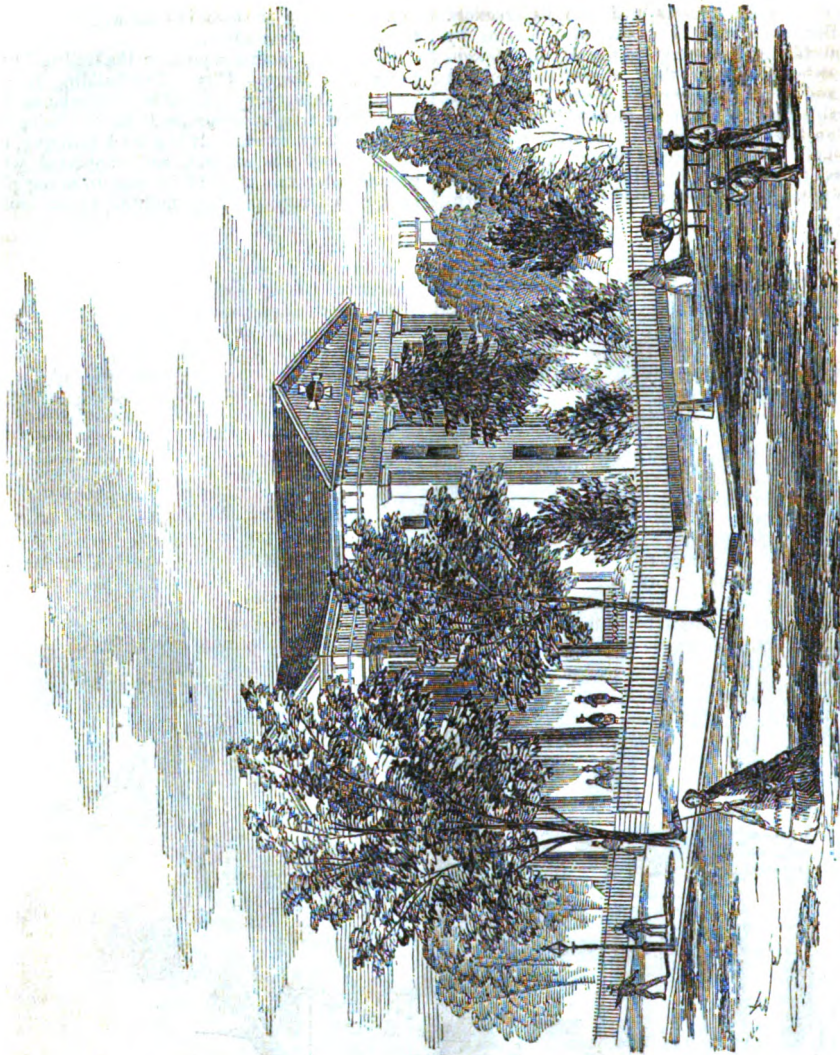
from circumstances connected with its erection. Mr. Bennett, a man of wealth, died, leaving by will all his large property to the city of Alexandria, who, to testify their appreciation of the gift, and honor the generous donor, built at considerable expense the monument to his memory. But, such is the uncertainty of human affairs, especially where connected in any manner with courts of law, that after building the monument, the city lost the bequest, the heirs of Mr. Ben-

nett succeeding in breaking the will and getting the property themselves.

Our second picture represents the Railroad Station at Washington City. The building is not large, but has every desirable convenience for passengers, freight accommodation not being required to any extent. It is a brick building, cemented, and has an iron roof supported with granite columns. As will be seen from our picture, it is a very pleasing building in an archi-

RAILROAD DEPOT, WASHINGTON, D. C.





ALEXANDRIA LIBRARY, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

tectural point of view, and its appointments throughout are of the most perfect character. Alexandria is one of the oldest cities in Virginia, and has been a place of considerable commerce. It has many other public buildings of architectural interest and beauty besides those we have represented.

#### DO BIRDS TALK?

All birds are either daily or nightly employed in seeking out their food, and some being at times more fortunate than others, undoubtedly possess the power of communicating their success to their own fraternity. I have frequently observed three or four small birds in a newly-sown field of oats, evidently local inhabitants; in a few days their numbers would be increased by hundreds of strangers from a distance. If one solitary jackdaw discovers your cherry tree, he will most as-

surely introduce all his acquaintances to the fruit. A rook will also, in some mysterious way, influence a large flock to share with him your early potatoes or corn, when once he discovers the desired treasure. The alarm note of the parent will instantly silence the noisy chirping of its young; and large birds, by a peculiar motion of the wing, and manner of flight when high up in the air, and too distant to be heard, signal danger to those upon the ground, unconscious of the stealthy approach of an enemy. It is to the eyes, and not their nostrils, that they owe their safety upon such occasions; and it is a mistake to suppose that they either smell you or the powder in your gun.—*Kidd*.

To vex another is to teach him to vex us again; injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.



## COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

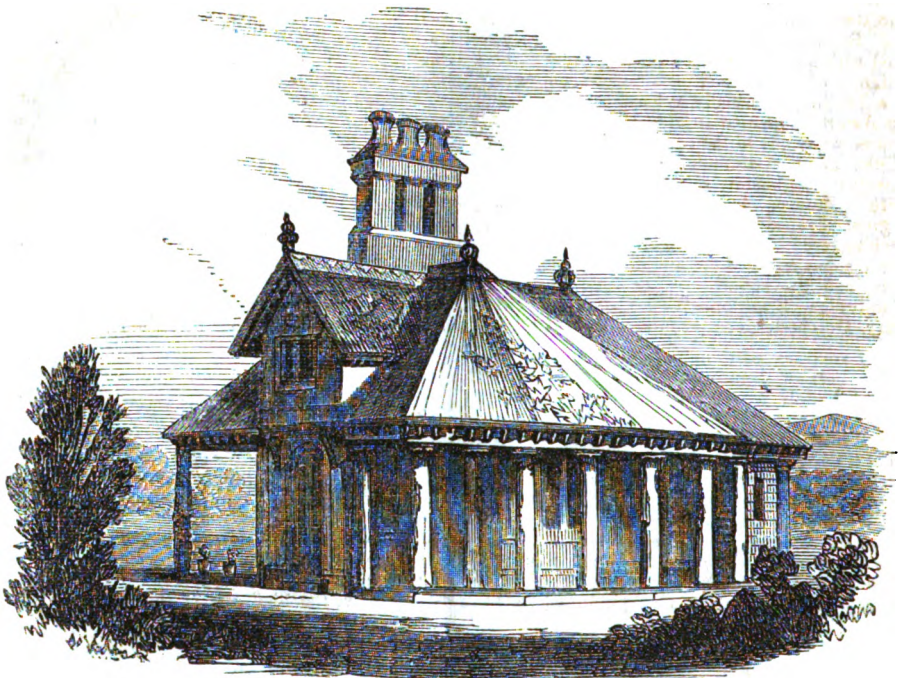
The series of engravings we herewith present delineate different varieties of cottage architecture, each of which has some picturesque peculiarity. There are, the "English Cottage," the "Workingman's Cottage," an "Elizabethan Cottage," with projecting upper story, a "Stone House," a "Thatched Roof Cottage," an "Italian Villa," a "Double House," and an "Ornamental Cottage." The cottage style of architecture is a favorite with many, and though the cottage is usually regarded as the dwelling of the poor man, yet many of our modern self-styled cottages are costly structures. These different styles may prove of practical value to those about to build, and be adopted either entire, or modified to suit individual tastes. None of these dwellings need be on a large scale—and, indeed, they are designed to unite beauty and economy. The cost of them would vary, of course, with the materials, whether wood, stone or brick, and style of finish. American ingenuity is never at fault in the interior arrangements of dwellings, but a false taste is too often exhibited in the exteriors. Another fault in our cottage-building strikes us as being uniformity. If one man in a neighborhood erects a tasteful dwelling, straightway half a dozen neighbors go to work and copy it, and in every settlement it is not unusual to see a sameness of aspect pervade an entire village. In the sketches now published we have

sought to present a variety of styles, from which a selection may be made. Most of our designs for suburban houses are borrowed from the English, and with great propriety, for with them cottage architecture has been brought to a high degree of excellence. No one who has travelled in England can have failed to note how much the cottages add to the beauty of the landscape, and to have contrasted this feature with the rural aspect of France, where you see hovels instead of cottages, and where the stately chateau is the neighbor to what we should call a "shanty." The reason of the difference is a plain one. In England, the land is divided among a few wealthy proprietors, each of whom owns a large tract. These estates are beautifully laid out in the finest style of landscape-gardening, and the houses of the tenants, the farm-laborers, gardeners, etc., built by the proprietors, are rendered ornamental to the estates, as well as comfortable to the occupants. The exterior, at least, is always attractive, and cost is frequently disregarded in erecting these appanages to a beautiful domain. Landscape-gardening, in England, is carried to perfection, and all the features, walks, lawns, trees, hedges, buildings, are contrived to contribute to the general effect. The vast wealth of the landed proprietors enables them to indulge in these rural luxuries. In France, on the contrary, since the abolition of the feudal system,

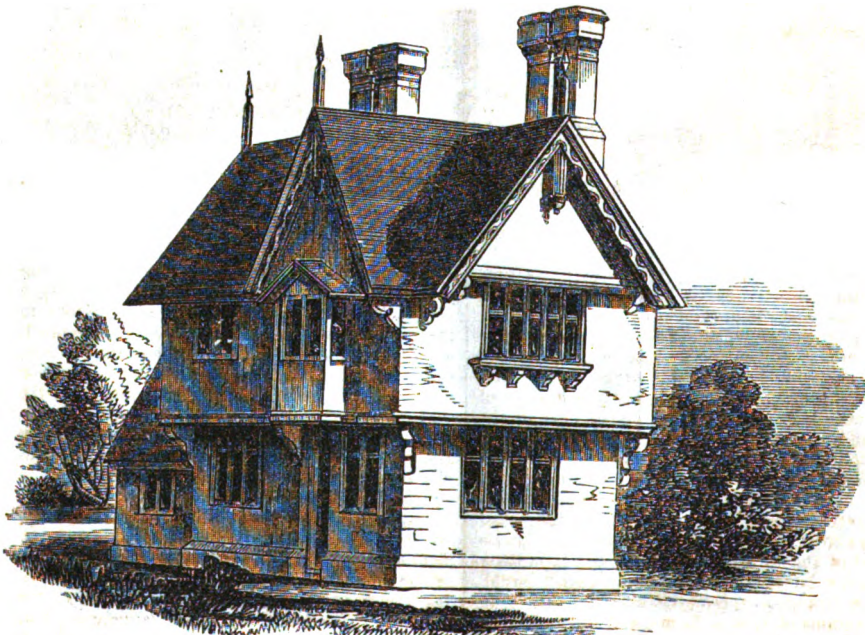


ENGLISH COTTAGE.





THATCHED-ROOF COTTAGE.



ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE.

and the revolutionary convulsion of society, the territory has been so subdivided, that its rural possessors, in many cases, find it difficult to live, and their homes are the abodes of squalid poverty. But the rural districts of England are covered with beautiful models; and many a porter's lodge, because attached to a magnificent estate, is a dwelling, externally at least, that would suit an American gentleman of taste and means. Of course we allude to the cottages which form part of the great estates—for there are hamlets of hovels in England as squalid as any to be met with in France. In this country, of late years, a great advance has certainly been made in rural architecture; building, as well as landscape-gardening, has engaged the attention of men of culture, and the suburbs of our city, Brookline, Cambridge, Brighton, West Cambridge, Roxbury, Dorchester, etc., abound with evidences of

gular and whimsical in the extreme, yet not without many points of picturesque beauty. The artistic skill of the Decorated and Mediæval periods seemed to have disappeared, and structures became overloaded with sculpture and carving, executed apparently without the slightest fear or idea of violating the tenth commandment.

Another design represents an ornamental cottage, with a pillared portico and thatched roof, a style uncommon in this country. In many countries thatched cottages form a distinguished feature in the landscape, and they combine essentially with the scenery of the country. Owing to the prevalent feeling in favor of the Tudor and Elizabethan periods, this style has not been adopted, but it is well worthy of occasional use. Straw thatching (the least expensive mode) is a covering easily provided, and is capable of being repaired from time to time at trifling cost; but it



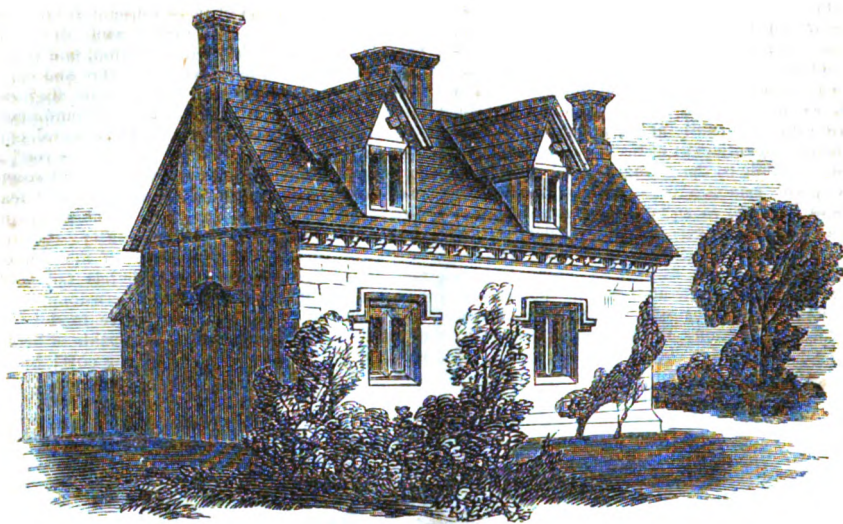
STONE HOUSE.

awakened zeal and taste. One design we present, the Elizabethan, is commendable for its quaintness and picturesqueness, and will be relished by those whose fancies love to resort to the olden time. Some of the houses erected by the "old settlers" were in this style. The overhanging roofs and floors afford great play of light and shadow—those material agents in the picturesque feature of building. Houses of this description date back to the reigns of Elizabeth and James, of England, which produced a new era in domestic architecture; and from the mansion to the cottage, all trace of the Tudor period became overlaid with the grotesque extravagances of the new fashion. Bound apparently by no law but that of caprice, the classic architecture strangely intermixed with the lingering recollections of Gothic forms, and superadded to these ideas of Flemish origin, the result was sin-

is easily accessible to vermin, and therefore objectionable for the bettermost class of cottages on this account. Reed, as more impervious to their attacks, is the material to be recommended, with its closeness of texture and harmony of hue, aided by the neatness of effect which can be given to it. Creeping plants spreading over the surface of the roof contribute greatly to the general effect; and a cottage in this style derives great assistance in its picturesque character from the judicious aid of the landscape gardener.

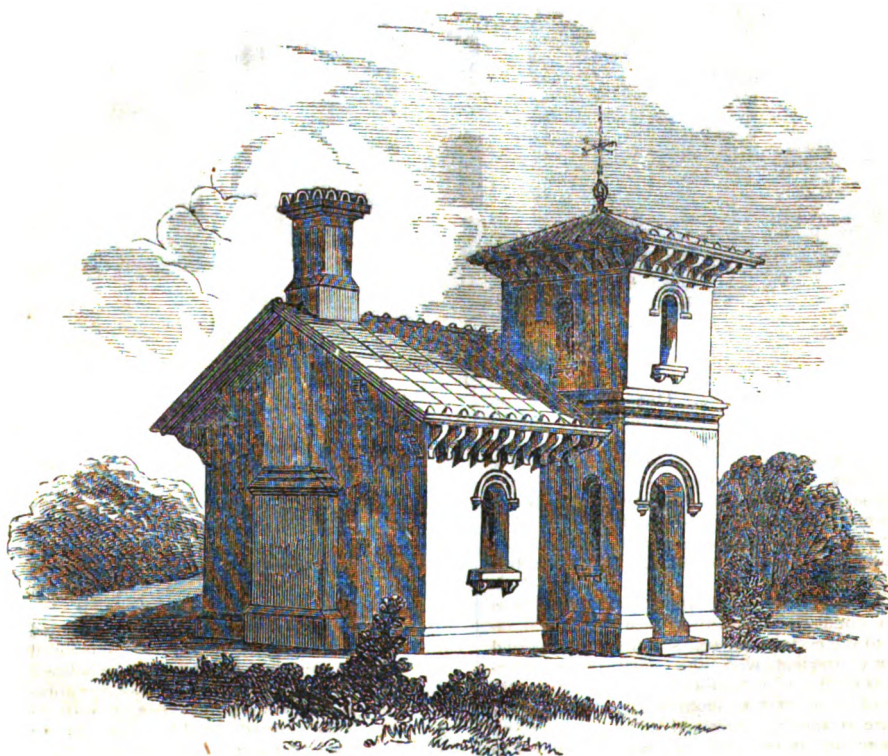
Another design represents a highly ornamented cottage with slated roof. It might be improved by piercing a number of additional windows. Still another is a plain English cottage, well proportioned and producing a fine effect. In erecting a cottage, due regard should be had to the site. A well-selected site, a well-arranged plan, a well-warmed and ventilated dwelling, a plenti-





WORKINGMAN'S COTTAGE.

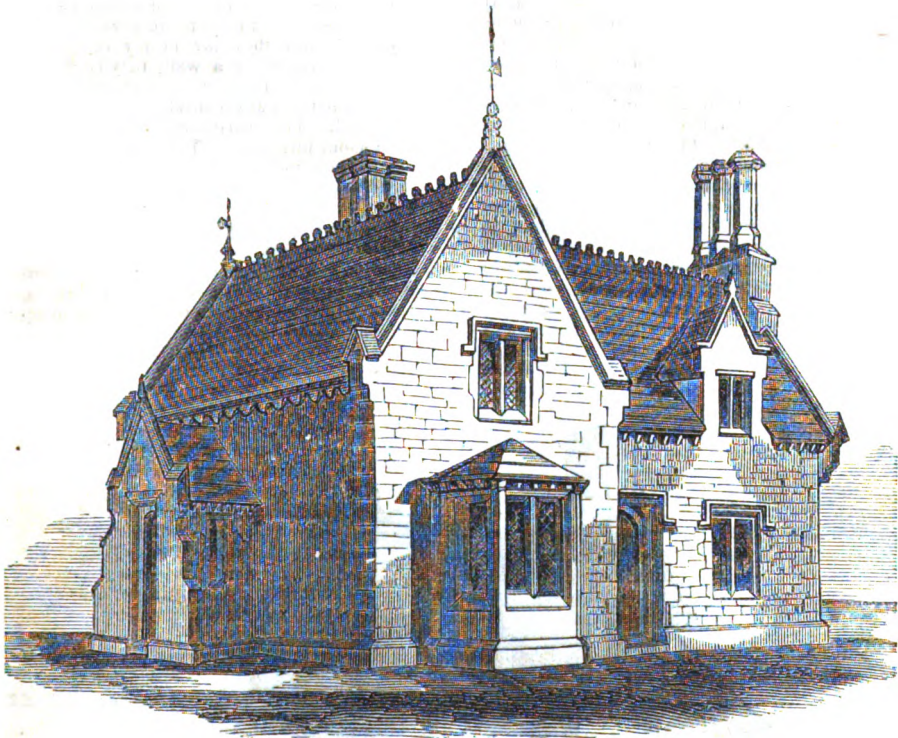
ful supply of good water, and, above all, efficient drainage, seem to be the principal desiderata; and when to these are added pleasing forms and a consistent style of building, the cottage, provided with so many essentials for comfort, becomes an object of cheerful contemplation to the



ITALIAN VILLA.

mind as well as to the eye. The requisites for a desirable site are a dry and gravelly soil, sufficiently elevated to be clear of exhalations from various causes, and at the same time protected from bleak winds and severity of atmosphere. The aspect should be south and west, where it can be obtained. Groupings of trees, although exceedingly beautiful adjuncts of the landscape, too frequently, from their close proximity to the cottage, prevent the free escape of smoke, and, consequently, become a considerable source of annoyance in its internal economy. Contiguity to a good road and footpaths is unquestionably necessary, and also the opportunity of garden cultivation.

commanding from its site an extensive view. The Italian style having been selected, it becomes desirable to make the square tower useful, as well as an ornamental appendage, and it is therefore adapted as an entrance porch, the upper part forming a bedroom. It might be eight feet six inches square, and a door in its side opening into the parlor. The door is thus placed to avoid a direct draught into the room, and the space between it and the back wall of the porch would be occupied by a bench, offering a pleasant seat for the family of the occupant during fine weather. The parlor would be fourteen feet by twelve feet, having on one side a narrow staircase affording access to the bedrooms. Connected with



DOUBLE COTTAGE.

Another design is for a double cottage. The style admits of some degree of decoration, and the bay window would occasion a little additional expense, but much accommodation is gained by it internally, and the picturesque effect of the building most materially improved. Stone is the material contemplated in this design; but the whole, with the exception of the ornamental details, might be executed in brick-work, and the expense, by this means, much lessened. Another of the designs is for a large stone house, and the effect of it would be enhanced if it were erected on a commanding eminence and backed by heavy woods. Another design is for a plain villa in the Italian style. It was made for a position visible from a considerable distance, and

this room would be the kitchen or wash-house, twelve feet square, fitted up with a cottage range, oven, copper sink, and pump. Attached as a lean-to would be the pantry, with the usual outer offices. The drainage would be taken from the kitchen outer doorway, to the nearest point at which it could be emptied with a good fall; and proper and efficient ventilation would in all cases be ensured by leaving an aperture nine inches by four and a half inches in the side of each chimney-jamb (the top being about six inches below the ceiling), and building in this jamb a small shaft inclining upwards, terminating with an opening into the side of the flue. The impure air would thus be discharged, and the opening in the room might be fitted with a wooden slide to

be closed or opened at pleasure. Another design is for a working-man's cottage, and it might easily be erected at low cost. There is no reason whatever why beauty should not be conciliated with economy in the erection of the humblest dwellings. This is a point, however, which has been overlooked by men of moderate means in building houses for themselves, or landlords erecting them for the poorer class of tenants. Even a little additional expense might well be incurred, since "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." In laying out the surroundings of a house the exercise of a little taste and judgment will be rewarded tenfold. In forming a path, or building a walk, it is just as cheap to adopt a curve as a straight line, and so simple a matter as this contributes essentially to the attractiveness of a dwelling. No pains are thrown away which tend to make home dearer or more agreeable. A grape vine or a honeysuckle trained over a cheap rustic porch has a moral influence not to be despised. So with simple architectural ornaments. An unsightly cottage, too, may by the addition of a few cheap ornaments become a pleasing feature to the eye, imparting a legitimate pride and pleasure to the owner. It is not always the costliest dwelling that is most agreeable. Taste is a mighty magician, and makes up for the want of means. We shall be happy if we have contributed a single idea of value to the stock of knowledge in architectural matters. Of course our sketches are not designed for professional architects, but for those who intend setting about creating a home, and

are glad of any practical hint to guide them in their plans.

#### A SHOWER OF FISH.

The following extract from a letter from Singapore, addressed to the academy of sciences, by M. de Castelnau, will be found interesting: We experienced a shock of earthquake here on the 16th of February last. It was followed by rain in torrents on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd. When the sun came out again, I saw a number of Malays and Chinese filling their baskets with the fish contained in the pools formed by the rain. They told me the fish had "fallen from heaven;" and three days later, when the pools were all dried up, there were still many dead fish lying about. I found them to belong to the *Clarias Batrachus*, which can live a considerable time out of water, and even move some distance on dry land. As they lay in my courtyard, which is surrounded by a wall, they could not have been brought in by the overflowing of a torrent; nor is there any considerable one in the neighborhood. The space covered by these fish might be about fifty acres. They were very lively, and seemed to be in good health. I have particularly remarked the singular occurrence of the fish, having already during my stay at the Cape of Good Hope had occasion to mention to the academy the fact of several new species of fish being found after an earthquake. Is it admissible to suppose that a waterspout passing over some large river in Sumatra, had drawn up the fish and carried them over?



ORNAMENTED COTTAGE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO THREE—ONLY THREE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMER.

When the daylight has faded,  
And twilight so gray  
Has come, and the shadows  
Of even do play  
On the mountain, the vale,  
The lake and the rill,  
And the glad voice of nature  
Is hushed and still:  
My thoughts ever wander  
Across the blue sea,  
And turn, my own loved one,  
To thee—only thee!

When the mantle of midnight  
Descends to the earth,  
And the revel is over—  
The gay sounds of mirth  
Are hushed, and sweet slumber  
Is kissing bright eyes:  
While the soft moon is treading  
The liquid blue skies,  
My thoughts ever wander  
Across the blue sea,  
And turn, my own loved one,  
To thee—only thee!

When the morning is dawning  
So clear and so bright,  
And the sun cheers the earth  
With his yellow-gold light,  
And the birds in the tree-tops  
Their glad praises sing,  
And the forest with anthems  
Of joy's made to ring,  
My thoughts ever wander  
Across the blue sea,  
And turn, my own loved one,  
To thee—only thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE AMPUTATED HAND.

## THE CONFESSION OF A GREEK MERCHANT

BY S. L. FINLEY.

I was born in Constantinople. My father was a dragoman, uniting in addition to that occupation that of dealer in perfumes and silk stuffs. He gave me a good education, and being a man of learning, he assisted one of our priests in forming my young mind. His first intention was to leave me his business, but as I showed greater aptitude for study than he had given me credit for, by the advice of his friends he decided to make me a physician, for the reason that physicians make large fortunes in Constantinople.

A great many Frenchmen visited our home, and one of them persuaded my father to allow me

to accompany him to Paris, where he stated I could learn the science of medicine at a small cost. My father, who had travelled in his youth, accepted this proposition, and the Frenchman told me that I might hold myself in readiness to leave in three months.

I was overjoyed at the idea of visiting a foreign country, and the time I had to wait appeared very long. At last my protector finished the business which detained him at Constantinople, and was ready to leave. The day so anxiously expected by me at length dawned, and my father called me into his bedchamber. I saw spread on the table handsome dresses, and various weapons. But what especially attracted my notice was a large pile of gold—more than I had ever seen before. My father embraced me, and said:

"You see, my son, that I have been occupied in making the necessary provisions for your journey. These weapons belong to you. They are the same your grandfather gave to me when I set out on my travels. Take them, but do not use them unless you are attacked—I ask that of you. My fortune is not large, but I have divided it into three portions—one belongs to you, the second I shall reserve for my own necessities, while the third I shall hold sacred and inviolable, that it may be useful to you in the hour of need."

Thus spoke my poor old father, while the tears streamed from his eyes, at the presentiment, perhaps, that I should never see him again.

The journey was performed without any misadventure, and on the sixth day we reached Paris. My friend, the Frenchman, hired a chamber for me, and advised me to be sparing of my money, which did not amount to more than the sum of two thousand crowns.

I lived three years in the great capital, and learned all that it was necessary for a good physician to know; but I should not tell the truth if I were to state that my stay in Paris was an agreeable one to me, for the manners and customs of that nation did not please me. I made, however, some good friends, who were as young as myself, and possessed noble hearts.

The desire to see my own home again became irresistible. Since I had left Constantinople, I had received no intelligence of my father. An opportunity now occurred for me to return home. I embraced it with avidity. An ambassador was on the eve of leaving France for the Porte. I joined him in the capacity of surgeon, and in due time reached Constantinople.

I found my father's house closed, and the neighbors, astonished to see me, informed me that my father had been dead more than three



months. The priest who had educated me brought me the key of the house, and then left me, and I entered the deserted dwelling. Everything remained just as my father had left it; the gold only which he had promised to leave in reserve was missing. The priest when interrogated by me on this matter, bowed and said:

"Your father died like a good man, and left his money to the church."

This was something that I could not understand, but what was I to do? I had no witnesses to gainsay the priest's statement, and I thought myself fortunate that he did not consider the house and merchandize belonging to my father, as a legacy to the church. This was the first misfortune that happened to me, but after that blow, trouble on trouble followed. My reputation as a physician did not spread, because I was ashamed to play the charlatan, and one thing especially was wanting, and that was my father's recommendation, which, had he been alive, would have served to introduce me into the richest and best families. But these families never cast a thought on poor Zaleucus. And then again, my father's merchandize hung on my hands. All his old customers disappeared after his death, and none showed themselves only at very rare intervals.

One day, while plunged in deep grief reflecting on my situation, the idea suddenly entered my mind that I had often seen in France people of my nation, travelling through the country, and offering their merchandize for sale through the markets of the various towns. I remembered that these foreign merchants always did a good business, from the simple fact that they were foreigners, from which I concluded that such an avocation must be a very profitable one.

My mind was made up in a moment. I sold my father's house, employed a portion of the funds in purchasing articles which are rarely met with in France, such as shawls, silks, pomades, oils, etc., and the rest of the money I confided to the care of a tried friend. Then I took a berth on board a ship just about to start, and for the second time was on my way to France. We had scarcely passed the Dardanelles when fortune appeared to change. Our passage was short and pleasant.

I travelled through France, from town to town, and everywhere sold my merchandize easily and to advantage. I ought also to mention one thing which brought me no little money, and that is the profit to which I put my medical knowledge. When I arrived in a town, I immediately announced by posters that a Greek physician had arrived who had performed numerous

cures. And the fact is my balms and drugs brought me in many a sequin.

It was in this manner that I at last reached Florence. I proposed to remain there a long time, in the first place because the city pleased me, and secondly because I wished to recruit after the fatigues of my peregrinations. I hired a shop in the quarter of the Holy Cross, and not far from there a dwelling, two chambers of which opened on a balcony. At the same time I distributed my bills, which announced me both as a physician and merchant. I had scarcely opened my shop when purchasers came in crowds, and although my prices were somewhat raised, I sold more than I had ever done before, owing, I had but little doubt, to my polite and agreeable manners to my customers.

I had been four days in Florence, and everything had turned out exactly in accordance with my wishes, when in the evening just as I was about closing my shop, I found in a small box a note which I did not remember to have placed there. I opened it. It contained a request that I should repair that same night, at twelve o'clock, to the bridge known as the Ponte Vecchio. For a long time I turned over in my own mind as to whom the person could possibly be who made this request to me. I came to the conclusion that it was some one who wished to conduct me to a sick person's chamber. I therefore resolved to keep the appointment, still for precaution's sake I armed myself with the sabre given me by my father.

Midnight approached. I started off, and it was not long before I arrived at the Ponte Vecchio. The bridge was entirely deserted; but I determined to wait some time to see if any one would make his appearance. It was a cold night. The moon shone forth in all its brightness, and at my feet I saw the waters of the Arno sparkling in its rays. Suddenly the hour of twelve sounded from a church clock in the city, and there appeared standing before me a man of tall stature, enveloped in a red cloak, with one half of his face concealed by a black mask, and the other portion by a fold of his cloak which he held up to it. My first sensation was one of fear on account of the suddenness of the apparition, but I soon recovered myself, and was the first to speak.

"If you are he who invited me to visit this bridge this evening, tell me what I can do for you?"

"Follow me!" said the man in the red cloak, turning round and speaking slowly.

I did not much like the idea of going alone with this stranger, I therefore remained motionless, and replied:

"If you will not tell me what you want me for, you can at least show me your face, so that I may judge for myself if I can trust you or not."

The stranger appeared to take no notice of my remark.

"If you will not follow me, Zaleucus," said he, "you can remain." And he walked away from me.

I then grew very angry. "Do you imagine," I exclaimed, "that a man like me is to be made the sport of the first fool who makes his appearance, and that you can bring me out this cold night for nothing?"

I rushed forward and seized him by the cloak, and crying out still louder, I endeavored to hold him in my grasp; but the cloak remained in my hand, and the stranger disappeared round an angle of a neighboring street. By degrees my anger subsided. I had at least possession of the cloak, and that might hereafter give me some key to this extraordinary adventure. I wrapped myself in it, and started for my own home. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards when a man approached me, and whispered in my ear:

"Be on your guard, count, there is nothing to be done to-night."

Before I had time to turn round, the person had disappeared in the shadows of the houses. I asked myself a hundred times whether these remarks were addressed to me or to the cloak, but all my reflections could cast no light upon it. The next morning I was undecided what to do. My first idea was to have the garment cried by the public crier of the city, as if I had found it. But then I further reflected that this would give me no solution to the enigma.

I now examined the cloak a little more closely. It was a cloak of Genoa velvet, richly embroidered with gold. Its costly character suggested to me an idea which I resolved to put into immediate execution. I took it into my shop, and exposed it for sale, taking care, however, to put such a high price upon it that I was certain I should not find a purchaser for it. My purpose was to examine attentively every one who should come and price it, for I felt certain that I could recognize the person to whom it belonged among a thousand. As I expected, the cloak attracted a great deal of attention on account of its extraordinary beauty; but no one called who resembled the stranger, and no one felt disposed to give me the two hundred sequins which I asked for it. I asked several of my customers if they had ever seen in Florence a cloak like it, they all replied in the negative, and affirmed that they had never seen anything so handsome before.

In the evening a young man entered my shop who had been there several times during the day, and who had made me several offers for the cloak. He threw on the counter a purse full of sequins, exclaiming:

"By Bacchus, Zaleucus, I must have that cloak!" So saying he began to count out his gold.

My perplexity was very great. My only motive in exposing the cloak was to attract the notice of the passers-by, and not to sell it. And here was a young fool who was determined to give me the exorbitant price I asked for it. What could I do? I accepted his offer, deriving some satisfaction from the fact that I was so amply rewarded for my nocturnal adventure.

The young man threw the cloak over his shoulder and left the shop. He had scarcely, however, crossed the threshold when he turned back, and unpinning a piece of paper which had been fastened to the cloak, threw it at me, saying:

"Zaleucus, here is something which does not belong to the cloak."

I picked up the paper with an air of indifference, but what was my astonishment to read as follows:

"On this night, at the same hour, bring the cloak to the Ponte Vecchio, and four hundred sequins await you."

I stood as if I had been thunderstruck. I did not lose much time in reflection. I picked up the two hundred sequins which I had just received, and running after the young purchaser, exclaimed:

"Here are your sequins, my good friend; give me back the cloak, it is utterly impossible for me to part with it."

At first the young man thought I was only joking; but when he perceived that I was speaking seriously he grew excessively angry, and treated me as if I were crazy, and we finally ended by coming to blows. I was fortunate enough, however, to snatch away the cloak in the scuffle, and hurried away with my precious treasure. The young man, however, called the police to his aid, and I was dragged before the tribunals. The judge was very much astonished at the complaint, and delivered up the cloak to my adversary. I then offered the latter twenty, fifty, eighty, and at last a hundred sequins in addition to the two hundred he had given me to restore it to me. What my prayers and entreaties could not effect, my gold brought about. He took my money, and I departed in triumph with my cloak.

I waited for night to come with the utmost impatience. At the same hour as on the previous evening I left my home, and with the cloak on my arm repaired to the Ponte Vecchio. The church clock had no sooner struck the hour of twelve, than the unknown of the previous night again rose up before me.

"Have you the cloak?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "but it has cost me a hundred sequins."

"I know it," replied the unknown, "here are four hundred." And advancing to the parapet of the bridge he counted out the same. There were really four hundred sequins, sparkling in the moonlight. How the sight of them filled my heart with joy! Alas, I little thought what was to follow! I put the gold into my pocket, and then attentively examined the features of the generous unknown. But he wore a mask over his face, and his eyes gleamed on me with a *sua ge lustré*.

"I thank you for your kindness," said I, "but what further do you desire of me? In the first place, however, I must tell you that I can do nothing that is wrong."

"Have no fears on that head," he replied, throwing the cloak over his shoulders. "I require your assistance as a physician; not for the living, but for the dead."

"What can you mean by that?" I exclaimed, in a voice of astonishment.

"Follow me and I will tell you."

I obeyed, and we soon reached a large and magnificent house. My guide entered a species of study, elegantly furnished, and bade me to be seated. He stood before me, still keeping on his mask, and spoke as follows:

"My sister and I came from a foreign country. We have been residing here some time with relatives of our family. Yesterday my sister died somewhat suddenly, after a short illness, and our friends insist on her being buried to-morrow. It is an old custom of our family that all its members should repose in the vaults of our ancestors; many who died in foreign countries have been embalmed, and thus conveyed to the family resting-place. But I wish to leave my sister's body with my relatives here; it is absolutely necessary, however, that I should send to her father his daughter's head, that he may see her once more."

This custom of cutting off the head of one who was beloved inspired me with involuntary terror; but I did not dare to object for fear of offending the unknown. I told him that I would voluntarily undertake the embalming of the head, and begged him to conduct me to her. I could

not help asking him, however, why he made such a mystery about it. He replied that his relatives were opposed to the execution of his project, but that when once it was effected they would say nothing. He now led the way up a staircase which opened into an obscure corridor; we then entered a chamber lighted by a lamp from the ceiling.

In this chamber there was a bed, on which reposed the corpse. The unknown turned away his head as if to hide his tears. He pointed to the bed, and bidding me finish my work as soon as possible, left the room.

I took out my pocket-case, which as a surgeon I always carried with me, and choosing the sharpest knife in it, approached the bed. The young girl's head was alone visible; but she was so handsome that a feeling of deep pity took possession of me. Her long chestnut hair hung in curls on her cheeks; her face was pale, and her eyes were closed. I first of all made an incision in the skin, after the manner of surgeons when they dismember a limb. I then made a deep incision into the throat. But judge of my fright and horror when the supposed corpse opened her eyes, and then closed them again. A stream of blood escaped from the wound I had made, and I saw that I had killed the unfortunate girl. I remained for a short time in a state of the most painful perplexity. Had the man in the red cloak deceived me, or was he himself deceived by the apparent death of his sister? This last supposition appeared to me the most plausible one.

Conquered by my terror I rushed like a madman out of the chamber, but the corridor was in utter darkness, the lamp having been extinguished. I could find no trace whatever of my guide, but by groping my way reached the staircase. At last I reached the threshold of the door. It was half open, and once more in the street I breathed more freely. I ran to my own house, and covering my head with the bedclothes, endeavored to forget the frightful scene in which I had been such a prominent actor. But it was all in vain, it was impossible for me to sleep. For I suddenly recollected something that gave me intense anxiety; I had lost my hat, my belt, and my case of instruments. Had I left them behind me in the fatal chamber, or had I lost them in my flight? If the first supposition were true, I could not avoid being arrested for an assassin. The next morning I opened my shop at the accustomed hour. A neighbor entered, as was his custom every morning.

"What do you think of the dreadful occurrence of last night?" said he.

"What occurrence?" I asked, as coolly as I could.

"What!" cried he, "is it possible that you cannot have heard? Do you not know that the flower of Florence, Bianca, the daughter of the governor, was assassinated last night? O, if you had only seen her yesterday, as I did, walking the streets with her affianced husband, so gay and so happy! To-day her wedding was to have taken place."

Every word that my neighbor uttered was a blow to my heart, and the martyrdom that I endured was repeated a hundred times, for all my customers told me the same story. Towards the middle of the day an officer of justice entered my shop.

"Zaleucus," said he to me, showing me the things I had lost, "do these belong to you?"

At first I thought it would be better to deny that they were my property; but reflecting that they could easily be proved to belong to me, I resolved not to aggravate my situation by a falsehood. I therefore confessed they were mine. He then begged me to follow him, and led me to prison. The next day I was brought before the judges, the governor himself prosecuting the charge against me. When called upon for my defence, in a distinct and firm voice I told him all that I knew. During my recital I saw the governor turn pale and red by turns; when I had finished he was in a transport of fury.

"How, wretch," he cried, "do you dare to impute to another a crime which your own cupidity made you commit?"

I was remanded to prison; but the next day I was again brought before my judges. I had hope in my heart, for one of the judges had treated me with some consideration on the previous day. Several letters were on the table. The kind judge asked me if they were written by me. I examined them, and found that they were in the same handwriting as the two notes which I had preserved. I expressed this opinion to my judges, but they paid no attention to what I said, for it was suggested that I had written the letters and the notes, which opinion appeared to be borne out from the fact that the signature to the letters was a "Z," the initial letter of my name. These epistles contained threats addressed to the young girl on account of the union in which she was about to enter. The evidence was too strong against me—I was condemned to death. Yes, I was condemned to perish, in the flower of my age, under the axe.

On the evening of that frightful day I was sitting alone in my solitary dungeon, fixing my thoughts on my approaching doom, when the

door of my cell opened, and a man entered, who regarded me for a long time in silence.

"Is it possible that I see you in this position, Zaleucus?" said he.

By the sombre light of my lamp I had not recognized who my visitor was; but his voice awakened in me a thousand recollections. It was Valetti, one of my most sincere friends, whose acquaintance I had made during my course of study in Paris. He told me that he had by chance visited Florence, where his father lived, who was one of the most prominent citizens. He had heard my history, and he determined to hear from my own lips if it could be possible I had been guilty of so fearful a crime. I told him by all my hopes of eternity that I had only told the truth.

"Then you really never knew Bianca?" he asked.

I assured him that I had never seen her before that fatal night. Valetti informed me that a deep mystery enveloped the affair, that the governor had singularly pressed for my condemnation, and that it was generally believed that I had known Bianca for a long time, and that I had assassinated her to revenge her approaching marriage with another. Valetti left me, promising to do all he could to save my life. I had but little hope, although I knew that my friend was a most successful lawyer. I remained for two long days in a state of horrible suspense. At last Valetti re-appeared.

"I bring you," said he, "some consolation. You will live—you will be free—but you must consent to lose a hand."

I thanked my friend, and learned that my new sentence was, that I should lose my left hand; that my property should be confiscated, and that I should be banished forever from Florence!

I shall not enter into any details of how on the place of public execution I placed my hand on the block, and it was severed from my wrist at one blow.

Valetti received me into his house until my wound had healed, he then generously provided me with money to leave Florence. I left for Sicily, and from there I took ship to Constantinople. I built my hopes on the sum I had left as a deposit with my friend, and I asked him to give me an asylum in his house; but what was my astonishment when he asked me why I did not take possession of my own dwelling. He informed me that a stranger had bought a house in my name in the Greek quarters. I immediately entered it, and was received by all my old friends with joy. An old merchant handed me

a letter which had been left for me by the man who had bought the house in my name. The letter ran as follows :

"Zaleucus, here are two hands ready to work without ceasing, to make you forget that you have lost one. The house which you see belongs to you—also all that it contains—and you will receive each year as much money as will cause you to be classed with the richest in Constantinople. Cannot you forgive him who is more unhappy than you are?"

I could easily guess who had written this letter, even if the merchant had not informed me that he wore a red cloak. I found every convenience in my new habitation, together with a shop provided with more handsome goods than I had ever seen before. Ten years have elapsed since that period. Every year I receive a thousand pieces of gold; but all my wealth cannot still the anguish of my heart, nor blot out the image, the frightful image of the unfortunate Bianca, assassinated by me.

#### SINGULAR OPERATION IN CHINA.

A juggler was on one occasion exhibiting before a crowd, and performed a needle-trick as follows: He first pretended to swallow twenty needles singly, and then a piece of string, to which they were to be threaded, and afterwards drawn out by a hooked wire. On passing down the hook this time, however, the needles had slipped too low, and both hook and needles became fixed in his throat. After several attempts, he extricated eight or ten of the needles, and was then brought to the hospital. On passing the finger into the throat the needles were distinctly felt, and the hook found to be firmly fixed at the back of the pharynx. It was finally detached, and drawn out; and with some difficulty four more of the needles, with a portion of the string, were removed. The rest of the needles could not by any possibility be reached, either by the finger or by forceps, and the worst feature of the case was that the needles, which were all attached to the string, pierced the œsophagus in different directions. The patient suffered much from dyspnoea, with great agony, from a sense of suffocation in the throat; an emetic was given, in the hope that some of the needles might be loosened by the vomiting, but only one came away. A probang was passed during the evening without difficulty, but without benefit; leeches were applied, with considerable relief for a time, and hot fomentations to the neck, but great tumefaction, both external and internal, took place, and finally the man died five days after the accident. He was a poor, feeble fellow, the victim of opium-smoking and other vicious habits. The state of his health, along with the great uncertainty of any beneficial result, precluded the idea of performing any operation.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

#### LOVE.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
T'will make a thing endurable, which else  
Would break the heart. WORDSWORTH.

#### COCHINESE STUPIDITY.

It is astonishing how beings endowed with reason can be so dull of apprehension in such simple matters, but it is not more strange than true, for they cannot comprehend the most simple thing that is foreign to them. For instance, a Cochinease showed me a pocket-knife, while I was at Kang-war-ting; he told me he got it out of the wreck of a European vessel, and had been for years studying what it was, but never could find out. I held the knife in his view, and opened the three blades which it contained, though with some difficulty, from the rust about it; and to see that man's foolish amazement was amusing. He was almost afraid to take hold of it again; so I shut it, and gave it back to him; and then, do you think he could open the blades? No, not one of them, to save his life. By this time there was a considerable crowd gathered round us; the knife was passed to some twenty of them, and they were all equally clever; not one of them could open it. They pressed it, hammered it, looked at it, and then at me, and there was such a jabber amongst them! I could hear Ho-mow-yan very often uttered by them. Presently it was brought to me again, to give them another lesson; and I showed the owner about half-a-dozen times. I think he at last found out the secret. For three successive days he troubled me with that knife; but after that time I saw no more of him.—*Brown's "Cochin China."*

#### THE EXCITABLE CHILD.

More watchful care, more prayerful earnestness, does such a child require, than if she had been laid upon her mother's love, a moaning cripple, or a blind and helpless sufferer. Just as soul is more precious than body, so is the responsibility heavier, the task more awful, of training and moulding such a sensitive nature, in whose morbid fancy a cold repulse is a cruel blow, and an impatient word a rankling wound. The tenderest and most yearning love should surround and guard such a child's career, putting aside with careful hand the snares and trials that beset the way of life, till the maturing judgment shall have learned to control the exaggerated fancy. The winds of heaven should not be suffered to visit too roughly such a restless and unquiet heart, till the uncertain mists of dawn and early morning have melted before the clear and certain day. Between the rough and torturing world and the sacred and shrinking soul, the mother's love should interpose, shielding, soothing, reassuring. God meant it to be so; may His pity be the guard of the little ones, whom death, the world, the flesh, or the devil have defrauded of their rights.—*Rutledge.*

**JUSTICE TO CHILDREN.**—The child, conscious of no ill intention, and erring in judgment only, at once withdraws his sympathies from, and his confidence in, the parent, as well as the tutor, who, in their treatment of his fault, will not discriminate justly, and recognize this moral distinction in his conduct. We are not only required to teach justice to children, but to teach it in the most impressive manner, by always dealing with them justly.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WAITING FOR THE FERRY-BOAT.

BY PHRANQUE PHRANTIQUE.

We're waiting here to-night, my love, for the lumbering  
ferry-boat,

Just as we've waited scores of times, in every kind of  
weather;

But my heart ne'er danced so lively, love, beneath my  
overcoat,

As it is dancing now as we sit cosily together:

For you have sworn to ride with me through fair and  
stormy weather,

And hand in hand we've pledged ourselves to sail life's  
stream together!

We'll not have long to wait, my love, for the lumbering  
ferry-boat;

E'en now we hear the rattling chains, and hear the old  
bell ringing;

For a melodious heart like yours it strikes a silver note,  
And your sweet thoughts, in speechless words, are  
songs of gladness ringing.

So may our spirits e'er resound with love's harmonious  
ringing,

And Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Truth, their quar-  
tette ne'er cease singing.

A few more years at best, my love, and another ferry-boat  
Will wait to take us over to a land of joy supernal;

Once in a while we hear from there, and o'er the message  
dote,

But when we're there, we'll find each joy immortal  
and eternal.

Then let us live and love on earth, in happiness supernal,  
As not to know, so pure they be, when both become  
eternal!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GOVERNESS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

It was the day after the funeral, and the inmates of the old Greybeth house had shut themselves up in the grand solitude of their proud home to indulge in their sincere grief at the loss of a woman who, though for many years an invalid, had been a devoted wife, a tender mother, and a kind mistress. To a stranger there would have been no apparent change in the regular, well-ordered household. Every apartment was in perfect order, the servants went quickly through the rooms and halls, gravely intent on their work, and the meals were served as usual. The coal fire glowed brightly in the parlor grate as it had glowed all the afternoons of the long winter, and the cat purred comfortably on the velvet rug before it, as she had crouched and purred every day of her easy life. The only perceptible change was in the looks and dress of the several members of the family—slight indica-

tions of the great grief which had lately fallen upon them. Only they could know fully of the alteration which the late death had made in the little home circle, only they could understand why the familiar rooms seemed filled with a strange gloom, why their heart-throbs were pulsations of pain, and the sight of each other's sad faces brought tears to their eyes.

"If I could only forget it for a moment! If I could think of her as resting on the lounge in her dear old room, or sitting in her easy chair by the south window with Lily by her side, as I have seen her so often, for one little minute, I would give the world. O, mother, my dear, dear mother!"

Poor Julian Greybeth!—the dead woman's favorite son. It was the first real sorrow of his hitherto gay, young life, and borne with the passionate rebellion and wild sorrow which his sensitive and susceptible temperament subjected him to. Hardly twenty, he was not far from boyhood, and his boyish qualities were amongst his most lovable ones. Ardent, generous, impulsive, and quick-tempered, he was the exact opposite of his elder brother, a thoughtful, practical, prematurely grave man of twenty-six. A dark, thin, quiet face was Robert Greybeth's, with keen hazel eyes and a well-formed, but firm and unsmiling mouth. Nothing in the world seemed further from suitability to him than youthful impulses, or boyish thoughtlessness. However, relied upon, and thoroughly respected and loved, he was never fondled and called pet names as Julian was, never treated as anything but a good, sensible, well matured man. Now in the first freshness of a grief which none felt more deeply than himself, his practical nature was displayed in his voice and words, as he turned to his father and asked:

"What had best be done now for Lillian?"

Dear little Lillian!—the pretty child sister—the baby of the household. They all glanced silently at her as she lay asleep on a sofa, her wet cheek resting on her dimpled hand. For a while their thoughts were diverted into a new channel. Julian declared that she ought to have a governess; she was quite old enough—nearly six—and she ought to be educated and properly trained. Old Mr. Greybeth seemed also in favor of the plan, but Robert objected.

"The child was well enough 'as she was for a while—during the remainder of the year, at least," he said. "Aunt Helen can have the care of her, and she need not be put to a regular course of study quite yet; she was such a little thing."

"But a governess she must have at sometime,



or be sent to school, which is a disagreeable idea," Mr. Greybeth replied. "And delays are useless. I was thinking before—" the father's voice faltered and the husband's face saddened—"a few weeks ago, that Lily ought to be learning something beside how to read story books."

"But the great difficulty is in obtaining a good governess, father," answered Robert. "In fact, I think it almost impossible to find a person among the class to whom I would willingly give the entire charge of our little girl."

"You are prejudiced," said Julian.

"Perhaps so," replied his brother. "But I do not think seriously enough to affect my judgment. I know that one half the women who hold the responsible position of governess, are entirely unfitted for it mentally and morally, becoming such through necessity. Believing this, I hold that the risk of being deceived is too great for us to regard the plan as the most favorable."

But Mr. Greybeth who had taken a fancy to the idea of having a governess for his little daughter, was not so susceptible to his elder son's influence as he usually was, and clung tenaciously to the idea. The more the matter was talked of, the more decidedly he expressed his approbation of the plan, and at last Robert perceived that his mind was made up, and suddenly ceased to oppose the old gentleman, disinclined as he was to the arrangement of giving his little sister into the care of a stranger, he was not one to waste words in useless expostulations.

And so Julian's idea was carried into effect, and an advertisement for a governess was sent to a New York daily newspaper office. During the following week there were several written applications for the situation, but none proved satisfactory, until on the seventh day a note was received which even Robert seemed to fancy. It was written with apparent haste, but in characters which were remarkable for their grace and clearness, and expressed in a few well-chosen words all that was necessary to communicate.

"I like that," Mr. Greybeth said, decisively, and immediately answered it, while Julian stood by, admiring the frank, handsome chirography.

The result of the correspondence was the trial engagement of the stranger who appeared in a few days. It was nearly night when she arrived, and Julian was the first to see her as she sprang from the carriage which had been sent to the depot to receive her. Stopping a moment to speak a few words to the coachman, she turned and came slowly up the walk to the door—a quiet faced, plain, slender girl of perhaps twenty. When she had reached the high stone steps she raised her eyes and flashed a quick look up at

the windows, while Julian drew back hastily and went in search of his father.

He did not return to the parlor until supper time, and then the new governess sat on a lounge, with Lillian on her lap. How she had gained the child's confidence so soon he never knew, for Lily was naturally shy of strangers, but certain it was that a good understanding began between them on that first evening and was daily preserved by a most judicious management of the sweet-tempered, but over-indulged child, by her governess, Miss Magdalen Linly.

It was a pretty name Julian thought, and he wondered if it would strike Robert favorably when he was presented to her. For he was engaged with business until late in the evening, and then came in with a weary, preoccupied air. But at sight of the stranger he started slightly, and when they were introduced looked keenly at her. Quiet and undemonstrative, she was remarkably dignified and entirely at her ease. All that first long evening she sat quietly in an easy chair by the grate, conversing with Mr. Greybeth the elder, or smiling pleasantly at Lillian while she answered her questions. When the little French clock on the mantel struck eight, a servant appeared as usual to carry the child to bed, but that night the little girl drew back.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" said her father.

Little Lillian did not answer for a moment. Standing irresolutely and glancing first at her father, and then at the pleasant, quiet face of her new governess, she said:

"Mayn't *she* put me to bed, papa?"

"Why, Lillian, that is your nursery maid's place, not Miss Linly's," replied Mr. Greybeth.

"Mama used to sometimes," replied the child, her little lip grieving.

Mr. Greybeth hesitated, apparently at a loss for an answer to the touchingly eloquent appeal, but a beautiful color sprang into the hitherto unchanging cheek of Miss Linly. She drew the little girl into her arms in an earnest, impulsive way, and whispered:

"Wouldn't you go to bed contentedly if I told you a little story first, Lily?"

"A story?" The child's eyes brightened. "O, if you will! I will be so good!" she cried. And speaking softly, that she need not disturb Mr. Greybeth over his paper, or Robert over his books by a neighboring stand, the governess told the simple story of Christ blessing little children to the motherless child, kissing her gently when it was ended, and bidding her a gentle good-night, in memory of her promise.

They could not think of her as a stranger after

that evening, sweet Magdalen Linly. It was not long before they began to wonder how they had ever managed without her. Somehow it came about that the pleasant rule of spending the evening in listening to reading was made, and before long it became a regular arrangement that Magdalen should invariably be the reader. In the pleasant evenings they all sat together in the wide parlor—the father lounging in his easy-chair, Robert listening gravely, with his gaze always on the fire, Julian listening equally well, but with his eyes on the reader, and little Lillian sitting on the hearth-rug in the midst of all. They made a pretty family, but—Magdalen was not a sister.

The summer days came at last—the beautiful summer days. Summer in the meadows, summer in the woods, summer in the wide garden of the Greybeth mansion, and summer—the summer of a first love into the heart of Julian Greybeth. How it came there he never knew—that it was there, Magdalen, Robert, and his father were entirely ignorant. But soon through an accident it was revealed. During a morning walk Magdalen fell and was nearly killed by a blow upon the head, which rendered her senseless for hours. Being alone, and her absence lengthened to a remarkable time, Robert and Julian had set out in quest of her and found her lying like one dead at the foot of a rock. And in the excitement of that moment Julian had betrayed his secret. Soon discovering that he had done so, he naturally took the most straight forward course and confessed his attachment, to his father—his haughty, aristocratic, wealthy father. He was met with the most decided reproof. For years the influential marriage of his sons had been Mr. Greybeth's secret hobby. He liked Magdalen, but she was not a mate for his son.

"Father! father!—you do not know what you are saying," cried Julian, passionately. "I will marry Magdalen if it costs me my life!"

"Well, marry her. It will lose you your fortune and gain you my curse," answered John Greybeth, firmly.

"I despise one and defy the other," exclaimed the young man, half wild with his emotions. "Curse me if you will, but I will ask Magdalen to be my wife before an hour has passed."

Trembling from head to foot, he sprang from the house and rushed into the garden. Down the gravel walks he strode, and paused at last before Magdalen as he met her suddenly.

"Listen to me, only a moment," he cried, grasping her hands. "Wait and hear me say that I love you, and O, Magdalen, wait to tell me that you will be my wife!"

She was frightened at his manner as well as his words, and drew back.

"What do you mean? Julian, you are crazed!"

"Almost, I know. But only promise me, and I will be calm as a babe."

He almost crushed her hands in his convulsive grasp, and his face was white as death.

"Julian, I cannot promise you. You do not know what you ask," she replied, striving to speak steadily.

"Good heavens, Magdalen, do you know what you are saying?"

His words were only a faint cry, and his arms dropped nervelessly at his side. For a moment it seemed as if he would have fallen.

"Julian, dear Julian!" In her infinite compassion she almost wept over him.

"O, Magdalen, do not speak to me again. Only let me die."

"You will not die, Julian. You will live to be happy yet," she answered.

"Happy! Why will you mock me?" he cried, passionately. "You do not know what it is, to have your heart drown in its own blood. You never loved and was despised in return."

She did not attempt to reason with him, for he was like a madman. But she seemed to shrink and tremble at his words.

"Dear Julian," she said, at last, "perhaps it will help you if I tell you that for a long time I have loved as passionately as yourself, and as hopelessly."

He glanced up quickly into her face, and saw for the first time how wan it had grown.

"God pity us both!" he groaned.

She put her hand kindly on his shoulder, and they stood in silence for a few moments.

"Will you tell me who it is?" he said at last, in an altered voice.

"You will keep my secret?"

"Yes."

"It is your brother Robert."

Her face was pure and sad as an angel's, as she looked up into his. No blush crossed her cheek. Her gaze did not falter beneath the astonishment of his, but O, the wistful sorrow in her eyes.

"Magdalen, you are an angel. Forgive me, that I have selfishly added to your sorrow," cried the young man. "Forgive my madness, and I will never obtrude my grief upon your notice again."

Her only answer was a quiet, sisterly kiss. Then he turned and went slowly down the path, leaving her alone. The next moment some one clasped her in his arms. A thousand kisses rained upon her face.

"My own, my own!" murmured a deep voice in her ear.

"Robert!" she cried at last in her bewilderment.

"You cannot put me away," he said, triumphantly. "You know that you love me! I heard you say it. O, Magdalen, I have loved you so long! What weary ages I have waited to hold you as I do now, my darling!"

"Robert—Robert! you are as wild as Julian was—poor Julian!"

"And rich Robert," he said, gently kissing her.

There was no stormy scene within doors. Mr. Greybeth did not oppose his eldest son as he had his youngest, for it would have been of no avail if he had done so. Robert was pecuniarily independent of his father, and it would have been like throwing sand against a rock to have endeavored to change his mind regarding Magdalen. In his strong, silent way he had loved her for months, and he would have given up his claim upon her only with his life.

Julian, brave, sad, and strong, attended their wedding. They were tender of him as they could well afford to be in their content, and he did not mar their happiness even by a sigh. Often after he called Magdalen his sister, but he never married.

#### EMPLOYMENT.

There is a rare ingredient in human happiness which is often willfully cast aside—the fairy gift, which robs sorrow of half its sting, which turns the hardest crust to dainty bread—employment, the crowning gift of God to man. The idle and the listless are ignorant of half the charms of life. The grief-stricken rich know not the value to be found in compelled activity. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," was the mandate of blessing; in this blessing lies the rich fruit of consolation, which too many of Adam's posterity turn from with loathing, and welcome instead, not only inanity and weariness, which are but negative evils, punishing the individual, but also evil thoughts, slander, and pernicious example, operating with baleful influence upon the innocent and the guilty.—*Bentham.*

#### KILLING IN BATTLE.

It is well known that Marshal Saxe, a high authority in such things, was in the habit of saying that to kill a man in battle, the man's weight in lead must be expended. A French medical and surgical gazette, published at Lyons, says this fact was verified at Solferino, even with the recent great improvement in fire-arms. The Austrians fired 8,409,000 rounds. The loss of the French and Italians was 2000 killed and 10,000 wounded. Each man hit cost 700 rounds. The mean weight of balls is one ounce; thus we find that it required, on an average, 272 pounds of lead to kill a man.

#### THE CARNIVAL IN ROME.

There are three modes of seeing and sharing in the festivities of the carnival; one is to look at the scene from a window or balcony; another to ride up and down the Corso in an open carriage; and a third, from which ladies are debarred, is to mingle with the crowd in the street. An adventurous young man will probably make experiment of all. To be merely a passive spectator soon wearies the eye, and, if in a cynical humor, provokes a critical spirit and a wonder that men and women can behave so like boys and girls. To rough it in the street requires a stout frame and nimble feet. The carriage is the best medium, making the occupant at once an actor and a spectator. It is quite curious to remark how a fastidious dignity melts away under the contagious influence of the general riot, to see how soon a middle-aged gentleman, who gets into the carriage with a sheepish air of self-reproach and a look of intense self-consciousness, abandons himself to the genius of the place and the hour, and is seen throwing *confetti* and bouquets with all the ardor of twenty. Between taking a part and merely looking, there is the same difference as between dancing and seeing others dance. The mob, gentle or simple, seems uniformly good-humored, though sometimes a little self-command must be exerted in order to maintain this genial mood. A handful of *confetti* is suddenly slapped into your face, bringing a vision of ten thousand dancing stars before your eyes, or as your hand hangs listlessly for a moment over the side of the carriage, with a choice bouquet in it, for which you have a particular destination in your mind or heart, a cunning varlet snatches it from your grasp and disappears in a twinkling—all this must be taken as a part of the fun, and endured with a smiling composure.—*Six Months in Italy.*

#### LIQUID GLUE.

The following recipe, the discovery of a French chemist, is selling about the country as a secret at various prices from one to five dollars. It is a handy and valuable composition as it does not gelatinize nor undergo putrefaction and fermentation and become offensive, and can be used cold for all necessary purposes of glue in making or mending furniture or broken vessels that are not exposed to water. In a wide-mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue to half-pint of water, by setting it in a vessel of water and heating it till dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring, two and a half ounces of strong aquafortis (nitric acid). Keep it corked and it will be ready for use. This is the "Celebrated Prepared Glue," of which we hear so much.—*U. S. Journal.*

#### SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION.

There is a sort of spiritual indelicacy in persons who cannot perceive that not everything which is a matter of experience and knowledge is, therefore, a subject of conversation. There are some things in the world too low to be spoken of, and some things too high. You cannot discuss such subjects without vulgarizing them.

The light of the world comes principally from two sources—the sun and the student's lamp.

[ORIGINAL.]

## O, WHY AM I FORGOT?

BY A. B. WALTERS.

O, why am I forgot by thee?  
 O, why am I forgot?  
 Why am I left so desolate?  
 O, lonely, lonely is my fate!  
 To the mourning dove returns its mate,  
 But I, alas, cannot!

O, why am I forgot?—'tis sad  
 To hear no sweet reply  
 To all this tender questioning,  
 To mourn Affection's wasted spring,  
 While Hope and Love on forward wing  
 From me forever fly.

O, why am I forgot?—'tis vain  
 To ask the ear of lead;  
 For thy cold heart will not forgive,  
 My sorrows thou wilt not relieve:  
 One gentle word would bid them live,  
 But now my hopes are dead!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE THIRTY MONKS

— OF —

## THE ORDER OF THE AVENGER.

BY J. GRAFTON ALLEN.

THE castle of Hohenfels was built upon one of the loftiest heights upon the river Rhine. Rising with a lofty sweep from among the lesser hills around, the huge rock swept onward until it reached the river, where it plunged downward in a tremendous precipice. Nearly eight hundred feet above the river the stately walls of the castle arose, with all its pomp and towers, and turrets, and bulwarks, by day spreading forth its flaunting banners to the breeze, and by night up-raising its watch-fires that blazed like stars against the sky. The road from Germany to France passed within a few miles of the castle, and all travellers were compelled to cross the river with-in sight of it. The tolls which were levied upon these people were enormous, and happy was the man who could escape with the sacrifice of half of his baggage.

One day a company of monks descended from the opposite side of the river toward the place of crossing. There were about thirty of them, and the thick layers of dust that covered them from head to foot, showed that they had come upon a long journey. They were enveloped in robes of black cloth which hung about them in ample folds, their faces were completely covered so that their eyes only were visible, and the heavy cowls

that hung over their heads seemed to conceal them still more effectually. The entered one by one into the barge, and took their seats in silence.

The ferryman, like all of his class, was extremely loquacious, and anxious both to tell and hear the news. So after many efforts he ventured to address the monk who appeared to be chief among his passengers. This monk was a man of remarkable stature, with straight figure and Atlantean shoulders.

"You have been upon a long journey, holy father."

"Yes," said the monk, in a voice of wonderful richness and depth.

"It must be on an important business."

"It concerns life and death," and he turned away with a gesture that forbade further questioning.

But the ferryman was not daunted.

"Whither," said he, "may you be going, reverend father? Is it to France, or perhaps to Italy?"

The chief monk stretched out his hand, and pointed silently toward the Castle von Hohenfels, upon which were now gathering the shades of twilight, and from whence the light of the kindling watch-fires streamed out in long lines of radiance.

"Ah, that is a noble castle. There is none like it on the Rhine. But, methinks it is a strange thing for you to go there. Men of your order stay as far away as possible."

"Ah!" said the monk, with some interest.

"It was not so in the days of Count Hugo, but since Count Franz has held it, there has never been so much as the footprint of a priest or a monk inside its gates."

"Why would they not go in?"

"Because they have been plundered, or scourged outside."

"Why does this Count Franz treat unoffensive monks so cruelly?"

"He treats all harshly. It was only yesterday that a party of merchants were stripped of everything. The reason why he hates monks and priests, I suppose, is because they trouble his conscience."

"And was it not always thus?"

"Ah no. The Count Hugo was a just and virtuous man. He never took more than his due. In his day I kept my barge crossing all day long, but now it is only at times that passengers come here."

"What became of Count Hugo?"

"He went to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and died there. Count Franz, his cousin, heard the news of his death about a year after he left. He

took possession of the castle at once. Count Hugo had a wife and a son, but since that day they have never been seen out of the castle."

The monk slowly clenched his hands together.

"Can you tell me, friend," he said, in a strangely altered tone, "what has become of them?"

"I know not; I only hear what people say. Some say they are dead—both of them—some say that Count Franz killed them, others say that they are alive, but kept in a dungeon; others again say that only the son is confined, but that the lady is free. I hear almost everything."

"Had Count Hugo no friends who could see justice done to his relatives?"

"Most of his friends went away with him. Those who remained could do nothing. Who could enter there and ask questions? Count Franz keeps to himself and has no friends; all within Hohenfels is a mystery. It is seven years since Count Hugo left, and I think if his wife and child are not dead now they soon will be."

The monk bowed his head low, and a half-stifled groan escaped him. His companions looked at one another in silence. The ferryman wondered, but said nothing. He passed the remainder of the time in silent conjectures as to the purpose of the monks, but was completely baffled. Soon, however, they reached the other side.

One by one the monks disembarked, in the same silent manner in which they had entered the boat. The chief monk stepped out last. As he touched the shore he turned round, and whispered to the ferryman. The man uttered a cry and staggered back.

The Count Franz von Hohenfels was in the reception hall of the castle. It was a large and richly furnished apartment. Rugs and tapestries from the East, gold and silver vases, splendid arms and armor, ornaments of rare material and beautiful form, appeared on every side. All this had been the plunder which the count had obtained from passing travellers.

He was pacing the hall. His armor was on, and he was arranging a plan for an attack upon a village not many miles away. The bustle of preparation for the expedition resounded throughout the castle. The count was a stout man with strong and muscular frame. His helmet lay on the table by his side, so that his head and face were exposed to view. He had a thick neck, harsh and gross face, and fierce gray eyes that seemed always influenced with passion. As he was walking a page entered the room. At his announcement the count started, and struck his clenched fist upon the table.

"Monks? Monks here?"

"Yes, my lord."

"The infernal drones!" he cried. "Take them down and throw them into the river. But no," he suddenly added, "I have an idea. Let the scoundrels in—I have an idea. Let them in. There will be some use for them this night, I'll warrant them."

He resumed his journey up and down the hall, gesticulating and muttering to himself. In a little while the page reappeared, followed by the new-comers. The thirty monks, dressed in their mysterious robes, entered solemnly, one after another, and stood before the Count Franz.

"Who are you?" he said, rudely, "and what do you want?"

"My lord," said one of the monks, who stood nearest the chief, "we are humble friars, on a journey for a solemn purpose, and we wish to rest here for the night. We crave from your lordship food and shelter."

"Take them down to the courtyard, and let the knaves have some victuals. But remember," he added, sternly. "This is the first time and the last time that any of your order have passed by me without being scourged or thrown into the river. Away, you dogs—say your pater noster, and wait till I summon you again."

The monks departed with the same solemn step, without a word, and descended into the courtyard, where some rude servants' fare was given to them. After about an hour an imperious message came from the count for them to reappear again.

When they entered the room they saw a change. The large hall was filled with men-at-arms, who, to the number of one hundred and twenty, were ranged in a line on each side of the apartment. At the head of the room sat the count, and by his side a lady. She could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, and she was possessed of wonderful loveliness, but her face was as pale as death, and upon it there was an expression of hopeless woe that was painful to behold. The count motioned to the monks to approach. They obeyed in their usual solemn manner.

"Who are you?" he cried, sternly.

"The brethren of the order of the Avenger," said the monk who had spoken before.

"The Avenger? That is a new name."

"On a pilgrimage—"

"Perhaps you have reached the end of it in entering the Castle von Hohenfels," said the count, with a sneer.

"Perhaps we have," said the monk, with a strange emphasis.

"We shall see. I sent for you to take part in a pleasant ceremony. This lady is about to be

come my wife, and one of you shall have the honor of performing the ceremony."

The lady started to her feet, and clasped her hands. The count fiercely ordered her to be quiet. She looked in despair at the monks, and cried:

"Beware how you consent to be the tool of this monster. God will avenge me. I will die first."

"I tell you," cried the count, "proud woman, beware how you anger me."

"I will die first!" cried the lady. "You may kill me, but I will never be your wife."

Meanwhile, the monks had ranged themselves in a double line at a sign from their chief, each one stood facing the men-at-arms. The chief stood at the head, between the two lines, facing the count. He was strangely moved. His breast heaved, and his hands clenched one another strongly.

The count seized the lady roughly by the hand, and dragged her up to the chief monk. Still she resisted vehemently, with cries and shrieks, and passionate supplications to Heaven. Suddenly the count dropped her hand.

"I will soon reduce you to reason," he cried; and he rushed from the room.

In a short time he returned. He entered the room leading by the hand a boy of about ten years of age. The boy was pale and thin, and a weary look of suffering rested upon his emaciated features.

"Now," cried the count, with the malignant expression of a fiend, "disobey me if you dare. If you refuse my wish, this boy dies this instant. Consent, and he shall live. Your stubbornness has kept him in prison for six years; if you still hold out you will doom him to death."

"O, my God!" cried the lady. She gave a long, loud shriek, and fell to the floor.

"Wretch!" cried a voice of thunder. In a moment the child was snatched away from the count, who was hurled to the floor by a tremendous blow from the hand of the chief monk who towered over him like a giant. He arose staggering to his feet.

"Charge," he shouted to the men-at-arms, "upon them! Cut them to pieces!" and drawing his sword, he sprang upon his assailant.

But in that brief moment the whole scene had been changed. At the cry from their leader every monk had instantly thrown off his huge robe, and now, instead of the humble friars, there appeared thirty stalwart knights, clothed in impenetrable armor, and brandishing their gleaming swords. The chief monk towered above them all, and his eyes shot flashes of fire through the opening of his vizor, as he faced the astonished count.

But there was no delay. A moment more, and the knights, without waiting for an attack, had sprung upon the men-at-arms. The latter had an overwhelming superiority in numbers, but they were individually as nothing, compared with the well-armed knights, who were masters of every military art, and whose well-aimed strokes told with terrible effect. The contest became a slaughter. The knights fought as though it were sport, and their foes were as children before them.

The count, after a brief interval of rage and surprise, had thrown himself upon his enemy. But the struggle was short. Three strokes had scarcely been given, before his sword was violently twisted from his grasp, and whirling through the air, had fallen with a clang upon the pavement. Then the knight rushed upon him, and seizing him in a terrible embrace, hurled him to the floor. Reaching out he seized the cord which had lately bound his monkish attire, and with this he firmly bound the prostrate count.

The struggle had been brief and bloody. More than fifty of the men-at-arms lay upon the floor. The others, panic-stricken, and furiously pressed by the knights, fled by every door from the apartment. But now, the loud voice of the chief knight summoned them back, and the knights sheathing their swords repeated the cry, promising them quarter. One by one the men returned, and at a command from their conquerors, laid down their arms, and ranged themselves around the room. The fallen count looked on in amazement and terror.

The lady had recovered from her faintness at the first shock of battle, and grasping her son, had fled into a corner in which she knelt, cowering, and shielding her beloved boy with her own body. But ever and anon she turned with a strange look of inquiry, and at each sound of the chief knight's voice, her expression became more and more intensified.

And now the chief knight advanced toward her. Leading her gently forward, he slowly unfastened his helmet. The lady looked eagerly and tremblingly, with all her soul centered in the gaze. But as his helmet was unbound, and disclosed to view a magnificent head with noble features, the lady sprang forward into his arms with a low moan, that seemed like the outburst of all the long-restrained agony of years.

"Hugo! Hugo! My own lord. O! Is it thou?"

She sank upon his breast. Her lord folded her in his arms and bowed his head over her. At this scene, a murmur ran round the hall, the murmur deepened into a cry, the cry into a



shout, and at length long, loud acclamations arose—cheer upon cheer—hailing the wondrous return.

Count Franz looked up. Envy, hatred, wrath, malice, and every evil passion struggled for mastery within him, but fear was stronger than all. He looked around despairingly among his men-at-arms, but none of them recognized him now. Count Hugo turned to embrace his son. He held the boy tightly in his arms, and at the child's soft voice which called him father, he was for a moment overcome.

But suddenly he turned. The soft emotions of love and gratitude were associated with sterner thoughts. All that he had heard, all that he had witnessed, and all the proofs of suffering that he now saw in the dear faces of his wife and child, called aloud for vengeance. He pointed with a stern gesture to Count Franz, and called to the men-at-arms, "Seize that wretch!"

The men-at-arms sprang forward. The Count Franz turned pale as death.

"Hugo, Cousin Hugo, mercy, mercy!" he cried, in a scarce audible voice.

"Mercy!" said the other. "Can I forget what I have just seen?"

"O, for the love of God, by the sacred memory of him for whose sepulchre you have fought so well—"

"Peace. Do you not know, wretch, that all your words are worse than useless. Hear my sentence, and let all present judge whether I am right or wrong.

"Seven years ago I left my home to fight for our Blessed Lord in the Holy Land. I left my wife and child with you, confiding in your faithful friendship. I have been there. I have fought and bled, and incurred a thousand perils. Three years ago I started to return, but I was imprisoned by the Infidels. After a captivity of more than two years, I escaped, along with these noble knights. Yet all this time, I felt confident that the Count Franz was faithful to me in all things.

"A month since I heard the truth from a merchant in Venice, who had passed through here and learned all. With my trusty friends, I hurried here. The news was confirmed at every step. At the last town at which we tarried, we procured these disguises and were able to enter here unsuspected.

"And now, wretch, hear my sentence. For every sorrow that you have caused these dear ones, you shall receive equal misery. Your sentence on my son shall be carried out upon yourself. You shall be taken hence to the dungeon where you confined him for so many years, and at the end of that time, you shall be carried to the

topmost turret and hurled into the river below. Away with him, away with him."

And with screams, and prayers—that were unheeded—the count was carried away. But little more remains to be told.

Count Hugo filled his castle with new and honest soldiers. He put a stop to the depredations that had been committed, and the stream of travel that had been so long disturbed, soon flowed on as before. His wife and child soon recovered health and happiness in the presence of the restored count, and pleasure reigned again within the walls. The knights who had accompanied him, remained with him a month, and then departed, each to his own home. As to Count Franz, his sentence was carried out as far as confinement was concerned, but at the end of six years he had become so utterly broken-spirited and abject, that Count Hugo in sheer contempt, let him go forth, on condition that he would at once depart for another country. To this the wretched man agreed, and he was never heard of again.

#### THE TERM WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Wild goose chase was a term used to express a sort of racing on horseback formerly practised, resembling the flying of wild geese; those birds generally go in train one after another, not in confused flocks as other birds do. In this sort of race, the two horses, after running twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to take what ground the jockey pleased, the hindmost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped in by the triers and judges who rode by; and whichever horse could distance the other, won the race. This sort of racing was not long in common use, for it was found inhuman, and destructive of good horses, when two such were matched together. For in this case neither was able to distance the other till they were both ready to sink under their riders; and often two very good horses were both spoiled, and the wagers forced to be drawn at last. The mischief of this sort of racing soon brought in the method now in use, of only running over a certain quantity of ground, and determining the plate or wager by coming in first at the winning-post. The phrase "wild goose chase" is now employed to denote a fruitless attempt, or an enterprise undertaken with little probability of success.—*New York Sun.*

#### AMBITION.

Woe to thee, wild ambition! I employ  
Despair's low tones thy dread effects to tell;  
Born in high heaven, her peace thou couldst destroy,  
And but for thee there had not been a hell.  
Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed,  
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,  
And straight were fiends; hurled from the shrinking field,  
They waked in agony to wall the change.  
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,  
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath;  
To lot of higher beings learned to aspire;  
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to death.

MARIA A. BROOKS.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S DEATH.

BY WILLIAM J. HOWARD.

'Twas on the heights of Monterey  
The cannon sternly frowned,  
And belched a thousand batteries  
From out the quivering ground.

Upon the heights a soldier stood,  
A flag-staff in his hand,  
And by his side his captain  
The leader of the band.

The men around were falling,  
Like leaves before the blast,  
When bleak Areturus sendeth forth  
His legions stern and vast.

But still that noble heart pressed on  
Amidst the lurid death  
That swept from out the cannon's mouth—  
A stern sirocco's breath.

He falls—the red blood flows  
From out his wounded side,  
And there upon that funeral ridge  
He fell, and gasped, and died.

But ere his soul had winged its flight  
To starry worlds above,  
Where battle-clangor never comes,  
But life, and truth, and love,

He whispered to a comrade,  
Who wiped his clammy brow,  
Tell her I ever thought of her  
Amidst the battle's flow.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PAST TEN AT NIGHT.

BY FRANCIS ADALBERT COREY.

FANCY to yourself, dear reader, a form of medium size, a head fairly running over with shining, golden curls, a face, round, fair and pretty, and the rosiest cheeks that ever were seen, brown eyes full of roguishness and fun, lips looking as if they were only made to be kissed or say pretty things, and you have a perfect picture of Jessie Rivers, Harry's six-months' bride, as she stood beside him in the doorway, just at sunset, at the close of a delicious day in the month of June. At the precise moment when we introduce her to the reader, a slight shade of vexation was resting upon her brow, for which we need not attempt to apologize, for even the prettiest faces are sometimes clouded.

"I declare, Harry," her lips unclosed to say, "this is really too bad, and when I was lotting upon a quiet evening at home with you!"

"I am sorry, Jessie, but as things are situated, of course I must go."

"Yes, indeed! In a case of sudden sickness such as this, I would not keep you at home, even if I could. To be sure you must!"

"And another thing, Jessie, I have only just begun to get into practice here, and it would be a sad drawback to my advancement, if I should neglect even a single patient. I must start at every call, no matter about the weather, whether it rains or shines."

"Yes, and this comes of being a country doctor, Harry! Didn't I tell you just how it would be, before we came here? If men would only listen to their wives, now!"

The little woman held up her rosy lips so defiantly that Harry must have taken it for some sort of a challenge, for with a quick movement he drew the golden head up to his own, and impressed kiss after kiss upon the roguish, dimpled mouth.

"There, don't pretend to scold me, now, Jessie! You always get the worst end of the bargain, and I the sweetest! But it's time I had gone. Do you think you will be very lonesome here without me?"

"I will try not to be. Rachel will be a great deal of company."

"Yes, that is true. I shall not get back until late, probably not before morning. Don't sit up for me now. Promise that you won't."

"O, I'll be snugly into bed before eleven o'clock, sure!"

"Now do! I shall get back just as soon as possible. Good-by."

He kissed her again, and sprang upon his horse, which was saddled before the door, and drove rapidly away. Jessie watched his retreating figure, and waved a second good-by with her pocket-handkerchief, ere he disappeared behind a sudden bend in the road.

The young wife entered the house with a strangely uneasy feeling at her heart. All was bright and cheerful in the little kitchen—everything in the best of order—and Rachel, a bright-looking mulatto of about fourteen, had just begun to do up the chores for the night. There was not a single object calculated to suggest unpleasant thought, and yet the mind of Jessie was weighed down by heavy forebodings.

"What *does* ail me?" at last, she whispered to herself. "I wish Harry was here! I can't help thinking that something dreadful is going to happen, either to him or me. Perhaps his horse will get frightened, and throw him."

And then she thought that Bessie was one of the best and kindest animals there ever was, and

this idea was given up, although the very thought at first made her grow sick and faint. The twilight settled slowly, and the evening came on. Jessie thought it was the longest she had ever known, but how short the hours were then, compared with those which succeeded! She tried to talk cheerfully with Rachel, but the effort was a failure, and as a last resource, she brought a book from the shelf. Her eyes followed the lines mechanically, but her mind could not be made to comprehend a single word she read. Her thoughts *would* go wandering after her husband in his long, lonely journey across the prairie, conjuring up all sorts of evils for him, or else they would return to dwell upon her own lonely and unprotected situation.

But the evening came to an end, as all things must. The little clock upon the mantel chimed the hour of ten, in a clear, musical way, and the hour had come for retiring. They had arranged it so that Rachel was to sleep upon a low bed in the same room with her mistress, in a large apartment up stairs. The fire was raked up carefully, and Rachel took the light and led the way through a narrow entry, to the chamber above. It was a large, pleasant room, with straw matting on the floor, an old-fashioned tent bedstead in one corner, Rachel's cot-bed spread out before it, and long, white curtains, trailing to the floor. It looked very pleasant and homelike in the June atmosphere.

Jessie could not sleep, and she felt very little like retiring. She thought it would be much pleasanter sitting in the great arm-chair before the window, where the cool breeze came in so deliciously. So she wrapped a warm shawl about her, and run her hand along underneath the bed for her slippers. Not finding them where she supposed she should, she pushed her hand further under, and O, horror! it hit one of the buttons of a man's coat, while at the same time she felt a warm breath scorching upon it. It is a wonder she did not cry or faint. Her first impulse was to shriek aloud, but by a mighty effort it had been conquered, and she remained still for a moment—silent as death. Then her pride and courage came back together.

"Have I no more courage than this?" she said to herself. "How foolish I was to think of fainting at such a time! Harry would really be ashamed of his timid little wife if he knew it!"

At the thought of that loved name, Jessie grew strong again. She could not die just then—be murdered in the sweetest springtime of her life—she could not leave Harry all alone in the wide, wide world! She *could* not! How the thought sullied the unsteady beating of her heart!

She would make one bold attempt for life before she would relinquish it.

"Perhaps I have been mistaken," she thought, "and alarmed at nothing. I have felt in just the right mood to imagine something of this sort all the evening. It would be just like me."

But no! She extended her hand again under the bed, and this time it came in contact with the man's boots. It was no dream, no illusion, no idle vagary of the mind. A human being was certainly concealed there! As Jessie assured herself of the truth of her suspicion, a new and sudden peril arose. The man evidently half-believed he had been discovered, for the young wife felt him draw his feet slightly away from beneath her hand. The time had come, if ever, to make an earnest attempt for life. Shaking off, with a great effort, the deadly fear which seemed to be paralyzing her, she said in a fretful, pettish tone:

"Rachel, where in the world are my slippers? Do stir yourself, and find them, somewhere. I want them this instant to put on!"

"Likely they're under the bed, missus," answered Rachel, approaching it.

"O, no, they are not. I looked there, myself. I couldn't find anything but your master's old boots, and of course I don't want them."

To Jessie's unspeakable relief, Rachel turned away from the bed a second ere she would have discovered the awful secret hidden there. Had the timid creature mistrusted it, their lives would not have been worth a moment's purchase.

"Here dey is, missus! I knowed they couldn't be fur off," said the girl, bringing the slippers from the closet, which was the next place searched. Jessie took them and sat down close to the open window. She had not been there five minutes, ere she started up, exclaiming:

"Good gracious! Who's that knocking at the door? It must be Harry has got back! Run down and see, Rachel."

"I don't hear no knockin', missus," said the girl, hesitatingly.

"Who asked you whether you did or not? Can't I trust to my own ears, I'd like to know? Why don't you start?"

"I's afeared, missus, 'deed I is!" said the poor creature, trembling like an aspen, through terror of some imaginary danger, and a wholesome dread of the anger of her irritable mistress.

"Afraid of what? your own shadow, I'll be bound! There's nothing else to hurt you. Well, stay here, and I'll go."

"I wouldn't go, missus! Tell you what—it's my firm belief it's some robbers come to murder us all in our beds! 'Clare to gracious, 'tis!"

Robbers! Pooh! Quit talking such nonsense! It is no one but your master, and you know it as well as I do! I'm going to take the candle, so you'll have to stay in the dark till I get back."

"O, Lor, I don't dare! Please, missus, let me go too. 'Pears like, I shall feel safer, anyhow, if I don't lose sight of you."

"Well, come along, then, you aggravating girl! You are enough to try the patience of a saint with your foolish terrors!"

Looking as cross and fretful as possible, Jessie snatched up the candle and led the way down stairs, scolding and finding fault at every step, with the trembling mulatto, who could only articulate, under her breath:

"Lor' a mighty! What can hev got into missus? She's jest like a snappin' turtle, all at once, only 'nuff sight worse! I hope Massa Harry will stay at home next time, if she's goin' to be so pesky cross about it."

As they passed the outer door, Jessie opened it, but of course found no one there, for it had all been an artifice of hers, from the first, to get down stairs, away from the would-be murderer, without attracting his suspicions. She could not think of leaving Rachel alone in the room with him, and had so contrived to bring her, too.

"There is no one here, after all," she said, with affected surprise. "What did I hear to make me think some one was rapping at the door?"

"'Pears like it must have been the wind, rattlin' suffin' or other. I'm glad on it, though, for now we can go to bed in peace," said Rachel.

"Go to bed!" cried Jessie, on a shrill key, "I don't believe you ever think of anything but sleep, you lazy thing! I sha'n't go to bed these three hours, you may depend on it! So come along!"

She led the way into the kitchen, and the poor girl was obliged to follow. Once there, and her mistress became more kind, and even gave the permission Rachel was too terrified to ask, to be allowed to lie upon the lounge in one corner of the apartment. Jessie began pacing back and forth the length of the little kitchen, in an agony of fear and uncertainty. Rachel's regular breathing, who had almost immediately fallen sound asleep, rendering her thoughts even more distracting and harrowing. And yet she knew Rachel was much better asleep than awake. She was a sad coward, and Jessie had not dared even to hint to her the peril of their situation. It would have been just like throwing their lives away, for the screams of the girl would very soon have made known to the robber the discovery of his vicinity, and probably death to both would

have been the result. Wild, unheard-of schemes went floating through the young wife's brain, as an hour of almost unendurable suspense and torture rolled slowly by. Then she prayed such prayers as never went up to the throne of grace before—prayed with her whole soul in the words, for divine protection and mercy, and strength to pass through the awful peril awaiting her. She felt braver and better afterwards.

She thought once of fastening the doors between the kitchen and the pleasant chamber up stairs, where the robber lay, and then she remembered there were no locks nor bolts by which to do it, and it seemed simply ridiculous to pile up furniture against them, to try to keep him out in this way. One thought full of hope occurred to her; the robber might think her husband had arrived, and endeavor to effect his escape in the same way by which he had entered, and give up the enterprise. The idea was wild and improbable, but it revived so much her sinking spirits she was only too glad to entertain it, though it might never be realized. She asked herself many times why she should not waken Rachel, and seek safety in flight, and leave the house and all it contained to the robber? But what if Harry should come home in the night with that terrible man there, and know nothing about it? He would surely be murdered the very first thing, with nobody there to warn him. O, how the moments dragged, as Jessie thought over all these chances. More than an hour had elapsed, and she had sunk into a chair before the grate. Suddenly the latch was lifted slowly, O, so slowly, to the door that led into the entry—she saw it, but could not hear it. She sat like one turned to stone, but the love for life was yet strong and active. The door was pushed slowly open—little by little—and at last a man's head thrust in—she saw it so plainly through her half-closed lids—a face, coarse, brutal, and almost fiendish with bad passions, shaded by inky black hair, was revealed by the fire-light!

Thinking she was asleep, the man came in at last. The first few steps he advanced straight towards her, and then turned aside so that she could not see him without turning her head, or changing her position. Nevertheless, she could hear his cat-like tread behind her. At last, it became unendurable—hearing, and yet not seeing him—and as he struck his foot against something upon the floor, she roused herself, as if from a sound sleep. Rubbing her eyes, she said, drowsily, without looking around:

"Is that you, Harry? I am glad you have come. I have been waiting here more than an hour for you."

[ORIGINAL.]

## "WHY FEAR TO DIE?"

BY J. EDWARD NEEL.

"Why fear to die," and leave this earth  
For brighter realms above?—  
To enter in the pearly gates,  
Where all is peace and love?—  
To gain the palm prepared on high,  
The bright and shining robe,  
And on our brow by angels placed  
A crown of glittering gold?

"Why fear to die?"—'twas in the tomb  
Our precious Saviour lay;  
'Twas He who entered through its gloom,  
To light its darksome way;  
To guide our trembling spirits on  
O'er the misty unknown sea,  
Till at last we're safely anchored home,  
For a rest through eternity!

"Why fear to die" for a home beyond  
(From this dim cheerless vale)  
Where flowers bright immortal bloom,  
And never droop or pale!  
'Tis there the "heavy laden" find  
A balm for every blight;  
There ne'er the rains of sorrow fall,  
Nor ever cometh night.

"Why fear to die?"—death sets thee free;  
The precious promise given,  
O'er the golden pave our feet shall tread,  
In the bright Eden of heaven.  
We shall never know there of sorrow or sin;  
In the mansion of the sky  
There gain the rest for us prepared—  
O, wherefore fear to die?

[ORIGINAL.]

## OLD PETE OF ST. KITTS.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

ONE of the first settled of the Caribbee Islands was St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, which island has been alternately in possession of the Spaniards, the French, and the English, and the oldest inhabitant of St. Kitts—if indeed he be still living—is or was old Pete—a full-blooded African negro, of the purest type. According to Pete's representation, his birth must have been coeval with the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, for it was impossible to refer to any event that had occurred since the earliest settlement of the island, but Pete would reply with an air of wisdom and gravity—"Yes, massa—yes, dat jess so—I 'colleck—I was at de presencment of dat object." In reality, however, Pete must, if indeed, he be not still living, have lived to a wonderful age. We visited St.

Kitts, now some twelve or fourteen years ago. Pete was then hale and active; the first man to come on board every ship that entered the harbor, in one of his own canoes, paddled by four darkeys, over whom he lorded it with great dignity—to offer his services as pilot, if necessary, to do the washing of the captain and officers, by contract, to supply the ship daily with provisions and fruits of every variety, and in a word, to act as general factotum, and major-domo.

At the period of our visit an old lady of eighty-two was the most aged white resident of St. Kitts. This old lady distinctly recollected old Pete, as a grown-up, and in her eyes, at least, a middle-aged man when she was a child. A very old sea-captain who owned the ship he sailed, and who had traded between London and St. Kitts—man and boy—for more than sixty years, recollected old Pete as a gray-headed, gray-bearded old man, when he was cabin-boy. As to the ordinary residents, the old man had been Uncle Pete with them ever since they were children, and to all he appeared as old as he did now, though thirty, forty, or fifty years had elapsed.

Pete, according to his own representations, had been an African prince. (All old Africans seem to have enjoyed princely rank in their own country!) He asserted that he was a grown-up youth when first brought from Africa after a great battle, when he was made captive and sold as a slave. Of course he remained a slave until the manumission of the British West India negroes, in 1835—6; but he had been industrious and shrewd, and had saved a good deal of money, which he instantly began to turn to account by setting up a washing establishment on a large scale, and employing a large number of negresses to perform the work. He proceeded from one speculation to another, until there was nothing that ship-masters, strangers, or new comers could require, that old Pete could not supply them with.

Pete was over six feet in height, stout and large boned, and slightly bent—not with the weight of years, but habitually from having worked hard for so many years on the sugar estates. His ordinary attire consisted of a blue checked shirt, and wide, coarse canvass trousers, his gray, woolly head being surmounted with a tattered straw hat, from the crown of which a red cotton handkerchief protruded, while a corner usually escaped beneath the rim. His throat, and his immense mahogany-colored, misshapen feet, were usually bare; but not from poverty, necessity, nor want of decent apparel. Pete was a careful, saving man, cautious in his

every-day expenditures; but he had two extravagances that he was unable to forego. One was that of a free indulgence in rum—but rum was cheap at St. Kitts, and a man could get drunk for a few cents—the other was an expensive affair, and in articles of clothing and jewelry the old man must have spent a fabulous sum annually. In fact, but for this latter extravagance, old Pete would have become a millionaire.

Scarcely a vessel sailed for England, to return, whose captain did not take home a large order from old Pete for articles of wearing apparel of every description. Dress and frock-coats; vests of every variety from black velvet and satin, to embroidered white silk; pantaloons; boots and slippers; black and white hats; gloves, worsted, cotton and silk stockings; cambric handkerchiefs, white linen shirts and collars; gold and silver watches, seals, chains and ribbons; breastpins, telescopes and opera-glasses—in a word, every variety of clothing and *bijouterie*.

These things he very rarely wore. Perhaps once or twice a year, always on Christmas day, and on the queen's birthday—the latter being a special holiday with him,—Pete would appear rigged out in the very extreme of his own ideas of fashion; generally in a black dress-coat, with a white embroidered vest, linen shirt with high collar and cambric front, frilled and ornamented with a huge breastpin; and either buff knee-breeches and white silk stockings and pumps, or tightly strapped, colored pantaloons, over Wellington boots, which might have done service as fire-buckets. On these occasions he wore a gold and a silver watch, with chains, and a heavy bunch of seals, and usually a black hat on Christmas day, and a white beaver on the royal birthday. Light-colored kid gloves, a gay-colored and figured stock, and a gold-headed ebony cane completed his attire.

Pete had one daughter at this period, perhaps thirty years of age. (He had lost six older children.) And on holidays this daughter was as gaily and richly attired as himself. On other occasions she wore the usual cotton dress, and handkerchief on the head, adopted by West India negroes, and was as busy as her father, superintending the indoor work of his numerous establishments, while he attended to the business out of doors. On holiday mornings father and daughter usually went to church, in great state and dignity; but in the afternoon they gave themselves up to pleasure, and by nightfall were gloriously drunk, rolling about the streets—tumbling in the gutters—their fine apparel torn, soiled, or lost, and the holiday was usually concluded by a night in the lock-up.

The next morning they appeared before the magistrates, crusted with dirt and filth, and presenting a most ludicrous appearance, were fined, warned to behave better in future, and sent home to grieve over their folly, strip off their finery, and attire themselves in their ordinary garments, and go industriously to work until the next holiday brought a recurrence of a similar course of conduct. It would be difficult to imagine the quantity of rum that Pete and his daughter swallowed on those gala-days—since half a pint of raw Jamaica, swallowed at a draught, was repeated several times a day on ordinary occasions, without producing a sign of intoxication!

Pete had long set his heart on one grand object, which we are afraid has never been attained. It was that his daughter should marry a white man, and that she, being a mulatto, should make him the grandfather of tolerably fair complexioned grandchildren. He often said he would give his daughter twenty thousand dollars in silver and gold, on the day that "any proper white man" should marry her. Now there were hundreds—perhaps thousands of white men, who would have been glad enough to marry a not ill-looking mulatto woman with twenty thousand dollars; but Pete's idea of "a proper white man," was a man of high respectability, good family, and in good standing on the island. He also stipulated that the married pair should reside on the island, at least till the day of his death—when they should inherit all his property. Now old Pete was currently reported to be worth from fifty to seventy thousand dollars in cash, consequently the bait was a tempting one; but year after year passed away, and no "proper" suitor for the hand of yellow Susanna offered himself, and as she as well as her father objected to a union with a colored man, the probability is that Susanna has been doomed to spend her life in single blessedness.

More than once we were invited by Pete to visit him at his house just outside the town, situated in the midst of a grove of cocoa-nut trees, the land on which it stood, as well as the house, being owned by himself. It was built in the ordinary style of negro houses in the West Indies—a wooden structure painted yellow with a red roof, and the floor raised some three or four feet from the ground. It was tolerably large, containing four rooms, all on one floor. One used as a sitting-room and kitchen, and as scantily furnished as the sitting-room in ordinary negro houses, one as a bedroom for himself, one as a sleeping room for his daughter, and the fourth was kept as the *sanctum sanctorum*, never used except to do honor to visitors. It was cer-



tainly a curiosity. The floor was covered with oil cloth of a gay, bright pattern, the chairs, tables, sofas, bookcases! (filled with books gaily bound, though neither father nor daughter could read), what-nots, were so numerous that, though the room was large, one could hardly move in it. This furniture was of every variety of style and pattern, and all of the most expensive description; but the most singular effect produced—and one entirely novel—which we recommend to the adoption of all persons who desire to display their wealth, was the adornment of the wainscoting. The walls were handsomely papered, but not a foot of the paper was visible. They were hung round, as close as they could possibly hang—and from roof to floor—with the wearing apparel of himself and daughter. Here hung a dress-coat in close proximity with a lady's silk dress; there, a man's hat, and there was even an officer's cocked hat and feather in old Pete's collection, hung alongside a lady's bonnet; a pair of Wellington boots were set off by a gold watch and a lady's gold bracelet; a cavalry sword, and a pair of duelling pistols, and a fowling piece, protected a telescope and an opera-glass, and from the central beam depended—glittering in the tropical sunlight—a huge pair of gold epaulets. In fact, as the advertisers say—there were things too numerous to mention and too heterogeneous in character to classify, scattered around this inner vestibule in most extravagant confusion. Pete led us to a large sea-chest, painted of a gorgeous sky blue color.

"See yar, massa," said he, "yar I keeps de shirts and 'tockings, and sich like smaller tings. 'Specks dar is plenty 'nuff ob dem to lass old Pete him life time. Dis yar am my real property dat I kin specerlate 'pon when I tink proper, sah. 'Specks dat her bressed majesty de queen, and de Lor Chancellor, on de trone, am not got much more proper tings to specerlate at in dare leisure hours—when de darters ob de day is gone done, den old Pete—dis yar old nigger—yah—yah!"

He opened the chest and displayed a sufficiency of fine, snowy linen, got up with extreme care and nicety, to last half a dozen Broadway dandies a lifetime. He then showed us his *escritoire*, abundantly provided with pens, ink and paper, wafers and sealing-wax in every variety, though the utmost proficiency of old Pete in the art of writing, consisted in his ability to scrawl

"X Old Pete his mark—

"Yar see," said he, "I nebber 'specks to use dem tings; but dem looks 'spectable, and mebbe some day I shall hab lilly pic'ninne to leeb 'em to. And har, sar," he continued, pointing to a

richly-bound volume, "yar is my Bible. I can't read 'em—no more can't Susanny. Yer see our eddercation was negleckful in de days ob our yout, when we wor young; but on de bressed Sabbat, I gets de neighbor's children who go to school to come yere, read to me, sah."

We had on board the frigate, a magnificent Spanish bloodhound—a ferocious animal in the presence of strangers, though gentle as a lamb to those he knew, and a great favorite of the captain. This rare and valuable animal had a special antipathy to mulattoes or black men, and it was necessary to chain him up when in port for that reason. One day he chanced to be loose when old Pete stepped over the gangway. He commenced growling and showing his teeth, while Pete stood on the ladder, vehemently protesting against the propriety of letting such a savage brute live. His appearance was so comical and his language so ludicrous, that he furnished great sport to the younger officers, who would not call the dog off—thinking that he had seen Pete so often, that he would do no more than make that savage demonstration, and would not bite him. Suddenly, however, the brute flew at the poor old man, threw him down headlong to the deck, and snapped at him with his great white tusks, after which he seized him by the collar of his shirt, fortunately, though no doubt he would have throttled him in less than half a moment, had he not with difficulty been dragged off. Pete rose to his feet, shaking his old gray head, and still complaining. His hand was bleeding profusely, and when he came to the quarter deck, we perceived that the savage animal had bitten the old man's thumb clear off at the second joint! We expected that he would bleed to death; but the doctor applied the tumigent and stopped the effusion of blood. The old man descended to the gun room, when he complained—and little wonder—of feeling faint.

"Massa," said he, "gib me lilly drop o' spirits. I feel mighty queer; dat will set me right."

"You'd better not drink spirits, Pete, till that wound heals," said a lieutenant.

"Lor' bress ye mass' leefanant, spirits neber hurt me," replied Pete.

"Let him have a little drop," said the doctor. "He feels faint from loss of blood. But, Pete," he added, "you mustn't drink any more rum for six weeks at least, or I wont answer for your life."

The old man took the decanter, filled a large sized tumbler with pure brandy, and drank it off before any one could stop him.

"Dare!" he cried, drawing a long breath, "I feel lilly bit more comf'ble now. Tink I go 'shore. Dat darn dog, him tied up?"

"Yes, Pete; but mind, old boy, no more rum for six weeks, if you don't want to be measured for your coffin."

"Berry good, gelemen—I yah," answered Pete, as he descended the side and ordered his crew to paddle the canoe on shore.

The frigate sailed the next day, and to tell the truth, we never expected to see old Pete again. All thought the terrible wound would mortify, and the captain was both angry with the officers for not calling off the dog, and sorry for the poor old man. As to Lion (the dog) he knew he had done wrong, and for several days concealed himself in his kennel, looking the very picture of shame and penitence when forced to come forth. Three months afterwards, we entered the harbor of St. Kitts again, and the first visitor on board the frigate was old Pete, apparently as well and hearty as ever.

"How you do, mass' cap'n, how you do, mass' officer, genlem?" he said, as he poked his gray woolly head above the hammock nettings. "I hope you keep dat debbel ob a dog in him kennel?"

"All-right, Pete, come aboard. Glad to see you, old man," said the captain. "I expected you'd have gone on a voyage to Davy Jones before now. How's the hand?"

"Tol'able, Tol'able, mass' cap'n—rather orkard to han'le de rope ob de ladder widout a man's thumb. Yah! yah! So you tink I gone dead, eh? Lor' bress you, dar aint de dog on dis yar art, kin kill ole Pete!"

"I hope," said the doctor, "the restriction from rum, for so long a time, will make a sober man of you in your old days, Pete. If you'd kept on drinking, you'd have been a dead man, sure!"

"De 'striction of de rum, mass' doctor? Lor' a'mighty, bress de Lord! it was jess de rum wat sabe me. Warn't for dat, Ise a dead nigger for sartain. De fus day I drink only one lilly half pint—I tink for sure, I gib up de ghost. So I tinks I mus as well did com'fable, and I drinks till I can't see de han' afore my face, and dare I lays. By'm-by I feels revive. I hab de demi-john by one side—I drinks agin, and so ebery day for a munf. De end ob dat time I was quite recover, dough I lose much custom for not attend to my business proper, sah. Yah, yah—it was jess de rum dat cure me illness, doctor."

It was amusing and yet horrible to get old Pete in a corner and make him relate the history of his childhood in Africa. He was a Dahomey negro, and in his early days—if indeed they are not at present—the Dahomies were cannibals. He used to relate how, before ever he knew there

was such a creature as a white man—"hundreds and hundreds ob years gone pass by, massa,"—for Pete was proud of being as he imagined himself, several hundred years old—he with other young men—"hundreds ob millions, massa,"—used to go to war with other tribes, and how, being the strongest and bravest, the Dahomies always conquered, and how on such occasions they killed the old captives, and forced the younger ones to march with them to their villages, and how, if any grew sick or feeble on the way, they cut off their arms and legs, and ears and noses, and left them to perish, and how, when they arrived at the village they had a grand "custom"—at which certain of the victims were chosen by the priests, and killed and eaten, and their heads exposed on the Feejee house in the centre of the village, till the flesh all wasted away. He told how on such occasions they drank traders' rum which was brought to them by the Mandingoes from the coast—until they got mad, when they rushed at the captives and cut them to pieces—men, women and children. "But," said he, "dat wor foolish, cos den when we gone come sober, dar was so many less to sell for slaves."

"But, Pete, how came you to be caught at last, if your party was always victorious?" we one day inquired of him.

"Jess dis way, massa. It wor treachery dat ketch me. You see one day I drink too much ob dat 'bomable trader's rum, and I done gone drunk after de battle, and go sleep under de trees, and dey cotch me and tie my hands and care me wid oders to de coast, whar I fuss see de white massa. Gor a mighty! I tink him eider de debbel ob de great jumbo himself, for sartain! Dey put me in de calaboose, and I pretend to be sick, and gone for die, and dey lose my han's and in de night, when de niggers dat breeng me for a slave all fass asleep, I got up—I take big sharp knife, and I cut de throats of six ob dem, dat for true, I tell you! Dey would hab gone shoot me, but I was tall and strong, and I was prince in my own country, so after long palaver, dey concede to keep me slave, and dey breeng me to St. Kitts, and yar I be eber since dat day."

"How long ago was that, Pete?"

"Lor, massa! what for you ax sich a question? How kin I tell? Two, tree, four hundred years fore you was born, I specks."

"And do you think it was right to kill men, women and children, and to be a cannibal, and to fight your countrymen to sell them for slaves to the white men?"

"Dare you see, massa," replied Pete, "dat yar am a question for spekerlation. In dem days I wor a belighted sinner, and dough de sar-

cumstances wor decidedly wicked, we wor uncivilized niggers, and we didn't gone know no better. Now I is a good Christine and de difference is conformable—you understand? I say de difference is conformable, and sich tings now is a different opinion. But it am bery dry talking, massa. S'pose you ax me to drink lilly drop ob brandy?"

Whether the old man told the whole truth or not, there is no doubt that in his younger days he had witnessed, and had been participator in many of the terrible scenes he described, and whether he had become a Christian or not, he was now quite a different man. Every one who, twelve or fifteen years ago, visited St. Kitts, will recollect old Pete, and those who do recollect him will acknowledge that in spite of his rum-drinking propensities—and be it recollected he only got drunk twice or thrice in a year—he was as honest and kind-hearted an old negro as ever lived. His industry and business tact were proved by the comparatively large fortune he contrived to accumulate, and by the various underfakings he successfully controlled. I should say that at the period of which I write, he must really have been considerably over a hundred years of age, and though it is not impossible that he is yet living, it is not probable that such is the case. Whether his daughter Susanna ever attained to the height of her ambition, and succeeded in marrying a white man, I am unable to say—though I much doubt it. If the old man be dead, I presume she succeeded to his property; but if she also be dead, it is hard to tell who has come into possession of his hoard of clothing and jewelry, since old Pete often declared that save his daughter, he knew not that he had a single relative living.

#### ELEPHANT RACE IN COCHIN CHINA.

The next was an elephant race, which amused me much. They were certainly much swifter than the horses, though they only walked; but what tremendous steps they took! They shook the ground for one hundred yards round, as with the shock of an earthquake, every time their enormous feet came in contact with it; and with their trunks pointing straight out, like the bowsprit of a ship, their ears and tails distended, there was something grand, but still very clumsy, about their gait. They had handsome cars, with four men in each, on their backs, and two men on each side to lead them. There was a great dispute which should come in first; and the space being rather narrow for seven of these enormous animals to run abreast, those who got in front were determined to keep there, and they appeared to know what game they were at, for they did not exactly race, but heavily and clumsily, yet quickly, dodged each other across the course; and, after a most amusing race, the large white one came in first, amid peals of laughter.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT TIN.

If there is any one substance more than another that has rendered England famous throughout the world, it is tin. Camden, the historian, supposes that this country, from the abundance of tin that it contains, was called Britain. In the Syriac language, "varacanac" signifies "land of tin;" whence is derived Britain. The mention of tin by Moses, in the 31st chapter of Numbers, 22d verse, is a proof of its being known from the most remote antiquity. Long before the Christian era the trade of tin caused many a vessel to spread its sails in the Mediterranean Sea, and to cross the Bay of Biscay to fetch it from these shores. The alchemists of old considered tin to be a mixture of tin and lead; but modern chemistry proves it to be a distinct metal. About ten thousand tons of tin are extracted every year from the mines in Cornwall and Devon, nearly the whole of which is consumed in the manufacture of tin plate (*fer blanc*, or white iron, as the French term it,) that is, sheet-iron coated with tin: and it is this substance which constitutes our famous tin ware, which finds a market from Naples to Japan, from New York to Eupatoria. Tin and lead melted together produce what is called "britannia metal," of which teapots and similar domestic utensils are made. It is owing to a mordant of tin that the dyer produces a fine scarlet cloth so famous as the royal and military cloth of this country.—*Piesse's Laboratory of Chemical Wonders.*

#### INSECT MUSIC.

All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith and others tell us that flying insects, like mosquitoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited, not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us) a wind-pipe, the outlet to which is furnished with a vibrating valve like that employed on the accordion; but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen; and through each of the dozen, as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect and some degree of melody.—*London Chronicle.*

#### LITHOGRAPHY.

The art of lithography owes its birth to the necessities and ingenuity to a poor Munich chorister, named Sennefelder, who copied music for a living. Desirous of lightening the long and tedious labor which he was forced to undergo, he endeavored to find some means of abbreviating it, and finally invented lithography. It was twenty years after its first discovery that he published a work explaining his theory. The music printed by this means is destitute of the clearness, exactness and regularity of typography or engraving; but it is still used to some extent in Germany, where its comparative cheapness renders it available in the duplication of the scores of part-songs.—*Scientific American.*

#### HOUSEHOLD DUTY.

Nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
MURDOX.

[ORIGINAL.]

**SWEET MINNIE.**

BY MAUD IRVING.

They 've laid her to rest  
 'Neath the cold, damp sod;  
 Her spirit has gone  
 To its Maker, God.  
 I 've planted sweet flowers  
 Above her grave's head,  
 And they weep tears of dew  
 For the beautiful dead.

A green willow waves  
 Over her mound:  
 Its long graceful branches  
 Sweep the cold ground.  
 A little white tombstone  
 Stands at the head  
 Of the narrow, cold earth-couch  
 Containing the dead.

Upon it is graven  
 The year and the day  
 When her sanctified spirit  
 Passed gently away.  
 And 'neath it is written,  
 In letters quite small,  
 "Death the Destroyer  
 Must visit us all."

O, often at twilight,  
 When the world is all still,  
 When no sound greets mine ear  
 Save the murmuring rill,  
 I stray to the spot  
 Where sweet Minnie reposes,  
 And water with tears  
 The fragrant white roses.

And then 'side her grave  
 Oft I silently pray  
 That the angel of death,  
 Who took her away,  
 Will soon come again  
 To this world below,  
 And bear me away  
 Where no sorrows I'll know.

[ORIGINAL.]

**ALICE GRAYLAND:**

—OR,—

**LOVE VERSUS MONEY.**

BY LIZZIE WOODBURY.

**CHAPTER I.**

"There are none that have never felt the touch  
 Of sorrow's dark-hued wing,  
 And there are none but in dark hours,  
 Will to some bright hope cling;  
 And thus with sorrow, joy and strife,  
 We pass through the sun and shade of life,  
 Till, like the sun's last ray at even,  
 Our spirits pass to the far-off heaven."

THE sun was just setting, tinging the blue waters of the Bay of Naples with its own golden hue; and long slant rays of sunlight stole into

many an ancient castle, or modern villa, skirting the hillsides that surround the beautiful city of Naples. Its populous streets were thronged with brilliant equipages, and richly-attired people, interspersed with the lazzaroni, whose haggard faces formed a strange contrast to those around them; and for their number they might be called legion. But the tide of life ran high at this time, for it was a gala day. Strains of martial music sounded out upon the air, and came floating across the water in sweetly modulated tones; while pleasure in its varied and most attractive forms met the eye at almost every turn. Yet, with all this gayety, there was mourning, for Death had forgotten or cared not that it was a holiday.

Just out of the city there stands a villa of Romanesque style, whose windows overlook one of the loveliest scenes the world contains. The waters of the bay lave the lower terrace of the garden, where fountains are springing to catch and reflect in a thousand dazzling hues, the sunbeams that find their way amid the heavy foliage. In its arbors, vine-wreathed, might one sit all the long day without weariness, watching the picturesque sail boats glide over the glassy surface of the water, or let the eye wander over the landscape of this beautiful Italy, with its gentle undulations and towering hills. To-night the skies seemed to have stolen its hues, and the air its sweetness from the Eden of old. But its influence was lost upon the inmates of the villa, for the pale messenger had come with the gentle breezes, and borne a loved one away, leaving hearts bowed with grief in the midst of surrounding festivities.

It was nearly a week after the feast-day, that Mr. Grayland was sitting in the arbor in the twilight. At his side his child of three summers was playing, her long, golden curls falling upon her fair neck, and her large brown eyes lustrous with the light of joyous innocence. The sunny face was the perfect contrast to her father's, for upon his an expression of the deepest sadness rested; and her clear, silvery laugh rang through the silent aisles of the garden as though grief dwelt not in this world of ours.

Mr. Grayland watched the movements of the child as she wandered among the flowers just outside of the enclosure; and yet his thoughts were not of her, but of the mother who bore her, but who had faded from his gaze like the tints the sky above him. He was interrupted in his meditations by the sad tones of little Alice, as she walked slowly toward him, holding in her dimpled hand a beautiful white lily that had been crushed by some heedless footstep.

"See here, papa," she said, climbing upon his knee, "just see, it's spoilt now! Can't it be made pretty again?"

"No, my child," said Mr. Grayland, tenderly stroking back the clustering locks. "Everything that is beautiful perishes," he added.

Alice looked up wonderingly. "Will all the flowers perish, papa?" she asked. "Was mama a flower?"

The father pressed the little form to his bosom as he answered in a voice whose tones touched the sensitive heart of the child, although she hardly comprehended the import of the words:

"Yes, dear, mama was a flower too beautiful for earth, and so God has taken her."

It was a new thought to Alice—that her mother was a flower, and that God had taken her—and she sat with her eyes cast down upon the crushed lily in her hand for some moments; then with a troubled look shading her fair face, she asked:

"Will God want any more flowers, papa?"

It was too much for the father's sad heart, this question; for O, if he *should* take the bright blossom whose unfolding he so tenderly watched! So, standing her upon the ground, he said, as though he had not noticed her question:

"It is almost time for my little Alice to go to the house; but we will walk a few minutes first." And taking her by the hand, he led her through the garden paths, fringed by bud and blossom, that at another time would have called forth expressions of delight from the child, but to-night she passed on almost in silence, for even her light heart felt the impress of sorrow.

It was Mr. Grayland's last evening in Italy. Just one year before, he left America and came to this sunny land, to save, if possible, the life of his beautiful Isabel. For several months she improved in health, and the hope was strengthened that she might return to her native land restored. But it was not long to be thus, for a change came, and day by day the cheek paled, or glowed with the crimson shade. He had seen the gently-drooping lids close over the eyes ever beaming with love, and the softly-closed lips grow still in death. Yes, she had passed away, and he had laid her to rest, in the land of the stranger; where the flowers would open above her grave, and the birds sing through all the long years that were to come. It was a quiet spot, where he had laid her, where the sun would look long and warm upon the sacred mound, and where its last yellow light would linger.

The stars had come out, and the moonlight lay like a sheet of silver upon the water before him, ere he was aware of the flight of time, and

rising from his seat, he walked away. But his feet turned from the avenue that led to the villa, and entering a side path, he soon stood by the grave of his wife. It was for the last time, perhaps, for the next morning would bear him far away, and who can foretell the future?

Fifteen years have rolled away since we looked upon Alice Grayland, the sunny-faced child playing among the flowers in the garden at Naples. And she is changed. The busy fingers of Time have woven into her life's net many a dark thread, and grief has modified the silvery laugh until it no longer gushes out from a light heart. The large brown eyes have taken a deeper shade, and the expression of her face is one of deep thoughtfulness; yet she is beautiful, very beautiful. For many years Alice had been an orphan, her father having died in two years after their return to America. The little property that was left to her, was placed in the hands of Mr. Morton, his brother-in-law, and in his family she found a home; but it was not altogether a happy one. Mrs. Morton was a kind-hearted woman in her way. She provided well for the bodily wants of her charge, and gave her a fashionable education; but she forgot that the orphan's heart needed sympathy and love, and many a night was the child's pillow wet with her tears, as she closed her eyes, wishing that God had taken her as he had taken her parents.

Mr. Morton was a man of the world, to whom affection was valuable as far as gold could be coined from it, but no further. Most of his time was spent in his office, but when he was at home he was taciturn, and his forbidding manners put a general veto upon familiar conversation. But there was one in the household from whom Alice was never turned away comfortless, and to him she confided all her childish joys and griefs. Mrs. Morton had but one child, and Cousin Willie was Alice's oracle. What he thought and said was always right. He was about ten years of age when she came into the family, and his heart went out in love to the homeless little girl. Between the two an affection sprang up that increased with the years, and as in childhood she had trusted him, so in later years she leaned upon him, receiving counsel and sympathy, for he appreciated her, as no one else did. But the time came when he must leave home, and establish himself in business. It was a dark day to Alice, when he went away, for there was then no one to stand between her and unjust reproof, no eye of love to rest upon her, or kind voice to cheer her when she was sad.

It was a lovely evening in September. A

shaded light, the last relic of a crimson sunset, still rested against the western sky, and the soft moonlight stole noiselessly down the grassy slopes of the eastern hills, as Alice Grayland ascended the broad steps of her uncle's mansion. A gentleman stepped from the door just as she reached it, and lifting his hat, politely passed on. It was nothing unusual for Mr. Rivers to call at Mr. Morton's, for he did so frequently; but it was unusual for him to pass Alice without detaining her to speak. He seemed embarrassed in manner, too. It rather surprised her, for he was always self-possessed in appearance; but she entered the house, and went directly up to her room. The moonbeams came in through the open casement, their long silvery lines falling upon the floor, giving to the apartment an air of peacefulness that was grateful to Alice, for there was unrest in her heart to-night. Memory was speaking in sad tones of by-gone days, and hope veiled her radiant face in shadows. The bright glance that had so often run down through the vista of years that were to come, now seemed dim, and it gathered only uncertainty, for doubt held sway over the land of the future.

She laid aside her bonnet, and drawing a chair before the window, sat down, and resting her elbows upon the broad sill, listened to the low sighing of the wind as it stirred the branches of the trees in front of the house. This was the eve of her eighteenth birthday, and it was the anniversary, too, of Cousin William's departure. It was just one year that he had been gone. O, how long the time seemed! and twelve months more must go by before she would see him again. And then, there was another who had left her on that same evening, one year ago, but who would return and claim her as his own, *sometime*. "Sometime," that storehouse of hopes, and repository of blessings; yet when time shall unlock its sealed doors, and turn them back, how many will have put off their shining garments, and come forth clad in sombre hues. But she thought not of this, only of the present, and she wondered why she did not hear from him, for a letter had been due some time. Perhaps this was why she was so sad to-night.

She sat long at the window, but as she rose and turned away, her eyes rested upon the portraits of her parents hanging upon the wall. Those still faces, with eyes of love that followed her wherever she went, more spiritual than ever they looked, in the pale moonlight, and how they spoke to her of her bereavement!

"The tide of life had murmured on,  
And rolled o'er birthday's rocks full many a year,"  
since they were taken from her; but to-night she

seemed to realize more keenly than ever that she was alone, and she knelt before those silent faces in all the bitterness of an orphan's grief. A rap at her door aroused her. She opened it.

"Mr. Morton would like to see you in the sitting-room," said the servant.

"Would like to see me?" said Alice with surprise.

"Yes, miss, that was what he said."

"Very well," replied Alice, "tell him I will be down directly. What can he want?" she thought.

It was an unusual thing for her uncle to send for her. Mr. Morton was sitting before the table when she entered the room, upon which were papers tied up after a business fashion, and near by lay the Evening News, unopened. He pushed his chair a little back, as she closed the door, and taking off his glasses, motioned her to a seat.

"I have sent for you," he said, "for I thought it was time that you should know something of your situation in regard to money matters. You will be eighteen to-morrow, and ought to understand something about it."

He paused, but as there seemed to be no call for a reply from Alice, she said nothing, and after thoroughly wiping his glasses, and adjusting them satisfactorily, he proceeded.

"You are aware, I suppose, that when your father died, he left to you thirty thousand dollars?"

Alice nodded an affirmative.

"This money," continued Mr. Morton, "if it had been well invested, would have doubled itself, but it was not. Part of it was in bank stock, there was some invested in real estate in the adjoining county, and considerable in a ruinous speculation in western lands."

He then went into a long, although not very lucid explanation of affairs that seemed to have taken a most complicated form, dwelling at great length upon his efforts to turn all to good account; but follow him as closely as she could, Alice found it impossible to understand him. Only this much she did understand, at the conclusion, that bad debts, failures of banks, and unexpected turns in the tide of business, added to her "bringing up," as he termed it, had taken from her nearly all the property that had been left her, and that here she was, just upon the threshold of her eighteenth year, without father or mother, sister or brother, and with only a few hundred dollars between her and the charities of the world. What was her education worth? It was not of the practical kind by which she could live. She sat with her hands firmly clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon



the floor, while thoughts followed each other in quick succession. She asked some questions in regard to various transactions her uncle had referred to; but she was still in the dark, for Mr. Morton said "Women could not be expected to understand such things," and finding it useless to seek further explanation, she rose to leave the room, for she longed to be alone.

"Sit down, Alice," said Mr. Morton. "There is another subject I wish to talk with you about, as it is of some interest to you."

Alice resumed her seat, wondering what next was to come. Mr. Morton took up the little hour glass upon the table before him, and turned it over, and with an "ahem" or two, he said:

"I have in my hand a note from Mr. Rivers." The color mounted to Alice's face at the mention of the gentleman's name, and a troubled expression passed over it. "Perhaps you may be aware of its contents," continued Mr. Morton, handing it to her.

"My acquaintance with Mr. Rivers is quite limited," replied Alice, "and of course I have no knowledge of what he would wish to write to you, neither do I wish to be informed." And she was about returning the note, when she saw her own name upon the envelope. She opened it, and read:

"Will Miss Grayland please accept the compliments of Mr. Rivers, and grant him the privilege of visiting her? Yours respectfully,  
"C. RIVERS."

Alice re-read the note, and then giving it back to her uncle, she said:

"You will please return this to Mr. Rivers. I am surprised that he should address me, for he must know he is an object of dislike to me."

"I see no reason why he should be. I think him a very agreeable man."

"There we differ widely in opinion," said Alice.

"He has always been gentlemanly to you, has he not?" asked Mr. Morton.

"Yes, he always thought me wealthy, I suppose. I ascribe his gallantry to no higher motive."

"But, Alice, you are unjust to the man. He has sought your society for nearly a year past, giving unmistakable evidence of his regard for you, and now he has in an honorable way asked permission to address you. I have consented, and it is my wish that you retain this note, and give him a favorable answer."

The last remark was made slowly, and in a tone of voice indicative of command. Alice said nothing, although the color was deepening

to a crimson in her cheeks, and her eyes were flashing with scorn.

"He is wealthy," continued Mr. Morton, "and in your present need it will be well for you to accept the offer of a good home. As his wife you will want for nothing, for he loves you, undoubtedly."

"Loves me, Uncle Morton!" said Alice, indignantly. "A man of his principles knows as much about affection as the cannibal does, who gloats over his victim, and he loves me just as much as the miser loves the trunk that contains his gold, and no more."

"There is no occasion for your becoming so much excited, Alice," said Mr. Morton, in the same hard tone of voice. "I have taken care of you since you were a child, and I have a right to expect obedience from you without such an outburst of passion. I shall not return this note to Mr. Rivers, and I wish you to consider him as a suitor, whom you are to accept. Furthermore," and he fixed his cold, gray eye upon her, "furthermore, I command it."

Alice rose from her seat. The color had fled from her face, but the firmly-compressed lips spoke of anything but submission. Her full figure was drawn up to its proudest height, as she said, very calmly:

"Uncle Morton, I know that I have dwelt beneath your roof since my childhood, that I have received many advantages by being here; but have you not been pecuniarily remunerated? For the favors I have received, for whose value money cannot compensate, I thank you, and would gladly repay you if I could. In ordinary matters I am willing to observe your wishes; but I can never yield obedience to the command you have just uttered."

"And what reason do you give, miss?" said Mr. Morton, angrily.

"It is this—it involves my life's happiness. Mr. Rivers has rendered himself obnoxious by forcing attentions upon me, and I most heartily dislike him. Then the character he sustains as well known to you as to me, is sufficient cause for my contempt. And there is another reason why I cannot marry him: and a deep blush overspread the fair face of Alice, as the frown grew darker upon Mr. Morton's brow; "you know that I love another, and I would scorn to give my hand where my heart could not go."

"Pshaw! Fudge, simpleton!" muttered Mr. Morton.

"It may seem foolish to you, sir," said Alice, "but it is not so to me. We differ again in opinion, that is all. As I said before, I will respect your wishes as far as I can do so, con-

sistently, but," and she articulated slowly, "I can *never* be the wife of Charles Rivers!" And she turned to leave the room.

"Not so fast, miss," said Mr. Morton, laying his hand upon the door latch, his face white with anger, "you will remember that you are in my house yet, and do you think I am to have my orders disobeyed in this way? I'll see that I will—" And he laid his hand upon the arm of Alice, perfectly beside himself with rage.

The large brown eyes quailed not beneath the angry frown, for the thought of an absent one gave her strength and calmness. She was surprised at her own composure. Heretofore she had shrunk from an encounter with her uncle, but there was no fear in her heart at this time.

"Do you intend to say that you will disregard my commands?" said Mr. Morton, fiercely.

"No, sir, I said nothing of the kind," replied Alice.

"Well, then, you understand that you are to marry Mr. Rivers, and that too at an early day."

"I understand that is your wish."

"And you will do it, will you?"

"No, sir, I cannot," replied Alice, calmly.

Mr. Morton remained silent for a few moments, still keeping his eye fixed upon her; but a ring of the bell and a summons for him prevented further conversation for the evening.

"You will hear from me again upon this subject," he said, as he left her. "And if you know what is good for yourself, you will yield to my command, and humbly, too."

An indignant reply was upon the lips of Alice; but she wisely refrained from uttering it, so without speaking, she passed out of the room, and went up to her chamber. She was sad when she entered it before, but she was wretched, now. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed, "what *shall* I do? O, if Cousin William was only here! If there was some one to whom I could speak!" But there was not, and she restlessly paced the floor. She would write to Frederic Wilder; but her last letter still remained unanswered, and she hesitated. Would she marry Mr. Rivers? Never, *never*! No power on earth should force her to do so. But what was she to do? She was poor, now, and of course she could not think of remaining in her uncle's family after refusing to comply with his wishes; but where could she go? She revolved many plans to free herself from her present situation, but none of them seemed practicable. She understood music, yet she had never practised with an eye to teaching. Perhaps she might give lessons. She must do something, and if no other way opened, she could make the attempt.

She thought over the events of the evening, until she became calm again, for her composure had left her when she found herself alone, and she decided first to write to her cousin for counsel, and to make no change until she should receive an answer from him, unless she was forced to do so. If Mr. Rivers called upon her, to tell him frankly that she could not be his wife, for surely, if she had any rights, she had the right to bestow her hand upon whom she pleased. It was late in the night before she retired, and still later when sleep looked upon her; indeed, a belt of light extended along the eastern horizon before her eyes closed in slumber. Mr. Morton had business out of the city the next morning, and as he took an early breakfast, Alice did not meet him through the day, and when he returned in the evening, she was engaged with company, who remained until a late hour, so that she was spared another encounter with him. She had written her letter, and sent it to the office by the errand boy, and now there was nothing for her to do but to wait, and see what next would come. Several days passed away, but they brought no message from Mr. Wilder, and what could be the reason? It was strange that just at that time, when she was so much in need of cheering words, they should be withheld. Was his hand to impart to her cup of sorrow its bitterest portion? It had the power to do so; but she would not believe it. There must be some delay that he was not responsible for.

## CHAPTER II.

"O, what is wealth where love is not, and what is yellow gold,  
To soothe and warm the human heart, when sorrowful and cold  
As coldly flash the northern fires to make the light more dreary,  
So wealth and useless splendour gleam around the lone and weary."

"WELL, Mr. Morton, you have good news for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Rivers, as he entered the office of the person addressed, a few days after the interview referred to.

"I can't say that prospects are as bright as I could desire," said Mr. Morton, looking up from his papers.

"Ah, then she does not choose to receive me? What reason does she give?"

"I believe she has a foolish attachment to young Wilder, who left here about a year ago, and you know that women are sometimes terribly obstinate about such things. She has, of course, no objection to you personally, but she has an idea that this sentiment she calls love will prevent her accepting any one else."

"Ha, when the girl has lived as long as I

have, she will find out that love is not of much account."

"But you can't make her believe it."

"How did she seem to feel about losing her property? Did you tell her if she married me she could save the most of it?"

"No, I did not, for I thought I would leave that to you. The fact is, she hates me, and if she knew that we were in any way connected in business, and that she could help me out of embarrassment by marrying you, I believe she would part with the whole of her property rather than do it. She has very strong dislikes."

"Well, she can take her choice; either accept me, or wed poverty. The fact is, I want an establishment, and of course I must have a wife to make it complete. There are forty women I could marry if I chose, for gold weighs heavier than hearts, and will crowd them out of sight any time. Then you know my personal appearance is not objectionable." And Mr. Rivers ran his delicate fingers through the dark locks from which forty years had not taken a single glossy wave, and he stroked his moustache complacently, as he said, "There is many a wealthy woman I might marry, but money is no object to me in this thing, for I have enough of that for present purposes, and to have the offer of my hand spurned by a penniless girl, as I suppose Miss Grayland would do, is what I am not disposed to bear. I've had my eye upon her for a long time." And the black eyes flashed, as the head nodded significantly.

"I told her you had given unmistakable evidence of your affection for her for nearly a year," remarked Mr. Morton.

A sinister smile passed over the face of Rivers, as he continued:

"Alice is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and I have seen a great many in my travels. She would grace any position in which she might be placed. Now I want just such a wife as that, and Miss Grayland is too much in my power to justify her scorning my offer with impunity."

"I don't know what effect it would have if she knew that nearly all of her property had been placed into your hands," said Mr. Morton.

"I presume it would bring her to her senses; but I shall try to woo her first, and if that does not succeed, I shall let her understand in full where she is, and if her love for that young stripling she speaks of does not give way under the weight of trouble I shall lay upon her, then she is different from any woman I ever saw before. I shall see her soon, for I am not a man to be trifled with. I shall have your assistance in the matter, of course?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Morton. "It will be decidedly for her interest to receive you at once."

"And it will be for the interest of some of her relatives, I conclude," said Rivers, sarcastically.

Mr. Morton colored deeply, but made no reply.

"It is time I was at the bank now," said Rivers, taking up his hat, and walking toward the door.

"I would suggest one thing," said Mr. Morton, in a low voice, detaining him. "It is that you approach Alice cautiously, for she is a Tartar when she is aroused."

"She is, eh? Well, I like to see a girl have some spirit."

"Abominable business, this," muttered Mr. Morton, as he walked back to his desk. "That fellow has me in his grip, and he will send me to the wall in no time if I cannot make Alice yield. If he would only give me time, I could clear myself, and let the girl have her own way, for I declare it is too bad to sacrifice her; but it can't be helped now."

It was again evening; but there was now no moonlight, neither starlight, to cast a cheering ray upon the unhappy Alice, as she sat alone in her chamber. The whispering breeze had given place to the moaning wind; but it was not more sad in its tone than the wail that went up from her desolate heart. Darkness brooded over the earth, but more drear were the shadows that gathered over her soul. Another week had passed, but no letter came from Mr. Wilder, and William had not replied to her last. Had he turned from her in her hour of need? Was his heart untouched by her sorrow? O, time and absence make sad changes! But it was of his father she had complained, and perhaps her judgment had seemed harsh. It was a difficult situation for him to be placed in, and perhaps he thought it was not best to interfere. And yet he might write a few words, that she might not feel that she was quite alone. The tears were dropping fast, as she arose from her seat, and took from her writing desk two letters, sealed and directed, ready for delivery. One was for William, for she had made another effort to enlist his sympathy; the other was to Frederic. She had hesitated long, with womanly delicacy, before addressing him; but was she not his betrothed? Did they not promise to love each other through the hours of darkness, as well as of light? Surely, he could not have forgotten the last kiss, when he murmured, "God bless you, darling!" No, no, it could not be, and so she had written, in all the confidence of her young heart.

Mr. Morton had not referred to Mr. Rivers before Alice since the evening he gave her his note, neither had her aunt, until the afternoon previous. They were sitting together alone, when Mrs. Morton introduced the subject, and asked Alice why she so obstinately refused Mr. Rivers's attentions.

"You know, aunt," replied Alice, "that I hold the man in perfect contempt; and if I could regard him more kindly, I could never love him."

"Perhaps you think your fancy for Fred Wilder would stand in the way. But do you believe he would think you so interesting if he knew you were poor?"

Alice started as though she had been stung by an adder. It was strange, that with all the questions with which she had tortured herself, she should not have thought of this; but she had not. Mrs. Morton saw the movement, and pressed the subject upon her notice.

"You know, Alice," she continued, "he is not burdened with money, and your fortune would have quite an attraction; but what do you suppose he would care for you without it? Now Mr. Rivers would give you a home of elegance, and the fact that you were poor would not influence him, for he knew it before he sent you that note; and if you consult your own interests, I think you will try to forget your fancy for Frederic, and cultivate a more kindly feeling towards Mr. Rivers."

"Aunt Morton," said Alice, laying her work in her lap, and fixing her earnest eyes, glowing with deep feeling, upon her, "what you say about Frederic may be true, although I do not believe it; but if it is, he is wholly unworthy the love I have given him. As to Mr. Rivers, I can only say now, what I have said before, that under no consideration can I marry him, for he is hateful to me. I know that I am poor; but better poverty, than wealth at such a sacrifice. No, I had rather earn my living by daily labor—"

"Hush, Alice! How foolish you are to talk in that way. You, who have never done an hour's work in your lifetime!"

A long conversation followed this remark, Mrs. Morton endeavoring to convince her niece of the folly of rejecting certainty for uncertainty. Her husband had not told her he was in the power of Rivers, so this motive did not influence her in urging the suit; but she thought as many have thought before her, that a brilliant position in life, without much heart, was more to be desired than an humble station made holy by affection.

It was of this conversation that Alice was

thinking, as she sat alone in her room. She had written her letter to Frederic in the morning, but could she send it now? Her aunt's question had opened a new channel of thought. But in her letter she had told him of the reverse of fortune, and it was best that he should know it; so, after many conflicting emotions, she decided to send it. She had just returned it to the desk, when Mrs. Morton entered her room, saying Mr. Rivers was in the parlor, and would like to see her.

"Now, dear," she said, very kindly, "I want you to yield to us in this thing. At least, if Mr. Rivers should offer you his hand to-night, do not give him a decided refusal." And she took the hand of the pale girl in her own, with a tenderness unusual to her.

It unnerved Alice, this gentle manner. Had her aunt been stern with her, she would have been proudly firm; but pride melted before kindness, and she pressed the hand of her aunt, not trusting herself to speak.

"You will be down soon, will you?" said Mrs. Morton, as she left the room.

"Yes," gasped Alice, for it was with difficulty that she could reply.

Mr. Rivers was engaged in earnest conversation with her uncle, when she entered the room; but it ceased as she approached, and with a grace of manner peculiar to himself, he came forward and offered his hand. Mr. Morton remained a few moments, and then excused himself on the plea of an engagement. Some time was spent in general conversation, but remembering the hour, Mr. Rivers turned to Alice, saying:

"Are you aware of the object of my call this evening, Miss Grayland?"

"I presume I am," replied Alice.

"I have been hoping to receive a response to the note I sent you; but as I have not, I thought it best to come and receive my answer from your lips."

"I gave the note to my uncle, desiring him to return it to you," said Alice, "and I supposed further answer would be unnecessary."

"Then you did not wish me to call?"

"Not if your call was significant of anything more than mere friendliness."

"But, my dear Miss Grayland," said Mr. Rivers, rising, and taking a seat at her side, "why may I not seek a more intimate acquaintance? I have come here to-night to offer my heart to you, and ask you to be my wife. You must have known what my feelings were toward you for some time past."

"Yes, sir," replied Alice, "I have known; but have I ever encouraged the attentions you have offered me?"

"No, I cannot say that you have, and yet your manner has been such that I could never discern anything more than indifference, and I have hoped that my affection for you might awaken a response in your heart, and that thus I might win you. I have lived alone—yes, alone—although much of my life has been spent in society; yet there has been no one to live for me, or for whom I could live. No one to share my joy, or to cheer me when sad. I need not tell you of the loneliness of this isolation, Alice, for your early bereavement must have given you an experience that renders description unnecessary." And he took the fair little hand that was unconsciously lying near his own.

Alice had entered the room with hatred in her heart; but the deference in his manner, and the delicacy with which he approached her, together with his reference to the desolation of feeling she knew so well how to appreciate, led her to think that perhaps she had been somewhat unjust to him. She was strangely unnerved to-night, and tears filled her eyes; but she withdrew her hand, and thought he made an effort to retain it.

"Perhaps I owe you an apology, Miss Grayland, for referring to an event that must have been a life-long sorrow to you," said Mr. Rivers, seeing she was touched by the remark. "I did not wish to revive painful memories, or to deepen its impress."

"It could hardly be deepened, Mr. Rivers," replied Alice. "I appreciate what you have said, for I sometimes feel that I have fathomed the depths of sorrow."

"Then it will not be unpleasant to you to know that you have my sympathy. But as I was saying, I have lived thus far with no one to love me; but the shadows of the years grow deeper as they come. I would not pass through them alone, and I ask you to accept the offer of a heart, the light of whose affection shall ever rest upon you, and the hand that will delight to make glad your future years."

Alice made no reply for a few moments, during which time the eyes of Mr. Rivers were fixed upon her. She remembered what her aunt said. She thought of Frederic's silence—perhaps estrangement—and the earnest words of Mr. Rivers. Could the regard he manifested be feigned? But as she followed out this train of thought until it led to her marriage with him, her heart turned from him, and sought its old resting-place with Frederic Wilder. Its home could never be elsewhere.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Rivers, seeing she hesitated in her reply, "perhaps you would rather not give me an answer this evening."

"It is best that you should know my feelings at once," replied Alice, "as I cannot respond to the sentiment you have uttered. I thank you for the sympathy you have expressed; but I cannot accept your hand, for I have no heart to give you."

"Do not decide the question to-night, Miss Grayland," said Mr. Rivers. "Our acquaintance has not been a familiar one, and perhaps further knowledge of each other may lead you to feel differently."

"No," replied Alice, "I have no right to allow you to hope for a more favorable answer, for my promise, as well as my heart, is given to another, and therefore you must consider my answer as final."

A long conversation followed, and it was not until quite late that Mr. Rivers took his leave. Two weeks went by, and Alice had received several visits from him, but the result was the same as at the close of the first interview. Mrs. Morton, with kindness, although with great earnestness, urged her acceptance, and hope faded from her heart each day, for Frederic was still silent; yet she was firm, for she could not love Mr. Rivers.

It was toward the close of the following week that she received another visit; but the manners of the gentleman seemed somewhat changed, although he urged his suit "*con amore*," but finding it of no avail, he laid aside the disguise he had assumed, as he said:

"Do you know, Miss Grayland, that by accepting my offer, nearly all of your property can be restored?"

Alice looked up with surprise.

"It is in my hands, the most of it, and you see you are very much in my power."

"No, sir, I do not see that I am in your power. My property may be; but I am not." And Alice turned scornfully from him.

He caught her hand.

"Release me, sir!" she said, her eyes flashing with indignation.

An evil smile curled the lips of Mr. Rivers; but he released her hand, as he said:

"Now, Alice, which do you prefer, to be cast out upon the world penniless, or to marry me?"

"I would wed poverty, and death, even, rather than you!" replied Alice. "You say my property is in your hands; if so, it came there by no fair means. If I cannot recover it, you can have it; but me, never!"

"We will see about that," said Rivers. "You say I may have your gold. You are very kind; but I intend to keep that and you too. How does the idea please you? The fact is, it is

simply ridiculous for you to throw away a good offer; but you have had your way, and now I should like mine."

"I am willing you should have it, provided it does not interfere with mine," replied Alice; "but I wish you to cease speaking to me upon this subject, as it is useless, for I shall never reverse my decision." And she rose haughtily and left the room; not, however, without seeing the face of Mr. Rivers gather blackness, and hearing words that caused her to feel that "the end was not yet."

Alice was alone. Her face was pale, and her eyes wild, but tearless, as she took her old seat by the window. This was no light matter, and it had reached a crisis that demanded immediate action. Feeling too wretched to remain at home, she put on her bonnet and shawl to go out. As she was passing through the hall she met the errand-boy.

"Johnny, why don't you bring me my letters?" she said, detaining him.

"Because I don't go to the office now," replied the boy.

"Why not?"

"Mr. Morton said it was not necessary, for he went every day."

"How long has that been?"

"O, for some time—two months, perhaps."

Alice turned away. Was it not possible, yes, more than that—probable—that Frederic's letters had been kept from her?

"What did you do with the letters I gave you to take to the office?"

"I gave them to Mr. Morton," said Johnny, turning upon his heel to go.

Alice did not detain him longer. She had an intimate friend living but a few squares from her uncle's residence, and to her house she turned her footsteps, seeking the sympathy that was denied her elsewhere.

"Dear Alice," said Kate Williams, as her friend was about to leave, after the stay of an hour, "if there is anything I can do for you, or any assistance my parents can render, I am sure it will not be withheld. So don't stay alone, thinking there's nobody to care for you." And the sweet blue eyes, tear-laden, attested to the sincerity of the words.

It was comforting to Alice to know that there were hearts that beat with solicitude for her welfare. She entered the house, and as she was about to ascend the stairs, she heard the sound of voices coming from the parlor, and her own name spoken. The door was slightly ajar, and she felt that listening was excusable, for she recognized the voice of Rivers, and surely his

conversation with her uncle concerning her must be of importance to her.

"I tell you what it is," said Rivers, "she is the toughest piece I ever had to deal with; but I can manage her—she will fall into the traces after we are married. I had rather have her so than one of the crying sort."

"But do you believe you can get a response from her in the marriage service?" asked Mr. Morton.

"O, yes; when it gets to that, she will find it is useless to do any other way. But I think we had better hasten matters a little, don't you?"

"Perhaps so, if you think you can manage her; but I declare it looks a little doubtful to me."

"And so you are going to back down, are you?" said Rivers, angrily. "Do so if you are ready to take the consequences."

"O, no," said Mr. Morton, "I was only thinking the trouble might be more than the worth."

"I shall have no trouble with her after she understands that I mean what I say. I think we had better not say anything to her about it; but next week, say Thursday, I will be here with the preliminaries all arranged. Parson Green thinks me almost a saint, I believe, and I will take him with me, and have the affair over with. Of course, as long as she thinks she can get rid of me, she will be obstinate; but she will give in when she finds there is no other way."

"Well, you must do as you think best about it," said Mr. Morton, as Rivers rose to go.

Alice stopped to hear no more, but went on to her room. It was almost nightfall, and it was too late for her to go back to Mr. Williams's without exciting a suspicion as to her absence, so she remained in her room until summons came for tea. They had scarcely risen from the table, when Kate Williams called. Alice wondered what brought her there at that time; but no reference was made to the conversation of the afternoon, as Mrs. Morton was in the room during her stay, and when she left, she followed the girls into the hall. But by a cautious movement, just as Kate stepped from the door, she slipped a letter into the hand of Alice, which she latter as cautiously concealed until she should be alone. It was from Frederic Wilder, and came enclosed in a note to Kate. Fortunately the last letter Alice wrote, she dropped into the office herself, and it had been received. What wonder that tears of gratitude and joy fell freely as she read its answer, for every line assured her of a heart unchanged by outward circumstances! In closing it ran thus:



"And now, my dear Alice, write to me very soon, and fear not the consequences of a firm refusal of Mr. Rivers, for you shall never be left alone, although your friends may turn from you. I wish I could see you at once; but business prevents just now. Yet I hope to visit you next month, so keep up a good heart, darling, and trust me, as ever yours.

FREDERIC."

Yes, these were sweet words to Alice, and they strengthened her for the trial of the coming week. There was not much sleep for her that night, and the next morning found her in close conversation with Kate Williams and her mother, for she felt that she needed the counsel of age. Mrs. Williams listened to a recital of Alice's difficulties without comment; but after some moments of thought, she said:

"I think we can arrange this matter, Alice. We will send for Frederic to come on. He can settle it better than any one else."

"But he cannot come just now," replied Alice.

"It may be inconvenient for him, but if he knew your situation nothing would prevent his coming. You know his home was with me for many years, and I know him very well."

"Well," replied Alice, "I do not feel at liberty to send for him, but I shall write to-night."

"We will attend to that matter, my dear," said Mrs. Williams. "You need give yourself no uneasiness in regard to it."

Alice returned home cheered by the interview, and she seemed so much happier that her aunt hoped she was becoming reconciled to Mr. Rivers, as she treated him with less hauteur than she had done for some weeks past; but the subject was not mentioned between them.

Three days passed, and Alice grew more and more uneasy, for Frederic had not come, and in three days the attempt would be made to force her into a marriage with Rivers. It was Tuesday morning, and Mrs. Morton and her niece were sitting in the parlor, when Kate Williams bounded in.

"I can't stop a moment," she said, as Mrs. Morton urged her to sit down. "I came over to see if Alice would spend the afternoon with me. Mother is going out, and I want her company."

Mrs. Morton looked at her niece.

"I know of nothing to prevent it," replied Alice.

"So you will come?" said Kate.

"Yes, I think I will."

"Then I shall expect you early; but I must go, now." And the light-hearted girl tripped out of the room, giving Alice a look that sent gladness to her heart.

There was a happy meeting that afternoon, for

Frederic had come. He would have gone at once to Mr. Morton's, but Mrs. Williams advised otherwise, lest it should not be for Alice's interest. O, what a relief it was to her to lean upon that tried heart, when all doubt had vanished!

Frederic Wilder had been established in business for himself a year, and his expectations had been more than realized. Still he had not thought of marrying under another twelve months; but Alice's difficulties changed the aspect of affairs, and having gained her consent, he determined to be married before he returned.

It was a bright, sunny morning, and in Mr. Williams's pleasant drawing-room a group were assembled, consisting of Mr. Williams and his wife, and Kate, with her happy face, was standing beside them. A gentleman in clerical robes stood before the blushing Alice Grayland, as Frederic Wilder took her hand, while the solemn-voiced minister pronounced them "husband and wife." There was no elegant toilet of the bride to be commented upon, or costly gifts to be admired; but joy was there, for affection hallowed the scene. It was just as the evening shadows gathered, that Alice returned home, accompanied by Frederic; but he left her before they came in sight of Mr. Morton's residence, for this was the programme for the morrow—Alice was not to mention his coming, was to give no hint of her knowledge of Rivers's intentions, and when summoned to meet him, to appear as though no suspicion had crossed her mind; not, however, without giving a sign to Frederic, who was to be near.

Well, the morning came, and the hands on the dial pointed to the hour of eleven, when an elegant carriage stopped before the mansion, and two gentlemen stepped from it. They entered the house, and in a few moments Mrs. Morton's footsteps were heard upon the stairs. She entered the room with a smiling, although an anxious face, and informed Alice that Mr. Rivers would like to see her. She seemed inclined to wait, but Alice desired her not to do so, as she wished to arrange her hair a little before going down. She took a brush that lay upon the stand, and smoothed back the glossy bands, then stepping to the window, waved her handkerchief before it. There was the fluttering of another opposite, and she went down. Her cheek was paler than usual, and her lustrous eyes glowed with a strange light. Her heart was throbbing wildly, but her appearance was calm and dignified. Mr. Rivers came forward and offered his hand. It was received with cold politeness.

"You remember my wishes were expressed to you very freely, a week since?" said Mr. Rivers,

resting his hand upon a chair, and looking her keenly in the face. "I hope you are ready to acquiesce in them now?"

A scornful smile flitted over the face of Alice, as she said:

"My decision is unchanged. I can repeat what I said at that time if it is your wish."

"But, Alice, my wife you must be. I am ready to promise that I will do all in my power to promote your happiness by regarding your future wishes. Therefore, I hope that without further words, you will accept me." And stepping aside, he opened the door into the parlor, and the clergyman, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Morton, entered the room. Mr. Rivers took his place by the side of Alice. The color fled from her face, and she stood statue-like, for where was Frederic? The minister commenced to repeat the service, when the door swung back, and a voice said, "I forbid this marriage."

All eyes were turned towards the speaker.

"For what reason?" demanded Rivers, his eyes flashing fearfully.

"Simply because she is my wife."

"Villain!" muttered Rivers. "Bring in your witnesses."

"I need but this," said Frederic, composedly, drawing from his pocket the marriage certificate. "If you desire further proof you can have it."

"Now, sir," said Rivers, white with rage, turning to Mr. Morton, "you have connived at this. You may expect no mercy at my hands, and you may prepare to settle your accounts with me."

But, ah! the last words were useless, for ere they were uttered, Mr. Morton had entered into the presence of the great Creditor whose dues he had so long forgotten. Vainly did they seek to awaken life in the still form, for death was there; and so, instead of a wedding in that elegant mansion, there was a funeral.

But little remains to be said. William Morton, who still loved his Cousin Alice, although he had not been able to get direct tidings from her, was again at home. The settlement of his father's affairs fell to him, and Mr. Rivers was the largest creditor; but by prudent management, enough was saved from the wreck of a handsome fortune, after paying all liabilities, to restore to Alice the thirty thousand dollars entrusted to his father. The interest of fifteen years was lost. Alice, who forgave the past, offered a home to Mrs. Morton; but she preferred to make her home with William, who was soon to be married. Thus the family separated, and Alice Wilder never had cause to regret that she firmly rejected a wealthy suitor for one who had no equivalent to offer for gold but an earnest, loving heart.

## THE SEA.

Whilst the sea is yet unseen, it makes itself felt and heard. At first there is a distant, dull monotony of sound, and gradually, this far-off murmur swells into a roar which absorbs and dominates all other voices. At once the attention is arrested by the solemn alternation, the invariable return of the deep, low note, or swelling into thunder. Not so regular the oscillation of the pendulum which measures the hours. But very far is its regularity from being like the uniformity of mechanic motion. We feel in it, rather, or believe we feel in it, the vibrating intonation of life. In fact, at the moment of the flood, when wave rises upon wave, immense, electric, there mingles with the rolling storm of the waters the murmur of the shells and the thousand various beings which are borne along with them in their course, and at the reflux of the waves there is a sound which makes us comprehend that the sea carries back along with the sands these, its faithful tribes, and receives them into its bosom. Wherever one may behold the ocean, it is over imposing and terrible. Such is it around headlands, from whence it spread far away in all directions; such, and sometimes even more so, in those broad but circumscribed places where it is vexed and trammelled by enclosing shores, and where it rushes in with furious currents which hurl it high upon the rocks. In such situations as these its infinite expanse is wanting; but the spirit of its infinity is ever present; without visible sign, it makes itself felt, and even the more powerfully for having none. —*Michelet.*

## THE OLDEN TIME.

The days of chivalry were iron days. When a prince like Edward the First would go to a far-distant and hostile country on a perilous crusade, his gentle Eleanor must needs accompany him. When he would fight a battle, as at Falkirk, he sleeps all the previous night with his shield for his pillow, on a Scottish moor. The very sports of those days were terrible. Sir Patrick Graham, a Scottish knight, turning to him, courteously asked him to run with him three courses. Next morning, in the first course, Graham struck the English knight through the harness with a mortal wound, so that he died on the spot. Such were the fierce pastimes of those days. And, naturally enough, men did not think of the mutilation of a human body, in or after death, with those feelings of horror with which we regard it. Robert Bruce, when dying, ordered his heart to be taken out of his body, and carried to the Holy Land. If ever a husband loved a wife, surely Edward loved his Eleanor. Yet his directions after her death were to place her bowels in Lincoln Minster, her heart in the church of the Blackfriars, London, and the rest of her body in Westminster Abbey. After the battle of Evesham, the bloody head of Earl Simon was deemed a fitting present to be sent to the home of a noble lady. How can we, then, apply to the deeds of those times the feelings or prejudices which are current in the nineteenth century? —*Clifford.*

## REVENGE.

Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter, ere long, back on itself recoils. —*MILTON.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MATTIE—WITH A ROSEBUD.

BY W. F. WOOD.

Accept, fair girl, this lovely bud,  
And wear it on thy breast for me;  
'Tis fairest of the "sisterhood,"  
Although it cannot vie with thee.

As well might sea with starry sky  
In night's most radiant hour compare,  
As aught of earth presume to vie  
With one so excellently fair.

And as its fragrance fills thy heart,  
Shedding ambrosial sweets abroad,  
Let it with thy pure prayers depart,  
As incense to the throne of God.

Decaying, mortal, though it be,  
May it not with thy spirit bloom,  
Gifted with immortality,  
Beyond the confines of the tomb?

So let us hope—companion meet  
To deck thy Eden-bower of roses:  
Joys to the pure, sweets to the sweet,  
As compensation's law discloses.

Exhaling to its native sky, |  
This lovely child-flower soon will go;  
But ah, its soul will never die,  
As you and I too dearly know.

'Twill linger in our souls—our hearts  
Will feel its gentle, potent sway;  
And not till life and light departs  
Shall its sweet influence pass away.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GHOST WITH THE —.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

A FEW months ago I was travelling in south-western Virginia, and stopped for the night at a country inn, called the White Hart. The landlord was an Englishman, and his house was the namesake of one he used to keep some twenty years ago, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Though a lonely place, embosomed in the mountains, I found it, contrary to my expectations, filled with people. Some business connected with the location of a new road had called together a number of gentlemen, from several adjoining counties, who were to pass the night at the White Hart.

We all sat together in the old-fashioned parlor, with an immense old-fashioned wood fire, burning in an immense old-fashioned Virginia fire-place, and we soon became very sociable, in the old fashioned Virginia fashion. There was a long December evening before us, and nothing

but talk to while it away with. After discussing "the troubles of the country," until the subject was pretty well exhausted, one of the company drew out of his pocket Owen's "Footsteps on the Boundary of Another World," which he had recently purchased, and read to us several chapters of it. This naturally led to the subject of ghosts and supernaturalities in general, and several ghost stories, declared by the narrators to be genuine statements of real circumstances, were contributed to the general stock by those present. One gentleman told us of a curious thing, which he assured us actually happened to one of his own relatives, in the State of Kentucky, he himself being cognizant of the facts.

An old gentleman on his deathbed, had had a will prepared, the chief object of which was to emancipate his slaves. As he was very low and very feeble, it was thought best to have the will all ready, with the names of the witnesses and everything, before they brought it to him to receive his own signature. All this having been done, the will was finally taken to the bedside of the testator. It was placed before him, and the pen was put into his hand, but before it touched the paper, he was seized with a sudden and violent spasm, and died almost immediately, with the pen still in his hand.

The unsigned will being of no legal value, the property of the intestate was to be divided among the heirs at law, of whom the speaker was one. A meeting of the heirs was held for the final arrangement of the affairs. An unusual degree of seriousness pervaded this assembly, and each one was astonished to see his neighbor with such an air of solemnity about him.

This eventually led to a mutual comparing of notes among them, the result of which was the discovery, that each man and woman of the party had seen what he or she had supposed to be the apparition of their deceased relative, since his decease. Some tried to shake off the impression, but tried in vain. The narrator had twice seen what he firmly believed to be the disembodied spirit of his venerable kinsman. He had addressed it, but received no answer. It gazed upon him with a sad, regretful look, and then disappeared.

This gentleman refused to accept his share of the negroes. He firmly believed they would be happier with him than if left to themselves; but he was equally convinced that the old gentleman had wished it to be otherwise, and those wishes he would on no account disregard. Some of his co-heirs were inclined to take the same course, but would not do so unless all the others would concur.

Meanwhile, some reference was made to the unsigned will, and one of the company expressed a desire to see it. It was in the possession of the nephew of the deceased, who now occupied the house, and it had been locked up in a desk ever since it was taken from the fingers of the corpse. The nephew unlocked the desk, took out the parchment, and unrolled it, and was about to hand it to the person who desired to look at it, when he suddenly turned pale, staggered, and seemed almost ready to faint. Greatly astonished, the others inquired what was the matter. He appeared to be incapable of speaking, but pointed with a trembling finger to the bottom of the instrument, where stood the well-known signature of the deceased, as it would have been written by his own hand if he had lived a few minutes longer.

Who *did* write it? To this day that question remains unanswered. All admitted it to be a perfect *fac simile* of the old gentleman's writing, which was very peculiar, and very hard to counterfeit. And then, nobody had any motive for counterfeiting it. The interest of all concerned was in a diametrically opposite direction. And besides, nobody had had access to the will but the nephew himself, who would have been the chief loser by it, and who, moreover, had never touched it since his uncle's death, and had never parted with the key for a single instant.

The final result, according to our informant, was, that the will so strangely signed was treated precisely as if it had been completed by the living testator, according to his original purpose. The negroes were set free, and every provision of the will was as strictly complied with, as if it had been admitted to probate, and fortified by every official recognition.

After this gentleman had finished his narrative, I was solicited to contribute my share of ghostly experience to the common fund. I had nothing but hearsay evidence to bring forward, but such as I had I gave. Of several stories which I told, there was but one that I really had any faith in. It was told to me by a fellow-student, in Paris; a young man with whom I was intimately acquainted, whose veracity was beyond suspicion, and whose turn of mind was as little of a superstitious cast as that of any man well could be.

Whatever the true explanation of the facts of this narrative may be, that they really are facts, or at least that he believed them to be such, no one who knew the man could for a moment doubt. If there ever was a *strictly true* ghost story, this is one; and as such I re-produce it.

My fellow-student and hospital-walker, Walter M—, was the third son of a gentleman of large

property and ancient lineage, in the south of England—I think in Devonshire. While prosecuting his medical studies at the University of Edinburg, he one day took a long walk for relaxation, and returned to his lodgings through one of "Auld Reekie's" principal streets. Its name I now forget, but its location I remember very distinctly.

As he thus journeyed slowly homeward, he saw a horseman some distance ahead of him, whose appearance he suddenly thought, seemed familiar to him. He was riding towards him, at a pretty smart canter, and in a few minutes his features became distinctly visible. To his great surprise, he found them to be those of his eldest brother, William, heir to the estate and to the baronetcy of his father, Sir Edward M—.

Walter had had a letter from this brother but two or three days before. He wrote from his father's house, hundreds of miles away from Edinburg, and said nothing whatever about a visit to Scotland. Indeed he had just reached home from Oxford, where he had been prosecuting his studies for some years. Wondering more and more what could have induced his brother to take so long a journey, Walter slackened his pace, expecting of course that he would stop and speak to him. But in this he was mistaken. The horseman did not stop, did not even moderate his speed, or take the slightest notice of his brother, but rode straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and keeping himself as nearly as possible in the middle of the street. This extraordinary conduct increased Walter's astonishment tenfold. What could it mean? Had the young man become insane? Or was he playing off a practical joke? He could not possibly be mistaken in the person. He passed within a few feet of him. Besides, he recognized the horse, a magnificent young hunter, almost as familiar to him as the rider.

As soon as he found that his brother was determined to pass him, Walter threw up his hands, and shouted aloud for him to stop. But it was all of no avail. He rode on as fast as ever, without exhibiting any indication of having seen or heard him. Walter now began to be a little out of patience. He could explain the thing only upon the supposition that it was meant for a jest, and he thought it a very ill-timed and stupid one. He was anxious to hear from home, however, and he turned about and ran after the cantering equestrian.

There is in the city of Edinb'ro' (as it is usually called), a piece of low ground, which was formerly, I believe, covered with water. It is still called the Nor' Loch, though it is now (or

was when I saw it) a sort of garden, filled with luxuriant verdure. While Walter was pursuing the flying horseman, the latter turned off at right angles into the Nor' Loch. Walter followed, running down the hill with greatly accelerated velocity. The horseman sped across the hollow, and ascended on the other side. There stands the famous Edinburg Castle, now a military post, frequented by bare-legged Highlanders. The horseman rode directly towards it, and finally into it, in full sight of his pursuer. Then of course the latter could see him no longer. The sentinels at the gate seemed to pay no attention to him.

At length, panting with the exertion he had been making, Walter reached the castle, and entered the great court into which he had seen his brother ride, being certainly not more than five minutes behind him, but neither man nor horse was to be seen. Several officers and men were standing there, but they all declared that no stranger had been there. The men on duty at the gate said the same thing. No one had passed them, either on horseback or on foot, for more than ten minutes, nor had they seen the person described at all.

Walter was now alarmed, as well as puzzled and bewildered. He went to his apartments and immediately wrote to his father an account of what he had seen. Long before he could expect an answer, however, a letter arrived from home, bringing news which the reader has no doubt anticipated. His eldest brother and his favorite horse had fallen over a precipice and been dashed to pieces, the same day and hour of the appearance in Edinburg of what he could not doubt was the disembodied spirit of the deceased.

Such was Walter M—'s narrative. It does not differ materially from many other stories of persons seen after death, except in what relates to the horse and his re-appearance along with his master. Its only merit, as a story, consists in its authenticity. As the apparition was visible to Walter alone, it was probably a hallucination of his own senses.

"Do you know," said one of our company, "that this house, in which we are telling these stories, is itself the scene of such a legend?"

Most of the company replied in the negative, and begged to hear all about it.

"If I am not mistaken," he continued, "the house known as the 'White Hart' has had the reputation of being haunted for years. But the landlord can doubtless tell you more about it than I can."

The landlord was immediately called for, but it appeared that he had gone to bed, and the

young man who officiated as his *locum tenens*, being a new-comer, could give us no information on the subject. The gentleman who broached the subject was therefore requested to give us such information as he possessed.

"Well," said he, "all I know is that there used to be a story of a *ghost with a bloody knife*, haunting these premises. The house, as I have often heard from my father and other old people, was built long ago, by an Englishman, who came and purchased a tract of land here, when there was no settlement within many miles of the place. It was thought strange that he should choose to live in such a wild, lonely spot, for he was a man of wealth and education, and had, moreover, a young, lively, intelligent and very pretty wife; the last person apparently who would voluntarily select such a place to live in.

"Some four or five years elapsed before this mystery was solved. At the end of that period, the brother of this man appeared, and claimed the woman as his wife, who had eloped with her paramour about a year after her marriage. The injured husband had been five years upon their track, and had at last traced them to this spot, in spite of all their efforts to conceal themselves. He had followed them with untiring energy, spending all his time and most of his money in the pursuit.

"The upshot of the matter was a terrible struggle for life between the two brothers, which resulted in the death of the husband. He was stabbed to the heart with a large butcher's knife. He pulled it out of the wound himself, held it up all dripping with his blood, before the eyes of his murderer, and swore that his ghost should haunt him and the faithless wife, till the last hour of their lives.

"The house was abandoned that same night, and what became of the guilty pair no one ever knew. It is said, however, that the house was for a long time haunted by the ghost of the murdered husband, with the bloody knife in his hand, and it may be to this day, for aught I know to the contrary. It is a very old story, however, and I have not heard it spoken of this many a day. I doubt whether the present owner of the house has any knowledge of it, and it is quite possible that no one in the neighborhood has ever heard the legend of the ghost with the bloody knife."

With such marvellous recitals the long winter night was whiled away until the hour of bedtime, when we dispersed to our sleeping places, in various parts of the rambling old edifice. For a country tavern, the house was a large one, but there were guests enough present to tax its ut-

most powers of accommodation. They put me in a small garret room by myself.

I do not know how the others felt, but a strict regard for truth obliges me to confess, that I did not go to sleep that night as calmly and as quickly as I did on ordinary occasions. Confused ideas of the various spectres we had talked about flitted before my mind's eye, and seemed to execute a ghostly dance around my bed. I was not prepared to say that I believed anything of all that I had heard, but I too had been reading Mr. Owen's book, and it had set me to thinking on the subject as I had never thought before.

This was the first time I had ever slept in a haunted house. Under ordinary circumstances, such a thing would not have disturbed my equanimity in the least, but as it was, the ghost with the bloody knife *would* intrude itself among the confused, half-somnolent reminiscences, of our evening's conversation, with a persistency and a consistency which almost made me guilty of the superlative silliness of getting into a passion with a formless fantastical nonentity. Of all the *sequelæ* of our ghost-talk, this alone stuck by me till the last waking moment, and mingled its airy nothingness with the unsubstantial scenery of the "land of Nod;" and I believe that I could see the bloody blade, and even count the red drops that fell from it, after I had actually begun to snore.

After Morpheus became fairly triumphant, the gates of unreason were thrown wide open, and hobgoblins and harpies, devils and dragons, of all imaginable varieties, and all with bloody knives in their hands, went trooping through my brains, like figures on the sides of a magic lantern. Free trade was apparently established with the whole empire of absurdity; and bloody knives in ghostly hands seemed to be the only article brought to market.

How long I may have slept I do not know; but something suddenly waked me. The first thing I was conscious of noticing was a heavy foot-fall upon the stairs. My chamber was at the top of the house, and this nocturnal wanderer might be directing his steps to any of the rooms below me; or he might come all the way up to me. Would he, or would he not? And what could be the reason of his being abroad at such an unreasonable hour?

There was nothing in the mere fact of any particular importance, but the peculiar state of my nerves caused my heart to throb with accelerated velocity at each succeeding step. I thought of the "tramp, tramp, tramp," of the spectre in Burger's famous ballad of *Lenore*; and then I thought of the heavy tread of the

marble ghost in *Don Giovanni*; and still the night-wanderer drew near, without a pause in his resounding tread, slow, heavy and monotonous. I hoped every moment that it would stop at some one of the doors below me; but no, it still came on, on, on, seeming to my excited imagination, a type of the restless march of Fate, tramping ruthlessly and recklessly over everything in its way, and bidding defiance to the very gods themselves, who were powerless to arrest it, or even to turn it aside. Never certainly had anything so intrinsically insignificant made so powerful an impression upon me; and if I had known the heavy-footed stranger to be an emissary despatched to assassinate me, I could hardly have felt more horrified at his approach. I had no distinct idea at that time of its being anything supernatural. The heavy tramping was not the gait of a ghost, surely. I merely felt a dread of some nameless horror—I knew not what.

Nearer and nearer, and more and more distinct, the footfalls came, till finally every other door was past, and mine alone remained. The visit must be designed for me, if for any one. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! I heard the cracking of the garret stairs; I heard the step grow louder and louder, as it reached the platform immediately in front of my door, and then I saw a light shining through the cracks. I remembered with a shudder that the door had no fastening. The heavy step came straight on, paused a moment, and then the door flew wide open.

A tall figure, robed in white, with a lantern in its hand, stalked into the room, and up to the side of my bed, with the same slow, heavy tread. Its lack-lustre eyes were wide open, and stared fixedly at me as it approached. Standing within a yard or two of the bed, it then drew from beneath the folds of its robe, a long, glittering *knife*, raised it slowly and deliberately, and passed it twice across its own throat, and then wheeled about and left the room. With the same heavy, monotonous tramp, and the same deliberate pace, it descended the stairs, and the noise of the ponderous footfalls gradually died away in the distance.

A cold sweat covered me from head to foot. More than once I had felt a strong temptation to cry out and alarm the house; but a sense of shame restrained me. Now, however, I breathed more easily. The horrid thing was gone, and I most devoutly hoped and trusted that it would return no more.

But my hope was a fallacious one. All was quiet for some time—for an hour perhaps—and I had succeeded in composing my nerves into



something like a *sleepable* position, when the same heavy tread again struck upon my ear. On it came, tramp, tramp, tramp, precisely as before. I had said, in fact I had boasted, to myself, that if it did return, I would not suffer myself to be flustered by it. I would examine the thing closely and deliberately. Perhaps it might be all a trick of some of my fellow-lodgers, who had observed my perturbation during the recital of the ghost-stories. If so I would turn the tables on them effectually. That I was determined upon.

But with the very first resounding step, I began to find that theory and practice differed in psychological as well as in mere mundane matters. A ghost in *posse* may be reasoned about very calmly and philosophically, but a ghost in *esse* is quite a different affair. I do not think my body shivered, and burned, and sweated, and I do not think my teeth chattered and clattered quite so much as before; but I was badly scared, nevertheless. Like the man who "caught the Tartar," I was a good deal more concerned about what it would do with me, than about what I should do with it. Though I kept saying to myself that I did not believe it to be a ghost, I felt disagreeably conscious of telling a fib all the time. On it came, with the same slow, measured steps, the intervals between which I might readily have reckoned by the loud throbblings of my own heart. It approached my chamber, as before; the door flew open, as before; and in the cold air that entered with it, I thought I could sniff the odors of the charnel-house.

The same tall figure again advanced, and stood by my bedside, as before. With a tremendous effort, I summoned up courage enough to address it, and without precisely admitting the ghosthood of the thing, I demanded in a voice stern in purpose but tremulous in fact, "what it wanted with me?"

The horrid creature made no reply, but continued to gaze upon me intently with its fishy eyes, while it nodded once or twice, and then produced the knife again, and again drew it across its throat. I returned its stare with interest, but it was as much as I could do to suppress a shriek of horror when I observed that the blade of the knife, which before had been clean and bright, was now *dripping with blood!* With another solemn and emphatic nod, the tall figure wheeled about, stalked to the door, and disappeared; its heavy tread, however, still marking its course, till it gradually died away in the distance.

Any more sleep that night was out of the question. There was not much time for it, however,

as the first gray light of dawn was already visible. As soon as it was far enough advanced to enable me to see how to dress, I rose, put on my clothes, and descended the stairs. After taking a turn or two in the open air, I met the landlord, who, judging from appearances, I supposed to have just left his bed.

"Good morning, sir," said he, "I am afraid you have not rested well. You look as pale as if you had seen a ghost."

"May-be I have. You have such an article here I am told."

"A ghost?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of it, if there is."

"Isn't there a story about a ghost with a bloody knife haunting these premises?"

"No sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. There is such a story, but it is not about this place. It belongs to another public house, about twelve miles further up the valley."

"What is that house called?"

"The 'White Horse.'"

"And this is the 'White Hart'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then my informant must have made a mistake—deceived probably by the similarity of the names. But, be that as it may, I saw something—a figure all in white—in my room, last night, which looked more like a ghost than anything I ever saw before. And it had a bloody knife too."

"The mischief you did? The ghost must have made a mistake, and got into the wrong house. But you couldn't have seen much of it in so dark a night."

"It had a lantern, and—great heaven! There it is now!"

It was the same identical figure stalking past us, with the same slow, heavy tread, and the same knife in its hand. It wore a long white shirt, over a pair of white pantaloons; but it had no lantern this time. "Mine host" turned in the direction in which I pointed, and as soon as he caught sight of the ghost, began to laugh so heartily that it shook his fat sides and his very conspicuous abdominal rotundity "like a bowl full of jelly."

"I see how it is," said he, as soon as this cachinnatory convulsion had subsided sufficiently to enable him to speak intelligibly; "the ghost was a flesh and blood one, and of the most substantial, Dutch-built description, too. You might have guessed that much, I should think, from his style of walking. I heard him myself,

but I went to sleep again a minute or two afterwards."

"But who is he?—and why did he come stalking up to my chamber, in that extraordinary fashion?"

"I am very sorry that he disturbed you. But it was all a mistake. He is a poor deaf and dumb fellow, who goes by the name of 'Dutch Billy.' I had employed him to come and help us kill hogs. He is very industrious, and no doubt had his fire made, and several hogs killed before day-break. My overseer usually sleeps in the garret-room which you occupied, and I had told Billy to go up and wake him as soon as he was ready to commence operations. That was before you came, and I forgot to tell him afterwards that the overseer had gone to his mother's to sleep. So Billy mistook his man, and called you in his place. I don't think he ever saw the overseer. At all events, he knows him but very imperfectly, if at all. Deaf and dumb as he is, he made the gesture with the knife to explain his errand; and finding that his first visit was unsuccessful, he made a second one, and took with him, no doubt, the bloody knife with which he had been sticking the hogs, as a proof that the work had already begun, and the overseer's presence desirable."

I accepted the landlord's explanation, and declined his invitation to stay for breakfast, having no wish to be present when my nocturnal adventure should be served up along with the coffee.

#### RESTORING FADED FLOWERS.

After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A writer at Nagasaki says: I had received some days ago a delightful bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in their beauty for nearly two weeks, when, at last, they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him, that though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. "O, no," said he, "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before." I was incredulous; so he took them himself, and held the stems' end in the fire, until they were completely charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be the true agent in this reviving process, I am unable to determine fully; whether it be heat driving once more the last juices into the very leaflet and vein, or whether it be the bountiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring. I am inclined, however, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterward, and it seems that if the heat was the principal agent, it must have been sooner followed by visible changes.—*N. Y. Express.*

#### WAR AMENITIES IN NEW ZEALAND.

As may be supposed, Hongi became a lion in London. The king—George IV.—gave him a suit of armor, and he received innumerable gifts of fire-arms and other things. It happened that during Hongi's absence, some of his tribe had been aggrieved by those of Hinaki. Hongi expressed his indignation, Hinaki apologized, but Hongi was determined on war; he wished to try his lately acquired material, and poor Hinaki having in vain sued for peace, was constrained to prepare for war. Hongi went to attack him at the head of three thousand men. The battle was not quickly decided, for Hinaki was a skillful warrior, and though fighting under great disadvantages, long maintained the contest. He was at length shot by Hongi, and fell pierced by four balls. Before life was extinct, the fierce victor rushed upon his enemy, and pulling forth his English clasp-knife, scooped out his eye and swallowed it. He then pierced a vein of the neck and drank the warm blood as it gushed forth. The slaughter was dreadful; a thousand men were slain, Hinaki's two brothers were amongst the killed. Their bodies with those of three hundred others were eaten on the field of battle. Hongi returned home in triumph, his canoes filled with prisoners, and the stems and sterns ornamented with the heads of his slaughtered foes. When Hongi reached his own dominion, his daughter, whose husband had been killed in the battle, rushed wildly to the shore, and snatching the sword presented to her father by George IV., she sprang into his boat, and of the twenty captives whom she found there, she beheaded sixteen with her own hand, and to appease her still unsatisfied rage, twenty more were killed and eaten. After this she attempted suicide by discharging a loaded musket at her head, but failing in the attempt, she afterwards strangled herself.—*United Service Gazette.*

#### CAUTIOUS MEN.

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and glide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their minds, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were re-loading.—*Tucomb.*

#### An Ox with a wooden Leg.

A Pennsylvania farmer had the following misfortune happen to a fine working ox. The animal was grazing near where the farmer was at work making a fence. The ox stepped into a post-hole, and broke his leg. As he was too lean to kill, the farmer consulted a physician who lived close by, and the result was that it was determined to cut off the broken leg. The ox refused food one day only after taking off its leg. A wooden leg was substituted in proper time, and when this ox was finally killed, it presented the finest beef seen in the Philadelphia market.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PIRATE'S DEATH.

BY J. HOWARD WERE.

Within the dank and tangled grass  
The dreaded pirate lay;  
His ship had sunk beneath the waves,  
Within an orient bay.

His heart, late full of haughtiness,  
Was crushed unto the ground;  
He sighed and looked—a desert waste  
Was spread for miles around;

While here and there, in clustering spots,  
The tropic verdure sprang:  
But hark! what dreadful sound is that  
Which through the palm-trees rang?

It is the cry for blood and life  
That smote upon his ear—  
It is the shout of those who seek  
To deck his funeral bier.

He stands, he shudders and turns pale—  
“O God,” he cried, “the sea;  
Place me upon my good ship’s deck,  
To roam the ocean free!”

But heaven then was made of brass,  
And arched with Adine stone;  
And there upon the tangled grass  
The pirate died alone!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A STAB IN THE DARK.

## A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX,

AUTHOR OF “PEN AND INK SKETCHES,” ETC.

THE person who is to form the object of our hero-worship for a short time—not for his virtues or achievements, but rather for the interest he draws to himself from one remarkable act of his life, around which almost all his acts and feelings afterwards revolved—was William Wilson, the son of a butcher, resident in the Canongate, Edinburgh. The father was reported rich, and certainly discharged his duty to the boy as far as a father could, by sending him to a good school and treating him well—yet using a stern severity when the youth transgressed. Scarcely a day passed over the young scamp, that he was out of a fight, or a row, or an evil machination.

It is almost needless to say that one day this promising youth got into a scrape, for we could not have told when he was not in one—but this peculiar affair, no less than almost beating the life out of one of the sons of a gentleman who

was one of his father’s best customers—was so obnoxious to the old man, that he threatened him with a species of thong, well known to butchers, and the effects of which made his flesh tingle at the mere mention of its name. He had not gone home to dinner, nor would he. The horror of that thong haunted him; it made his hair stand on end—it thrilled through him and made his eye roll wildly like the orbit-swirl of epilepsy. To go home was simply an impossibility, and that ended the question—but where was he to go? If to a friend’s, he would be sent home. He had no money to flee with. He prowled about the streets till nine o’clock, when a companion, of the name of Kemp got him advised to go down to the house of an old woman called Jenny Morrison, in Bell’s Lane.

Kemp had the command, through the kindness of an aunt, of the sum of three pence, and that would leave one penny after paying for his lodging. Kemp saw him also housed, and giving him, somewhat gravely, the loan, left him to his night’s rest. He was not known to the woman, nor the woman to him, yet she felt for him; and having given him a plate of porridge, sent him to his cell. It was a miserable place—damp walls, rat-holes, intolerable smells, a small bed in a corner, and a chair. He cast off his clothes, with no more light than a moonbeam, and jumped in—scarcely amongst clothes, only under a coarse coverlet. He had wandered all day and was exhausted; his fancy and flesh were at war—his eyelids drooped, and yet his brain burned; shame, vexation, fear, anxiety, fought against sleep; and sleep in the flesh would conquer all his emotions. And it did; he was beyond the reach of the thong, even in dreams. But his relief was not to last. He woke about two in the morning, and soon ascertained it was a noise had scared sleep. He listened—the noise was overhead, and he rose and knocked on the boards which served for a floor below, and which were easily within his reach as he stood on the bed. In doing this he looked up and saw, at one or two parts, openings in the planks, through which slight glimmerings of light came. He lay down again, and was again asleep, when he was once more aroused by a noise resembling wrestling and bumping on the floor, with occasional moans and groans. The thought occurred to him that there was some terrible scuffle going on between fiercely contending parties, and he was confirmed in this by some broken words, which, when he put them together—a work in which the fancy had probably some share—he thought he could distinguish a cry to “tie his feet.” The near proximity to a fight, even in the form of variety,

from what, in his contentious and excited life, he loved so well, had now no charms for him, unless he could have got into the midst of it; but as matters stood with him, he felt enraged at being twice roused from that rest which liberated him from the miserable thoughts of his situation. The whole world he would have given for relief from the gnawing worm within, and this one cause kept him in the torture which nature was doing her best to relieve him from. Again he knocked, and again he was unheeded.

"Douce take you!" at length he uttered, "but I will silence you!"

And the next moment he was on the floor, searching for a long butcher's knife, which it was his delight to carry about him, and with which he had cut the throat of many a grimalkin. The touch of his father's professional instrument—become to him by habit and inclination, like that of the tomahawk to the wild Indian—seemed to collect together each of his distracted feelings, his anger, his fevered palpitations, into one of energy. Got hold of it, he rejoiced in the glance it gave, as he waved it high in the light of the moon, which now shone full into the cellar. He sprang upon the bed, which creaked with the sudden leap, and it just so happened that the noise at that moment was at its height. The glimmering of the light through the openings, now rendered faint by the moonlight, still enabled him to find a chink, along which he ran his fingers, till he came to the spot where it seemed a down-trodden individual was resisting opponents. The dull sound in the wood directed him, and feeling for the continuation of the chink, he thrust in the point of the blade—a stern thrust—up went the knife to the hilt—a cry of agony, like nothing he had ever heard on earth, and a drop, dropping of blood which increased to a gush, warm, as it fell on his face and blinding him, and saturating his shirt.

Not a moment was now to be lost. He sprang again to the floor. He had been a fearless youth, but he felt now, for the first time, that his hand had accomplished something which awed and stupefied him. He had committed a murder—the murder of a human creature, and the instinct which guards our common nature wrought within him, indicating the distinction between an immortal being and a brute. Hurrying on his clothes, he was dressed in a few minutes; his effort was to flee; but he had remaining in him some calculation. He wiped the knife, thought for a moment what to do with it; and coming quickly to the conclusion that it would discover him if he threw it away, put it into his coat pocket. The sash resisted him, but the vigor of

his despair overcoming the obstacle, he leaped on the ground.

Looking about, he found himself in the next lane, a place he well knew, and where he had often hidden in his boyish sports. Taking to the supple points of his toes, he flew down the High Street, escaped the night-watch, and was on his way to Leith. His excitement and rapid motion made him perspire violently, so that his bloody shirt, which had been sticking to his skin, smoked and sent up into his nostrils the steam of what he was sure was the murdered man or woman's blood. Yet he hurried on, increasing his speed as he got further away from the scene, and as the imagination got time to work up its pictures. Nor did he stop till he was met by an obstacle, which he might try in vain to surmount—no other than the margin of the sea at the foot of Baltic Street, and there he stood.

And now the sticking shirt annoyed him. It might have been that he could not bear the blood, and that he felt the shirt as a damning evidence against him. Yet he confessed afterwards, that the feeling that ruled him at the moment was a wish to be relieved from the irksomeness of the adhesion. He pulled off his jacket and waistcoat, drew his shirt over his head; and having proceeded so far, he resolved on washing away from his body all traces of the blood. His trousers and stockings followed, and he stood naked, ready to wade in. At that moment he heard a shout behind him:

"Stop there, ho!"

On looking around, he saw two dark figures running towards him, from the direction of Baltic Street. Fear in certain states is folly. He snatched up his clothes, all but the bloody shirt, which he felt himself restrained from touching, and took flight along the sands towards Bathfield. Nor did he slacken his pace for an instant in obedience to the halloo, which reached his ear only to quicken his energies. Even though the sounds ceased, and there was no indication of the figures having continued their pursuit, he still ran as if for a wager, and slackened only when he was well on to Figgate. In all this course, it could not be but that he had been seen. The moon was still bright, and it was now three o'clock in the morning. Such was his agitation in this extraordinary flight, that he never thought of the shirt, which was so sure, as a white object on the sands, to be picked up by the individuals from Baltic Street, who, he was satisfied, had only followed him a short way, and would return. When he stopped at Figgate, the act was the result of utter exhaustion; but seating himself on one of the boulders common to the beach there,

he contrived to get himself again clothed. This process he got through as hurriedly as his shivering limbs and benumbed fingers would admit, and he then made for the road between Leith and Portobello, yet still unresolved as to what refuge he would betake himself to.

The abatement of his terror allowed of something like forecast, and it occurred that he might venture back in the road to Leith, and ascertain whether it was not now too late to get hold of his shirt, which might probably not have been noticed by his pursuers. The resolution had some of his natural foolhardiness in it. Looking about and seeing nobody, he commenced his return. On reaching the spot the shirt was gone, and he shuddered as he recollected that his name was marked upon it.

The flash of recollection as to his name being on the shirt was followed by putting his hand into his pocket to ascertain if the knife was there. It had fallen out, probably in his flight, or at least he could not find it at the place where he had deposited his clothes. This alarmed him still more, in consequence of his having, like other youths, carved his name on the handle. The shirt and the knife together, found on the sands, would settle any question regarding the author of the murder. Whither should he now go? He resolved to go forward to Musselburg where he had an uncle whom he thought he could trust—a Mr. Gilmour. He arrived there before five o'clock. The night had been beautiful and the morning promised to break in sunshine. Reaching a shaded place he lay down and fell fast asleep.

When he opened his eyes the sun was far above the horizon—it was well on to nine o'clock. He had overslept his intention, and shuddered on awaking to his troubles. He rose, and on he went, and reached the east end of the town, which he had no sooner entered than he heard a newsboy bawling out at the top of his lungs, the intelligence of a horrible and bloody murder committed on the person of a bank porter who had been barbarously stabbed on the previous night in one of the very darkest lanes in Edinburgh. He shrank within himself, and would have fled from the gaze of the people, who, no doubt, were looking at him. And it was, then, a man whom he had murdered! Terribly alarmed, he held on till he came to his uncle's door. The servant opened, with a face occupied by the old welcome smile to Bill.

"But good Lord! what ails ye?" she said, as she looked wildly in his face. "The lad's all covered with blood. Here, master, look here."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said the

uncle, who came out. "Whose blood is that on your face? your own, or one of your father's calves? or of that man who was killed last night?"

"Let me in—let me in," cried Bill.

"And you've nothing to say?" again inquired his uncle. "Barbary, bring water and a towel; we will clean him of the blood at any rate."

And then Mr. Gilmour observed—"Has he no shirt on? Speak, man, what is the meaning of all this?"

The lad was silent, while Barbary, with the wet end of a towel, was busy rubbing at his face.

"No answer?"

"I cannot—will not—dare not," was the reply.

"Has your father struck you?"

"No."

"Have you cut yourself?"

"No."

"Have you been fighting?"

"No."

"Have you been to the killing-house?"

"No."

"And you cannot tell where your shirt is?"

"No."

"The lad's frightened," said the woman, sympathetically.

"Not he," returned the master. "There's something wrong. I'll go in to Gabriel. Take care and keep him till I return. He was always a wild boy, and I fear there's something serious. I'll be back to dinner."

\* \* \* \* \*

"O, I'm so glad to see you," said Mrs. Wilson, as she opened the door to him. "Have you heard anything of Bill? We have two policemen in the house, and I'm distracted."

"Be calm," he said as he went into the parlors where the policemen were sitting. Meanwhile the father himself entered.

"Has your son been with you all night?" asked the detective.

"No," replied Mrs. Wilson.

"Has he been in the habit of being abroad at night?"

"He never was before since he was born."

"Have you any reason for supposing why he has been absent?"

"Why, I believe he feared I would punish him," replied the father.

"Does he ever go among your shambles?"

"Too fond of it."

"But was he known to be there yesterday?"

"It was not a killing day, and the door has not been opened."

"Have you any of his shirts?"

At this question Mr. Gilmour felt uneasy.

"Ay," replied the mother—"a dozen—I made them—ay, and spun them."

"Let me see one of them."

Mrs. Wilson produced one from a drawer.

"This does you credit, Mrs. Wilson," said the officer. "I see his name is on it, and the figure 6."

"Ay, sir, I always marked them."

The officer now produced a blood-stained shirt and pointed to the mark.

"That is Bill's shirt," she said. "He got it from me yesterday morning."

The shirt having been examined, Mr. Gilmour said :

"How can you account for the blood on the back, as if it had run down his neck?"

The officer was puzzled.

"The blow given the murdered man," he remarked, "ran right into the heart, and we only have to suppose the murderer to have been stooping a little to account for such a circumstance."

He then rolled up the shirt and produced a knife.

"Do you know that instrument?" he said to the father. "Do not rub it—there are blotches of blood on the white handle."

"Too well—my son's name is on it."

"They were found on Leith sands," said the officer.

Mr. Gilmour here rose from his seat, slipped out, and running across the street, entered the shop where he found Joe White, a confidential servant of the butcher.

"Joe," said he, "there is something wrong with your friend Bill. Take the pony and ride to my house and tell Barbary to take Bill west to her brother William's house, and get him concealed there."

The alarmed Joe was off instantly, and Mr. Gilmour returned to the house.

"Bill came to me this morning," he said, "all covered with blood, and without his shirt. His shoes were covered with sand."

"What did he say?" inquired the mother.

"Nothing."

Mr. Gilmour then told them how he had sent off Joe White, and left the unfortunate parents, to return home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some ten days after these occurrences, old Jenny Morrison recounted all the circumstances of the night when Bill slept in her cellar—how she went in in the morning and found him gone—how she wondered at the bed soaked with blood—how she flew to the room above where some sheep-stealers lodged, and told them a lad had cut his throat in his room, and then run

away to die somewhere else—how the sheep-stealers laughed as she spoke, and how she cursed them for unfeeling wretches, till she saw on the floor a dead sheep, lying in its own blood, which was soaking through between the planks.

"Ay, sir," she added—"the sheep-stealers winked when they saw I had discovered them, and gave me a dram to bribe me not to tell that the poor boy had stuck the beast with a knife driven up into its body."

"A sheep!" ejaculated Mr. Gilmour.

"A sheep!" responded the butcher.

"Ay, a sheep!" roared Joe, "and more—one of our own."

"Yes," replied the butcher, "and we had long suspected Jenny Morrison's lodgers."

"And all this," said Barbary, holding up her hands, "has been about the killing of a sheep!"

#### HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health is to be regarded as the chief of earthly blessings. It is one upon which all others must, in a great measure depend. It has also more to do for the mind than has been supposed. Strength of intellect, moral power, serenity of temper, all derive more or less from physical health of the individual. And happiness has certainly this for its material foundation. Of what value is a fine mansion to its owner who is bed-ridden? A sumptuous table to a miserable dyspeptic? Parks and shaded avenues to a man with the gout? Carriages, horses, servants, every luxury, to one who is ever tormented with rheumatic twinges? The plowboy who goes whistling to the field, full of rosy-hued health, may well be envied by the consumptive land-holder or banker, who watches him while he sits conching in his lordly chamber. And what think you the faded, ailing, carefully preserved woman of fashion would give, to exchange her false curls and cosmetics, for the natural ruddy hues and glowing beauty of her washerwoman's daughter. We may have wealth, friends, books, splendid drawing-rooms, the finest pew in church, everything that money can command—still, the enjoyment of every blessing refers back to health. Old Asthmatic's magnificent estate is not a tenth part as much as his woodchopper's, who goes singing in the woods every morning, with his axe on his shoulder and his luncheon in his pocket. Health, then, is to be prized first of all: and no blessing of minor importance can sanely be purchased at its expense. To its maintenance or restoration, riches, pursuits, and, more than all, pleasures, are to be freely sacrificed, if necessary. What use is a trade or profession to him who has broken his constitution in obtaining it? How much better for himself, yonder sickly and effeminate clergyman would have done, had he neglected theology and given more attention to his bowels! What are all pleasures now to the wretched sensualist, whose capacity for enjoyment has been destroyed by perversion and excesses? But the what is wealth to him who has expended the vital essence and exuberant juice of his standing in a life of toil and care?—*Donne*. Inversion



could be carried on—to make further use of me. "Ask the officer to come down into the cabin," said he, "and you, you infernal mischief-maker, come down too."

We descended to the cabin together. The steward was ordered to produce the best wine and viands the ship afforded, and the unfortunate captain endeavored to show the baron lieutenant every possible respect. He explained how he was a poor man, and the seizing of the gold would not only ruin him, but his friends—I, of course, acting as interpreter, and endeavoring in every way that lay in my power, to second the captain's effort, to the best of my ability. For sometime the officer was stern and obdurate. He must do his duty, he averred. But as he swallowed glass after glass of wine, he began to complain of his own poverty—so sad, so ignoble to a man of his rank and family. The captain pitied him. "Could he not assist him to make a few roubles? He would be most happy. It was a shame that a gentleman in the Herr Baron's position should be in such straitened circumstances. This gold—the government knew nothing of it. It would make little difference to the Russian treasury, if it were carried on shore and exchanged privately. No one would be any the wiser, and in that case—if a hundred sovereigns—why—" etc., etc.

The officer eagerly took the bait. He even offered to assist the captain, by taking the gold on shore in his own boat, which would not undergo a search at the custom-house. This plan was agreed to gladly, and after the pair had sworn mutual and eternal friendship, the officer departed, taking with him a purse of gold to seal the bargain, and what appeared to me still more strange, carrying away besides, not only half a dozen bottles of wine, but the wine-glass out of which he had been drinking, and the plate from which he had been eating, together with sundry other articles of a similar description. This for a baron, and a naval officer! But I must confess that this Herr Baron's uniform—somewhat of the seediest, although plentifully bedizened with tarnished gold-lace—was buttoned closely up to his throat, he wore no collar, and looked as if he had been on short allowance of washing water for some weeks—to say nothing of his not having lately shaved, and from certain indications, I shrewdly suspect that there was very little show of linen to be found beneath the well-worn broadcloth which covered his breast. The lower grade of officers in the Russian service are, as I have said, miserably poor, and it is little to be wondered at that they are open to bribery; and afterwards I saw several of them accept

thankfully of trifling presents such as those I have mentioned, which an American or Englishman of any condition above that of a pauper would spurn with contempt.

"I forgive you, my boy," said the captain, when his guest had departed, "for the manner in which you have helped me out of this scrape. I hope there won't be much loss after all."

Nor, I believe, was there. Indeed, I fancy the captain made a better speculation, with the assistance of the Herr Baron, than he could have done without, and the latter was so eager to complete the bargain, and clutch his hundred sovereigns, that the gold was all taken on shore that very night.

The cholera was raging furiously in Russia at that period—raging as it does nowhere else in Europe. The Russian cities—Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, especially—are remarkably clean, with wide, airy streets; but the land on which they are founded was reclaimed from the ocean, by Peter the Great, and the cities are consequently low and damp, and the food of all Russians except those of the higher classes is meagre and of a nature to engender disease, in addition to which they are filthy in the extreme in their dress and persons. Laborers were seized with the cholera while at work, and sometimes left to die on the spot, and I have myself seen the pallid, blue corpses lying for hours on the wharves of Cronstadt before they were removed by the police.

We had a gang of laborers at work removing the cargo. Clad in sheepskins which had probably belonged to their fathers, and had never been cleansed since they were fashioned into articles of clothing, with their feet thrust into immense untanned, uncouth-looking leather boots, with hay and straw and rags stuffed in, in place of stockings; with immense beards descending to their waists, of which they are inordinately proud, and with hair thick and matted, and cropped as if a wooden bowl had been placed over the head, and the hair clipped round it, giving it the appearance of a mop, these poor fellows are certainly odd looking beings. All possess the Tartar physiognomy, and sturdy, often gigantic frames. They worked lazily yet steadily, singing the while, in chorus, some barbarous lingo, while they toiled and sweated beneath their heavy garments, stopping at stated hours to eat their frugal meal of jet black bread and onions—stuck full of big lumps of salt taken from a herring-barrel, and spread with the cook's slush, when they could get it—and to repeat the prayers of the Greek Church, much after the style in which the Mahometans recite aloud pas-

sages from the Koran—yet they appeared to be contented and happy. Their wages are about twenty copecks (twenty-five cents) a day, of which fifteen go to their seigneurs. With the remainder they purchase their black bread, and an ample supply of *wodky*, a kind of smoky, fiery whiskey, abominable alike to the taste and smell, though the Russians drink immense quantities of it undiluted with water—half a pint at a time, without drawing breath, and apparently without any bad effect upon their stolid brains.

At night they laid down on deck in their sheepskins. Though it was yet early in October, the nights were cold and sometimes frosty; and it was no uncommon sight to see them rise in the morning, their matted beards covered with hoar frost which they would shake off unconcernedly, and proceed to their work as contentedly and cheerfully as if they had reposed their limbs during the night on a feather bed.

I saw the Emperor Nicholas twice—once in the streets of St. Petersburg, and once pulling through the fleet of men-of-war, lying outside the mole, at Cronstadt. In the streets all vehicles stopped while the czar passed by, and all Russian pedestrians, of every rank, fell on their knees. Nicholas acknowledged this homage, as well as the respectful standing salute of the foreign pedestrians, by touching the peak of his cap *a la militaire*. His majesty wore on both occasions the eternal green Russian military uniform without epaulettes, with a diamond star on his breast, and a silver-lace cap. None of the reports of the manly beauty of the late emperor of all the Russias are exaggerated. He was one of the handsomest men that ever lived, tall—considerably over six feet in height, stout, but not too stout, and elegantly formed. His fine appearance was enhanced by comparison—for outside the imperial family, all the Muscovites, of whatever rank, possess more or less of the sturdy squat form and stolid flat, vacant Tartar physiognomy, so remarkable in the lower classes. (The house of Romanoff, by the way, is almost purely of Teutonic origin, and it has been said that whatever of Muscovite blood remained in the family, was monopolized by the hateful, imperious, savage Constantine, who, strange to say, bore not the slightest resemblance to his brothers, but was in form and feature and disposition a very Tartar!)

St. Petersburg is a magnificent city in appearance, but most of the houses in the suburbs are built of wood, and the immense stoves kept almost constantly at a red-heat, render fires very prevalent, and very disastrous. One of the eccentricities of the Czar Nicholas was his constant presence by day or night, when at St. Pe-

tersburg, at every extensive conflagration (and it is said he acted similarly at Moscow). Frequently he directed, himself, the operations of the firemen, always rewarding any act of daring or humanity. A short period prior to our visit to Cronstadt, a large fire broke out in the suburbs. The emperor then at the citadel, was present as usual. An old woman and her daughter were in imminent peril. They were in an upper room, in the centre of a large block of wooden buildings, literally enveloped in flames. That they must perish, seemed inevitable. The dense crowd of people held their breath with awe; the firemen for the moment ceased to work their engines; the emperor was greatly excited. "Can no means be employed to save those poor creatures, my children?" he cried. "I, your father, will reward generously the man who shall save them from death."

Still no one dared to risk almost certain death. The emperor repeated his promise. At that moment, a young blacksmith pushed forward from amongst the crowd, and throwing off his sheepskin jacket, said—"Sire, I will save them, or die with them."

He knelt before the czar, who laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder, saying:

"Go, my son, and God bless your efforts!"

The youth—he was but eighteen—rushed towards the flames, now so intense that the crowd had drawn back from them several yards, leaving a bare space, brighter than the light of day, between them and the fire. Several of the young man's friends endeavored to stop him. "Peterovick," they cried, "you will throw away life! It is useless. Three will perish, instead of two. Remember you have a mother!"

"And a father!" replied the intrepid youth. "For my poor blind mother—if I perish, my emperor will care."

He shook off those who sought to restrain him, and pulling his woolly under garment over his head, literally rushed into the flames and was lost to sight. A shudder pervaded the dense mass of people. With one voice they cried, "He is lost!" But the next moment he was seen clambering along fiery timbers, beneath which the flames glowed like a furnace. He went from one to another as if he bore a charmed life—as if, like the asbestos, he was proof against fire. A dead silence prevailed, save the noise caused by the rush of the flames, and the crackling of burning timber. At length, crossing a narrow frame-work of timber, on which he had to balance himself to walk, and which was all aglow with fire beneath, he reached the window-frame. The poor woman had retired in despair,

or had sunk back suffocated, perhaps already dead, in the flames. The young man sprang into the burning casement, a burst of smoke and flame issued forth, and he was lost to view—lost altogether, as all believed. Presently he re-appeared, bearing the insensible body of the elder woman in his arms, re-crossed with his burden, the narrow piece of timber, and reached a framework to which a rope was thrown him. He lashed it round the woman's waist, and lowered her safely into the arms of those beneath, who could scarcely endure the intense heat while they received her.

"Come down—come down!" shouted the people below. "One is saved by a miracle! You can do no more."

"Go on, brave youth!" said the czar.

No one dared oppose his majesty. All were silent, and the young man retraced his steps and again entered the burning building. A rush of smoke burst forth as before. Presently the young man sprang out, gasping for breath. He staggered and seemed like to fall into the flames beneath. For a moment he gazed wildly around him clinging for support to the window-ledge.

"Come back while yet you may," shouted the crowd.

The youth waved his hand and re-entered the casement. Some time—perhaps a minute elapsed—it seemed a very long time to the horrified lookers-on, and no one expected to see him again. But to their astonishment, he re-appeared with the girl, bore her along the perilous bridge, and succeeded in lowering her, also, in safety. He was preparing to descend himself, when the front of the building fell with a crash into the flames which leaped high in the air. All thought the youth had fallen with it into the awful pit of fire; but by a sudden spring backwards he had saved himself, and now stood on a narrow rafter which extended like the beam of a gallows to the casement, which was now all on fire. Flames beneath and around him, standing without any hold for his hands on a burning rafter, scorched and dizzy, blackened with smoke and gasping for breath, his destruction seemed inevitable. Every moment those beneath expected to see him fall. They stood paralyzed with horror. Then was heard the voice of the emperor recalling them to the necessity of immediate action.

"Bring mattresses, beds from the houses round, anything and everything that can break his fall. I, your czar, command you," said Nicholas.

The voice of the czar was even more imperative than the call of humanity. Most, perhaps were willing; none dared refuse. Valuable mat-

tresses and costly feather beds were piled in a vast heap in the muddy, smoke-blackened street, till the pile rose to the height of several feet.

"Jump! Fear nothing—jump!" shouted the czar, in a clear voice. The young man obeyed. For a moment his form was visible, falling in mid air, and the next moment he was buried in the yielding heap, whence he re-appeared, blackened, scorched, his clothes torn and burned. Scarcely human in aspect, and almost blind, and staggering through the lane opened for him, he again knelt at the feet of the czar.

"Your name, noble and brave youth?" said Nicholas, raising the young man from his kneeling position.

"Peterovick Ivan, sire," gasped the young man.

"Peterovick Ivan," replied the czar, "you have done nobly and well. You shall be rewarded as I have promised, but besides that reward say what will you ask yourself of the emperor?"

"Sire," gasped the young man, scarcely able to stand without support, "I seek but one boon. I want no more. Give liberty to my father. For this I have risked my life. If I can see him free, I can die happy."

"Your father! What, who is he?"

"Sire, an exile in Siberia."

"Ha! since when?" demanded the emperor.

"Since I was a child, sire. Since your majesty succeeded to the throne."

Nicholas looked grave for a moment. Rarely did he pardon a political offender, and few save such were sent to Siberia. Presently he said—"Your boon is granted. Nicholas of Russia never retracts his word. Go now, you need attention. Call to-morrow at the palace."

The young man knelt to kiss the skirt of the czar's cloak, while a tremendous shout was raised by those standing round, and caught up by those at a distance, until it seemed to extend throughout the city; but the young man heard it not; he had fallen senseless at the emperor's feet.

"Let every care be taken of him," said the czar. "Russia has need of such sons as he, and to-morrow if he is well enough let him be brought to the palace."

He turned away—the people kneeling as he passed—and disappeared. Peterovick was shockingly burned. He could not be carried to the palace on the morrow, but the czar called at the humble residence of the young hero's blind mother. He had made inquiries respecting the exiled father of the youth, and discovered that he had been a considerable proprietor—owning many serfs; but that he had been engaged in the conspiracy in favor of Constantine, which nearly

succeeded in excluding Nicholas from the succession, and but for his prompt and bold action might have proved fatal to him. The estates of the conspirator had been confiscated and his family reduced to poverty—hence young Peterovick had been compelled to apprentice himself to a blacksmith, as soon as he was old enough to work for his living, and to support his blind old mother. His father he did not recollect, as he had been so young at the time of his banishment. But it had ever been the youth's heart-felt wish to see his father free for his mother's sake. The czar stood within the humble dwelling over the bed of the gallant youth. He took his hand and spoke to him kindly.

"An *ukase* has gone forth which provides for the immediate liberation and return of your father," he said. "Have you nothing else you would ask?"

"Sire, the women whom I took from the burning building—are they safe?"

"Safe and doing well. Have you nought else to ask?"

"Nothing, sire; but I have this to say. Henceforward, if I live—and until I die, Russia has no more loyal son—your majesty no more loyal subject than Peterovick Ivan, and I will answer for my father."

"But you must live," replied the czar. "I cannot afford to lose such children as thou. And since you crave no further boon, I must speak for you. The estates of your father are restored. The father of so brave a son cannot be a bad man. He was mistaken. Let his future atone for the past. Let that be forgotten. You must remove hence with your mother. I have provided for you a residence, and as soon as you are able, you will present yourself at the palace in the uniform of a lieutenant of the imperial guard. Do your duty, and intrust your future to me."

The czar left a purse of gold on the table and departed, before the grateful youth could speak his thanks. Peterovick lingered long on his sick-bed. His father returned from Siberia before he was entirely recovered; but he did recover, and at the period of my visit to St. Petersburg, was a captain in the imperial guard, and high in favor of the Czar Nicholas.

#### THE MOTHER.

Mysterious to all thought,  
A mother's prime of bliss,  
When to her eager lips is brought  
Her infant's thrilling kiss.  
O, never shall it ebb, the sacred light  
Which dawns that moment on her tender gaze,  
In the eternal distance blending bright  
Her darling's hope and hers, for love, and joy, and praise.

Kasia.

#### THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

The corrobbery, or nocturnal native dance, begins soon after dark, by moonlight, or illuminated by a large fire. Like the national *romaika* dance of the modern Greeks, it is danced only by the men, who brandish their weapons, and make many other pantomimic movements, which are quite unintelligible to Europeans; whilst the women sit round in a circle and sing a most extraordinary musical accompaniment of a doleful and melancholy complexion, to which they beat time with their boomerangs, and, I must add, with the most admirable precision. As far as can be understood, the subjects alluded to in these dances and music are the current topics of the day, which some of them improvise with, it must be confessed, considerable talent—a spirit of imitation and mimicry being one of their few national characteristics—and they have a great turn for imitating whatever strikes them as novel or ridiculous, especially the voice, gait, and movements of Europeans. The way in which they parody in their corrobbery the chattering manner and quicksilver grimaces of the Chinese would be applauded in any other country, and is the more striking as it affords such a contrast to the habitual quiet and sober demeanor of their own national character. It requires, however, all the usual local accompaniments of the aboriginal forest, with its gigantic trees, the midnight fires, and the wild excitement of the numerous assemblage, to make the corrobbery an imposing spectacle.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

#### KNOWLEDGE vs. LEARNING.

I read very recently, I think in a penny magazine, of a little girl belonging to a free school, who was asked by one of the governors, on a public day, how such and such a thing happened to be so? She could give no answer. Her interrogator gave her the clew, she went through the account from point to point, and came to the right conclusion. "But how is it that you could not tell me at first; I thought you learned all these things regularly?" "O, yes, sir," replied the child, "I had learned it before and often, but I never knew it, till now." She was right, as right as reason itself, not indeed logically, but instinctively, and therefore more surely; knowledge is conscious truth, but learning as we get and possess it, is often neither truth nor consciousness.—*Self-formation.*

#### PHYSIOGNOMY.

Kant the great philosopher used to tell the following story with great glee: A traveller showed Lavater two portraits, the one, of a highwayman who had been broken on the wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the highwayman. After attentively considering it for some time, "Here," says he, "we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye and reflection in the forehead; here is cause and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction, synthetic lips and analytic nose!" Then turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaims, "The calm thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comments."—*Home Journal.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## DEATH.

BY CAPTAIN L. B. CHESTER.

God gave, and blessed be his name,  
His praise my tongue shall fill;  
The hand that takes is still the same,  
And I adore him still.

Thy providence, my gracious God,  
Does all events control;  
Nor let me venture to complain,  
Till I have scanned the whole.

While mystery profound and dark  
May oft my soul appall,  
Patient I'll wait in joyful hope,  
Till God explains it all.

In all the gifts that crown my days,  
My Father's hand I see;  
Nor shall I cease my grateful praise,  
Because recalled by thee.

Lord, teach my heart to love thee still,  
In sorrow's darkest hour;  
I'll trust (whate'er my cup may fill)  
Thy goodness and thy power!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BROKEN CENT.

## A LEAF FROM AN ATTORNEY'S DIARY.

BY WILLIAM B. JOHNSON.

I NEVER was in a gambling-house but once in my life, and that was many years ago. I might have forgotten the circumstance, had it not been connected with an affair that made an indelible impression on my mind. It was in the year 1844, that professional business called me to the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland. I was engaged in a patent case, and expected to be there a week. One of the witnesses in the case was a young man named George Broughton, a particular friend of mine, so that the trip promised to be an agreeable one, as we were to travel and room together, during our absence from home.

It was a beautiful spring day when we started on our journey and reached Baltimore the same evening. We drove to Barnum's Hotel, and were soon installed in comfortable quarters. After supper, we strolled about the beautiful city; we could but admire its cleanliness, and the picturesque appearance of the streets. I remember very well, we were struck with the view of the city at night, from the elevation on which the Washington Monument is erected. It was a glorious moonlight night, and not a single cloud

obscured the blue vault of heaven. Here and there, the sky was dotted with some large star, which shared the glory of the silver moon. The air was balmy, and the city as calm and still as if we had been in a desert. We sat down on the parapet surrounding the monument, and turned our faces to the south. We both uttered an exclamation of admiration at the same moment. Before us lay no American city, but we were suddenly in Italy's classic land. There were the minarets, towers, steeples, villas, cupolas and domes, belonging to Florence or Venice, rather than a North American city. There was the same hazy atmosphere, the same bright sky, the same delirious feeling of "*dolce far niente*." George and I lingered over the scene for more than an hour, and it was only by an effort that we at last tore ourselves away. We returned to the hotel, and after a social cigar together, retired to bed.

The next day the trial commenced; it was a most uninteresting case to the general reader, so I shall pass it by. I was very much fatigued when the court adjourned for the night, having been cross-examining witnesses the whole day. A good dinner and a glass of wine soon restored me.

After I had dined, I walked out on the balcony, and found George speaking to a stranger, whom he introduced to me as a Mr. Purcell, of Virginia. The latter was a gentleman about forty years of age, with a fine open countenance, and genial manners. He had arrived that afternoon at the hotel, and was on his way to New York. I entered into conversation with him, and found him to be an intelligent man, and a pleasing companion. We conversed on different subjects for some time, when Mr. Purcell suddenly remarked, turning to me:

"Mr. Mansfield, you are a lawyer, a member of a profession which is purely practical—tell me, do you believe in good and bad luck?"

"I scarcely understand your question," I replied; "if you mean by it, do I believe that some persons are lucky and others unlucky in this world, I answer in the affirmative."

"That is not exactly my meaning," replied Mr. Purcell. "Do you believe that luck is governed by fixed laws?"

"Your question is a metaphysical one, and would involve a long argument, but why do you ask it?"

"I will tell you. I have visited Baltimore twice before in my life. The first time was about five years ago. Some one proposed that we should visit a gambling-house. I had never been in one, and wishing to see a little of life,

consented. We entered one in Old Town, and I risked a small stake—a five dollar bill, I think it was. I won—I placed the whole amount on another card and won again. I went on playing, and strange to say, won every time. At last the bank declined to play any more, and I left with 10,000 dollars in my pocket. Three years afterwards, I visited this city again. I had never entered a gambling-house since my first visit; but now I determined I would try my chance once more—it was more a motive of curiosity than anything else that impelled me, for I have really no passion for gambling, whatever. Exactly the same thing took place. I first of all staked five dollars, and won every time. Again the bank declined to play any more, and I left this time with \$15,000 winnings."

"Certainly there is something strange in this," replied George. "Have you ever been in a gambling-house since?"

"Never," returned Mr. Purcell, "as I before told you, I have no love of gambling. But I have something further to confess, and here I am afraid I shall forfeit my claim in your eyes, to the possession of common sense. I know you will think I am superstitious, when I tell you that I ascribe all my luck at the gaming table to the possession of this."

And Mr. Purcell drew from his pocket a broken cent, bearing the date of 1815, which he handed to me to look at.

"You are jesting," said I.

"No, indeed," he returned. "I know it is contrary to common sense and reason, but I have tried the experiment over and over again at cards. When I have that cent in my pocket, I invariably win; when I am without it my luck is the same as other persons, sometimes I win and sometimes lose."

"But that is purely a coincidence," said Broughton.

"No, it is no coincidence, because it is invariable. I have tested it more than five hundred times."

"Where did you get that cent from?" I asked.

"That is the most curious part of the whole story," replied Mr. Purcell. "Some eight years ago, an old family servant of ours, a gray-headed negro, sent for me in the middle of the night to visit him at his bedside. He had been ill some days with pneumonia, and our family physician had pronounced his recovery hopeless. I had always been the old man's favorite, and of course obeyed his summons with alacrity. I found the negro fast sinking. The moment he saw me, he stretched out his hand to me and slipped this broken cent into mine. 'This will bring you

luck at cards, Massa Charles,' he murmured. 'Keep it for my sake.' To please the old man, I put it into my pocket, but thought no more about it. He died that night. During the winter, we play whist almost every night at home to while away the time. The next time we played after this incident, an extraordinary vein of luck seemed to have fallen to my share, for I won every game. But even then I never thought anything about the talisman I possessed. The same thing occurred night after night—I could not understand my extraordinary good fortune, when one morning happening to feel in my waistcoat pocket, I found the cent. I then remembered what the negro had told me, and commenced a series of tests, which convinced me that this coin possesses all the virtues I have ascribed to it. The first time I came to Baltimore, I thought nothing about my talisman, although I always carry it in my pocket. It was not until I had returned to my hotel with my winnings from the gambling-house, that I remembered it—I then knew to what I owed my good fortune."

Mr. Purcell spoke so earnestly, that I saw it would be no use attempting to combat the extraordinary delusion under which he labored. I contented myself with saying that it was very strange.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Purcell, "it is my intention to visit the gambling-house again to-night—if you would like to accompany me, I should be glad of your society."

At first, I declined—I had lived forty years without entering a gambling-house, and felt no particular desire to do so now—but George appeared disposed to go. The thought struck me that this Mr. Purcell might be a plausible sharper, in the employment of some of the gaming-house keepers to get victims into their dens. When I saw that my friend Broughton was determined to accompany Purcell, I altered my mind and resolved to go too, for I knew that I had a great deal of influence with my friend, and that a word from me would prevent him from playing deeply. We sat a little while after supper and then started off. It was exactly ten o'clock when we left the hotel.

It was a glorious night; the moon was fast rising to the zenith, while the gorgeous Orion was sinking in the west. Near the moon was the regal Jupiter, a little further east the pale Saturn, and within a few degrees of the western horizon was the king of the long winter's night, Sirius. I have always been a lover of the wonders of the heavens, but the recollection of the magnificent spectacle the sky presented on that eventful

night is indelibly impressed on my memory. We proceeded along Market Street, over the bridge, and were soon threading the narrow thoroughfares in Old Town. At last we stood before a house in Bond Street, which our conductor informed us was the dwelling we sought. It was a long, low dark building, with but few windows, facing the street. It had the appearance from the outside of being unoccupied, and such at first was really my idea—but Mr. Purcell soon undeceived me, for he advanced to the door and knocked at it in a peculiar manner. The door was immediately cautiously opened by a negro, who scanned us carefully before he admitted us.

"All right, Sam," said Mr. Purcell.

The porter doubtless remembered the Virginian, for he threw the door wide open and we entered. We had no sooner passed through an inner green baize door, than a flood of light burst upon us, proceeding from a chandelier, which served to illumine a staircase. Our conductor ascended the stairs and we followed. The flight was a short one, and we found ourselves in a long room, handsomely furnished, and brilliantly lighted. In the middle of this apartment was a table, on which were printed representations of thirteen cards. In front of the table sat the dealer, a flashy-looking man, with an impassible face, and a superabundance of jewelry. He had before him a spring box in which was placed a pack of cards, from which he kept continually taking the top one and placed it on one of two heaps. I knew nothing of the game, but learned that it was a faro table. A large number of persons surrounded the table, who, from time to time placed bank-notes or checks on the cards painted on the cloth, and as a card was turned up, the dealer, either took the amount to himself, or paid an amount equal to that placed on the card; the point being decided by the fact whether the card turned up belonged to the dealer's pile or the players. If my description of the game is meagre and unsatisfactory, my ignorance must plead my excuse, for as I said before, I knew nothing about the game. I only describe what I saw.

The moment Mr. Purcell entered the room, he was accosted by a stout, red-faced man, with a singularly unprepossessing cast of countenance, who advanced and shook him cordially by the hand.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Purcell," said the proprietor of the gambling-saloon, for such I afterwards found him to be. "Have you come to break us again?"

"I have come to try my luck," replied Purcell.

The latter now advanced to the dealer, and

handed to him a pile of notes, and received in exchange a number of red checks, which he informed me each represented five dollars. George Broughton bought a few white checks representing one dollar each.

They now commenced to play. I watched the game with much interest. Purcell placed a dozen or so of his red checks on the queen. After the dealer had turned a few cards, I saw that the Virginian had won, from the fact that an equal number of checks was placed beside his stake. He let it remain, and again the queen was turned on the player's side, again doubling his stake. Every one supposed that he would now bet on another card, but he left his stake there—he won again. Purcell appeared to be entirely careless about the matter, not even looking at the table.

"Your card has won the third time," said Mr. Emery, the proprietor of the saloon.

"Luck has not deserted me, it seems then," was his only reply.

"You had better take down your funds," said George Broughton, whispering in his ear.

"O, no, I'll let them be."

"But the queen has won three times—and everybody is betting against it."

I glanced at the table and saw a large number of checks piled on the queen—but all of them were topped by a cent except the Virginian's. This cent I afterwards learned, denoted that they played against the card winning the next time.

"You will certainly lose," said Broughton, perceiving that his new friend took no notice of what he had said to him.

"I shall win," returned the Virginian, with the utmost confidence.

And he did win, for again the queen was turned upon the player's side. I need not prolong the description of this scene; suffice it to say that the Virginian won every time. He changed his check for those of larger denominations, and according to old gamblers, he played in the most reckless manner, but always with the same result. He soon absorbed the attention of the entire company. One man in particular—a thin, cadaverous-looking individual, who I afterwards learned was an actor at the Charles Street Theatre, gazed on him in wonder and astonishment.

I began to get tired of it, and proposed to Broughton that we should return to our hotel. But he was fascinated and did not want to leave. I then bade him good-night. I felt the necessity of retiring to bed, as I had a hard day's work before me on the morrow, and I left the gambling house. I soon reached East Baltimore Street, and turned as I supposed, in the direc-



tion of my hotel. I continued to walk until I found myself in a very wide street which I did not remember to have seen before. A watchman fortunately passed me at that moment, and I inquired of him my way to Barnum's Hotel; I then learned that when I left Bond Street, I had turned to the right, when I should have turned to the left, and by this means had absolutely been proceeding in an exactly opposite direction to the one I ought to have taken. The watchman, however, setting me right, I hastened to repair the mistake I had made, by quickening my steps. But with all the speed I made, I lost at least three-quarters of an hour by my want of knowing the points of the compass.

At last I reached Jones's Falls. It is necessary that I should inform those unacquainted with Baltimore, that Jones's Falls is a small stream of water, dividing the city into about two equal portions—that part on the eastern side of the Falls, is called Old Town, while the western portion is Baltimore proper. This stream of water is crossed at the foot of every street by a bridge, there are Pratt Street bridge, Baltimore Street bridge, Fayette Street bridge, etc.

I stood on Baltimore Street bridge, and leaning over the parapet, paused a few minutes to admire the beauty of the scene. Before and behind me lay the sleeping city; to the right and left of me, was the winding stream of which I have just spoken. The moon was shining on the surface of the waters, turning it into liquid silver, while a short distance off I could see the Fayette Street bridge—the moonlight enabling me to trace even the open ironwork of the parapet. It was such a calm beautiful night, the air was so soft, and the moon was so bright, that I was tempted to linger on the bridge, as I have said before—but I at last tore myself away, and was on the eve of leaving my resting-place, when a sudden shriek made me start. It came from the Fayette Street bridge, and I immediately turned my eyes in that direction. What was my horror to see a man's body deliberately raised to the top of the parapet, and then thrown into the Falls. I was even near enough to hear the splash as the body fell in the water. There was one more shriek, the sound of running footsteps as the murderer crossed over to the western side of the city, and then all was still. I immediately ran as fast as I could down Front Street, in the direction of Fayette Street. I met a watchman on my way, and hurriedly told him what had occurred. He sprang his rattle, and we soon had plenty of assistance. We commenced a strict search for the body, but without any result; the stream had doubtless taken it down the Falls.

We then examined the place from which the man had been thrown over the bridge, but, excepting a pool of blood on the pavement, there were no evidences to be found. Two or three watchmen started in pursuit of the murderer, while the rest continued to search for the body. I remained with the latter for more than an hour, but we met with no better success than at first. Finding that nothing could be done until daybreak, I gave my name and address to one of the watchmen, and started for my hotel.

When I reached the hotel, I went directly to my chamber, and found that George Broughton had returned, and was already in bed and fast asleep. At first I felt half-inclined to wake my companion and tell him what I had seen, but then I thought it would be such a pity to wake him out of his sound sleep, and that the morning would do as well. I undressed myself and went to bed.

The terrible sight I had seen kept me awake some hours, and it was not until the first rays of the morning sun shone in my window that I fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a loud knocking at my chamber door. When I opened my eyes I found that it was broad daylight. I turned my eyes to my companion's bed and found that he was still fast asleep—in fact, George Broughton was always a sound sleeper, and I was not surprised that the knocking had not awakened him. I immediately rose up and opened the door. It was one of the waiters of the hotel, who informed me that two constables were below and wished to see me directly. I ordered them to be shown up to the chamber. The sound of voices awakened George, and he sat up in bed.

"What is the matter?" said he, rubbing his eyes.

"There are two constables down stairs, who want to see me. I have sent for them to come up here."

"What in the world can constables want with you?" said Broughton.

"I will explain all by-and-by," I replied, putting on a few articles of dress.

I had hardly finished a hurried toilet when the door opened and the two officers entered.

"Is there a Mr. George Broughton here?" asked one of the men, advancing into the middle of the apartment.

"That is my name," said George.

"Is this your card?" asked the man, showing one of George's visiting cards.

"Yes, that is my card—why do you ask?"

"It is an unpleasant business, sir; but we shall be compelled to search you."

"I really don't know what this means," replied George—"but you are at perfect liberty to search my clothes—there they are upon the chair."

The officers began to examine the pockets of my friend's clothes. From one they took a gold watch, from another a large quantity of bank-notes and gold. As these things were brought to light, I could see a peculiar smile flit across the countenances of the officers.

"Does this property belong to you?" asked one of the officers.

"You are very inquisitive," said George.

"Why do you ask?"

"Only duty, sir. Of course you are at liberty to tell or not, as you think fit."

While this conversation was going on, I stood as if thunderstruck. I immediately asked myself the question where did George get the watch and all the money from—for I knew they did not belong to him.

"I have no objection to tell," replied George, "although I do not recognize your right to ask me the question. That money and that watch belong to Mr. John Purcell, of Virginia."

"Exactly," said the officer, with a sagacious nod, and then, he added: "you were with him last night?"

"I was."

"You left the gambling-house in Bond Street together, at one in the morning?"

"We did."

"Then, sir, it is my painful duty to arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. John Purcell."

"Good God!" cried George, starting from the bed; "what do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. You must accompany me at once to a magistrate's office, and we shall want your company, Mr. Mansfield."

I was dreaming. I did not know if I was asleep or awake.

"My company," I stammered—"what can you want me for?"

"You are an important witness, sir. You are the only witness to the murder."

"What! do you mean that the body I saw thrown over the bridge—" I hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Was Mr. Purcell's," replied the officer.

"His body was found below Pratt Street early this morning. And on repairing to the scene of the tragedy we found Mr. Broughton's visiting card on the pavement. It was overlooked in the search last night. We received information that Mr. Broughton was lodging at Barnum's, and came here at once. I need not tell you that we have found corroborative testimony," added the

speaker, pointing to the watch and money which still lay on the table.

"Mansfield, you cannot believe me guilty," said George, turning as pale as death.

"No, my dear fellow," I replied, "I do not believe you guilty—in fact, I know it is utterly impossible that you could have committed this crime. I have no doubt an explanation at the magistrate's office will set all to rights."

George hurriedly dressed himself, and we proceeded to the nearest magistrate. We found several witnesses already assembled there, and the case was at once gone into. The first witness called was the keeper of the gambling-house. He deposed that the deceased, accompanied by Broughton and myself, visited his saloon on the previous night, that the deceased won very largely, and partook of supper a quarter of an hour after I had left. He further deposed that the deceased drank a great deal of champagne during the meal, and soon after left the house accompanied by the prisoner.

Henry Dornton, a private watchman, was the next witness called, and deposed that he had seen the deceased in company with the prisoner going down Fayette Street together, about a quarter of an hour before the murder occurred. He identified them positively, because his attention was called to them by the fact that the deceased appeared to be intoxicated, and the prisoner was half forcing him along the street.

I was the next witness called, and gave the statement with which the reader is already familiar. The constable was then called, who deposed as to the finding of the prisoner's card on Fayette Street bridge, and the discovery of the property of the deceased in the pockets of the prisoner. Patrick O'Neal deposed that he was a porter at Barnum's hotel, and that the prisoner returned to the hotel at half past one in the morning, and appeared to be very much out of breath, and somewhat excited. When it is remembered that I had previously stated that it was twenty minutes past one by my watch that I had seen the body thrown over the bridge, it can easily be surmised how this fact told against the prisoner.

This was the whole of the evidence. The magistrate then asked George if he had any statement to make. The poor fellow, who appeared utterly confounded at the mass of circumstantial evidence brought against him, replied in the affirmative, and made the following statement.

"The deceased, accompanied by Mr. Mansfield and myself, visited Mr. Emory's establishment yesterday evening. The deceased won largely. At about a quarter past twelve, as near as I am

able to judge, Mr. Mansfield bade us good-night, stating that he wanted to get to bed, and left the gaming-house. Fifteen minutes after that we went down stairs to supper. The deceased partook largely of champagne, and afterwards drank some brandy. After supper the proprietor declared that the bank would play no more that night, and we left the house. It was one o'clock when we turned the corner of Bond Street. The deceased was very much intoxicated and declared that he would not go home. I used every effort that I possibly could to induce him to proceed quietly along the street, but it was all to no purpose, he became more obstreperous every minute. At last, when within about a square of Fayette Street bridge he sat down on the steps of a dwelling, and declared he would not advance another step. Again I begged and entreated him, but in vain. I then tried to pull him along by force, but he grew very angry, so I desisted. I then told him he had better give me his money and watch, and he could return to the hotel when he pleased. To this he consented, and confided to my care nearly all his winnings. I then ran to my hotel and retired at once to bed. I knew nothing whatever about the murder having been committed until the constable informed me in the morning. This is all I know about the matter."

"Mr. Broughton," said the magistrate, when he concluded, "I have but one duty before me. Your explanation may be satisfactory to a jury, but truth compels me to say that it is not so to me. I now commit you to jail for the wilful murder of John Purcell, there to await the action of the grand jury."

I whispered a few words of comfort in my friend's ear while the commitment was being made out; but he shook his head and murmured the words, "my poor mother!"

Broughton was removed to jail, no bail being of course admissible in his case, and I went with a heavy heart to the U. S. Court to prosecute my patent claims. To my joy it was brought to a conclusion that day, the judge deciding in my favor some objection I offered which ruined my opponent's cause. I now felt at liberty to devote my whole time to my poor friend, for in spite of the evidence a doubt of his innocence never for a moment entered my mind.

When I returned to my hotel in the evening I sat down seriously to consider the case. I must confess I was appalled at the weight of circumstantial evidence against him. Every link seemed to be perfect. There was the motive for the deed, the possession of the property, and the damning fact of his card having been found on the scene

of the tragedy, everybody of course supposing that in the struggle it had fallen from his pocket. How was I to meet facts like these? I felt certain that some one had followed Broughton and the deceased, and that when the former left Purcell the assassin had attacked him almost immediately. But how to discover this person? It was but natural to suppose that the murderer was one of the visitors to the gambling-house, and I saw that my first inquiries must be directed in that quarter.

The next morning I visited Mr. Emory's establishment and had a long conversation with him, for to tell the truth, I suspected him very strongly. A few minutes' conversation, however, convinced me that I was in error. He proved conclusively that he had never left the house on the night in question. I then interrogated him as to his visitors. He knew them, and gave me such a character of them that I could not suspect them. I left his house no nearer a solution of the mystery than when I had entered it.

My next visit was to Fayette Street bridge, and I made a most minute inspection of the place where the body had been thrown into the water. Here I met with a little more success, for wedged in some of the interstices of the iron work of the parapet I found a vest button. It was a peculiar round button of black jet, and I felt certain that it must either have come off the murdered man's vest or that of his assassin. To decide the former point, I immediately went to inspect the body of the deceased. One glance was sufficient to tell me that the vest button had never belonged to him, for his waistcoat was a cloth one and the buttons were of the same material. A minute examination of the body also convinced me that he had been struck from behind. The wound it is true was on the side, but the direction was such that it could not have been given in front.

This button, then, was the first clue I had to the real assassin. It is true it did not amount to much, for the chances of my finding the man who wore the particular vest with those buttons in a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants were very slight, to say nothing of the fact that hundreds of people might wear just such buttons. But still it was something, and I felt encouraged. In the afternoon I visited my poor friend in prison. I found him calm and hopeful. He was so conscious of his own innocence, that he felt it almost an impossibility that other people could believe him guilty. His greatest anxiety was on his mother's account. He entreated me to write to her and tell her the true facts of the case, for he felt unequal to the task. I promised to do so.

We conversed together more than two hours, but I found that he could give no solution of the mystery.

"By-the-by, George," said I, as I was about to leave, "there is one thing that tells very much against you, and which I am at a loss to explain, and that is the fact of your visiting card being found on the spot where the murder was committed."

"I can explain that easily enough," he replied. "When I first saw Purcell we conversed together a few minutes, and finding him very agreeable I introduced myself by handing him my card; he placed it in his waistcoat pocket, and in his scuffle with the assassin it must have fallen to the ground."

"Did any one see you give him your card?"

"Certainly—a waiter was in the room at the time."

"If he can only remember the fact," I returned, "the chief link in the chain of evidence against you is broken."

"I am sure he will remember it, for he was handing a glass of water to Mr. Purcell at the very moment I presented the card."

"This is very encouraging," I returned.

Our conversation lasted some little time longer and then I bade him farewell. My first duty on my return to the hotel was to call the waiter to me. I found my friend was correct—he remembered all about the card. For the next two weeks I devoted all my time in hunting up additional evidence. I will not detain the reader with an account of my proceedings. I used all the *ruses* so well known to our profession, but they every one failed. I could not obtain the slightest clue to the real perpetrator of the crime. I visited my friend almost every day, and endeavored to keep up his spirits by representing his case in a more favorable light than really existed, but he could not fail to gather from me that I had met with no decided success.

I began to grow very much discouraged, for unwilling as I was to admit the truth, I could not disguise from myself the fact that my poor friend must inevitably be convicted unless I could discover the real assassin, and of that there did not appear to be the slightest probability. George's mother had come to Baltimore, and was stopping at the same hotel with me. Every evening I had to report progress to her, and, as with her son, I was obliged to disguise my own dreadful forebodings.

One night, weary in mind and body, as I was passing the Charles Street theatre, my attention was attracted by a huge poster at the door. I do not know what impelled me, for God knows

I was in no mood to seek amusement, but I entered the theatre, and paying the price of admission, took my seat in the parquette. The house was very full. I glanced at the bill and found that the first piece to be played was "The People's Lawyer," the principal part, that of Solon Shingle, being filled by a Mr. Denner. The performance was advertised to commence at a quarter before eight. It was now eight o'clock, and the curtain had not yet risen. The audience began to be very impatient, stamping, whistling and calling at the top of their voices. It was in vain that the orchestra continued to play. At last, at a quarter before eight, the drop-curtain was moved on one side and the manager advanced to the footlights. The house became so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the manager, "I have to throw myself on your indulgence. The piece has been delayed, owing to the absence of Mr. Denner. We expected him every moment, but we have just received information that Mr. Denner is ill. Under these circumstances Mr. Cowly at a few moments' notice has kindly undertaken the part. I have to bespeak for him your kind indulgence."

All American audiences are good natured, and this little speech was received with applause. One individual behind me did not, however, appear to be satisfied with it; for I distinctly heard him utter the word, "gammon." I turned round to him, and found myself face to face with a seedy-looking individual who was busily engaged chewing tobacco.

"You don't believe that statement to be true?" said I.

"I know it aint," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because I saw Denner myself at the Eutaw House, this afternoon."

"What do you suppose, then, is the reason he does not play?"

"He's above it now."

"Above it—how do you mean?"

"Why, you see, sir, this Denner is a great gambler, and he has had an extraordinary streak of luck lately, he's broke half the faro banks in town."

"What!" I exclaimed in a loud voice, starting from my seat, and drawing the attention of the entire audience on me. I became sensible of my ridiculous position, and sat down again.

"You seem mightily concerned, stranger," said the man—"I repeat what I said before, this Denner's been and broke half the faro banks in town lately; he is all the talk among the sporting men."

"What kind of a looking man is he?" I asked, in as calm a voice as I could command at the moment.

"He's a thin, lanky, slabeided sort of a man, with a face pale enough to make one think he had lived on tallow candles all his life."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, he boards at the Western in Howard Street."

I said no more, but in a few minutes left the theatre. I remembered that on the night of the murder I had noticed a pale, sickly-looking man gazing with a peculiar look on Purcell when he won so largely. If this Denner should prove to be the same man I felt certain that it must be he who had committed the murder. His extraordinary luck at gaming-houses must be owing to the possession of the broken cent which he had taken from his victim's pocket, in all probability without knowing its value. I determined on a *coup de main*, and went to the police office and procured the services of two officers.

We started for the Western Hotel in Howard Street, and when we arrived there, I was delighted to be informed in answer to our inquiries, that Mr. Denner was in his room. I inquired the number, and stated that I would go there without being announced. I placed the officers outside the door, and told them not to come in until I clapped my hands. I dispensed with the ceremony of knocking, but opening the door entered the chamber. I found Mr. Denner all dressed, in the act of drawing on his boots, evidently preparing to go out. When he raised his head I could not prevent giving a start, for I recognized, not only that he was the man I had seen in the gaming-house, but that he wore a vest with buttons exactly resembling the one I had found—one of which was wanting.

"Mr. Denner, I believe," said I.

"That's my name," said he, in a surly tone, "what do you want?"

"I want to see you on important business," I answered.

"I suppose you come from the theatre—tell the manager I won't come."

"No, sir, I do not come from the theatre," and I clapped my hands. The officers immediately entered the room. The actor turned very pale when he saw the stars, but he recovered himself almost directly.

"What means this intrusion?" said he.

"It means this, Mr. Denner," I replied, "that on the 28th ult., you visited the gaming-house of Mr. Emory, in Bond Street."

"Well, what then?" asked the actor, growing livid.

"That you followed Mr. Purcell and Mr. George Broughton—that when you saw the latter leave his friend, you rushed forward and stabbed the unfortunate victim of your avarice. You rifled his pockets, but found very little to reward your crime—you then threw his body into the Falls."

"It is a lie!" said the man, but his countenance proved that I had told the truth, for it turned almost green, and a convulsive quivering seized his limbs.

"It is the truth," I returned, "and what is more, I hold the proof in my hands. Search him, officers," I continued, turning to the latter; "you will find on his person a broken cent bearing date 1815, which I can swear belonged to the murdered man."

"I have got no broken cent," returned the assassin, doggedly.

"That we shall soon see," was my resolute reply.

The officers began to search Denner. From a corner of his waistcoat pocket they produced the broken cent with the date 1815. The accused gazed first at the officers and then at me with open mouth, and with wonderment and astonishment depicted in his face. It was evident that he did not know he possessed the cent.

"That is not all," I added—"when you dragged your victim to the bridge he was not dead, and struggled. In that struggle one of your vest buttons came off. Here is the button," I continued, taking it from my pocket, and going up to him I pointed to the place where it was wanting, "and here is where it belongs."

My *coup de main* was successful. The man thought I knew a great deal more than I really did, and at once made a confession. He was committed forthwith to prison. The next morning George Broughton was released. I shall never forget the meeting between mother and son to the last hour of my life. That same evening we all left for New York.

Denner's trial took place three months afterwards. He was found guilty and condemned to be hung. He evaded the sentence, however, by committing suicide. I never knew what became of the broken cent.

#### NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene heaven;  
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark blue depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky—  
How beautiful is night! SOUTHWEST.

[ORIGINAL.]

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

BY W. J. HUBBARD.

There is a fair and lovely home  
Beside yon mountain stream;  
There you shall rest your weary form,  
In slumber's tranquil dream.

There sounds not there the chill alarm  
Of battle and of war;  
No gloomy wailings of the sad  
Upon the ear shall jar.

The moaning tempest's slumbering wall  
Fore'er is hushed along the dale;  
But shines a sun as golden bright  
As Ganges' palm-clad vale.

There rest and sleep forevermore,  
From care and sorrow free;  
While far away goes up to God  
A sister's prayer for thee.

Your troubled soul for aye has sought  
A rest from fear and moan;  
Here, then, no ghoul shall haunt thy rest,  
Nor Circe's rending tone.

## EVERY MAN A FARMER.

The cultivation of the earth is congenial to the nature of mankind; and a very large proportion of men, during some share of their lives, either do, or have a desire to, become farmers. Besides those who, in civilized countries, are bred to the culture of the soil, and make it their sole pursuit through life, there are thousands of others who retire from the bustle and anxieties of trade, the vexations of a professional, or the turmoils of a public life, to rural quiet, and the undisturbed cultivation of an acre of land. The merchant, whose youth has been spent behind the counter, whose prime of life and middle age have passed between the ledger and the strong box, between the hopes of gain and fears of loss, having at length realized a plum, retires from the crowded city and the anxieties of trade, to the pure air of the country and the peaceful cultivation of a farm. The lawyer, having acquired wealth and professional fame, abandons his causes for a more tempting cause—the pursuit of agriculture—or mingles with his professional labors the exercise of the spade and the plow. In like manner, the physician and the divine, the curers of physical and moral diseases, consult their own health and quiet, and find a balm for body and mind, by snatching a few hours from professional duty, to apply them to the grateful pursuits of tilling the earth. Why should we mention the statesman and the warrior? They, too, are inclined to be-

come farmers; the one leaving the field of ambition, the other his harvest of laurels, both seek a soil more congenial to the best feelings of man, and end the career of life, like *Cincinnatus*, at the plow. Even the mariner, the adventurous son of Neptune, whose home has been for many years, professionally and practically, on the deep—who has sailed to all lands and visited every sea, bringing with him the rarities of every country and the products of every clime—purchases a home on the land, transplants his exotics into his native soil, and prefers that his last rest should be in the rural churchyard with his kindred, to finding a bed in the bosom of the deep. The mechanic, too, is smitten with the love of farming, and exchanges the dust of the shop for the furrows of the field, the confined air of crowded rooms for the free atmosphere of the heavens, and the noise of machinery for the music of birds.

Nor is this prevailing love of agriculture, which sooner or later in life discovers itself, to be wondered at, whether we consider it as implanted in our nature, or whether it be the result of reason and experience. If it be innate, it is merely kept down for a while by the engrossing pursuits of wealth, the calls of ambition, or the strife of glory. But, these being satiated or disappointed, the mind set free, returns to its native desires, and applies its remaining energies to their peaceful gratification. But reason and experience may well be allowed their share in bringing so large a portion of mankind ultimately to the cultivation of the earth. Who, that values his native dignity and independence, would not prefer to be lord of a few acres of land, with nobody's humors to consult but his own, and nobody to please but his Maker, to the cringing, the fawning, and lying, that are apt to enter so largely into political, professional, mercantile, and mechanical life? If any man on earth can say, "I ask no favors," it is the farmer. Skilful and honest labor is all that the earth requires, and it yields a due return—no favors dearly bought with the surrender of independence, of honor, of truth, and of all noble and manly feelings; no truckling for office, no fawning for popularity, no lying for gain. No man can say of farming, "I have served a faithless master! I have sacrificed honor, and conscience, and independence of mind; and what have I gained?" Among farmers there are no deserted *Woolseys*, and no *Belisarius* lives a reproach to agricultural pursuits.

BEAUTY.—Somebody says beauties are apt to die old maids. They are too proud of their make.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DREAMS.

BY EMME CLARK.

I've a fairy bower in the land of dreams,  
There only for me a bright star gleams,  
Where flowers blossom and buds expand,  
A beautiful home is my fairy land.

I've a home in the heart in the land of dreams,  
Where I seem to be loved, though it only seems;  
Where bright eyes fasten their gaze on mine,  
And thoughts like stars from their soul heart shine.

I've a beautiful gift in the land of dreams,  
Better by far than the dazzling gleams  
Of gems which pass as the breezes sigh,  
And leave the dreamer to hope—then die.

I have friends of worth in the dreamer's home,  
Where no chilly winds of sorrow come,  
Where no souls of sadness my vision greet,  
But only the pleasant are there to meet;

Where smiles are many and tears are few,  
Where Love wears ever the brightest hue,  
Where sunshine scatters its golden beams—  
Such an Eden world is this land of dreams.

Have you ever heard of the aloe plant,  
Which blooms away 'neath eastern skies?  
A hundred years its leaves are green,  
And then it blossoms but once—and dies.

And thus our dreams are bright while they last,  
But we must awake ere the vision is past;  
For life has no pleasure without its alloy,  
And dreams have alike their sorrow and joy.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TANNER'S APPRENTICE :

— OR, —

## GENIUS WILL OUT.

BY ROSWELL DILLON.

WHAT a lazy young dog he is—the laziest boy in Mania, I verily believe,” cried old Gaspard, taking his pipe from his mouth, and blowing the smoke towards a stucco image of Napoleon the great, that stood upon his chimney-piece. “He’ll never make a tanner at this rate.”

“O, I knew it,” cried old Marguerite, with a triumphant smile. “I saw that the lad was full of nothing but stupidity. You see what it is, now, however, Gaspard; you would not take my advice, and so you must have your skins spoiled.”

“No—no, Marguerite,” said Gaspard, shaking his head, and placing his feet on the fender, while he balanced his chair on its two hind legs; “the lad is not altogether stupid, but he has not brains enough for a tanner. I wish you had not

asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here.”

Marguerite suspended the scouring of a pewter platter for a moment, and looked hard at her husband as she listened to his home-thrust, and then she commenced with redoubled energy, and chanted at the same time an old song.

“You see,” continued Gaspard, smoking, and rocking and chatting at his ease, “he might have made a useful tax-collector or town-crier, but here he not only spoils skins, he is himself spoiled.”

“Well, now, Gaspard Beauvais,” said Marguerite, in whose mind a sudden revolution had taken place, as she ceased her scrubbing, and placed one arm akimbo, while she leaned in an easy attitude upon the platter with the other—“you cannot say that Claude is troublesome, at any rate. He never returns one word for your reproaches, and he is content to sit alone in the pulling-house even on these winter nights.”

“Troublesome!” shouted Gaspard, causing his chair to swing suddenly round, and confronting his wife with a look of lively astonishment—“why, my good woman, that word comprises all the fault I have to find in him. Do you think it no trouble for me to see him mixing pickings, seconds and firsts together, while he is muttering away about declensions and conjugations, and running holes in my pelleto, while he is rhyming outlandish nonsense? I tell you, Marguerite,” said Gaspard, wheeling around in his old position, and knocking the ashes from his pipe with great energy, “I tell you the lad is not only troublesome, but I almost think he is profane.”

“Gaspard Beauvais, take care what you say,” said Marguerite, in a severe tone, while she drew herself up, and primmed her mouth for a most potential discussion—“you are too free with your tongue, I think, old man.”

She might have said the same of mad old Boreas too, for at the moment she was about to break polemical ground, he interrupted her discourse with a wild protracted howl, that made the doors and windows tremble, and shook all the chimneys of Mania, as if he had taken umbrage at them for a year, and was now reeking his vengeance on them.

“There it comes at last,” said Gaspard, listening to the wild howling of the wind, while awe was written in his embrowned and wrinkled face. “My rheumatism foreboded this two days ago, and here it is.”

“Are all things secure and ready for it?” said Marguerite, with a careful woman’s promptitude. “Are the bales in the shed, and the skins covered? Storms ought to be provided against as



well as old age, you know, and Gaspard Beauvais is not the least prudent man in Mania," she added with a smile.

"Hillo! you are right, old woman," cried the tanner, springing to his feet, and buttoning up his coat with the greatest despatch. "Bring forth the lantern, while I call that pest of a boy to help me!"

Gaspard Beauvais was a man of powerful frame and iron constitution, and it was well for him that he was so, for the life of a skinner and tanner is no joke, and his work is no child's play. To-day he would be standing in the stream of Mania, washing sheepskins, that the wool might be clean, and tossing the saturated masses of at least a hundred-weight each, to the banks during twelve successive hours; to-morrow he would be stowed in a damp close shop, dressing skins with warm water; and next day he would be smearing others with lime. Heat and cold had apparently only indurated his muscles and hardened his tendons, for he knocked about with all the agility of vigorous manhood, and sung in the midst of his hardest labors with all the spirit of youth.

He was tall and spare; his face was brown and wrinkled, and his gray hairs fell in long tresses down his cheeks; yet Time seemed to poise himself lightly on his head, and the summer of youth appeared to have kept guard over his heart. He was a kind man, and a brave one, too; but he was a great tanner, and being proud of this made him severe to his delinquent apprentice.

"Hillo, Claude!" he shouted, as he stepped out into his skinyard—"Hillo, Claude! are you sleeping?"

Gaspard Beauvais's skinyard was a very excellent illustration in its way, of Babel. It never was designed to be so, to be sure; but simple people often do great things without designing, and Gaspard had certainly filled the quarter of an acre of area, which he called a yard, with superlative confusion. Gaspard's own snug little dwelling, with its great fir settle, and massive kitchen table, and well-plenished plate-rack, and spasmodic cuckoo-clock, with its great roaring fire, its chains of black and white puddings, and its half yards of bacon—with its three little gables and oriels, and thatched roof and overhanging eaves, occupied one and the most elevated extreme of his property, which declined gently towards the stream of the Mania, and said stream was another of its boundaries. On the left hand of the square was a stable and bark mill, on both of which the dry rot and damp had tried their powers of decay with eminent success, for the fir

deals of which they were constructed had very little connection with their posts, and were much wasted, so that the wind, and rain, and snow, and sleet often danced round the rude machine that crushed the tan-bark. A pile of black oak bark covered with straw, and battened to the ground, by great boulders of whinstone, stood sentinel beside four tan-pits whose odors sickened the very winds, and gave every herb that attempted to grow within fifty yards of their breath, the fever. A drying-house, plentifully smeared with tar, grinned *vis à-vis* at a little dilapidated brown house, which had been whitewashed with lime; and a ruined boiler, and decrepid workshop for wool-sorters, leaned against each other in the sympathy of decay.

"Hillo, Claude!" shouted Gaspard, as he stumbled into the yard, followed by Marguerite, who carried a large tin lantern—"out upon you, boy, are you asleep?"

As he spoke, Gaspard Beauvais and his garrulous old wife drew near to a little sheltered window, curtained with elegant festoons of spiders' webs and flakes of wool, and they peered into the rickety edifice called the pulling-house. On a rail which divided the floor of this humble workshop into two parts, hung numerous sheepskins, while great piles of wool lay snugly sorted into boxes that ranged in front of a bench where the workmen usually sat at work. A clock, whose motion was preserved by two or three rusty pound-weights, in addition to its usual gravity, clicked in an irregular, intermittent fashion, as if it had a pain in its head and wished from its heart to be at peace. In a rough, homely grate, blazed a hearty cheerful fire, whose flames flickered and danced up the chimney, like fairies on a Christmas eve, and which laughed in the face of the old clock until it smiled and smiled again for sympathy. But softly, good Gaspard, and softly, good Marguerite, with the wooden sabots, who is that lying in the sheepskins with his head so near the fire?

A lad apparently of about sixteen, clad in a homely blouse, that was sorely bedaubed with brine, and wearing trousers of moleskin that looked brown in many places, and smelled badly of bark, was stretched upon his breast, and with eye and lip and mind concentrated on his grateful task, lay poring over a book.

"Is the lazy rascal dreaming?" said Gaspard, turning to his wife, and then peering again at his studious young apprentice.

Dreaming! Ay, Gaspard—he is dreaming. Fancy has shaded his form with the leaves of the spreading oak: and as he looks on Virgil's page his eyes behold Arcadia. He does not hear the

howl of the wind—not he. It is the oaken reed of Tityrus that is sounding in his ear. Bent over the book, brave Claude, learning is no illusion. Dream on in thy hard and thorny way to knowledge; thou art weaving a crown for thyself that few kings but the kings of toil have worn.

"Hillo, there, Claude!" roared Gaspard.

"A pretty fellow you are, too," added Marguerite, in a sharp, shrill voice; and as the youth sprang to his feet in surprise, any impartial judge would have pronounced Marguerite's eulogy to have been a just one. There was an expression of intelligent beauty in the lad's eyes and mouth that great painters alone could have copied and keen observers only could notice.

"Hillo, there, you lazy rascal!" roared Gaspard again, through the window—"Do you know the wind is blowing and rain is falling, and that there are some skins lying out here to be covered?"

Claude did not hesitate a moment after this salute, but tumbled into the skin-yard in such a way as to belie the charge of laziness so often preferred against him, and ran through his business with wonderful agility. The dark clouds were careering over the village of Mania, and scowling down on its straw-thatched cottages, as if it did not think they had any right to look so comfortable; and the wild wind was tormenting the waters of the swollen stream, until they foamed and boiled with rage, as Gaspard and his apprentice moved about looking after the security of the merchandize.

Mania was one of those beautiful little rural villages that stud the side of the way that leads from Boulogne to Paris. About a mile to the west of the village rose a hill on which stood the Chateau de Mania, once the residence of a warlike race, that had become defunct from degeneracy. The last lord had fallen from his horse and been killed in a bear hunt, and such was the end of the family De Mania. In this hill rose the stream De Mania, which drove the mills that pressed the grapes of the wine-growers, and in which Gaspard washed his skins. It was a roaring, blustering stream, which splattered and groaned in winter like a man drowning, and which rolled over its pretty bed in summer like a dreaming infant. It was crossed by a narrow gothic bridge during high water, and a narrow ford, and sometimes travellers had been in imminent danger, from trusting to the ford, when the bridge was really the only safe means of crossing.

"It is a terrible night," said Gaspard, as the wind shook the beams of his out-houses, and howled away over the plains, and through the

bare woods. "Quick, boy, quick, and let us within doors!"

"Do you hear nothing, master?" said Claude, suddenly stopping in his employment, and bending his ear. "I thought I heard a cry."

"I hear the wind and rain, so look sharp," replied Gaspard.

"I could pledge my word against a sheepskein, that some one has taken the ford to-night, and is being borne down the stream;" and quick as thought Claude Capperonier was rushing towards the little river, followed by the stalwart, and kind-hearted, and equally alarmed Gaspard.

They reached the river where it flowed past the tanyard, and looking up the stream towards the ford, they beheld lanterns dancing upon the bank, and heard the shouts of the villagers as they ran hither and thither, anxious to save some one from the furious, hungry water. In a few seconds the lad's waist was encircled by a stout rope which the athletic master held in his hands, while Marguerite held the lantern aloft, and encouraged Claude to be steady. Down it came, battling bravely with the stream, and snorting and foaming as if it had been bearing Neptune to war. It was a gallant horse, and stoutly carried a strong man in a dark cloak, but it would not be able to do so long.

"Why don't you turn his head up the stream, and work him to the bank?" roared Gaspard, as the stranger approached the spot opposite to where he stood. "A strong arm and a cool head could easily take that horse out of the water."

Hurrah! Claude Capperonier—bravely swam, my boy—one spring more, one other buffet with the white-lipped river—hurrah!—now Gaspard, pull with all thy giant strength! Hark! Marguerite is shouting and clapping her hands, and the villagers on the other side of the stream are cheering right lustily. Come on, brave steed—hold on, brave boy! The bank is won! the man is saved! Hurrah!

Gaspard and Marguerite soon bore the man to their cheerful kitchen, and placed him beside the blazing fire, while Claude led his exhausted steed to the stable and began to groom it with all his might. He was a richly-clad and thoughtful-looking man, this stranger, and was so polite and pleasant and grateful, that he gained upon the hearts of the old couple amazingly; and then, when he had said so many kind and grateful things to them, he burst forth in praises of their gallant son.

"O, bless you, sir, Claude Capperonier is no son of ours," said Marguerite, with a sigh; "and poor boy, he is no great credit to his family, after all, though he has a kind heart. He takes to

reading outlandish books, and spoils more skins than my husband is willing to lose."

The stranger smiled with a strange meaning smile, as he listened to the garrulous old woman, and then he begged as a favor that Claude might be allowed to show him his favorite books. The young tanner trembled as he laid two or three well thumbed copies of the Greek and Latin classics before the courteous stranger; and then he stood with downcast eyes and trembling limbs, as if he expected sentence of death to be pronounced upon him for his idling propensities.

"Claude Capperonier, do you know these authors?" said the stranger, in a voice which partook more of astonishment than anger; and then he suddenly added, as he looked keenly at the embarrassed youth—"Yes, I know you do."

In two months after this time Claude took his place in the diligence and drove on with a palpitating heart to Paris. "No. 15 Rue Rivoli," muttered he, as he alighted from his seat—"in the great city at last. Well, I shall carry my trunk a little further, and see how M. Vallais looks since that night I pulled him from the Mania."

Eight years after Claude's arrival in Paris, the University of Basle was in need of a professor of Greek, and of all the competitors for the honorable position, none were so competent as Gaspar Beauvais's *cidevant* useless apprentice; and if you read the annals of distinguished Frenchmen, you will not find one more worthy of honorable distinction than Claude Capperonier.

Then never give up, ye Claudes of humble life! Who knows what Heaven has in store for you?

#### TOMB OF THE TIME OF DAVID.

In 1858 a Theban mountaineer discovered in a hill, called by the Arabs Shin-abd-el-Gourna, a tomb cut out of the rock, in which he found a mummy-case, with a gold spread eagle and a golden asp; also a tablet of green stone, a box with four jars of oriental alabaster; and on the side of a magnificent mummy with a gilded mask and a large gilded ornament of porcelain on its breast, a most remarkable papyrus scroll, five feet long and ten inches wide, written in the finest hieroglyphic characters. The four jars were sold to Lord Henry Scott. The papyrus, as also the ornaments, came into the hands of Mr. George A. Stone, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, then travelling in Egypt. Professor G. Seyffarth, of St. Louis, Missouri, has just published translations and explanations, from which it appears that the biography of Horsebe (the sword of Horus) is to be found in the first column of the papyrus; that Horsebe must have been a contemporary of Saul and David, and the papyrus written about the year 1050 B. C., or 300 years before the foundation of Rome; so that it is at present 2900 years old.—*Builder*.

#### IMPERIAL TOBACCO MANUFACTORY.

The processes pursued at the Paris imperial tobacco manufactory, between the Quai d'Orsay and the Rue de l'Université, are on a very large scale. The leaves of the plants are first cleared from the stems and ribs by women, these hard parts being afterwards converted into coarse paper. These leaves are then wetted with a solution of salt-water, which contributes to preserve them. After being coarsely chopped, the tobacco is laid in heaps to ferment, during which operation it attains a high temperature, and, like green hay, would take fire, if air were not admitted into the interior of the mass. The fermentation generally occupies five or six months, and the quantity simultaneously undergoing this process in different stages often amounts to 400,000 kilogrammes. When the fermentation is completed, that portion of the tobacco intended for snuff is ground, and then slightly fermented again. The snuff, on leaving the mill, is passed through several sieves successively, being carried from one to the other by machinery. It is then sorted into various qualities, but not so many, nor subjected to peculiar modes of treatment, as in old times, when rappee was the coarse rasped stuff, and when "old Paris," *etrenne*, and some recondite mixtures, obtained their nasal renown. As to tobacco for smoking, it is pressed between two planks, and thus brought under a sharp knife, like a chaff-cutter, which divides it into fine shreds. Another part of the manufactory is devoted to the preparation of tobacco for chewing or pigtail, which is spun into cords of different thickness by the same means as ropes are made. Two spacious rooms are entirely devoted to the manufacture of cigars, in which women only are employed. Each has a little table to herself, and is paid according to the number she makes. Another room is set apart for making cigarettes. The imperial tobacco manufactory employs nearly 1500 women and girls, and 400 men and boys.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Infinites are the consequences which follow from a single and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a baker. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long "the Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland; and the inheritance which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a school boy, (as Mr. Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military, its civil, and political glory.—*Notes and Queries*.

#### THE HEART.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings  
Steal magic music from life's mystic frets;  
The golden threads are spun through suffering's fire,  
Wherewith the marriage-ropes for heaven are woven;  
And all the rarest hues of human life  
Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.  
MARINE.

## The Florist.

From out the blossomed cherry-tops  
Sing, blithesome robin, chant and sing;  
With chirp, and trill, and magic-tops.  
Win thou the listening ear of Spring.

T. B. ALDRICH.

### Summer and Autumn Flowering Bulbs.

With bulbous plants alone a constant succession of flowers may be kept the whole season through. Beginning with the snowdrops and crocus, succeeded by the hyacinth, tulip, and the great families of lilies, iris, gladioli, etc., keep up the bloom until a late period in the fall. We give the names of a few very beautiful, valuable lilies. *Lilium longifolium*, or long-flowered white lily, is a beautiful and exquisitely fragrant species, with very large, long flowers. It is rather more tender than the *Lilium candidum*, the old white lily of our gardens, which is too well known to need any word of praise from us, and requires protection in the winter. *Lilium martagen*, or Turk's cap lilies, are very ornamental, of various colors, and well worthy of cultivation. *Hemerocallis* and funkias, or day lilies, form a large class of plants of the easiest culture and quite desirable. The yellow and white varieties are fragrant. There is a new variety of lilies lately introduced—*Lilium giganteum*, which is well worthy of cultivation, if the following description, which we copy from an English journal, be correct:—"It is a very strong grower, with large dark green glossy leaves, throwing up a flower-stalk from eight to twelve feet high, terminated by a spray of twenty or more large white flowers, brownish on the outside. Quite hardy, and needs but slight protection during the winter." Such is the English description. Of all lilies, however, we give the palm to the splendid Japan lily. They were formerly thought to be tender, but have proved themselves perfectly hardy, enduring the cold of our winters without protection. They are also valuable plants for greenhouse or parlor. The most common varieties are white, red and the spotted. In the open air they bloom from the middle of August to the first of October. A notice of many more varieties of summer and autumn flowering bulbs must be reserved for another article.

### Geraniums.

There are few plants more easily grown, or that better repay the care of the cultivator, than geraniums. All the half-shrubby kinds require a light rich soil, composed of well decayed manure, leaf-mould, sand, and a little loam, kept moderately moist. Immediately after the plants have flowered, they should be cut down nearly to the soil, or they will present a blanched, unhealthy appearance. By thus cutting them down, abundance of fine young shoots will afterwards be produced, which should be thinned out, and those taken out used as cuttings. In this manner good bushy plants are ensured. The herbaceous and tuberous rooted geraniums require a much more sandy soil; and when done flowering should be put away on a dry shelf and very sparingly watered till the spring again. These may be propagated by cuttings, or division of the roots, in rather dry and sandy soil.

### Cypella.

A beautiful bulbous-rooted plant from Buenos Ayres. It requires sandy peat, or any light dry soil, and plenty of pure air, if in the house.

### Growing Tulips.

One of the best composts for tulips, in order to insure a fine bloom, is made up of equal parts of fresh soil, well decomposed barnyard manure, decayed horse-manure and good loam. When variety of colors is desired, a compost may be used of one-third old lime, well pulverized and sifted finely, and two-thirds of fresh soil. It is a good rule to take every dry part which appears of a dark brown or black color away from each tulip-root before planting it. In planting seedling tulips, care should be taken to keep them free from weeds, and the second year they may be expected to be up and flower. At this stage it is advisable to draw out such as are of a red or yellow color, and cast them away, as they will not break to be fine flowers, and are therefore perfectly useless. Such as are of a mixed color—of a purple, and of a flesh color, should be saved, as also such as are of a peach-blow color or violet. The plaster of old walls, in which there is a good deal of lime, should be taken, pulverized very fine, mixed with sand and liquid manure, and a compost is formed which forwards the development very considerably.

### Endogens.

Monocotyledonous plants. The trees belonging to this division—such as palms, tree ferns, etc.—increase very little in thickness as they advance in age; but their wood becomes gradually more solid, by the woody fibres formed every year in the interior of their stems. Trees of this kind have no medullary rays, and their trunks, when cut down, show none of those marks of the successive layers of wood which are so conspicuous in exogenous trees.

### Angelonia.

An evergreen perennial, with very beautiful blue flowers, a native of South America. It should be kept in a warm, airy part of the greenhouse, and should be allowed a season of rest, during which it should be kept cool, and have scarcely any water. The soil should be a very sandy loam mixed with peat earth, and it may be propagated, though with difficulty, by cuttings struck in pure sand under a bell-glass.

### Guanos.

This kind of manure should be very sparingly used as it is very powerful and not adapted to all kinds of plants. Dissolved in water, it may be used with good effect upon orange-trees, pelargoniums, hearts'-ease and fuchsias.

### Anemone.

This plant, called also Wind-Flower, is principally an European genus, but is found in America. Its flowers are of various colors, though principally white, blue, purple, yellow and crimson.

### Calycanthus.

This plant has odoriferous and spiky shrubs. Its flowers are at first dark brown, becoming paler in drying, and changing entirely to olive green, scented like ripe apples.

### Bay Leaf.

The bay or laurel tree was, according to the Greek fable, the transformation of Daphne into itself. Apollo, her lover, crowned her head with the leaves.

### Onosma.

Perennial plants, natives of Europe, generally with yellow flowers, of low growth, and suitable for rock-work. They should be grown in sandy peat.

## The Housewife.

### Ginger Beer.

Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold put in a teacupful of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it, and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

### A delicate Dessert.

Here is a dessert which might be prepared in camp during these war times:—Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen; pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce; and you have a delicious and simple dessert that will rest lightly upon the stomach—and it is so easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for sick-room cookery.

### Muffins.

Melt three spoonful of butter in three pints of new milk. Add three beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of salt, when quite cold. Stir in flour to make a batter as thick as you can well stir. Add two tablespoonful of fresh yeast, then cover, and allow it to rise. When quite light, bake in muffin-rings.

### Hot Slaw.

Cut a good cabbage, and with a sharp knife slice it fine; put it into a stew-pan with a piece of butter, and salt and pepper to taste; pour in just hot water enough to prevent its sticking to the pan; cover it closely, and let it stew; stir it frequently, and when it is quite tender, add a little vinegar, and serve it hot.

### Rats.

To drive and keep rats from corn-cribs and granaries, place some gas-tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once. The tar can be obtained at any place where gas is manufactured for burning at about six cents a gallon, and a gallon will drive them from the premises.

### For the Hair.

Olive oil, two pints; otto of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be colored by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

### To make unleavened Bread.

Take one quart of bran flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt. Mix with cold water into a stiff dough; a little corn meal is an improvement. Spread it into a thin loaf; bake in a quick hot oven.

### To clean tainted Barrels.

The best method of cleaning tainted barrels is to put one peck of charcoal and one teacup of saleratus into each barrel, fill them up with boiling water, cover tight, and let them stand until cold.

### To cure Hams.

Take the hams as soon as the pig is sufficiently cold to cut up, rub them well with common salt, and leave them for three days to drain; throw away the brine, and for two hams of from fifteen to eighteen pounds weight, mix together two ounces of saltpetre, one pound of the coarsest sugar, and one pound of common salt; rub the hams in every part with this, lay them in deep pans with the rind downwards, and keep them for three days well covered with the mixture; then pour over them a pint and a half of vinegar, and turn them in the brine, and baste them with it daily for one month; drain them well, rub them with bran, and hang them for a month high in a chimney, over a wood fire, to be smoked.

### Cases of Cancer.

Plenty of good wholesome food, a well-drained, ventilated house, pure country air, extreme cleanliness of person and clothing, sufficient exercise, clothing which exerts no injurious pressure on the diseased part, with mental occupation and amusement, will do a great deal towards the formation of healthy blood, the deposit of healthy tissues from it, and the removal of effete matter or formations of a low aplastic character.

### To ascertain if a Bed be damp or not.

After the bed is warmed, put a glass globe in between the sheets; and if the bed be damp, in a few minutes drops of wet will appear in the inside of the glass. This is of great consequence to be attended to in travelling, as many persons have laid the foundation of incurable disorders by sleeping in a damp bed.

### Veal Stuffing.

Chop half a pound of suet, put it in a basin with three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper, a little thyme, or lemon-peel chopped, and three whole eggs; mix well, and use where directed. A pound of bread-crumbs and one more egg may be used; it will make it cut firmer.

### Stove Cement.

Cracks or joints in a stove may be easily closed in a moment with a composition consisting of wood-ashes and common salt, made into a paste with a little water, plastered over the crack. The effect is equally certain whether the stove be hot or cold.

### Poached Eggs.

Have some salted boiling water in a pan, break the eggs carefully one at a time in a saucer, so as not to disturb the yolk, and slip them into the water. When the white is set through they are done. Take them up nicely on a small platter warmed.

### To preserve Eggs.

Eggs may be preserved for any length of time by excluding them from the air. One of the easiest and cleanest methods of doing this, is to pack them in clean dry salt, in barrels or tubs, and to place them in a cool and dry situation.

### To extract Ink.

A domestic receipt for extracting ink spots from colored articles of linen, wool, and similar fabric. It is simply to rinse the part so stained in fresh milk, changing the milk as often as necessary until the stain disappears. As a finale, wash out the milk in pure rain water.

**Sally Lunn.**

We give a recipe for this most delicious tea-bread, which, once eaten at your table, will cause your friends to rejoice when asked to come again. Take a stone pot, pour in one pint bowl of sweet milk, half a teacup of bakers' or other yeast, one quarter of a pound of melted butter, a little salt, and three beaten eggs. Mix in about three pint bowls of flour; let it stand several hours, or until quite light; then put it into Turk-heads or other tin pans, in which Sally should again rise before being shoved into the oven, to be "brought out" and presented to your friends as the beauty and belle of the evening.

**Potatoes in Haste.**

A very nice little dish of potatoes made in five minutes, or less, if the water is boiling—peel and cut some potatoes in slices, a quarter or half an inch thick; pour on the boiling water, enough to cover them, and let them boil till tender; skim them; then add butter with flour, worked in in proportion to the quantity of potatoes; let it boil up once, add a little chopped parsley, and serve, with the addition of pepper to taste.

**A durable Paint for Out-Door Work.**

To a quantity of charcoal add a quantity of litharge as a drier, to be well levigated with linseed oil, and when used to be thinned with good boiled linseed oil. The above forms a good black paint, and by adding yellow ochre an excellent green is produced, which is preferable to the bright green frequently used on out-of-door work, as it does not fade with the sun.

**Furs.**

Fine furs should be kept in a cold place. An experienced dealer will tell, the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur, if it has been lying in a warm dry atmosphere. It renders the fur harsh, dry and shabby, entirely destroying the rich, smooth softness which it will have, if kept in a cold room.

**Transparencies.**

A piece of strong linen, silk, etc., stretched on a wooden frame, is done over with a solution of white wax in oil of turpentine, and during the operation a chafing-dish is placed below it, that the liquid may be everywhere equally diffused. Any figures, etc., are then delineated on the cloth, silk, etc., with colors, mixed up with spirits of turpentine.

**To make Tarts for Frosting.**

Make the shells as for ordinary tarts; prepare the frosting as for cake, adding a little extract and juice of lemon; fill the shells level with the frosting, and set them in the oven to harden. They will rise, look very nice, and are nice for children's picnics.

**Rice Pie.**

Take one pint of boiling water and a cup of rice. Boil it until very soft, and then take it from the fire, and add a quart of milk, one nutmeg, and six eggs beaten to a froth; add sugar to the taste, and strain it through a sieve. Bake with an under crust, and, if you like, a few raisins.

**To cure Scrofulous Sore Eyes.**

Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them and make a tea; drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure.

**The Hands.**

In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and Windsor soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands.

**To whiten Linen.**

Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft clear warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

**To purify Butter.**

The French purify their butter by melting it in pots plunged into water heated to nearly boiling point; and sometimes they mix a pure brine with the melting butter, whereby they flavor the subsidence of the coagulated caseine and other impurities. The supernatant clear butter should be drawn or poured off, and rapidly cooled.

**Lemon-Water Ice.**

Half a pint of lemon juice, and the same of water, to which put one pint of syrup, and the peels of six lemons rubbed off with sugar; strain, mix and freeze. Then mix up the whites of three eggs to a strong froth with a little sugar. When the ice is beginning to set, work this well into it, and it will be very soft and delicious.

**Steamed Eggs.**

Butter a plate and break the eggs upon it, and season with butter, salt and pepper. Place them in a steamer, and cook a longer or shorter time, according to individual taste. This is a good dish for an invalid, if not cooked too hard.

**Indian Bread.**

One quart of raw meal, one quart of scalded meal, one quart of coarse meal, one pint of sweet milk, one cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt—let it rise one-half hour before baking; bake three hours.

**To renovate black Crape.**

Skim milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black Italian crape. If clapped and pulled dry, like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

**Almond Paste.**

Take two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of white wax and three drachms of spermaceti, put up carefully in rose-water.

**Simple Cosmetic.**

Melt one pound of soft soap over a slow fire, with half a pint of sweet oil, and add a teacupful of fine sand. Stir the mixture together until cold.

**To clean Lool lug-Glasses.**

In cleaning these first take out the fly-stains and other soils with a damp rag, then polish with woolen cloth and powder blue.

## Curious Matters.

### Ingenious Idea.

A blind man who had scraped together \$500, buried it carefully one night in his garden. His next-door neighbor, watching the proceeding, went the next night and stole the money. Soon after the blind man discovered his loss, and immediately suspected who the thief was. Setting his wits to work, he made a confidant of the neighbor, and said to him, "I have saved up \$1000, and have been thinking how to secrete it from thieves. I dug a pit in my garden the other night, and buried half my money, and thought I would bury the rest in another place; but upon consideration I think I will bury it all together, and then there will be but half the risk of discovery there would be if it was buried in two places." The thief readily acquiesced in this opinion, and in order that he might get the whole \$1000, he went that night and returned the \$500 to its place. This was just what the blind man hoped he would do, and he soon rejoiced in the recovery of his \$500.

### Another Mermaid.

The Field, a sporting paper, describes a mermaid lately received from Japan, as follows:—It was brought to this country by Ods Everett, of Boston, who is the owner. It is of a slate color partly covered with a salty efflorescence; the head looks like a monkey's, the gullet is stuffed with cloves, and there is no joint perceptible in any part of the body; where the scales come to the skin, several scales larger than the others form a sort of chequer, which gradually merge into skin. It has four rows of teeth, besides four upper and four lower teeth in advance of all others—in all, fifty-two; nostrils very prominent; head covered with short brown hair. It is probably a humbug made by the ingenious Japanese artisans; nevertheless they declare it to be a real fish, and no mistake. They say these creatures feed on weeds which grow at the bottom of the water, and come up suddenly to breathe, take a look round, and down again.

### A great Copper Mine.

The Cliff Copper Mine, on Eagle River, Lake Superior, has been very profitable, it is stated, to the owners, it having paid \$1,326,000 since 1849. The products of the mine are discharged through the gallery at the base of a lofty rock. This gallery penetrates the rock several hundred feet, and branches into sections, which are united into one adit, and serve as a drain outlet for the water as well as the copper ore.

### Good Idea.

Photographic albums are now the fashion. So many people leave their photographic portraits on a card, when making calls, instead of their written or printed names, that in order to preserve those portraits the ladies have an album prepared with places on the leaves to insert each card. In this way one can have a glance of her whole circle of acquaintances by turning over the leaves of the album.

### Striking a Bargain.

Aubrey, in his MS. collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds, whence the "striking a bargain." The practice is retained in the mode of saying "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

### Singular Chinese Superstition.

"During the first moon of this year," says a Canton letter, "a notice was posted that from the 28th to the 29th there was money to be lent at the temple of the Goddess of Mercy. Those desirous to borrow had to go before the idol and 'try their luck.' This is done by casting up two blocks of wood, flat on one side and oval on the other, called 'Kampoi.' If they were lucky, it was accepted as a proof that the idol was willing to accommodate them, and also as an omen that they should be prosperous this year. These signs being made manifest, the temple treasurer counted down the money. If the borrowers are prosperous, they pay back, perhaps ten fold, perhaps a hundred fold, or even more. But should they be unfortunate, they must pay back the whole sum lent them in the first moon of next year. Those borrowing are not required to give any acknowledgment in writing for the amounts received, as they are all ignorant and illiterate people, who do not perceive that this is a trick of the temple-keeper to cheat; for they imagine that the idol cannot be deceived, and therefore they would not dare to withhold the payment."

### The Sermon Market.

In the London Sheriff's Court, lately, an action was tried, *Rogers v. Havergal*, to recover £2 10s for twenty sermons sold and delivered to defendant—plaintiff being "a retired clergyman," and defendant a vicar in Bedfordshire. In the course of the case it transpired that 1s 6d, 2s 6d, and 5s were paid for stock sermons, and that £1 had been paid by defendant for a special sermon upon the re-opening of his church. Plaintiff's agent, the Rev. Mr. Marchmont, stated that a sermon to be preached before the Lord Mayor cost from £3 8s to £5 5s. Defendant said he had returned the sermons, but the judge decided that he had kept the "goods" an unreasonably long time, and must pay the claim with costs.

### Curious Discovery.

A complete prevention of forgery, by effacing any figure or word in commercial or bank paper, has been discovered. It is effected by steeping the paper at the time of its manufacture, for a few seconds in a water solution of gallic acid. It is dried, and is then fit for use. If any attempt is made to efface what is written or printed upon it by the usual means of chloride or oxalate of potash, a black circle appears around the writing, which cannot be removed, and so exposes the frauds.

### Minuteness of Animal Life.

When Lieutenant Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.

### Turtle Soup.

English tavern-keepers simply give notice by public advertisement of their intention to "dress a fine lively turtle" on such a day; but the Yankee, more atrociously, writes in chalk upon the devoted animal's back, "Soup to-morrow," and places him on parade before his hotel—thus basely making him a party to his own murder, and deluding him, in defiance of all laws of nations, to advertise his own execution.



**A Husband blinded by his Wife.**

On the 29th ult., says a Welsh paper, Thomas Morris and his wife, of Llangennech, attended Llanley market, and on their return home Morris called at the public house, and having stopped longer than his wife approved, she threatened to pull out his eye, her husband having but one of those valuable members. It appears that she commenced scratching and tearing his face, and injured his one eye so much that he was obliged to be led home. A surgeon was sent for, but all efforts to save the sight were ineffectual, and the man is now blind. The other eye of this unfortunate man was knocked out some years since by his brother-in-law in a drunken freak.

**How to cook a Beefsteak.**

The following were the rules adopted by the celebrated "Beefsteak Club," started in England, in 1784:

Pound well your meat until the fibres break;  
Be sure that next you have, to broil the steak,  
Good coal in plenty; nor a moment leave,  
But turn it over this way and that:  
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat.  
The platter now and then the juice receive;  
Put on your butter, place it on your meat,  
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve and eat.

**A Wind-driven Turnip-cutting Machine.**

A correspondent of the Scottish Farmer writes:—"Mr. Purves, farmer, Crighton, has a turnip-cutting machine at his farm driven by the wind. He has also a portable one about the usual size for taking into the fields and cutting turnips for his sheep, which is also driven by the wind. This small machine has four fans like an ordinary windmill; little wind suffices to drive it, and it cuts the turnips for the sheep as fast as any woman can heave them into it, and it does its work beautifully. It has also a common handle, and is used in the ordinary way at times when there is no wind; but I suppose the movement by wind will cut at least six times as much as can be done by the hand."

**Singular Plant.**

A curious plant, the *Drosera*, has been talked about at a scientific gathering in London, which instantly kills all flies that settle on it, and is so excessively sensitive that the hairs with which it is furnished will converge on the application of one six-thousandth of a grain of nitre of ammonia, while a single hair is affected by one sixty-four thousandth. Is this to be accepted as another illustration of analogy between the animal and vegetable organization?

**"Fire away, Flanagan!"**

Cromwell, having marched his army southwards, came to a castle garrisoned by some rebels, under the command of a Flanagan, who sent Cromwell a violent philippic, ending with an order to quit the place, or he would open his cannon on the English forces. Cromwell returned the note, with his reply written in the corner of the misdeed—"Fire away, Flanagan!" The laconic reply so frightened the redoubtable Flanagan, that he fled without firing a shot.

**Funny-looking.**

An Englishman, Mr. Field, has invented a covering of shell, ivory, gutta percha, or other suitable material, to be worn on the moustache, to prevent its being soiled with food during meals. A funny-looking apparatus this must be, and no great improvement in one's personal appearance at a dinner party.

**Bees at War.**

An Ohio farmer, who keeps seventy swarms of bees, says that one day last summer the whole of them commenced a grand fight. They filled his house so that the family had to flee for safety, and they also filled the air, covering full an acre of ground. The fight lasted full three hours, during which time no living thing could exist in the vicinity. They stung a large flock of Shanghai chickens, nearly all of which died, and persons passing along the roadside were obliged to retreat to avoid their sting. A little after six o'clock in the afternoon quiet was restored, and the living bees returned to their hives, leaving the slain almost literally covering the ground. Two young swarms were entirely destroyed, and aside from the terrible slaughter of bees no other injury was done. Neither party was victorious, and they only ceased on the approach of night, and from utter prostration.

**Geometrical Leeches.**

Dr. M'Cosh, in his notes on an overland route between Calcutta and China, states that his party "were persecuted by a venomous fly called dam-dum, whose bite caused excessive irritation; and they were bled severely by land-leeches, that insinuated themselves into every opening of their clothing, penetrating even through the woolen socks. These leeches are about the thickness of a crow-quill, and from one to two inches long. They hang upon the bushes like caterpillars, ever ready to attach themselves to any living thing that passes near them. They do not crawl onward like ordinary leeches, but move step by step in regular curves, first stretching themselves to the full extent, and fixing their head, then bringing up the tail to the same point, and so onwards—hence they are known by the name of the geometrical leech."

**Singular Freak.**

One Thomas Green was recently arrested in Salford (England), for a debt, and ordered to prison. After he was locked up it was discovered by one of the keepers that he was a woman in male attire. Green worked in a mill as hooker and stitcher, and had put on male attire solely for the purpose of drawing men's wages. The most singular part of the story was, that Green married a respectable girl about five years ago, and lived very happily with her down to the time of the arrest for debt. The female debtor could not be held, and was discharged.

**Interesting Discoveries.**

Very interesting and important discoveries in Egyptian antiquities have recently been made at Memphis, under the direction of M. Mariette. Upon a limestone slab were found the names of sixty-three kings anterior to the construction of the pyramids. The temple of Edfou, the oldest and best preserved in the whole world, has been examined, and it is so magnificent as to excite the astonishment of all who have seen it.

**A delicate Invention.**

A delicate apparatus has been invented in France, for the purpose of determining the quality of different kinds of silk. It measures both the tenacity of the thread by the weight necessary to break it, and its elasticity, by the elongation it sustains before breaking; and is said to be so precise, that it measures even these qualities in a spider's web.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### FASTER YET.

We had really flattered ourselves that we were living in a rather fast age. We have certainly darted over the iron at a speed that would have distanced Mazeppa's wild horse in half a mile; an indistinct recollection of doing better than twenty knots an hour on a North River steamer. We cross the Atlantic in ten days or less, and on the whole were, we thought, driving along pretty satisfactorily. But here comes a discontented gent, who, like Pompey's Ghost, in Addison's tragedy of Cato, "complains that we are slow." Discontented chap says: "We send messages at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second, by the telegraph; and as we cannot conceive of such velocity, it may be considered fast enough. The poet Cowper tells us that thought is more rapid:

'How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind.  
And the swift-winged arrows of light!'

If the poet is right—if thought does actually travel through space, as some contend, a real existence, then the magnetic telegraph may be slow in comparison. But our modes of locomotion are not fast enough to satisfy us. It takes nine hours to travel from New York to Boston—a long, hard day's work. We are shut up in a car, with small enjoyment of travel, in scenery and incident; and it is a tedious job. We can conceive of light, stropg cars, of some kind, being shot, blown, or sucked through a tube three hundred miles long, in an hour or so. Our best steamships take nine days to cross the ocean. It ought to be done in fifty hours or a little more than two days; and we may expect to see it done in three days in our life-time. The navigation of the air is a feat accomplished every day by millions of birds and insects. Even the flying-fish manages to navigate the atmosphere for a short period. When men navigate the air, it will not be in balloons, which are too large to be carried against strong currents of air. Men must fly in machines, modelled closely after birds or insects. Given a sufficient power, in steam or otherwise, in proportion to the weight, and flying from continent to continent is only a question of practical mechanics."

SCHOOLING.—The spirit of the teacher often neutralizes the spirit of the teaching.

### THE EFFECT OF EATING APPLES.

Old Squire Howard was a very successful farmer, and a substantial one at that, but he was an awful glutton, and great stories are told of his powers of endurance with the knife and fork. He ate everything, but much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Last winter one of his hogs was killed. The next morning after the death, there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wondrously. In the course of the afternoon he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie, and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon's luncheon was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to supper his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed, he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles, one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old man. "Bolles," said the squire, "I liked to have died last night. I'll never eat another roasted apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me." Bolles never told his story without laughing. The squire was once elected to the legislature, but he was not popular with our boarding-house keepers, while in the city. They even went so far as to say he ate too much.

OCCASIONAL HUMOR.—A dash of humor is never so pleasing as when it occurs in the midst of a serious strain, as the green spots scattered on the Alps delight the eye, from the contrast with the snow and ice around them.

NOT BAD.—A schoolmaster requesting a little boy who had been whispering to step into the next room, is wittily spoken of by one of our exchanges as "starting on a whaling excursion."

## A DOG STORY.

In olden times, when the small-pox was considered an unavoidable evil, and the pest house was regarded as indispensable to the safety of the community, the following circumstances occurred: The Rev. J—— C——, of E——, Mass., had decided on going to the pesthouse with his entire family, for the purpose of having the small-pox. The day before they were to leave home, a kind neighbor came in to inquire if he could be of any service to them. The minister told him that all the arrangements were complete, except that they had made no disposition of their dog; they were very unwilling to have him killed, for he was a great favorite in the family; but it would never do to suffer Bose to follow them to the pesthouse, for he would be sure to get out and carry the contagious disease through the neighborhood.

"I should hate to kill so good a dog," said the neighbor; "don't you think he would stay with me?"

"I fear not," said Parson C——, "for he is very much attached to our family, and would be quite sure to find us out; there is no way I fear but to kill the poor creature."

"Well," said the neighbor, "I was going down to M——'s, and on my way back I will call and kill the dog for you."

So he left them. After awhile the neighbor returned to fulfil his promise; but nothing could be found of Bose. They then remembered that while they were talking over the business, the dog, who had been lying under the table in the room, got up and went out; so the neighbor was compelled to go home without fulfilling his purpose of killing the dog. When neighbor Clark reached his house, what was his surprise to find Parson C——'s dog ready to receive him? And there the dog remained during the whole time the family were in the hospital. He occasionally visited their old house, but never offered to go to the hospital; he followed his new master wherever he went, making his house his home. Thus he continued to do until the day that his old master and family left the pest house, and welcomed the family with extacies of joy, and never more left them, except for an occasional visit to his temporary master.

The above is a perfectly true story. It was often related by the late Dr. C——, who was an eye and ear witness of the circumstances, and was confirmed by the family of Mr. Clark. Others may adopt what theories they please to account for these singularities, but we must believe dogs understand something more of human signs and sounds than is generally supposed.

## FOR THE CURIOUS.

The greyhound runs by eyesight only, and this we assert as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies on his two hundred and fifty miles journey homeward by eyesight, viz., from point to point of object which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun—the minutest interval between them—yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly—amidst your admiration of this matchless dance—a peculiarly high-shouldered vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheeks, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows. A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely wood-pecker, when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way—listen and look around before he takes draught? No one knows.

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**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.**—A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

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**EVIL REPORT.**—If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. It was Burke's advice to "live down slander."

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**ECONOMY AND LIBERALITY.**—Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old.

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**A TRUTH.**—No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

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**PROPERTY.**—Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

**THE FRENCH ZOUAVES.**

The Zouaves have now become a household word, yet but few persons who read with so much interest the siege of Sebastopol, are aware that it was largely owing to the French Zouaves that the Malakoff was taken. The French had succeeded in sapping to within thirty-two paces of the Malakoff, where the Zouaves lay concealed. Captain George B. McClellan, U. S. A., who was sent out by our government to examine into the different modes of warfare, thus describes the ingenious device adopted to capture that fortress, after a bombardment of many months: "In their admirable arrangements for the attack of the Malakoff, the French counted on two things for success; first, they had ascertained that the Russians were in the habit of relieving the guard of the Malakoff at noon, and that a great part of the old guard marched out before the new one arrived, in order to avoid the loss which would arise from crowding the work with men; in the second place, it was determined to keep up a most violent vertical fire until the very moment of the assault, thus driving the Russians into the bomb proofs, and enabling the storming party to enter the work with but little opposition. The hour of noon was therefore selected for the assault, and the strong columns intended for the work were at an early hour assembled in the advance trenches, all in admirable order, and furnished with precise instructions. The mortars maintained an unrelenting fire until the moment appointed. The very instant the last volley was discharged the storming party of Zouaves rushed over the thirty paces before them, and were in the work before the astonished Russians knew what had happened. It was stated that this party lost about eleven men in entering the work. Other troops advanced rapidly to the support of the storming party, a bridge was formed by rolling up five ladders with planks lashed to them, a communication was at once commenced between the advanced trench and the bridge, brigade after brigade passed over, the redoubt was at once occupied by the storming party, and thus the Malakoff, and with it Sebastopol, was won. The few Russians remaining in the work made a desperate resistance. Many gallant attempts were made by the Russian columns to ascend the steep slope in rear and regain the lost work; but the road was narrow, difficult and obstructed; the position strong, and the French in force. All their furious efforts were in vain, and the Malakoff remained in the possession of those who had so gallantly and skillfully won it. With regard to the final retreat to the north side, it can only be said that a personal examination of the locality

merely confirms its necessity, and the impression so generally entertained that it was the finest operation of the war; so admirably was it carried out that not a straggler remained behind; a few men so severely wounded as to be unfit for rough and hurried transportation were the sole ghastly human trophies that remained to the allies."

**ANECDOTE OF DECATUR.**

Decatur when at Tunis, in 1805, frequently amused himself in pulling about the harbor in his barge with his gun. On one of these occasions, he saw on the water a very remarkable fish, more like a devil-fish than anything else he had seen. His fondness for natural history, which subsequently led to his making a very valuable and rare collection of marine animals, made him very desirous of possessing this novel specimen. He pulled near, fired, and struck the animal, which sunk in shoal water, where it could be seen on the bottom. Decatur, eager to secure his prize, asked Reuben James, who was his coxswain, to dive down and bring it up. Reuben hesitated, and replying, "I don't like to trouble that chap; he looks as if he would make an ugly customer," declined the unprofitable exploit. Decatur immediately went over himself, and soon brought the strange monster to the surface. It should be remembered that though Decatur was a captain of a frigate, he was yet a young man, with a young man's love of enterprise and adventure.

**POETS AND PAINTERS.**—Annibal Carracci, being asked to point out the difference betwixt a good poet and a good painter, replied, "Poets paint with words, and painters speak with the pencil."

**CHEAP WINE.**—An Irishman observed of Alsace, where excellent wine costs only twenty sous the bottle, that "it was just the place where the prudent man might drink himself rich!"

**THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.**—Many have intellect only for learning, and none for the common affairs of life. How many animals walk badly but climb admirably!

**A QUESTION.**—Did you ever see two women pass each other in the street, without each turning round to see what the other had on?

**FORTUNE.**—Fortune approaches you with the steps of the tortoise, and leaves you with the speed of the gazelle.

## THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

When a young man evinces a decided literary taste, and an inclination to devote his life to the worship of the muses, his matter-of-fact relatives are invariably shocked, and conjuring up a vision of Grub-Street garrets, unpaid washer-women, seedy garments, and all the ills that poverty entails, declare that he is on the high road to the almshouse. Somehow literature and starvation are indissolubly associated in the minds of business men. But this is an error. The path of literature does not necessarily lead to the poorhouse. Many of the sufferings of authors may be traced to their own irregularities and imprudence, even in the days when publishers were not so liberal as they are in the nineteenth century. Authors, as a general thing, are unfortunate not because they do make a business of literature, but because they do not conduct it as a business, as other professional men do their affairs. No doubt some men of letters have come to a miserable end. The memory in a moment calls up Chatterton, Savage and Otway. But are these casualties not to be found in all ranks of men, and in all professions? Are there not many starved apothecaries? Are there not many miserably poor lawyers? Has not the church its army of ill-paid clergymen, steeped in poverty, and living upon protracted hope all their days? We do not hear of these men, but we always hear of unfortunate authors, and hence, perhaps, the notion that misery is the almost exclusive associate of genius. If men of other callings were as improvident as authors are proverbially, or rather were, for things have changed for the better with them, they would infallibly go to wreck. Goldsmith lived in difficulties and died in debt; but as an author, Goldsmith was really popular, well-paid and prosperous. There are many literary men of the present day whose case is precisely the same. They realize for years a large income; they live beyond their means; they get into debt and difficulty; and then, perhaps, they join in the cry about the inadequate rewards of the press, and the woes of literary men. Had Charles Dickens been possessed of ordinary prudence, he would now be a positively rich man, instead of being a comparatively poor one.

Let us see what literature has done for some of its distinguished votaries. Sir Walter Scott entered life as the son of a Scotch solicitor, and promised to be little better than a poorly-paid barrister, till his pen brought him place, fortune and title. Had he not unfortunately involved himself in business affairs—for which his original motive was a dread of the precariousness of lit-

erary gains—had he trusted, in short, to literary gains alone, he must have died worth half a million dollars, and made good his wish to found a landed and titled family. Campbell was a poor, unfriended youth, till his first poem, the "Pleasures of Hope," obtained for him friends and fortune. He did not attain wealth, it is true, but always lived in the style of a gentleman. Wordsworth and Southey were not remarkable for their gains, but they were able to live well, and indulge in the gratification of their refined tastes. Moore, the poet, enjoyed an income of \$2500 a year on account of a portion of his writings alone. It was Jeffrey's literary merit which raised him to a fortune and a judgeship.

Our own Irving, originally a merchant, was apparently ruined by the failure of the house in which he was a partner. He turned to literature, and from supporting himself by his pen, rose to competence, as well as fame, was honored by high official station, and died on the banks of his loved Hudson in possession of a beautiful estate, and surrounded by every comfort.

Look, too, at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—novels, written probably in a few weeks, paid at the rate of fifteen hundred pounds each—political arising from literary distinction—a baronetcy! Are these things significant of a miserable profession? In short, it appears that literature, far from being necessarily associated with vexation and penury, is entitled to take no low place amongst the means by which talent raises itself in the world. Nor has it ever been otherwise since there was a printed literature in England. If we look back over the list of those who were more particularly dependent on their literary abilities, we shall find that there have been at all times men rising to opulence, or at least comfort, and to personal distinction, by these means. The position of Johnson, after his early struggles were over, was not an unenviable one. Hume, from almost nothing, raised himself by his writings to considerable wealth, and to high offices which brought him more; so that he died in the enjoyment of a thousand a year, and left fifteen thousand pounds. Pope got wealth by his muse, and Swift attained to considerable ecclesiastical preferment, though not to what he aimed at—a bishopric. Addison rose to be Secretary of State; and Prior, from a pothouse boy became, like Irving, an ambassador. Dryden, with such fecundity of brain as he possessed, must have been well enough off but for the silly woman that called him husband. We do not know much of rare Ben, but many surmise that sottish habits alone prevented him from being a rich fellow enough. Other instances might be cited.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

A high authority lays down the law that refined persons should never quote proverbs, and yet the politest people in the world, the French, are in the habit of using them freely in conversation. Why should it be more ungraceful to quote a pithy proverb than a passage from a popular author? Some proverbs are even sublime. "Proverbs," it has been said, "are the flower of popular wit, and the treasures of popular wisdom." Proverbs often save long explanations by presenting a striking image, and many a lecture has probably been dispensed with by the French adage, "One spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a hundred barrels of vinegar." Boileau speaks of happy expressions,

"Which, by the attic salt that gives them worth,  
Become, quite often, proverbs at their birth."

They are of inestimable value to the illiterate, as they often embody the result of large experience. They are portable homilies, which every man can carry in his head to guide his heart. Some of them furnish scope for very happy illustrations and amplifications. Such a one is the proverb, serious and solemn in its import, "Man proposes, God disposes." Let us see how this moral may be enforced, and we shall do so by recalling a story told us many a long year ago.

"So, then, at last I own my farm, which is well worth five hundred pounds sterling a year," said Old Gregory, Lord Derby's ex-farmer, as he climbed a hill which formed a part of the property he had just purchased. "Here I am, with an estate worth five hundred a year, and I only in my sixtieth year, and enjoying, thank Heaven, sound health and an iron constitution. I can eat and drink what and when I please, and I can snap my fingers at nobility itself. Now I can be even with the village cur that would take off their hats to me, and still have the impudence to call me Master Gregory. I shall lead a jolly life of it."

"Here I am master of a fine farm and a fine house," he went on, talking to himself, as he reached the top of a hill which commanded a view of his grounds in their full extent. "Here I'll plant an orchard; there I'll have a nursery; I'll have sheep in that meadow fatter than the Duke of Bedford's. Down here I'll build a house where I will have the best of company to cheer me up, and amuse me. I'll have a steward."

"And what advantage will your tenants reap?"

"Ask my steward—that's his business," says Old Gregory.

"As for that stream that drives the mill, I'll turn it out of its channel, and carry it through my part."

"And who will grind the village corn, if the mill stops for want of water?"

"Ask my steward," Old Gregory will say, "that's none of my business. The parsonage interrupts my view. I'll make the parson give up his manse, and there I'll dig a basin and have a fountain to throw up its sparkling water, and animate the landscape."

"And who will perform the parochial service, if you expel the clergyman?"

"Ask my steward—it's none of my business," replied Old Gregory, with a chuckle, keeping up the imaginary dialogue.

With these schemes, all purely selfish, chasing each other through his mind, Old Gregory went home, ate an enormous quantity of "the roast beef of Old England," drank a bottle of old port, smoked two pipes, went to bed and slept so soundly that he never woke again. The minister remained in the parsonage, the mill continued to grind the village corn, the farmers were not harassed, and the laborers, as they exulted over the death of Old Gregory, who had not a friend on earth to mourn him, said, "Man proposes, God disposes."

A profuse use of proverbs is ridiculous, of course. It is the grand comic feature of Cervantes's exquisite creation, Sancho Panza. Bulwer has also made it a feature in his character of Thornton in "Pelham." One of the most emphatic proverbs in the world is Napoleon's, "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In short, to use the language of Hamlet, a little altered for the occasion, "There are more things in *proverbs*, Horatio, than e'er were dreamed of in your philosophy."

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YOUTH. — Youth, especially female youth, gives a poetic tinge—a softening coloring, to its sorrows; thus the sea, when the morning sun shines upon it, is covered, even in the storm, with rainbows.

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MINERAL WEALTH.—Diamonds as well as gold are found in Georgia. If they are of the first water, we should be satisfied with a quart of them.

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SENSIBLE BOY.—A lad eleven years of age has been caught in Philadelphia stealing a whip. He knew what he wanted.

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LITTLE THINGS.—He who sets store by little things rarely succeeds in great.

## MARVELLOUS STORIES.

A French savant, at Dijon, went one night quite exhausted to bed, after long and vain efforts to make out the sense of a passage in a Greek poet. On falling asleep, he seemed to himself to be transported in spirit to Stockholm, where he was conducted into the palace of Queen Christina, ushered into the royal library, and placed before a compartment in which he distinguished a small volume that bore a title new to him. He opened the volume, and found in it the solution of the grammatical difficulty which had so perplexed him. The joy which he felt at the discovery awaking him, he struck a light and made a memorandum of what he had seen in his dream. The dark passage he now found perfectly cleared up. The adventure, however, was too strange to suffer him to rest satisfied without taking some steps to ascertain in how far the impressions of his nocturnal journal corresponded with the reality. Descartes was at that time at Stockholm, and our savant wrote to Chanut, the French ambassador to the Swedish court, with whom he was acquainted, requesting him to ask the philosopher whether the royal library had such and such peculiarities (which he described), and whether, in a certain compartment, a certain volume of such a size and form, was not to be found, on such and such a page of which stood ten Greek verses, a copy of which the savant subjoined. Descartes answered the ambassador that unless the querist had been in the habit of visiting the library for the last twenty years he could scarcely have described its arrangement more accurately—the compartment, the volume, the ten Greek verses, all tallied exactly with the description. A counterpart to this story is related by Wangenheim.

The son of a Wirtemberg jurist was studying at Gottingen, and having occasion for a book which he could not find in the library there, and which he remembered to have seen at home, wrote to request his father to send him the same. The father searched his library for the book in vain; it was not to be found, and he wrote to his son to this effect. Some time after, as he was at work in his library, and rose from his seat to replace a book which he had done with on its shelf, he beheld his son standing not far from him, and in the act, as it seemed, of reaching down a book, which stood at a considerable height, and on which the outstretched hand of the figure was already laid. "My son!" cried the astonished father, "how came you here?" As he spoke, the apparition vanished. The father, whose presence of mind was not disturbed, immediately took down the book on which the hand of the

figure seemed to be laid, and, behold, it was the very one his son had written for. He sent it, by that day's post to Gottingen, but soon after received a letter from his son, written on the very morning on which he had seen the apparition, and stating the exact spot where the writer was confident the book was to be found. It is unnecessary to say that it was the very spot which the apparition had already indicated.

## WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

Grant Thorburn communicates to the papers the following anecdote as related to him by a farmer: When the British troops held possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lay in the neighborhood of West Point, one morning I went forth to bring home the cows. On passing a clump of brushwood, I heard a moaning sound, like a person in distress. On nearing the spot I heard the words of a man at prayer. I stood behind a tree; the man came forth; it was George Washington the captain of the Lord's host in North America. This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who being opposed to war under any pretext, was lukewarm, and in some cases opposed to the cause of the country. This man was a tory. However, having seen Washington enter the camp, he went to his own house. "Martha," said he to his wife, "we must not oppose this war any longer. This morning I heard George Washington send up a prayer to heaven for his country; I know it will be heard." This farmer dwelt between the lines, and sent Washington sundry items concerning the movements of the enemy, which did good service to the good cause. From this incident we may infer that Washington arose with the sun to pray for his country; he fought for her at meridian, and watched for her in the silent hours of the night.

**MERCENARY FRIENDSHIPS.**—A friend that you have to buy will be worth what you have to pay for him—no matter how little that may ever be.

**APPEARANCES.**—Trust not appearances; the drum which makes so loud a noise is only filled with wind.

**SELF-PRAISE.**—Place no trust in the virtue of he man who lauds himself.

**A QUESTION.**—Is not a gentleman who keeps a tannery a *tangent*?

**REFINEMENT.**—True refinement strengthens the intellect and purifies the manners.



## Foreign Miscellany.

Ericsson's air engines are being manufactured at Nottingham, England.

The Duchess of Kent left personal property to the amount of \$150,000 only.

A number of philosophical women recently celebrated in Germany the 1288th anniversary of the birth of Plato.

Madame Virginia Whiting Lorini had just concluded a brilliant engagement at Berlin, at last accounts, and was going to Brussels.

In Madrid, last month, a Spanish merchant drew a prize in a lottery of \$200,000, and soon after became insane. Excitement did it.

The city of Berlin is overrun by millions of rats. The police have been called upon to interfere.

On the river Darling, in Australia, is a district of country many thousand miles in extent, admirably adapted to the raising of cotton.

They are making medallions in England of sawdust compressed into the form of the human face, with great exactness.

In Manchester, England, 17,478 persons live in cellars, but but 4467 cellars for them to occupy.

The city of Venice has 2077 rain-water cisterns, which supply all the fresh water used there.

One of Rosa Bonheur's pictures—a little two-foot square piece, depicting sheep—brought £611 in England.

The cathedral of Salisbury has in it as many windows as there are days in the year, and as many marble pillars as weeks, and as many doors as months.

An English military commission has recommended that the much-vaunted Armstrong gun be condemned, notwithstanding the great number now in use, each of which cost \$10,000!

Dr. Barwell, in a new surgical work, says there is no vacuum in the human bones, but they are kept whole and firm by the attraction of cohesion.

In the Sardinian States there are 408 convents, which are said to have received from the government during the last fifteen years grants amounting to 100,000,000 francs. (4,000,000 pounds.)

The Prefecture of Police in Paris is in the practice of giving rewards to those drivers of carriages and coaches who show the greatest honesty in restoring articles of value lost in their vehicles.

In the historical collection at the palace at Berlin, there are two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburgh, and to have met together in the air.

If an officer of the French army incurs debts without paying them, one-fifth of his pay is retained to discharge them. If he continues to do so he may be degraded. An under officer, or soldier, is under similar circumstances liable to discipline and the loss of grade, and imprisonment.

Clarified horse-fat is sold in England as genuine butter.

There is no scarlet cloth made in Ireland. Sixty years ago it clothed the British army.

The famous Armstrong guns, when hit by shot, are rendered useless.

The famous Tyrian purple is eclipsed in splendor by the Solferino dye.

Rice, the staple of Japanese food, is higher than it has ever been.

A perfect gold watch may be bought in London for twenty dollars.

The famous Heidelberg tun is said to contain 100 hogheads of wine.

The first trial by jury ever allowed the citizens of Naples, occurred in April.

St Paul's, London, was built by one bishop, one architect, and one master-mason.

The best fencer in Paris is a beautiful young lady of Polish origin, M<sup>lle</sup> Linowska.

The number of persons confined in prison at Paris for debt, during the year 1860, was 772.

Bulfinches are for sale in Paris, which are educated to sing as many as five different airs entire.

The Bank of France never discounts a piece of business paper which has less than three names on it.

On Russian railways in severe winter weather, the exhaust steam from the locomotives is observed to fall in a shower of fine snow.

The City Telegraph Company, in London, has opened 52 stations. The charge is 12 cents for fifteen words.

A list of sixty-three Egyptian kings, engraved on limestone, has been exhumed from the ruins of Memphis.

England exports nearly six hundred thousand barrels of beer every year. Australia and India take about one half of that quantity.

More than one thousand small dealers in England have, during three months past, been arrested and punished for using false weights and measures.

The government of Holland is about to liberate all the slaves in their foreign colonies, but subject to ten years' service to their present masters before the law takes effect.

The Necropolis Company, of London, advertises to bury a person in a "first-class manner complete," for eighty-six dollars twenty-five cents—grace included. It is cheaper to die in London than in New York.

Sir William Armstrong is ambitious of something greater than he has hitherto achieved. It is stated that one of his guns to carry a 200-pounder ball, will soon be ready for trial; and that a 360-pounder cannon is in course of construction.

The new opera house at Paris will cost an immense sum. One portion of the new square cost six millions of dollars. Many mansions had to be torn down, among them that formerly occupied by M. Mires, the unfortunate banker, and the house once occupied by Mlle. Guimard, the famous dancer.

## Record of the Times.

The number of physicians in the United States is estimated at 40,484.

A medical writer notices that cases of insanity are very rare in persons of red hair.

The Pacific Ocean is something of a pond, possessing an area of 80,000,000 miles.

It is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an indiscreet friend.

Many persons prefer death to scorn. They dread less the point of a sword than the point of a finger.

A southern paper states that a poor girl went off to the west and married a man worth \$20,000. She might have gone further and fared worse.

"The human mind," says Mariotti, "walks in England; it skips and capers in France; it plods and gropes in Germany; in Italy it soars!"

It is an old remark that a cat may look at a king; but the time may come when a cat will have to look very sharp to find one.

In the days of Charles II. the ladies used to frizzle their curls with the nicest art, and call them heart breakers. Fashion has not changed, in this respect, since the days of Charles II.

The frequent use of asparagus is strongly recommended in affections of the chest and lungs; in fact, asparagus is one of the most wholesome, as well as agreeable vegetables we possess.

Beethoven, the celebrated composer, was often heard to declare that if ever he should go to England, he would uncover his head, and kneel down at the tomb of Handel.

A gentleman having lately been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night, for nothing."

There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts" and the "Cants." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, the latter fail in everything.

Epitaph in Denmore churchyard, Ireland: "Here lie the remains of John Hall, grocer. The world is not worth a *fig*, and I have good reasons for saying so."

Circassian and Georgian women are generally of medium stature, or about five feet five inches. No one can arbitrarily fix the standard of female height and call it "perfection."

You rarely, if ever, says an exchange, see a politician with smooth hair, a great scholar with fine hair, an artist with red hair, a fop with coarse hair, a minister with curly hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

The first coach in England was built in 1565, for the Earl of Rutland. In 1661, a stage coach was two days going from London to Oxford (54 miles) and the Flying Coach in summer was thirteen hours.

A blind man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, and overtaking the thief, cudgelled him severely, after which he closed his eyes and fell to begging again.

It is said that the first camp-meeting in this country was held in Kentucky.

Battles painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

Lint should be so scraped as to present a fibrous surface.

The average deaths in four great European battles was less than twenty-two in a thousand.

The expenditures for rations and pay of a regiment, for a month, is about \$26,000.

The first light-house in Maine was erected in 1790, at Portland Head.

There is a woman in Franklin county, Me., 6 feet 8 inches tall, weighing 350 pounds, who wears a number twelve shoe.

In astronomical measurements the linear value of a second, at Saturn's distance, is equal to 4400 miles.

At Birmingham Conn., there is a machine for making brass chains. It works as if endowed with human instinct.

All volcanoes appear to exist near a sea, and, by the matter they eject, to have some communication with it.

The black ostrich stands seven feet high. Its speed is equal to the horse, and it can carry a man with ease.

All the sense in the world is useless to him who has none; he has no views, and can't be profited by another man's.

The San Francisco Herald says that live oak in abundance has just been discovered in California.

It has been said, and truthfully, that we can earn genuine manhood only by serving out faithfully the period of boyhood.

A person will perform one-fifth more work in a well-ventilated room than he can in a room badly ventilated.

The Arkansas Baptist says that "murder" spelt backwards, shows what is often its cause—*red rum!*

Most men are perfectly willing to lend you money at all times, except when you happen to want to borrow.

Many writers profess to teach people "how to live." Culpits on the scaffold would like to learn.

A beggar boy applying to a lady at Boston, for money to get a dose of castor oil, was called in, and the oil was administered gratis, despite his grimaces.

It is said that charcoal placed around rose bushes, and other flowering plants, has the effect to add greatly to the richness of the flower.

The vibration of the strings of a piano range from forty to four thousand in number per minute. This has been demonstrated by a machine invented by Cagnard Latour.

A photograph of the bottom of the sea in Weymouth Bay has been successfully taken by the means of an ingenious apparatus. The utility of this attempt is that the condition of piers, bridges, piles and other structures under water, may now be ascertained.

## Merry-Making.

A *hacking* cough is said to be the first stage of consumption.

A flower is sweeter the more it is pressed. So is a young woman.

Lawyers, like scissors, never cut each other, but what is between them!

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Rarey tames wild horses by the use of a strap. Wild boys may be tamed in the same way.

A man in Detroit advertises for a partner in the nursery business. A new way, perhaps, of advertising for a wife.

Since ladies have commenced the practice of medicine, the health of young men has been very delicate.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

A trusting wife—one who trusts, when her husband goes out in the morning, that he never will return.

"That is a very knotty affair," said the culprit looking at the rope. "It is because you have been *naughty* yourself," was the answer.

Punch says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an artful man.

Mrs. Sizzle, my pa wants to know if he mayn't lend money to your axe a little while. He had allers rather lend than borrow.

The lays of a nightingale may be very delightful to a well-fed man, but the "lays" of a hen are liked better by a hungry one.

The editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Times says the shape of a kiss is elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a *lip tickle*.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They wont weigh much if does," said his antagonist, coolly.

"Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is one tenth of an "eagle"—a dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with a tenfold devotion!

Two Quaker girls of our acquaintance were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

There is said to be a woman in Pittsburg, Pa., who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing with soap and sand, and then sets them in the sun to dry. She washes at four shillings per dozen. Pittsburg is such a smoky town, that the children have to be washed all over twice every day.

When did the ocean first bear grain? In the time of Ce-crops.

Why is the Maid of the Mist like pride? Because it goeth before a fall.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

How many hens have your mother when it comes night? None. They are all roosters.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? We read that he was *hemmed* in on every side.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put round his neck.

"Pat, is your sister's child a boy or a girl?" "Faith, an' I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

"Boots?" answered a sea-sick Frenchman from his berth, "Oui, oui—you may take zem; I shall vant zem nary more!"

A Maine Law physician's prescripion on theti city agency: "West India rum, 1 pint; aqua (water), 5 drops."

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A man lately, inquiring for letters at the Lexington (Mo.) post-office, was told that there was none, upon which he asked if there was another post-office in town.

An article in an exchange paper, announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns attended by his friends."

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted the old bell-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

A country paper says: "A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician who had a beautiful calf four days old!"

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

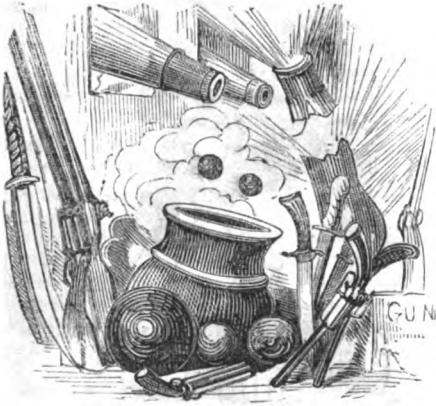
Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle!"

"Jenny," said a Scotch mainister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by yer side."

Anatomists say that man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says the inimitable Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill contracted in 1854—I aint the man!"

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was arrested. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the sheriff. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the sheriff over, and ran off.

# THE RAGE OF THE HOUR.



Combination of exaggerated Colts, rifle muskets, shells, etc., cannon exploding.



Mr. Smallfry studying the theory of arms—table heaped with military—stack of arms in the study.



Puts Mrs. Smallfry through her facings, broom, etc.



Squad drill of the infant-ry—left! left!



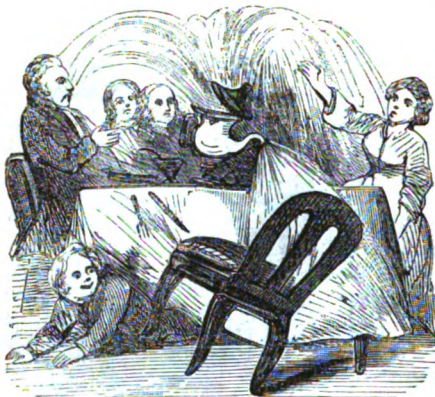
They try the effect of a fire in the rear on the cat—bunch of crackers to her tail.



Young Smallfry mines and blows up the pig-pen—air full of roast pork.



**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The tea-urn mischievously charged with gunpowder tea.



Biddy insists on assuming the Zouave costume, to wash the windows.



Dress-parade of the household under the command of Smallfry—dog on his hind legs—cat harnessed to a small artillery piece.



Domestic quarrel—first engagement between Mr and Mrs. Smallfry—fight with poker and shovel.



Field of battle after the engagement—general wreck—Smallfry floored—Mrs. S. in an attitude of Amazonian triumph.



Treaty of peace ratified—Mr. and Mrs. S. kiss—children embracing—reconciliation of dog and cat. Tableau—dog and cat shaking paws.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1861.

WHOLE No. 81.

## A GLIMPSE AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

On this and the five succeeding pages we present to the readers of our Magazine a few sketches, drawn and engraved expressly for us, of Portland, Maine. The first illustration is that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Chestnut Street, an elegant and attractive building, reflecting great credit on the architect, Mr. Charles A. Alexander. The State Street Church, given

on the next page, is also a fine edifice. The St. Stephen's, formerly St. Paul's, Episcopal Church, is a fine specimen of architecture, and one of the prominent ornaments of the city. The Marine Hospital, next succeeding, built on the site of the old Verandah Hotel, at Martin's Point, without making any pretensions in an architectural sense, is extensive and commodious,



METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.



strict reference being had in its structure to the wants and comforts of the patients. It occupies a charming and airy situation. The Reform School, with which our series closes, is an edifice well adapted to the purposes of the excellent institution for which it was erected, and is a bold, symmetrical and striking structure.

In the text appended to our illustrations we give some items that may prove of interest to the general reader from Willis's Summary of the History of Portland, contained in his valuable edition of Smith & Deane's journals. Ancient Falmouth originally embraced Cape Elizabeth, Portland, Falmouth and Westbrook, together with a

number of large islands in Casco Bay. Richmond's Island, near the mouth of Spurwink River, was first occupied by Europeans in 1628. The situation of this spot on the highway of the coasting business, having the sea, with its ample stores of fish, on one side, and the forest with its timber, free from savage tenants, on the other, gave it great advantages, and its growth was rapid. It became a great resort for fishermen, considerable foreign commerce was carried on, and an Episcopal church was established there. Before 1648, cargoes for Europe were laden here. In 1638, a ship of three hundred tons was sent to the island with a cargo of wine, and in the same year, Mr. Trelawny, of Plymouth, England, the proprietor, employed sixty men at the island in fishing. In 1639, John Winter, his agent, sent home a cargo of 6000 pipe-staves in the bark Richmond. But its prosperity was of brief duration. After the death of Winter, about 1648, its trade declined, its population dwindled, and the first Indian war nearly completed its ruin. That part of the town now called Portland owes its settlement to a contest in regard to the title to land at the mouth of Spurwink River, between Winter, Trelawny's agent, on the one part, and George Cleeves and Richard Tucker



STATE STREET CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.

on the other. Winter succeeded, in the provincial court, in sustaining the title of Trelawny, and the ejected parties sought refuge, in 1632, upon the Neck, now Portland. This Neck, Cleeves declared "was first known by the name of Machigonne, being a neck of land which was in no man's possession or occupation; and therefore he seized upon it as his own inheritance, by virtue of a royal proclamation of our late sovereign lord, King James of blessed memory, by which he freely gave unto every subject of his which should transport himself over into this country, upon his own charge, for himself, and for every person that he should so transport, 150 acres of land." He further declared that he continued his occupation from year to year under this possession, without interruption or demand of any; at the end of which time, being "desirous to enlarge his limits in a lawful way, addressed himself to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the proprietor of this province, and obtained for a sum of money, and under considerations, a warrantable lease of enlargement, bounded, as by relation thereunto had, doth and may appear." This statement is made in an action which Winter brought against Cleeves, in 1640, to recover possession of this tract, too, claiming the whole



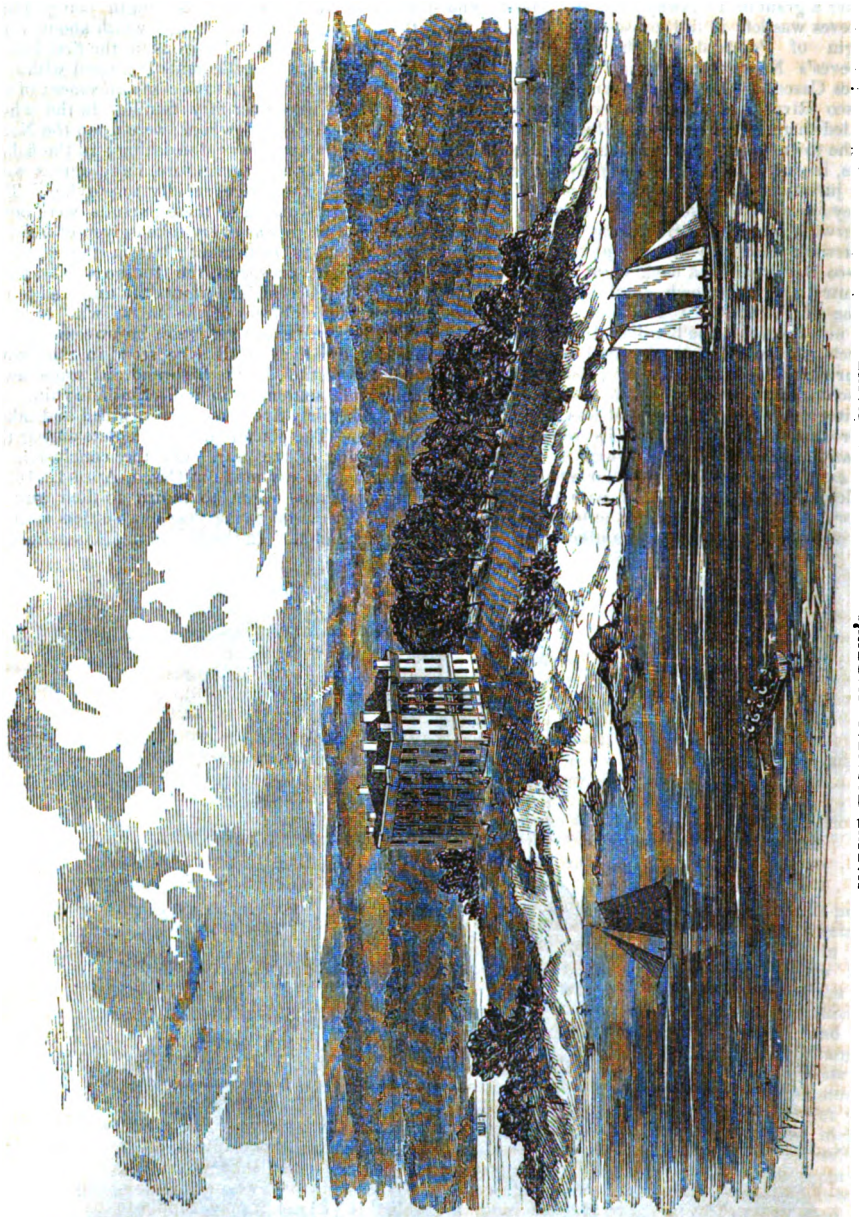
under a grant to Trelawny; in this he failed, and Cleaves was left in full possession. This is the origin of Portland, which was first called Cleaves's Neck, then Munjoy's neck, and sometimes Casco, or Old Casco, from its position on Casco River and Bay. Several families soon settled there. The name of Falmouth was given to the town by the commissioners of Massachusetts, in July, 1658, when that province extended her jurisdiction over the western part of Maine. They say:—"Those places formerly called Spurwink and Casco Bay, from the east side of Spurwink River, to the Clapboard Islands, in Casco Bay, shall run back eight miles into the country, and henceforth shall be called by the name of Falmouth." This conventional name did not supersede the familiar Indian names, by which particular spots are designated, such as Spurwink, Parpoodoc, Capisic, Saccarappa and Casco. The name by which that part of the territory now called Portland was first known, after the re-settlement, until its separate incorporation, was the "Neck," which it received at an early day from its peculiar shape, being a projection, or tongue of land, with a high promontory, Munjoy's Hill, at its extremity, stretching into the bay from the mainland, and nearly

surrounded by water; its length being about three miles, and its average width about three quarters of a mile. Previous to the first Indian war, in 1675, the settlements increased with considerable rapidity. At the commencement of the war, there were over fifty families in the whole town, five or six of whom were upon the Neck. In 1675, the town was flourishing; in the fisheries, in lumber and agriculture, its resources were ample, and they were rapidly improving. The sites most favorable to these pursuits were occupied, and there was every token given of a rising and populous settlement; but in the midst of these bright prospects, the Indian war let loose upon the peaceful inhabitants the untamed ferocity of the children of the forest, who overran and destroyed every vestige of improvement, sacrificing the lives of all who stood in their way, and prostrating, by the firebrand and tomahawk, the whole settlement in indiscriminate ruin. In the sack thirty five persons were killed and taken captive. The place remained desolate during the remainder of the war. On the conclusion of peace by a treaty made at Casco, April 12, 1678, the inhabitants began to return to their ruined sites. In the following year new settlers swelled the population. In the meantime, Massachusetts



ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE





MARINE HOSPITAL, MARTIN'S POINT, PORTLAND, MAINE.

had secured her title, not only to the jurisdiction, but the soil, by a purchase of the territory from the heir of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, lying between the Piscataqua and the mouth of the Kennebec. The deed bears date March 15, 1678; they established a government over it, at the head of which Thomas Danforth, of Boston, was appointed. Fort Loyal was erected in 1680, at the foot of India Street; and in September of that year, Governor Danforth held a court in it for the purpose of regulating a new settlement, and arrang-

ing the inhabitants in a compact manner, with a view to protection from future attacks of the Indians. Edward Tyng commanded Fort Loyal in 1680 and 1681. He was subsequently appointed governor of Annapolis, and on his passage thither was captured by the French, and carried to France, where he died. His son Edward became distinguished in the naval service, was appointed commodore of the squadron from Massachusetts in the attack on Louisburg, in 1745, and in the Provincial brig of 24 guns,

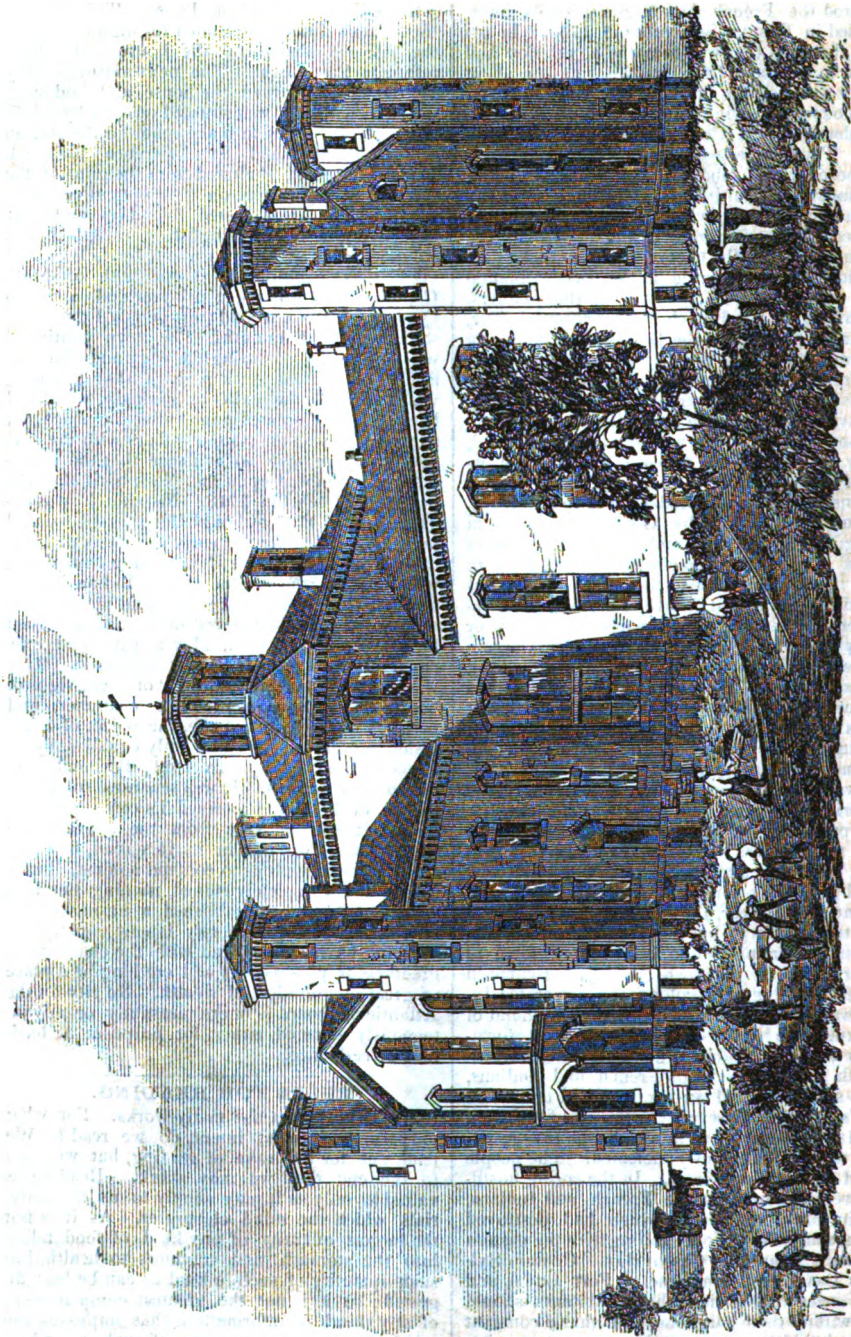
captured the French ship *Vigilant* of 64 guns. He died in Boston, September 8, 1755. In ten years, between the two wars, the population had grown to be about 700. Of this number, about twenty-five families lived on the Neck, forty at Purpoodic, Spurwink and Stroudwater; the remainder at Back Cove, Capisic and Presumpscot. These were zealously pursuing their various occupations, subduing the forest, bringing the lands under cultivation, and scouring the bay in pursuit of fish, when they were suddenly aroused by distant rumors of Indian aggressions. In August, 1688, the enemy began to make depredations upon the cattle in the eastern plantations, and threatened the lives of the planters. Stimulated by the French, they became bolder, entering the houses of the English in a menacing manner, and giving intimation that, assisted by the French, they should commence war on the English. In September, 1688, Captain Tyng endeavored to conciliate the Indians in the neighborhood; but his efforts were rendered ineffectual, partly by a hasty step, taken in Saco, in the arrest of from sixteen to twenty of the leading Indians, who were sent under guard to Falmouth. Measures, too, taken by Governor Andros, in strengthening the forts, and sending recruits of troops to the coast, precipitated the enemy in their movements; and the first blood was spilled in this war at North Yarmouth, in September, by an attack of a party of seventy or eighty Indians on the English under Captain Gendall, while he was attempting to construct stockades there. The government used vigorous measures; garrisons were established at different points on the coast of Maine, into which about six hundred men were distributed, sixty being stationed at Fort Loyal. These were, however, afterwards withdrawn on the subversion of the authority of Andros, and a far less efficient system pursued. In the spring and summer of 1689, the fort was nearly abandoned by government, and was afterwards almost wholly sustained from the resources of individuals. In the autumn of that year, the authorities were aroused from their lethargy by the pressing calls of the inhabitants for protection, and sent a force to succor the eastern towns. Major Benjamin Church, of Plymouth colony, the celebrated Indian warrior, was entrusted with the command of an expedition to the eastward, and most fortunately arrived in Falmouth, almost simultaneously with a large body of French and Indians, about seven hundred strong, who had landed on Peak's Island. A severe battle was fought on the 21st of September, in which the savage enemy was ignominiously defeated. The people passed an anxious winter. In the spring hostilities were renewed by the French and Indians, and in May, the forces which had destroyed Schenectady, New York, uniting with the eastern Indians, appeared in Casco Bay. Captain Sylvanus Davis had command of Fort Loyal, and gave strict orders that the inhabitants should keep within their garrisons, and that a constant watch should be maintained to prevent surprise. A neglect of this wise precaution precipitated the destruction of the town. Lieutenant Clark and thirty men, in making a reconnaissance, were fired upon by the enemy, and Clark and thirteen more killed on the spot. The remainder hastily

retreated to the garrison house. This was attacked, and bravely defended till nightfall, when the besieged abandoned the house and sought refuge in Fort Loyal. The next morning, May 16, the enemy burned the house, and laid siege to the fort, which was situated on a rocky bluff, demolished in 1848, to make room for the station of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. Under this bluff, sheltered from the guns of the fort, the enemy carried on their operations in security. The siege lasted five days and four nights, many of the English were killed and wounded, and at last, worn out by fatigue and vigil, they capitulated on the 20th of May. Captain Davis was taken prisoner and carried to Quebec. Thus a second time perished the rising settlement of Falmouth. The town continued wholly unoccupied during the war; and although a few of the old settlers, with that yearning which haunts the exile unceasingly, wandered back to their desolated homes after the peace, yet so unsettled was the state of affairs with the savages, that we have no evidence that the settlement was renewed upon the Neck until after the peace of Utrecht in 1713. No church was organized until 1727, although there was occasional preaching. Among the early preachers of note, though not settled, was Rev. George Burroughs, who escaped the shafts of the Indian foe to perish by a delusion more fatal and unjustifiable than the ferocity of the red man. He was tried for witchcraft in Salem, May 8, 1692, and executed on the 19th of August following. "He was a man," says Mr. Willis, "of great vigor of body, and of unexceptionable character, and perished in the prime of life, the object of a delusion, whose wickedness is only equalled by its stupidity and folly." In 1821, Portland contained 8581 persons. It was separated from Falmouth in 1786, and received its city charter in 1832. It will be seen from the above rapid sketch that Portland, in its inception, had extraordinary difficulties to contend against. Twice utterly and completely ruined, nothing but iron energy could have established a stronghold of civilization there. The city is now rapidly developing its resources, and with the elements of greatness it possesses, it will ere long be a place of great magnitude and wealth. No city on the Atlantic seaboard is more pleasantly or advantageously situated, either for purposes of business or residence.

#### RULES FOR READING.

Read much, but not many works. For what purpose, with what intent, do we read? We read, not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply to us the materials which the mind elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomach that conduces to health, but such quantity of such a kind as can be best digested; so it is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to most vigorous energy. The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think intensely; whereas that reading which serves only to dissipate and divert our thoughts, is either





THE REFORM SCHOOL, PORTLAND, MAINE.

positively hurtful or useful only as an occasional relaxation from severe exertion. Multifarious reading is agreeable; but is as destructive to the mental, as dram-drinking is to the bodily health. "Our age," says Herder, "is the reading age; it would have been better, in my

opinion, for the world and for science, if, instead of the multitude of books which now overlay us, we possessed but a few works good and sterling, and which few would, therefore, be more diligently and profoundly studied."—  
*Sir William Hamilton.*

## SCENES ON THE SARANAC RIVER, NEW YORK.

The picturesque views on this and the following pages were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and are correct representations of the largest lumber mill in the State of New York. This extensive establishment is located on the Saranac River, two miles above the city of Plattsburgh. This business was first commenced at this place some half a dozen years since. The mill, erected by a company of lumber dealers from Maine, is considered the most perfect establishment of the kind in the country. There are manufactured at this mill 40,000 feet of lumber, 9000 shingles, and 14,000 laths, daily. The force employed to produce this great result is from sixty to seventy men. The timber which is here manufactured is cut about seventy miles up the Saranac. The proprietors of the Franklin Mills own 32,000 acres of timber land near the head waters of the Saranac River. The work of cutting is done in the winter, and the timber is rafted down the river in the spring to the pond shown in our third view. This pond contains about seventy-five acres, and has a capacity of 50,000 logs. We give a view of a por-

## ENORMOUS CUTTLE-FISH.

A submarine adventure has just occurred on our coast near the Hyeres Islands, which proves that the most unfrequented seas hide in their unknown depths, mysterious beings with whom a meeting may occasion a dangerous surprise. Across the roadstead of Badine are some isolated rocks out at sea, on which is placed the target for the purpose of practice for the cannonading vessels. During this practice a great number of unsuccessful shots fall into the sea. Some fishermen are in the habit of diving in order to recover these, as for each recovered ball they receive 75c. and it often happens that, under favorable circumstances, the hardly-earned traffic becomes very lucrative. A few days ago, one of these adventurous divers, giving himself up with ardor to his work, was exploring the bottom, when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a monstrous spider, more than three metres in size and whose eyes, even with his head (and of extraordinary dimensions) were fixed upon him with enraged expression and frightful tenacity. The emotion of this miserable man was such that,



THE RAPIDS BELOW THE DAM.

This mill has a gang of twenty-six saws for sawing boards of all widths, and was erected at an expense of \$30,000.

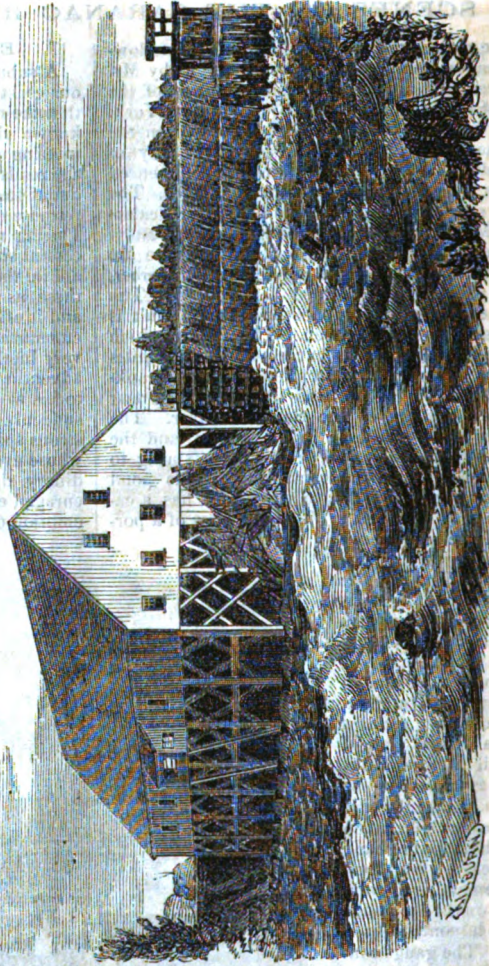


forgetting his position, he tried to scream; then in a state of desperation, mad with fear, and struggling against asphyxia, he gained supernatural agility, from his horror, to rise to the surface of the water. How he was enabled to re-enter his boat and regain the shore he has never been able to account for; but, since this accident, the sight of the sea has become insupportable to him, and he cannot approach it without the most painful and distressing symptoms.—He has declared that he will never again dive, even were he to find heaps of gold instead of the heavy projectiles for which the search was formerly his greatest enjoyment. It is very probable that this pretended monster was but an enormous *poulpe*, which, being disturbed in its silent domain, reared itself up in the presence of its unwelcome visitor. All our shores are infested by prodigious quantities of these *Cephalopods*, some of which attain colossal stature, and are known to the fishermen of our eastern coasts by the name of “scourges.” In the China seas these cuttle-fish grow to an enormous size, and would most certainly kill a man if they caught him.—*Paris La Patrie*.

#### JAMES BRUNELL.

In the year 1762, a gentleman riding to Hull, England, was surprised by night, and a highwayman, who, wearing a mask and holding a pistol at the other's head, demanded his purse. The business was soon arranged; and after receiving his purse with the twenty guineas it contained, the robber galloped down a side road. The traveller was about seven miles from his destination, but as it was dark, and he felt naturally alarmed, he would not ride further, but returned to a roadside inn, the Bell, kept by a Mr. James Brunell.

When he entered the kitchen to give orders about his supper, he told several persons what had happened to him, and added, that whenever he went on a journey, it was his habit to make a mark on every gold coin he took with him; he had done so with the twenty guineas he had just lost, and hoped, therefore, to be able to recognize



FRANKLIN MILL, SARANAC RIVER, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

them. When his supper was ready, he went to the coffee-room, and had not been there long, ere the landlord joined him. After the customary salutations had been exchanged, the following conversation took place:

“As I hear, sir,” said Brunell, “you were robbed this evening, and not far from here?”

“Yes.”

“And all the gold pieces in the purse had a special mark?”

“Yes; and I believe that fact will render it possible for me to detect the robber.”

“Very possibly. I must ask you to tell me the exact time when the highwayman stopped you.”

“It was just beginning to grow dark.”

“That confirms my suspicions.”

He then told the traveller, in confidence, that he had a servant in his house on whom he had long kept an eye. This man, John Jennings by name, had recently had a great deal of money in his possession, although he (the landlord) did not know where he got it from. In short, he sus-

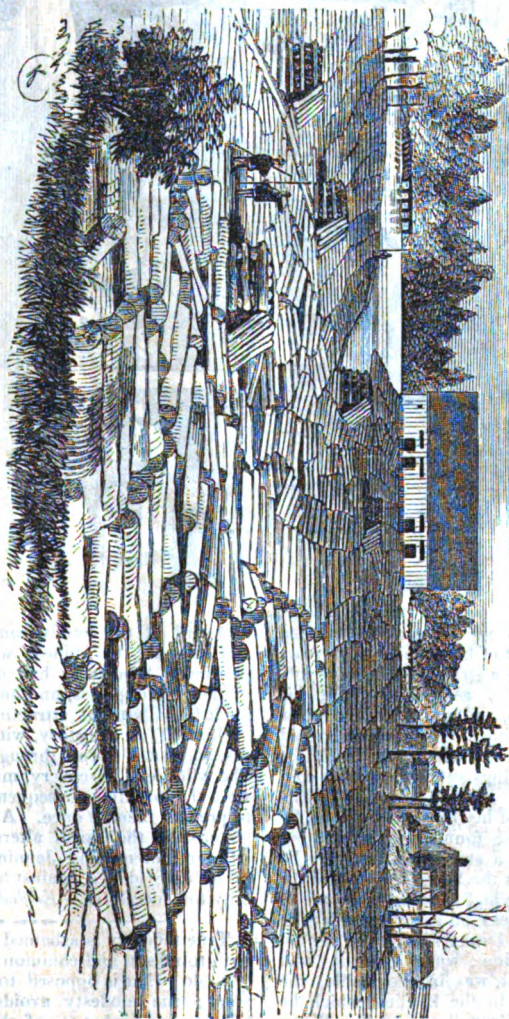


pected the fellow so strongly, that he had resolved to get rid of him. On this day he had sent him out, long before dark, to get change for a guinea, and he only returned, after the traveller had arrived, with the answer that he could not procure change for the guinea. As Jennings was quite intoxicated, he had sent him off to bed, and intended to turn him out of the house next morning. When Jennings gave him back the gold coin, he had not thought of anything wrong, although he noticed it was not the same he gave him to get changed; nor would he have thought anything more of it, as Jennings so constantly had money he declared to be his own in his pockets, had he not heard the gentleman's statement that all his guineas were marked. Unfortunately, only a minute before hearing this, he paid away the guinea he received back from Jennings to a neighbor, but he perfectly well remembered that the guinea was marked exactly as the gentleman described. He might be deceived, and hoped that he was, but his conscience, as an honest man, commanded him to impart his suspicions to the gentleman. The traveller thanked the landlord, and they both thought seriously over the matter, coming to the conclusion that there were the strongest grounds for the suspicion. Finally, they determined to creep into Jennings's room and examine his pockets. This was done, Jennings being fast asleep and hearing nothing; and from one pocket a purse was drawn containing nineteen guineas. The gentleman, on close inspection, declared them to be his, and they all bore the mark he had scratched on them. Witnesses were fetched, Jennings was awakened, dragged from his bed and accused of highway robbery. He boldly denied it, but the proofs were too strong for any one to believe his assertions. The next day he was taken before the nearest

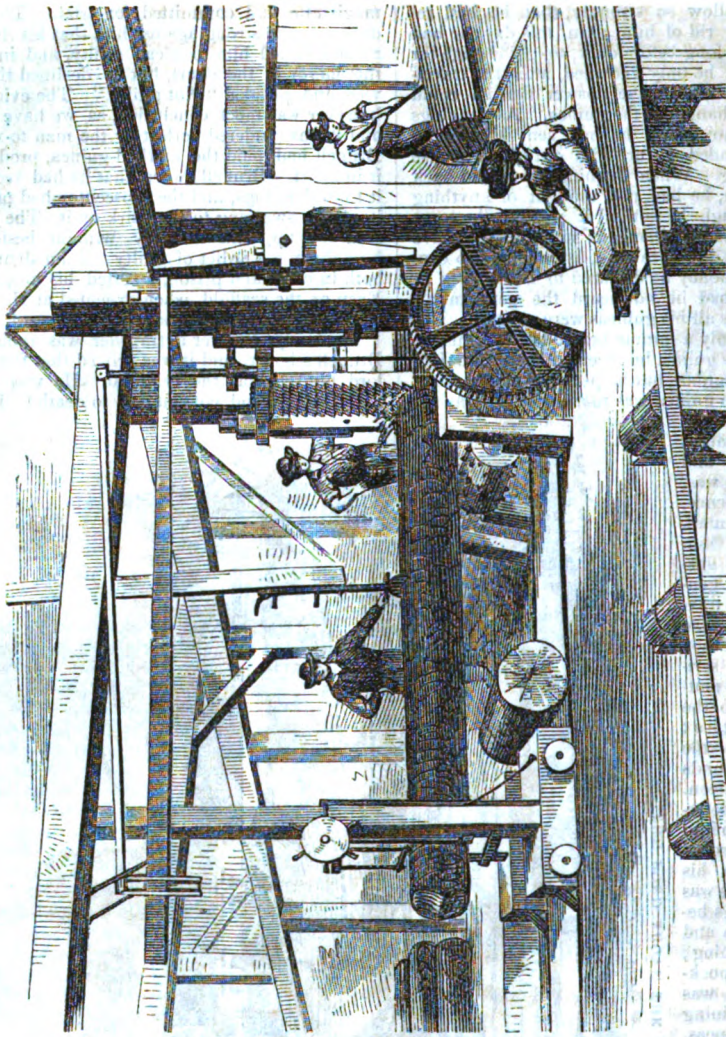
magistrate and committed for trial. The evidence was so strong against him that his friends recommended him to plead guilty, and implore the mercy of the court, but he declined the advice, and pleaded "Not guilty." The evidence, however was most conclusive, as we have seen; and it was rendered perfect by the man to whom Brunell had paid the marked guinea, producing it in court. Brunell swore that he had received it from Jennings, and the prosecutor had no hesitation in swearing to the mark on it. The judge summed up, and the jury without hesitation brought in a verdict of guilty. John Jennings, both in court and prison, asserted his innocence. Even on the scaffold, when executed at Hull, his last words were, "I die a murdered man."

Twelve years later a traveller was robbed in Brunell's house, and it was proved that the landlord himself was the criminal. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death! In his

THE FOND ABOVE THE DAM.







INTERIOR OF FRANKLIN MILL.

last moments repentance fell upon him, and led him to a full confession of his crimes. For years past he had committed a string of highway robberies, but had always escaped through his knowledge of localities, and the good character he had hitherto maintained. He it was who had robbed the gentleman travelling to Hull, for which crime poor Jennings suffered, and his confession ran as follows: After taking the gentleman's purse, he reached his house before him by a cross road. Here he found a man awaiting him to whom he owed a small account. As he had not enough cash in the house to pay him, he opened the stolen purse and gave the man one of the twenty stolen guineas on account, which he took and went away. Directly after the gentleman rode up to the inn; while Brunell, who knew nothing about it, was in the stable, the stranger told his story in the kitchen, which he had scarce quitted ere Brunell entered it. When

he heard all the details from the people present and that all the guineas were marked, he felt petrified. Somebody had already received one of these gold pieces, and he did not dare to ask for it back, without attracting greater suspicion on himself, as the story, with all its circumstances, was sure to run through the neighborhood like wildfire. Discovery, misfortune, utter ruin, were the infallible consequence, if he did not try to prevent them at once. After reflection he had recourse to the fearful alternative, the only one left him, of making Jennings the victim, and piling up evidence against him, in which he was only too successful — *English Annals*.

True modesty is ashamed to do what is repugnant to reason and common sense; false modesty to do what is opposed to humor of the company; true modesty avoids what is criminal; false modesty what is unfashionable.



## FRENCH MILITARY SKETCHES.

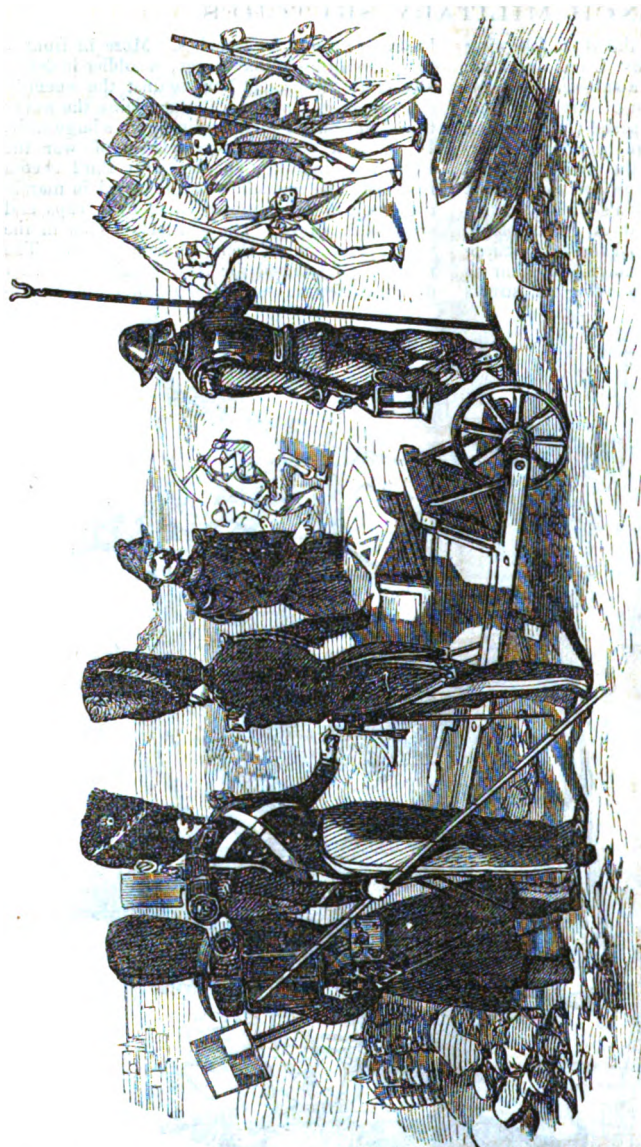
We present on this and the three following pages a few representations from authentic sources of the French army, a subject at present of universal interest. The first picture introduces the horse artillery of the Imperial Guard going into action at Magenta, where it did good service, though the bayonets of the grenadiers and Zouaves bore the brunt of the terrific conflict near the river, before McMahon's division came to their support. From the days of Napoleon, the French artillery has enjoyed the highest reputation. That great captain made his debut as an artillerist; his guns, commanding the streets of Paris, quelled the revolt of the sections; his guns, carried over the Alps with infinite toil and difficulty, carried terror and destruction into the ranks of the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy, and before their "fires of death," Germany fell in many a field of carnage. Louis Napoleon has, through his life, appreciated the importance of this terrible arm of the French service. His early studies were largely devoted to the artillery service, and the work he wrote upon this arm, when quite a young man, excited the admiration of all military critics. He is the inventor of a gun which was used with fatal effect in the Italian war, and he is now master of an artillery more terrible and effective than that wielded by his uncle when at the zenith of his power. Constant improvements have been making in this arm of the French service, many of them dating later than the Crimean war. The second picture represents a group of the engineer corps making their approaches to an Austrian stronghold. In the distance we behold the artisans engaged in the active labor of

breaking ground for trenches. More in front, a private with his signal target; a soldier in defensive armor, to protect him against the enemy's sharpshooters, and an officer explains the works traced out on the plan drawn up on a large scale. In all that concerns the science of war the French are thorough adepts. Our third sketch represents the grenadiers of the guard in marching order, in full uniform, with their caps and serviceable dress. The sentinel is clad in the winter costume of their favorite troops. The men are all selected for their height, and their drill is perfection itself. To a military man noth-

HORSE ARTILLERY OF THE GUARD.







OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

ing can be more striking than a regiment of guards upon the march. The last sketch shows the cuirassiers of the guard executing a charge, the colonel directing their movements, and the trumpeter sounding the appropriate call. The cuirassiers are all picked men, and have steel body armor and helmets with crests and flowing horsetail plumes, buckskin breeches and long boots. They are mounted on horses up to their weight, bred with particular care from the best stock in Europe. The charge of a column of such horse is terrific, and must sweep away light cavalry like chaff, or infantry incapable of a steady formation. An idea is prevalent that the

French cavalry is inferior to the same arm of other services, but those who have encountered them on the field of battle tell a different story.

The French army is certainly one of the best developed bodies of men that the world has ever seen. Formed almost entirely of conscripts, the sons of honest families, it draws its strength from the best blood of the nation. For seven years they are kept circulating through France, except when each regiment takes its turn in Algiers. Thus the entire country is known to the entire army, from the thronged capital to the most quiet provincial town. The ideas of the most ignorant are enlarged, their minds expanded, as they are drawn away from the contracted circles of their little communes; and the sons of the poorest villagers enjoy the pleasures and reap the profits of travel. Each individual of this mass is taught to walk, to stand, to run, to jump, to swim, to climb, to handle the small sword and the broadsword, to manage the musket and the bayonet, with such skill as not only to slay his enemy far off or near

at hand, but to protect himself against more numerous bayonets, or against the long sword of the trooper, or even the far-reaching and more formidable lance.

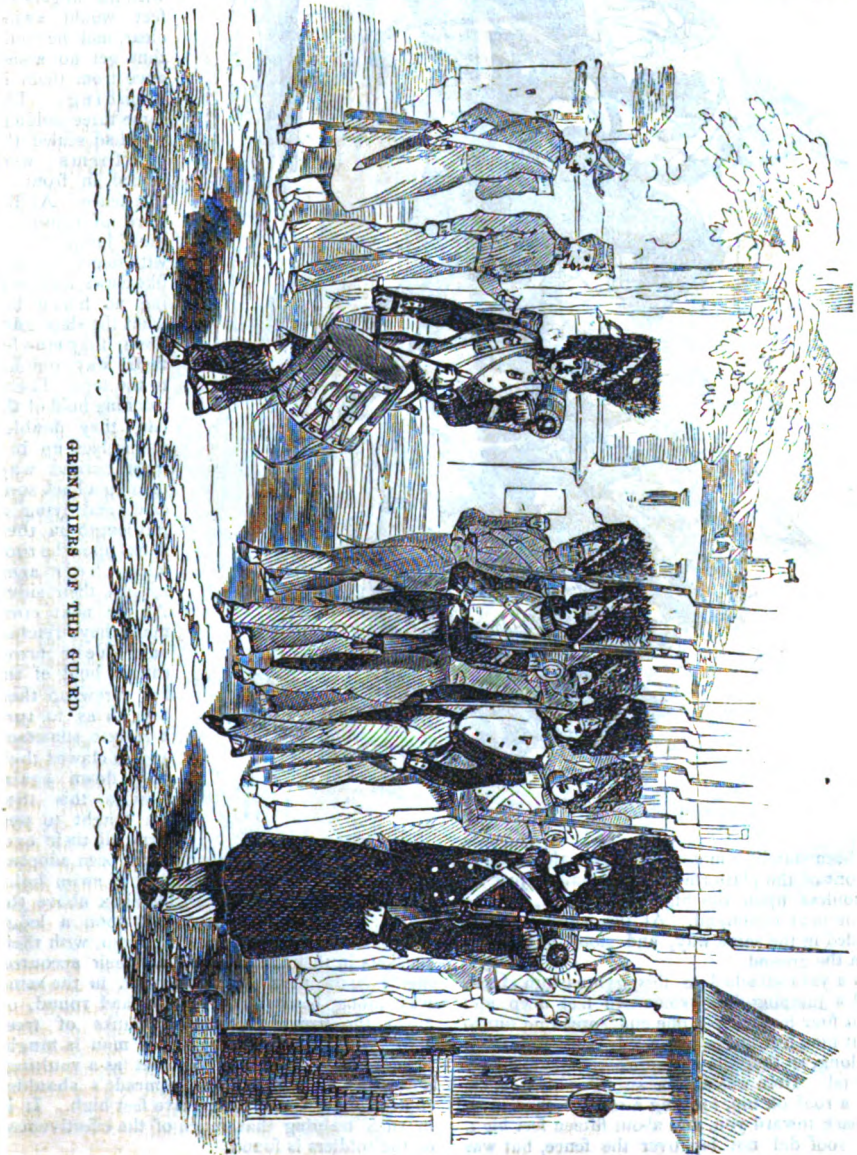
A correspondent of the New York Evening Post thus describes it: Paris is the centre of this system, and having one day obtained the necessary permit, I had an opportunity of seeing how sedulously this training is attended to. There were not more than half a dozen soldiers exercised at this time, but it must be remembered that those who show most fitness for the task are chosen and drilled most thoroughly, so that in their turn they may become teachers in their



several regiments. After some of the more ordinary gymnastic feats, three men were placed in front of an end wall, against which were three platforms, rising one above the other to the roof. Each of the upper platforms was smaller than the one below it by about eighteen inches, enough to make comfortable standing room for a man. Each platform had three equal faces, forming a half hexagon, and just under the edge of each face of each of the platforms was firmly fastened a round iron bar, so that if a man were not tall enough to jump and catch the edge of the platform he might catch the bar below. I forgot to mention that each platform was about seven feet high, and, besides being fastened to the wall, was

supported by wood-work below, but so far from the edge as not to interfere with the men. Three soldiers were placed in front of these platforms, standing on the ground, and each opposite one of the faces. The moment the word of command was given each man jumped at the edge of the first platform, caught it, raised himself up so as to turn up one elbow, and so got on the top; jumped in like manner at the second platform, and got on it, and then upon the third. All this was done so quickly, in fact with such startling rapidity, that I can readily understand the confusion of the Austrians at the startling movements of the French soldiers. It seemed but an instant before the same three soldiers who

GRENADIERS OF THE GUARD.





CUIRASSIERS OF THE GUARD.

had been standing motionless upon the ground in front of the platforms were standing just as motionless upon the highest platform, waiting for the next command. At the word they descended in the same way, and stood once more upon the ground.

In a yard attached to this gymnasium I noticed a jumping ditch, some two feet deep and about four feet wide at one end, spreading out to about nine feet at the other. It was about ten feet long, so that the widening was sufficiently gradual. Here was also a strong plank fence, with a roof on top, forming a sort of shed, with the back toward you, and about fifteen feet high. The roof did not lap over the fence, but was

securely fastened to it, as was also a strong iron rod running along the fence at its junction with the roof. Slat of inch plank were nailed on this fence, about three inches apart, and the whole fence sloped out from the bottom to the top, so that when a man caught hold of the slats with his fingers his feet would swing clear, and he could thus get no assistance from them in climbing. The same three soldiers who had scaled the platforms were placed in front of this fence. At the word of command each jumped at it with fingers hooked like claws, and, having no hold but what the slats gave them, they crawled their way quickly to the top. There, catching hold of the bar, they doubled themselves up in a most curious way, turning a back somerset and lying at full length on their backs upon the roof, with their arms against their sides. At the next command they stretched out their arms, caught hold of the bar, threw up their legs so as to turn a reverse somerset, and so clawed their way down again. Besides this they are taught to perform all their evo-

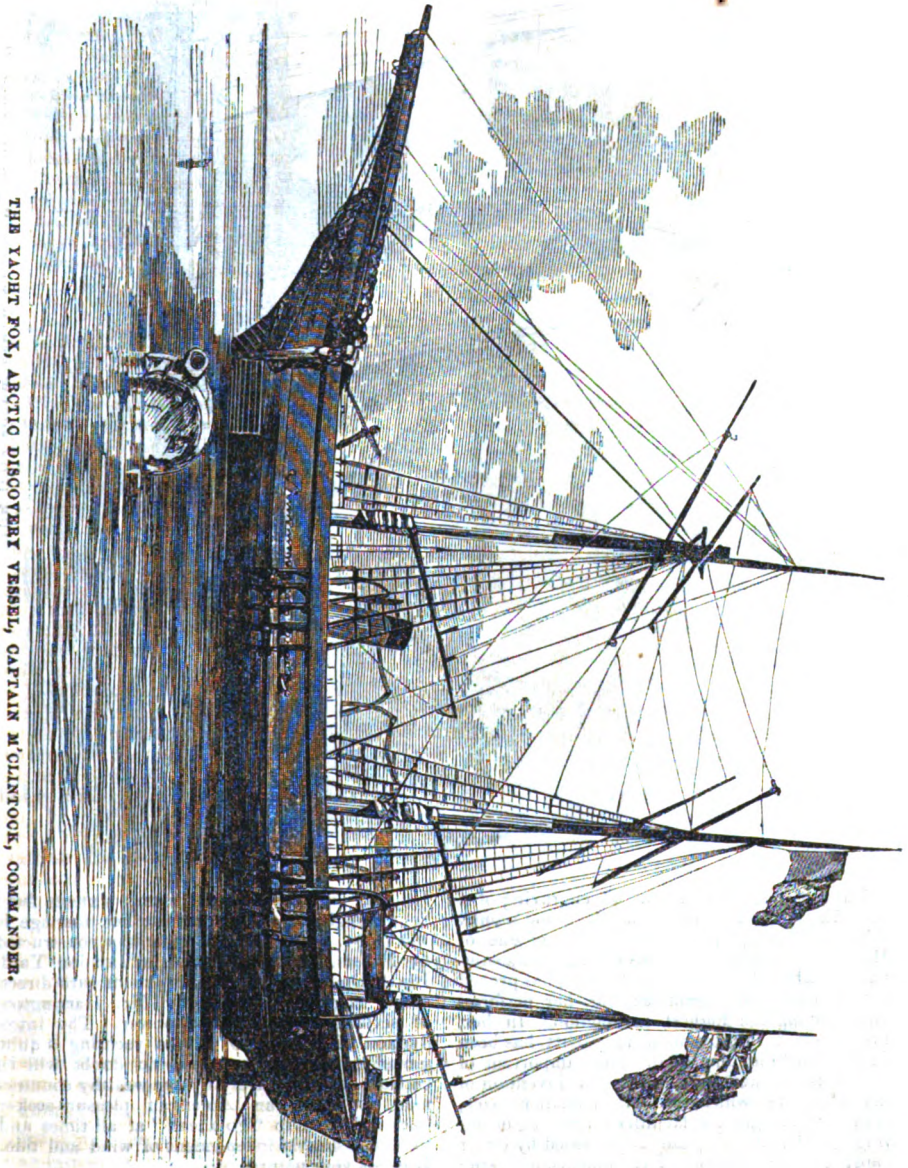
lutions on a run, a style which has been adopted at West Point. They are taught to swim holding the musket and the cartridge-box above the water; to jump from a height upon a ledge where there is barely standing room, with their muskets in their hands, and all their accoutrements upon their backs; to walk in the same way along beams, both square and round, or along the irregularly shaped trunks of trees across ditches or ravines; each man is taught to use his musket and bayonet as a vaulting-pole; and to climb up his comrade's shoulder so as to scale a wall twenty-five feet high. It is in such training that much of the effectiveness of the soldiers is found.



## MARINE SKETCHES.

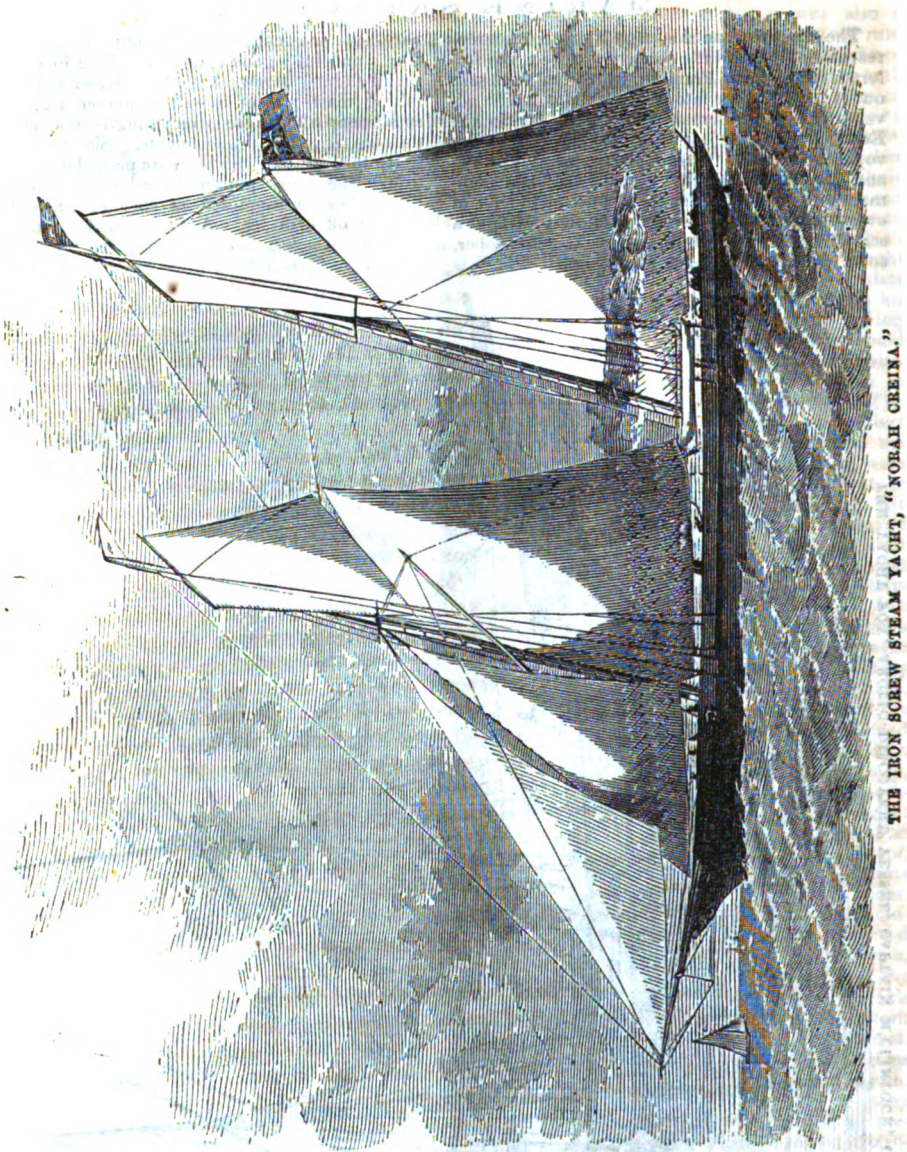
The engraving on this page is an accurate representation of the little screw yacht *Fox*, the forlorn hope of Lady Franklin, which had been sent out to ascertain the fate of the gallant Arctic adventurer. A gentleman who visited her in the East India Docks, just after her return from her voyage, writes: "Her appearance is as quiet and purpose like as the narrative of her commander, Captain M'Clintock, now the theme of every tongue. She seems absolutely without a scratch on her black hull, and looks more sober, so to speak, than yachts in general. There is

very little ornament about her, but what she has is in wonderfully good condition. The *Fox* is a round-sterned screw; has three slender, rather raking masts; is of topsail schooner rig, and small poop aft. Indeed everything is small about the ship, save her achievements. She is rather sharp forward, and her bows are plaited over with iron. She looks not unlike a bundle of heavy handspikes, iron-pointed at each end, as if for fencing off drift ice. A beautiful Esquimaux canoe is lashed on her larboard quarter, while at her side are a couple of ice-saws ready for use."



THE YACHT FOX, ARCTIC DISCOVERY VESSEL, CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, COMMANDER.





On this page we present an engraving of a new English yacht lately finished, and named "Norah Creina," after the heroine of one of Moore's prettiest songs. This elegant new steam-yacht, both under canvass and steam, has proved herself a fast and elegant sea-boat, her performances giving the highest satisfaction. In her, every recent improvement in yachts has been fully carried out, one of the most important of which is a patent anchor-lift, the invention of her designers, which, in a much smaller space, combines far greater facilities for raising or letting go the anchor than is possessed by either capstan or windlass. Her dimensions are:

Length, eighty-five feet; beam, sixteen feet; depth, eight feet nine inches; her tonnage is 102 16 94. The Norah Creina was constructed by Messrs. Westwood & Co., of London Yard, Isle of Dogs, and furnished by them with direct-acting engines, designed by Mr. Harrington, of sixteen nominal horse power. The introduction of steam into private yachting is quite a modern idea, and we have no doubt will be carried out extensively by our wealthy countrymen, for even an American pleasure-seeker likes to be able to "go ahead" at all times and to be measurably independent of wind and tide. It is his very nature.

[ORIGINAL.]

## I DREAM OF THEE.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

I sleep and dream of thee  
 When the moonbeams, softly bright,  
 Fall tremulous and clear  
 Through the darkness of the night;  
 When the zephyr on the rose  
 Sinks whispering and weak,  
 And the pale queen of the wave  
 Has hid her snowy cheek.

I sleep and dream of thee,  
 When the Circean spell of night  
 Changes sorrow into joy—  
 Changes woe into delight.  
 Not in the ghostly robe  
 Of the narrow chamber cold,  
 With thin, decaying cheek,  
 And forehead damp with mould,  
 Dost thou come again to me;  
 But with face serenely fair,  
 And a glorious aureole  
 About thy flowing hair;  
 And thy angel soul perceives  
 All my faithfulness to thee,  
 And I hear thee gently plead,  
 "Come up hither—come with me!"

I wake from dreams of thee,  
 Thou best remembered one!  
 When the golden sea of day  
 Drowns the faint stars one by one;  
 When the river flashes up  
 With a new and dimpling grace,  
 And the zephyr leaves the rose  
 With a tear upon her face;  
 But I close my languid eyes  
 With a weary sense of pain,  
 And I feed my heart with hope  
 Till the night shall come again;  
 For the bright hours of the day  
 Are not half so dear to me  
 As the moments, dark and still,  
 When I can dream of thee.

[ORIGINAL.]

## DARKBRAND'S CASTLE:

— OR, —

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THE good ship "Messenger," Bowman master, carrying emigrants, was driving towards the reefs and rocks off Boston on this awful winter night in 1835. One mast had just fallen across the deck, killing two seamen, whose death-groans were merged into the shrieks of the tempest, and when for an instant the howling storm seemed

fury-spent, and rumbled loudly in the distance, as if gathering up fresh strength to overwhelm the gallant ship, before it burst again, the hoarse cries of the captain through his trumpet seemed only as a despairing whisper to the wierd howls of the elements, as if mocking his poor skill to command, whilst they chose to reign.

Rolling and pitching in the sea's trough, her beam ends swaying to the water's edge, as she was tossed like a log about in the boiling, furious sea, the "Messenger" seemed to have but little chance to reach Boston, but was driving slowly but surely, the captain thought, towards the dangerous rocks and reefs off Nahant and Swampscott. To add to the horror of the scene, the poor emigrants, adding their shrieks and prayers during the brief lull of the storm, as they clung to the different parts of the ship—men, women and children huddled together, a helpless, despairing mass, only waiting for the water to gain inch by inch in the deep holds, to know how long they had to live.

The snow and hail pelting down upon the poor wretches was scarcely noticed, so paralyzed with horror were the poor sufferers, who had come so far from their native land, and were within a short sail of land when this cruel and pitiless storm overtook them. The water still gained in spite of all the efforts at the pumps to reduce the quantity, but there were some brave hearts, who even yet trusted to be saved, when all hope was cut off by a cry which reached the hapless crew above the sounds of the surging waves, the crackling cordage, and the tempest's thunders.

"Fire! fire! she's on fire for'ed," was the cry.

There was a rush for that part of the vessel by the officers of the ship and some part of the crew, but the lurid flame shot up from the steerage hold, and cracking, hissing from its confinement, expanded into a fearful column, which lapped up all within its reach, and forbade the approach of any. Then, for the first time, did the stout heart of the captain fail him. Then, with his hand grasping firmly his speaking-trumpet, did he give the order:

"Lower the boats! Stand by, men, save the women and children first." And as there was a rush of men towards the davits, he stood alone by the gangway, and thundered out:

"Back! On your lives. Cowards, would ye let women perish, and save yourselves?"

And as a huge fellow came forward with an open knife, and rushed towards the davits to cut the pulley ropes, the captain felled him to the deck with one blow of his trumpet. Whilst the flames were raging in concert with the increasing

storm, and the drunken ship reeled and careened at the mercy of the sea, there was a scene being enacted in the purser's cabin, situated near the stern, which we must notice.

In one corner was crouched a group of three persons, who were sitting on strong, iron-strapped boxes which seemed to be their property. A fine, handsome-looking man was supporting a beautiful, delicate woman, who had a little child of some two or three years of age resting upon her knees. The gentleman was calm—but you could see it was the calmness of despair, and ever and anon he pressed the head of the beautiful woman tightly to his breast, as his white lips uttered prayers for the dear ones' safety.

"Ah! dear Harold, the last hope is gone now. The ship is on fire. O, God! it is hard to die thus, and with our boy, our darling—"

"Hush! hush, Sophie! I have the brave captain's promise that you shall be one of the first to enter the boat—"

"But you—you! I will not go without you. Better die here." And the tears gushed forth again, as she clasped her arms around her husband's neck and pressed him to her in an agony of woe.

"Sophie, Sophie!" chided he soothingly, "I will follow in the next boat. Remember our darling, and let us trust in God."

But his wife would not be consoled, and clung to him, her prayerful voice sounding in the stops of the storm, like sad music making harmony out of the tempest's strife.

"Wife, come, dearest, let us make the last preparation."

And taking from his neck a small chain of gold to which was hung an oval case of ebony rimmed with gems, he attached it round the infant's neck, and kissed his dark curls fondly, as the boy sleeping after the wild shocks and fright, woke up to wail again.

"Purser," said the gentleman whom his wife called Harold, "Purser, I think I can trust you. Take these papers, this locket, the fellow to which I have just hung round my son's neck. You are a good sailor, and may have a better chance for your life than I. It is a great trust I commit to you, but swear to me, if you survive, you will do justice to my heirs, as you shall learn my wishes by the papers you have in your possession."

The purser came forward; the red glare of the fire lighted up the room; there was a greedy, restless look about the purser's eyes as he took the offerings.

"Swear to me, purser!"

"I swear I will, my lord."

"The money in the oak box you can take."

The purser's brows darkened, and he placed his hand to his waist. Avaricious man, he had taken it already.

"Now pass forward—single file there—" It was the captain's voice which sounded through the cabin, and the winds howled more drearily, seeming in their aerie sounds to envy the fire its power of destruction.

"Sophie, now is the time—good-by, purser, remember the trust."

"I will remember, sir."

And through the throngs of shrieking, half-naked creatures, that noble man, cool in the hour of trial, led his fainting wife to the gangway. The first boat was crowded ere it touched the water, and in an instant huge waves dashed over the frail bark; it was swamped and the lost wretches were drowning by scores in the ocean.

Sophie did not enter that boat, but the second one she did. This also was crowded by women, and in this boat both Harold and the purser got a seat, and in a few moments the life craft pushed away from the burning vessel.

Faint streaks of light were creeping in the east. Morning was dawning, and the wind began to abate, but the life-boat was almost on to the fearful breakers near the Egg Rock light. The jagged promontory of Nahant loomed up before the affrighted gaze of the voyagers in the tiny boat. Every danger escaped, and now to be dashed to pieces on the rocks!

The white foam dashed and boiled and curled over the beds of rocks off this dangerous coast, and still the winds and waves dashed the boat right amongst them—Crash—the boat was stove, and its living freight, bleeding and bruised, were not able to save themselves. Harold's pale face floated for an instant on the white-crested waves—he had a ghastly wound in his temple, his arms were thrown up once, a short prayer died upon his lips, and pointing to his wife and child, he went down to rise no more.

The stout purser was battling manfully with the waves. They curled and hissed around him, and their whirlpools tried to drag him under, but a brave swimmer and a strong man, he struck out boldly for the cliffs ahead, certain of rescue and life. He feels a strong hand grasp his shoulder as he battles with the surf, he looked around, and there was Sophie clinging to him for life, her baby in her arms, her large dark eyes claiming his oath's fulfilment, and her small, fair hands fastened firmly on his shoulder. He could have saved her life, for the waves were washing him right upon the long ledge of rocks, but with a brutal oath, he turned and struck her

with his heavy, clenched fist, full in her lovely face. Her hand unclosed itself from his shoulder, she seemed to die from that one blow; her arms unclosed around his body, he floated on the creamy surf, and she sank beneath to join her husband in his grave. O, villain! and he was saved. Heaven let him live—and all this happened over twenty years ago.

## CHAPTER II.

### DARKBRAND'S CASTLE.

OVER twenty years have elapsed since the night of that awful shipwreck and murder, and the sun smiles down in 1857 on the beautiful mansion of Captain Darkbrand, on the coast near Sandy Hook, and just as the bay of New York is entered from the sea. The lofty turrets of this magnificent structure, which most people named "Darkbrand's Castle," loomed up against the clear blue sky. It was built of white freestone, and cost a fabulous sum of money. The grounds surrounding the princely mansion were in keeping with the grand building. Broad, level drives and walks surrounded it on every side, and led winding from the rear into a dense copse behind. These walks were shaded by stately old elms, which seemed grimly to guard the way towards the castle. Large flower-beds, oval, triangular and square, graced the extensive lawn which ran down towards the water's edge. From the midst of these parterres, the mingled odors of the sweet June flowers were wafted towards the house and eagerly inhaled by a beautiful girl of some eighteen summers, who sat upon the broad piazza in front, looking sadly out towards the sea, where the white sails of out-going and in-coming ships were distinctly seen.

She seemed like a lonely creature. There was a sad, brooding expression in her deep gray eyes (those eyes which are ever the tenderest, clearest, warmest, or coldest color, as emotion changes them), and sighs which sounded so weary, were carried by June zephyrs out to the sea, whose sullen dash and roar upon the shore she listened to dreamily, as to the far-off murmurings of some dear friends, the possession of which she had never been blessed with.

Alice Darkbrand was the only daughter of the tyrannical, exacting, eccentric *solitaire*, who was called the captain. Whether he had any claims to the title other than the notoriety he had gained amongst the fishermen and traders on the coast from his thorough knowledge of the sea, we know not—but the captain they called him, and thus must we designate him.

He had bought the land in this desolate, bleak

spot many years before, and had built himself the grand castle which now the bright June sun flashed upon. Soon after he married, and a daughter was born to him; in giving birth to her the mother died, and from that moment this strange being became isolated and melancholy; from that moment he devoted himself entirely to his child, giving up all society, and never departing from the castle. Those persons who had by any chance an opportunity of speaking to him, pronounced him mad, and a bad, dangerous man; whilst some declared he had in his lifetime committed some dreadful crime, and that strange, hideous noises were heard in the barren splendor of the castle.

As his daughter Alice grew up in great beauty, the captain seemed to have all his affections centered in her. Every wish or whim of hers was gratified, save that of mingling with society, or any of their chance visitors. She was kept as religiously excluded from the eyes of the world, as a black-veiled nun. Her education was attended to by her father, but of the great, busy, moving world without the castle, at eighteen years of age, the maiden was as ignorant of, (save what slight knowledge she had gained from books) as a little child. Thus she sat, gazing out upon the sea, her soul yearning for, she knew not what, filled with those dim longings which heaven-born imagination creates in the heart.

"O, the world, the world!" she sighed forth, as though not conscious she was speaking aloud.

"And what of the world, Alice?" asked a startling, gruff voice (yet its very harshness meliowed as it spoke to her) by her side.

The captain stood there, a heavily framed man, a rough cap and coat on, and a heavy, nautical telescope in his hand.

"What of the world?" he asked again.

"O, dear father, I am so sick of the castle here. I wish to see somewhat of the busy world which is humming all about me here; of the men who trade in those large ships; of the people who dash by in their carriages on the distant roads, whom I can only espy through my telescope. O, I shall die here by inches. My spirit is hungering for change, it is starving here."

And as she rose up all excitement from her words and thoughts, the old man grew pale, almost livid; his form shook as though with an ague fit; his quickly aroused passions had the away. He dashed the huge telescope, end downwards on the piazza, the glasses of which shivered in an hundred pieces from the concussion, as he shouted forth:

"Then let it starve; for away from here you do not go. Mad girl! what would you do? you

would murder me, your kind father—you would let them know I live here in luxury, eh? Ha! ha! Get to your room, Allie! get in, I don't know what I say—but you sha'n't go 'way. Remember, *you sha'n't go!*"

And he left her standing there, her eyes full of tears, as he hastened into the house, trembling from his rage, but all at once she forgot her father's passion and incoherent, rambling threats, and her whole attention became merged into watchfulness of a small, schooner-rigged yacht, which was sailing apparently from the Never-sink Highlands towards a point of land or promontory behind the castle, where the boat was soon hidden by the dense wood; but before this small craft rounded the point, the scarlet pennon at her mast head was lowered and raised three times. It seemed to be a signal which the maiden understood, for the face which was a moment before pale and agitated, became rosy with blushes of pleasure, the crimson coming and going over the pure ivory of her cheeks like a cloud. She hastened to the narrow path which led to the cove we have before mentioned, and threading this for some distance she entered the thick wood and hastened through its depths to the shore beyond. She had not gone far in the deep, soft twilight which a dense wood always makes in the daytime, when she was met by a young man whose arm soon encircled her waist, and who pressed a kiss on her broad, white forehead, while it needed not the words which followed to tell us they were lovers.

"Dearest Alice!"

"O, Harold, you have come."

And they sat down upon a rustic bench which overlooked the cove wherein the little yacht lay moored, and spoke words which only lovers speak, those little nothings, imparting so much of joy or fear, hope or pleasure, which every one can imagine, because in our philosophy, every one has loved. But it will be necessary for us to detail the manner in which the lonely life of Alice became thus brightened by the sweetest of all gleams—love.

One gusty day in the preceding autumn, her father had left her alone in the castle, whilst he proceeded away some miles to procure a supply of provisions. The wind was blowing strongly and there was a chilly, uncomfortable feeling in the large rooms of the cheerless mansion; so Alice thought she would wrap up warmly and take a walk out in the grounds, especially as the black, rolling clouds parted frequently, and the warm sunshine shone upon the earth at intervals. Scarcely had she emerged from the house before she was absorbed in the contemplation of the

danger of a small boat, which seemed to be pitching ahead towards the point, and appeared to be entirely at the mercy of the waves. There was blowing quite a gale at the time, and the only wonder of Alice was, that the frail yacht lived at all. On producing her glass, which was a large and powerful one, she discovered the occupants of the tempest-tossed boat were two men, who seemed to be in the wildest excitement, as the knowledge came to them that they must go ashore on the rocks, and most likely be dashed to pieces.

On, on the little craft flew towards the cove, and instinctively did Alice hasten to the shore, impelled by some strange power to witness the catastrophe which she could not avert. There was not at the time a single man about the place to whom she could call for aid; so alone to the shore she ran, which, scarcely reaching, she saw the boat go over on her beam ends from the force of the winds, and the occupants of the vessel were thrown upon the waves. One man, she saw almost immediately could not swim, and he suddenly sank; the other struck out for the shore. It was a weary struggle, but he succeeded in getting near to the spot where Alice was standing, when all at once his strength seemed to forsake him; he threw his arms above his head and was sinking, when the heroic girl, without thought of self-danger, and excitement lending her a strength, which in her normal condition she never possessed, rushed into the boiling surf, and grasping the drowning man, drew him ashore.

There he lay for some time exhausted, and Alice tried all the means in her knowledge to restore him. At last he opened his eyes—marvelously large and dark they were—and, seeming to comprehend his danger, and rescue, tried to thank the brave girl, but he was yet too weak. At length he was assisted slowly to the house, and when entirely recovered, poured out to the delighted, wondering girl his thanks and eternal gratitude for her heroic deed.

There were new sensations born in those few rapturous moments, and Alice thought she could listen forever to the voice of this youth, who seemed to engage every sweet emotion her being was capable of. He informed her his name was Harold Poignes, that his parents were both dead, and that he had been reared since a child by a wealthy couple who found him upon a beach after a shipwreck, and who, being childless, had adopted him as their own. He had never been able to get any clue to his parents other than through a small ebony case which was bordered by pearls, and which he had always worn around his neck.



He had just got to this point in his narrative, and had clasped the white hand of his earnest listener in his own, when the door was burst rudely open, and the captain bounded in and fiercely attacked the youth, at the same time using such language that Harold was convinced he would have to defend himself from a madman.

"Villain! you came here with *her* face to mock me. I will kill you as I killed *her*—take that, and that."

And he showered blows fast and thick upon the young man, who retreated towards the door, and the arms of Alice were thrown around Darkbrand, endeavoring to quell his fury. Out in the open air, with mad ferocity, still the old man attacked, until, fairly exhausted, he fell upon the sward in a fit, his mouth foaming and his tongue lolling. Harold, though much bruised, taken by surprise as he was, wanted to remain and assist Alice in the care of the maniac, as he considered him, but the distracted girl implored him to fly, ere her father recovered; but this he would not do until she promised to see him again if he would come to the castle. She granted his request, and felt a strange pleasure in compliance, and Harold departed.

Captain Darkbrand recovered soon after, but his health from that moment rapidly failed; he was more moody, and seemed continually to be brooding and suspicious, and continually in his rambles starting suddenly and crying:

"It is her face—and she holds the baby. Yes, I swear—I swear, my lord, and I've got the money. Ha! ha! I have the money."

But Alice had a new-born joy; a happiness had sprung up in her heart in her love for Harold. And thus they met—the daughter of the pursuer of the "Messenger," and the son of my lord's murdered wife. Thus twenty years after, was the youth loving the daughter of the man who brutally killed his mother, and left him (the son) to perish on the sea. Inscrutable Providence!

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE AMULET AND SELF-MURDER.

AND the lovers were happy at their tryst. Alice could now pour out her grief into the ears of him whom she so loved, and the deep roar of the ocean swelled towards them in its sonorous music, and the little birds twittered their love songs to their notes, as they skipped from bough to bough above them; but naught was heard by each but the other's voice, rich-laden with the harmonies of sympathy and love; naught was more subduing to their souls than the deep still-

ness of the dusky wood, while the concord of their natures made a symphony more sweet to them than the music of the ocean as it breaks upon the white-breasted shore.

"O, Alice, how I fear for you when I'm away," Harold said. "I long each day for the right to bear you out from this barren castle, and place my sweetest flower in a genial atmosphere, where it can expand and unfold, giving out its fragrance to my delighted senses."

"But my father—"

"Ah, well, he needs some other care than yours. I cannot imagine why he assaulted me so fiercely. But I am making now, through my parents, the Poignes, some inquiries in England, which may prove me, dear Alice, to be a man of rank, and then I may demand you from him without fear. It is only for your sake I covet honors."

"What inquiries can you mean, dear Harold—a man of rank? you surprise me."

"Well, it is all through this little locket which I have worn about my neck since a child. I will show it to you, Alice, and repeat its significance."

And then unclasping from his neck a narrow gold chain of exquisite, but peculiar workmanship, he gave it into Alice's hand, who no sooner beheld it than she exclaimed:

"O, Harold! what strange sorcery is this? you have my amulet."

"Your amulet—what do you mean?"

"That this is mine, and always has been, or that I have its exact fellow around my neck at this moment."

"This is impossible," said Harold, strangely excited. "Show it to me."

And soon Alice disengaged from her neck a similar chain and locket, which placed side by side could not be seen to vary in the least. The chains held each a block of ebony, beautifully polished, about three inches square and about half an inch in thickness. At the edges of both these curious articles were placed diamonds, rubies, emeralds and amethysts of great value, whilst in the exact centre of each, a large and clear diamond flashed.

"What does this mean, Harold?" breathlessly asked Alice, as she displayed this curious relic.

"How did you become possessed of it?"

"I recollect my father giving it to me when I was a little girl, and telling me never to let any body see it if I valued my life—that it was an amulet which would protect me forever."

"O, there is some awful mystery here," exclaimed Harold; "and one that nearly concerns me, I am sure. I must see your father, Alice, and have some explanation about this."



But as he spoke, and was toying with the valuable baubles, he pressed against the centre diamond and a spring was touched; the lid of this delicate box flew open, and a paper fluttered to the ground upon the green soft moss.

Had an angel stood between the lovers they would not have appeared more surprised, and it was some seconds before Harold stooped to pick up the paper, and when he did so, he found it to be a succession of the finest and most delicate tissue leaves, which were almost as fine as a rose leaf, folded closely together and written upon in a most beautiful, but minute handwriting, and pressed together so tightly were they, from being so long packed in the secret box, that it was with the greatest difficulty the leaves could be separated without being torn. In the meantime, the other box had been opened in a similar manner, and a like deposit found therein.

But while Harold was reading the paper, and the bewildered Alice by his side holding the two boxes by the chains, the form of the old captain was creeping along stealthily to where the lovers sat. He was muttering wildly to himself, but like a panther he crept towards them, his feet as if fur-shod, slipping over the heavy wood-moss without a sound. The light of madness was in his eyes, the demon of murder was also lighting up his orbs, every wrinkle in his weather-beaten visage seemed a serpent which was writhing—his under jaw had fallen, and his face was as pale as death, save for the passion settling there. In his hand he held a huge revolving pistol, the trigger of which he handled nervously.

"O, Alice," said Harold, "this paper explains all. My father, Lord Devoehurst, with my mother, came to this country to see about some old estates of their family in Virginia. I, their only son, was to come with them. There is a record of every intention here. Our inquiries have been about this very family of Devoehurst in England, and we have discovered that they were shipwrecked on the "Messenger," in 1835, when I was saved. There was a large amount of property, and many valuable papers, which we have yet got no clue to—"

"Ha! ha!" shrieked a voice close at hand. "Purser Darkbrand got them—I killed her, and I will kill her baby yet." And the maniac sprang forward, levelled his pistol and fired once—twice.

The first ball struck the tree and scattered the bark in blinding splinters all around, the next grazed the cheek of Harold, and the blood flew forth, as the young man dashed upon the madman to wrest the weapon from his grasp; but on the instant the wretch turned, and point-

ing the muzzle to his own head, fired—and he lay in an instant on the ground in the agony of death, the blood oozing from the wound. Death was fast glazing his eyes, but as Harold hung over him with Alice, endeavoring to staunch the blood, he shuddered as he gasped:

"It is she—on the waves—I struck her in the face, and her baby—floated—over the waters—O, her eyes—God—pardon—"

And Purser Darkbrand rendered up his soul to God. Thus came retribution for the faithless purser's crime—thus in the deep shadows of the wood came the avenging angel.

But little more remains to be told. It was found after Darkbrand's death, that the property of Lord Devoehurst he had succeeded in appropriating to his own uses, with which he had built the castle, but the poor, upturned face of Lady Devoehurst, as she clung to his shoulder in the waves, always haunted him, and made his palatial home a hell, and his one crime a curse for life. Amongst his private and secret apartments were found the papers with which he had sworn to be faithful, and render unto the heir, if he should be saved, and which were sufficient to prove Harold's rights to rank and fortune. Two years after Darkbrand's death, Alice was married to Harold Devoehurst, and the two diamond-studded ebony boxes will be kept as heir looms in the family. Behold, at last, the justice of God.

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#### THIRST SEVERER THAN HUNGER.

The disturbances to the general system which is known by the name of raging thirst, is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: "During the abstinence from food the organism can still live upon its own substance; but during the abstinence from liquid the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is, perhaps, the limit of endurance. This is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Ashley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward of every act of obedience. The historians of shipwrecks paint fearful pictures of the suffering from thirst, and one of the most appalling cases known, is the celebrated imprisonment of 140 men in the Black Hole of Calcutta."—*Blackwood*

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#### INDOLENCE.

Indolent!—indolent!—yes, I am indolent;  
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;  
So is violet fragrant and lowly,  
Drinking in quietness, peace and content;  
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,  
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,  
Only on living and loving intent.—*ROSE TREAR*

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO A FRIEND.

BY HELENA A. HARRINGTON.

Shall we not meet in that fair land,  
Where all is joy forevermore?  
Shall we not meet never to part  
Upon that bright, unclouded shore?  
Sister, shall we not meet there,  
Forever free from earthly care?

In meadows fanned by balmy winds,  
So fair in that bright sunny sphere,  
O, say, shall we remember there  
The holy love that joined us here?  
O, yes, in that far beauteous clime  
This earnest love our hearts shall bind.

O, heaven will prove more bright to me,  
If thy loved presence there I meet;  
The music strain of Paradise  
Will be to me more pure and sweet;  
Thy name is ever in my prayer,  
That I may meet thy spirit there.

There the bright flowers never fade,  
And springtime ever reigns,  
Fair, happy birds rove wild and free  
O'er those fair, beauteous plains;  
There radiant sunbeams ever glow,  
And sparkling waters gently flow.

Sister, the earth is dark with storms,  
All its vain pleasures soon decay;  
Its joys as short as glowing springs,  
That quickly fades and flee away;  
But there are joys forevermore,  
And earth's wild tempests are all o'er.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

It was at Van Diemen's Land that I first saw Sir John and Lady Franklin. Sir John was then lieutenant governor of the colony. He had heard of the gallant conduct of Captain Pierie, and had come on board the convict ship the day after she came to anchor in the harbor of Hobart Town, bringing Lady Franklin with him, and accompanied by a general of honor. The passengers were still on board the vessel waiting for orders—one having to wait the arrival of a man-of-war on the station, another having to proceed to Lancaster, on the north side of the island, to join his regiment—and so forth.

Sir John, at this period was, I should imagine, about fifty-six or fifty-eight years old, and was one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He was over six feet in height, stout and well-proportioned, fresh-colored and slightly bald, with

bold, handsome features, and a most benevolent expression of countenance. His physique resembled very much that of Queen Victoria's uncles and father—the Dukes of York, Sussex, Cambridge and Kent; so much so indeed, that he might readily have been taken for one of the family, and all the sons of George the Third were remarkable for manly beauty.

Lady Franklin—his second wife—was much younger than her husband, slight and delicate, very lady-like in appearance, and kind and gentle in her manners; and the love and veneration she has since shown for him by devoting all her energies, and nearly all her fortune, in fitting out vessels to prosecute researches in the Polar regions, and by urging both government and private expeditions for the same object of discovering Sir John and his gallant, though unfortunate companions, were, even then, manifested in all her actions.

Sir John and Lady Franklin were in the habit of visiting every female convict ship that entered the harbor, during the governorship of the former, and Lady Franklin was indefatigable in her endeavors to minister to the welfare of the unfortunate women. She made a practice of seeking out the younger females and going amongst them, talking with them, giving them good advice, and urging them to reformation, telling them that if they behaved themselves well, a way was opened to them, in the colony, to rise superior to their unhappy condition, and to become, yet, useful and happy members of society, and many advantages now possessed by convict women in Van Diemen's Land, they owe to her benevolent influence.

Sir John Franklin congratulated Captain Pierie on the courage and humanity he had displayed during the *emeute* which had occurred towards the end of his voyage, and invited him to dine at the Government House, including all the passengers in the invitation.

Captain Pierie seemed to be very thoughtful after the lieutenant governor and his lady had quitted the vessel, and for a long time the passengers were at a loss to conceive what troubled him—he was usually so lively and good-humored. At length, during the evening, the naval surgeon asked if he was unwell.

"No," he replied, "I am well enough."

"You seem to be disturbed about something or other, captain. That is why I asked the question," said the doctor.

Out it came at last.

"I am troubled about this plaguy dinner at the Government House," said the captain.

"Indeed! Why? Sir John Franklin meant

to mark his approbation and admiration of your gallant conduct, captain."

"Much obliged to him for that," answered the captain; "but how the mischief is a fellow to go to dine at the Government House without any clothes?"

The tone of voice in which the words were spoken, and the worthy captain's perplexed look while he uttered them, were irresistibly ludicrous. It was impossible to keep from laughing.

"Well, captain," drawled out a Scotch captain in the army, who was one of the passengers, as soon as silence was restored, "seeing that it's some sixty years since the island was civilized, it wad'n'a be just the thing ta'e gang in *puris naturabeelis*, as the native chiefs might ha' done in auld times, not to speak of the shock to her leedship's narves that such a costume wad geeve! What objection have you got to ganging in your ain decent clocs, mon?"

"It's all very fine for you, gentlemen," returned the captain, "who can go in your uniforms and regimentals; but they tell me on shore I must wear a dress-coat, and not a dress-coat have I got—never wore one of the swallow-tailed things in my life. The invitation is for the day after to-morrow. I don't like to refuse the governor—indeed I've promised to go, and how the deuce am I to get a dress-coat between now and then, in this confounded hole? Besides, to tell the truth, I need a new suit entirely, from stem to stern."

It was no use trying to persuade the captain that no notice would be taken no matter what coat he wore. He had got it into his head that a dress-coat was absolutely essential, and would not be convinced to the contrary. There was no time to get one made, though he insisted on going to a tailor in the morning, and getting a new rig-out in all the minor articles of costume, and at length, wore a dress-coat belonging to one of the passengers, which, as he was a very tall, stout man, was ludicrously tight, and short in the sleeves, instead of a decently-fitting frock-coat of his own, and thus attired, he paid his respects to the governor and his lady, fancying himself now—for the first time in his life—the very pink of fashion.

The Government House was a handsome dwelling, situated in pleasant grounds, a short distance from the city of Hobart Town, and the party was a large and very agreeable one; several of the civil and military officers of the colony, and a few of the principal merchants with their wives and daughters being present.

It was very evident that, even then, Sir John Franklin was full of the project of undertaking

the command of another expedition to the Polar Seas, to attempt the discovery of the northwest passage. He had been twice before, if not three times; once in command, and once at least with Captain, afterwards Sir John Parry. He turned the conversation to the subject early in the evening, and spoke most enthusiastically of his confidence of success, if the government would give him command of one more expedition. He took a map and traced the routes of former navigators—including his own—and explained what he considered to be the causes of former failures. His manner was excited, and his face glowed with animation, as he said in conclusion:

"Yes, gentlemen, this is the dearest wish of my heart. Were I a wealthy man I would gladly undertake to fit out an expedition on my own account, or I will unite with any wealthy capitalists who will send out an expedition without waiting for the tardy aid of government. Gentlemen, we may never meet again; but if we all live but a few years longer, you will yet hear of me once more in those icy seas, and I sincerely hope that all here present may live to hear of my successful return."

These were, as nearly as I can call to mind, Sir John Franklin's own words, and I fancied that Lady Franklin felt, heart and soul, all her gallant husband's enthusiasm on the subject. I wonder if she has ever since thought of that evening!

We never met again. Possibly not one of the stranger guests there present saw Sir John Franklin again. But probably all have lived to hear of his departure on a final voyage of discovery to the Polar Seas, and to watch anxiously year after year for news of his return, until anxious hope gave way to doubt, and doubt to despair; until, at last, the return of subsequent explorers, urged to undertake the perilous duty more by humanity than love of science, satisfied the watchers that their worst fears were realized, and that the generous and gallant Franklin, whom to know was to love and esteem, had, with his daring companions, found an icy grave in that inhospitable region, which their chief's glowing fancy had pictured as the most glorious field of scientific exploration and daring adventure.

It was evident that Sir John Franklin was not happy in his position as lieutenant governor of that distant penal colony. He was not adapted, either by nature or education, for the post of chief of the turbulent people amongst whom he was placed. Devotedly attached to the naval profession, which he had followed from early youth, and in which he had gained honor and fame, his frank, open spirit was ill fitted to contend against

the clashing interests of party feelings which existed in a colony in which there were two utterly distinct classes of people, who, while politically, and on matters of business, they were on equal terms, were socially, as utterly separated as the Brahmin and Goodra castes in Hindoostan.

Many of the earlier convicts had risen to wealth (in fact they comprised the moneyed aristocracy of the colony), and to hold lesser, yet still important offices under the government. There were magistrates and merchants, and professional men who had been convicts, or who were the immediate descendants of convicts, sometimes of the vilest class, and there were magistrates and merchants and others who had emigrated as free settlers, and though they all mingled together, of necessity, in business affairs, the former class were never seen at the social gatherings of the latter, who looked upon them with a scorn and contempt they dared not openly to exhibit; and yet, strange anomaly! they met at the governor's levees, to which it was impossible to refuse admission to persons, whatever might have been their antecedents, who held important official appointments. To a man of Sir John Franklin's character and disposition, the annoyance and discomfort of being at the head of such a mixed society may be readily conceived. He was too liberal in his ideas, too humane in his disposition, too conciliating by nature, to contend successfully against such conflicting elements. Yet he was loved and esteemed, personally, by all, from the highest to the lowest. It was ever his aim to make everybody happy around him, as he succeeded in doing on board the ships he commanded. Such a result was out of the question in a colony in the condition of Van Diemen's Land. Even then the free colonists were opposing with all their might, the introduction of additional convicts, and the island has, years ago, ceased to be a penal colony.

Sir John Franklin's term of government expired shortly after this visit, and his subsequent history is well known. How, on his return to England, while dining at the house of a friend—a wealthy broker, of London—he spoke earnestly of his longing desire to sail again in discovery of the northwest passage, and of his wish to retrieve what, he fancied, the government considered to be an error in his former course, in returning unsuccessful; and how his friend, catching a portion of his enthusiasm, and feeling for his sensitiveness on the score of his honor, volunteered to aid him in his project to the extent of his ability, and how the government finally consented to assist, and to provide ships and men for the expedition, and how Sir John died on board

ship—happily perhaps for himself—before the last terrible hardships and privations were met with, which killed off by cold and starvation, one by one, his daring companions, until none were left to tell the sad story. A sheet of parchment discovered in a cruise, and a few trifling relics found here and there, scattered wide apart on the frozen shore, or amidst the ice, were all that were left of the expedition which left England in hope, and pride, and confidence of ultimate success, in 1845; and only from the stories told by a few miserable, straggling, Esquimaux savages, and from the tell-tale relics, can the world form any idea of the sufferings and privations endured, ere they finally succumbed to their pitiless fate, and sank down to die in dreary solitude, and to lie uninterred amidst the eternal frosts of the arctic circle, until their bones were bleached to a whiteness rivalling the snow-covered icebergs which surrounded them. It is terrible to think what must have been the last thoughts of those poor men, as one by one they fell down to die, with no friend near them to hear their last words, to whisper hope and comfort to the departing spirit, to close their eyes when that spirit hath winged its flight; unless we may charitably hope that weariness and long suffering had deadened within them all sense of their wretched fate, and that when they fell they became unconscious of their condition, and that thus they died in peace; that death came to them as a relief and a blessing. But I never hear or read of the terrible story of this last expedition without recalling vividly to mind, my first, last, and only interview with Sir John Franklin.

#### COST OF KEEPING A HORSE.

The American Agriculturist says that a horse weighing one thousand pounds, and being worked more or less, several times a week, can be well kept on fifteen pounds of hay (five pounds at each meal) with three quarts of corn, or six quarts of oats per day. The cost will, of course, vary according to the prices of hay or grain; when hay is worth, as it now is, twenty dollars per ton at the barn, and oats fifty cents per bushel, the cost would be about \$1.70 per week. Many owners of horses, especially farmers, are apt to give their horses too much hay. It is not necessary that the feeding rack should be kept full of hay all the time; this is decidedly injurious to their health and usefulness. If the hay is cut, they can consume enough in six hours out of the twenty-four, two at each meal, to keep them in good condition, and they will be much less liable to contract diseases, especially heaves, than if more is fed to them.

#### AFFECTION.

True, there is better love, whose balance just  
Mingles soul's instinct with our grosser dust,  
And leaves affection, strengthening day by day,  
Firm to assault, impervious to decay.—*Mrs. Norton.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## I AM WAITING.

BY WILLIE WARE.

On other brows fame's wreath is resting,  
And praises loud of them are sung;  
Other feet have climbed the ladder:  
I the toll have just begun,  
And I am waiting.

Other men have reaped a harvest  
Of this world's bright, glittering gold,  
And around their forms are flowing  
Costly garments, fold on fold—  
And I am waiting.

Other hearts are filled with gladness,  
Joy and peace are ever theirs;  
Sorrow never comes upon them,  
And they know no grief, no cares—  
And I am waiting.

Other lips are often pressed  
With a dewy kiss of love;  
And a rapture fills their bosoms,  
Pure as aught in heaven above—  
And I am waiting.

[ORIGINAL.]

## HOW THEODORE BREVOORT WAS SAVED.

BY MARY C. HALL.

THEODORE BREVOORT came slowly down the steps of his mother's country mansion, and under the bright moon went sauntering up the long village street. A year ago, he had been looking with a strange curiosity into Egyptian tombs upon the banks of the Nile. Now, he could not help smiling at the contrast; he was turning his steps towards the dwelling of good Deacon Guild, where the members of the sewing-circle were gathered.

It was not alone that Mrs. Brevoort would need an escort home that her dutiful son, handsome and brave enough for any mother to be proud of, went up the long street on that summer night. Something else besides duty called him towards Deacon Guild's. Pretty little Alice Guild, with her gentle, child-like ways, had won in a few short weeks the heart of the young man, which had withstood for years the fascinations of thousands of bright eyes in many a clime.

To say that Alice was proud of her conquest would be saying too much, since, like the discreet little maiden that she was, she seldom ventured to discuss such matters with even her nearest friends. But it is not to be denied that when she saw Theodore stoop his handsome head, and enter the old-fashioned room, her heart gave a

sudden bound, and her eyes brightened, so that even old Miss Pratt, who sat in the corner, noticed it, and uttered an exclamation under her breath, the purport of which no one could guess.

Miss Pratt was rather old, rather ugly, and extremely fond of making sneering remarks concerning her friends when their backs were turned. It was a question whether she could knit or talk the fastest. It was certain, however, that while she knit up for the heathen interminable balls of yarn, she told what the sailors would call yarns seemingly never-ending. But, for all her love of gossip, not to call it by a worse name, she never slandered Theodore Brevoort. He was deferential, when other young men passed her with a careless laugh. He always spoke kindly to her, and never ridiculed her peculiarities. Other young men did the latter and not the former.

Upon this particular evening it was Theodore's fate to pause a moment by Miss Pratt's chair to make some kind inquiry, his eye ranging as he spoke, over the large room in which he stood and the little one beyond. His gaze fixed upon the spot where Alice stood in company with a strange lady. Who was she? He had never seen her before. He quite forgot to listen to Miss Pratt's answer, and for a moment he saw no one but the stranger. Then he turned back, half-ashamed of his close scrutiny. Precisely as he turned away, a laugh, clear and musical, rang out over all the tumult of the room, and reached the ears of Miss Pratt and Theodore. The former made a significant gesture.

"It hasn't the ring of the true coin," was her remark. "I always distrust such a laugh as that."

"To my mind it was very sweet," was Theodore's answer.

"Pills have a sugar coating, but they are very bitter underneath." And Miss Pratt resumed her knitting.

Theodore laughed and walked away, this time straight to the corner where he had seen Alice and the strange lady. There was a brief introduction, and then Mr. Theodore Brevoort and Miss Elinor Graham found themselves chatting very gaily, Alice listening and looking on the while as happily as if she too had been included in the conversation. At last Theodore made an effort to draw her in.

"Alice, don't you recollect that lovely scenery Miss Graham speaks of?"

But Alice did not hear, or was too busy then to give a reply. A torn dress must be attended to, and there was no one like Alice to render assistance in such cases.

"O, it's no use to talk of scenery to Alice,"

said Miss Graham, a little impatiently. "I know from past experience that she has no enthusiasm to waste over rocks and trees. Give her a straggler picked from the ditch, to feed, clothe and bestow good counsel upon, and she is happy."

"A good trait, certainly," was the reply. "The world needs more good Samaritans than it possesses."

But in spite of the approving answer, Theodore could not but contrast Elinor Graham with Alice, a little perhaps to the latter's disadvantage. The former was like champagne, piquant, sparkling, vivacious, the latter like one of those pale wines, which Theodore had met with in foreign countries, pleasant and soothing, perhaps, but utterly devoid of fire and sparkle.

The torn dress was soon mended, and loaded with thanks, Alice resumed her old place, but for the first time since her acquaintance with Theodore, she was left to the attentions of others. Theodore Brevoort was fascinated, held against his will by those superb black eyes, charmed by the wit and brilliancy of his new acquaintance, who he could not deny looked every inch a queen.

"So you choose to avoid the seashore and the mountains for one season at least, and content yourself in this peaceful spot?"

She had been telling him her history, that of a spoiled child and heiress, and he had listened, pleased and half amused at her frankness.

"I like change, for I soon grow tired of seeing the same scenery and the same people day after day."

"But I defy you to grow weary here. It has been a place of rest to me for years, notwithstanding I have made it but a brief visit now and then."

"O, as for that," said Elinor, carelessly, "I shall get along well enough. There are, you say, many attractions in the place, and I'm sure that my Cousin Alice and I will not quarrel."

"Alice! I wonder where she is? I saw her but a minute ago."

"Engaged in some good work, doubtless." And Elinor's lips curled. "I never saw the time when Alice was not too busy to talk to me."

"Where's Alice?" asked Theodore, as he passed Miss Pratt, who looked at him curiously, as he fancied.

"I don't know," was the gruff answer.

At last he found her in the little room beyond, for that moment deserted, looking out of the old-fashioned window from which she had pushed aside the curtain.

"Is my little girl dreaming?" he asked.

For an instant the words gave her a pang of pain. It was evident that Theodore thought her but a child in comparison with Miss Graham. Then she turned around with a smiling face.

"Dreaming most certainly."

"About what, may I ask?"

"O, one thing and another. But it is almost a sin to dream when there is so much to be done in the world."

"You unselfish little prodigy! Do you mean to deny yourself all enjoyment of the present?"

There was a hurried reply. A party of children attacked her with eager questions, which it was impossible to avoid. Still less was it possible to deny their requests, and rather reluctantly Alice allowed herself to be dragged across the room.

"There it is, again!" said Theodore, rather petulantly. "I can't have even a word with you. Those children are perfect tyrants."

"We love her, and you don't," retorted a wee thing, saucily.

Theodore turned away. Had the child spoken rightly? Did he love her, or was it only a passing fancy, and had the right one really come at last? In two minutes he had found his way back to Miss Graham's side, and was talking as earnestly as if he had known her for years.

That occasion was but the type of many others, upon which Alice found herself of comparatively little importance, where before she had reigned supreme. As for Theodore, whether they walked or rode, or rocked with the tide in the old boat of a moonlight evening, or sat simply silent, the glamour exercised by Elinor's dark eyes held him her devoted slave. He was powerless to help himself, if indeed he wished it. In vain did the good villagers shower black looks upon him, in vain did Miss Pratt scowl when she met him, in vain was Mrs. Brevoort's gentle remonstrance. The breach between Theodore and Alice continued to grow wider and wider, but his friendship with Elinor increased in proportion.

So the long summer passed away, whose sweet, languid days seemed all too long to Alice Guild, even though she contrived to fill up every moment with some one of her many duties. For a wonder, one sunny day in the early fall found her perfectly idle, standing by the old well, toying with the green elm leaves. A step behind startled her, and Elinor came down the path, radiant in the tasty costume which corresponded so well with her queenly beauty.

"What, dreaming, Alice? What would Mr. Theodore Brevoort say? But come, we want you to take a sail with us. The day is so delightful that I know you will enjoy it. You have



been very unsocial, of late, so that the least you can do is to make amends now."

Alice shook her head. "I do not care to go, Elinor. You have been before without me; it will not be any great hardship to do so now."

"There it is! Confess that you are a very little selfish to refuse me such a simple thing when you know I shall go away from here so soon." And Elinor smoothed her tasteful drapery with an injured air.

"I also think Alice a little selfish and unreasonable," said a grave voice behind. "Once she used to think more of another's pleasure than her own."

Selfish! Alice's eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away hastily.

"I will go, Elinor, if you wish it. When shall we start?"

"Now, if it pleases Mr. Brevoort. I am determined to pass the afternoon upon those famous rocks which stand out in the bay like sentinels grim and gray."

"I have heard," said Alice, musing, "that it is dangerous at certain times to visit those rocks."

"Nonsense!" And Elinor flashed a merry glance at Theodore. "Go I must, and shall, even if I go alone. You know I can manage a boat capably."

"In an hour's time, then, you will be ready. That is settled," said Theodore, with an appearance of gaiety, though he was ill at ease.

So not long after the three were observed walking slowly down the sloping street towards the beach. Miss Pratt looked after them as they passed her tiny cottage with a face in which dislike and anxiety were strongly blended.

"Yes, you think yourself mighty fine, Miss Elinor Graham, I've no doubt, but in my opinion you're not half so good nor so lovely as Alice Guild. And what Theodore Brevoort can mean by looking at you when she is near by, I do not see. Miss Elinor Graham indeed! If everybody could see right into your deceitful heart as easily as I can, there would be precious few to take a second look at you. But I don't want any harm to happen to them either, and this going out in a boat is dangerous, after all. Young folks are so careless, now-a-days." And with this muttered declaration, Miss Pratt turned away to resume her work, but not to entirely forget the circumstance, for every now and then during the long afternoon, it would slip into her mind.

Meanwhile the three had entered the boat, had sailed down the bay awhile, and coming back had anchored near the rocky shore, and were now ready to clamber up the cliff.

"I used to come here often when a boy," said Theodore, who had been unusually silent. "Isn't there some old tradition about the place, Alice?"

"A fig for your traditions!" cried Elinor, as she commenced a scramble over the rocks, daring her companions to follow.

Theodore laughingly sprang after her, Alice followed more leisurely, and at length the trio sat down to rest upon the highest summit of the rocks. For a while, the beauty of the scene absorbed the attention of two of the company, but Elinor's light laugh speedily dispersed all sober reflections.

"I have it, I have it!" exclaimed Theodore, at length. "There's the famous tradition, and all in rhyme, too:

"When the night falls on the bay,  
Hasten on your homeward way.  
On the black rocks do not stay,  
If you'd live another day."

Elinor curled her lip. "Do you call that bit of doggerel a tradition? Well, then, I am determined to see the moon rise out of the water, if I have to stand upon this rock till midnight. I will prove your tradition, Mr. Brevoort, of no effect whatever."

Theodore laughed. "And if three weird women came, pointing their skinny forefingers at you, what then?"

"O, nothing," said Elinor, carelessly. "The fact is, I'm half a witch myself."

Theodore looked at her, half-believing, half-doubting. Her marvellous beauty had indeed bewitched him, her very presence filled him with a strange unrest. But even that was far better than insipidity. He had no taste for placitude now, and the love which Alice had inspired seemed to him of that description.

When next he looked up, Alice was gone, slowly descending the rocks upon the further side, now and then sending up snatches of sweet song. The moment was propitious for Theodore's declaration of love to Elinor. He turned around hastily, caught her eager glance, and paused in his speech. There was something in the expectant look that did not please him. Something so unlovely in the expression of her hitherto beautiful face that a momentary dislike took possession of him. He coolly turned away, and stood looking seaward for several minutes.

"Well, Mr. Brevoort, what may you be thinking about?" asked Elinor, tired at last of his long delay.

"Of the Atlantic cable just at that moment, Miss Graham. What a pity that such a magnificent scheme should have failed."

Elinor bit her lip and shrank into silence.

Presently Alice returned, and the three sat down to watch the marvellous sunset.

"Now shall we return?" said Theodore, as the day darkened yet more, and the full, round moon began to be perceptible.

"Are you afraid?" asked Elinor, with a slight sneer. "If not, let us remain another half hour, and meet our fate, whatever it may be, as bravely as we may."

"So be it," was the careless answer, and Theodore resumed with ideal grace his old seat against the jagged rocks.

"Hark!" exclaimed Alice, suddenly.

There was a murmur of waves, low and not unmusical, but sounding singularly strange in the twilight hour.

"The Campbells are coming!"

murmured Elinor, under her breath.

Theodore sprang to his feet. "It is the tide! If it should cut us off from the boat! Don't stir till I come back." And he leaped lightly down from one point of rock to another, and presently was lost to view.

The utmost silence prevailed for some moments, then they heard his cheery voice far below.

"It's all right. I have just saved it, but you must hurry down. I will be up there in a moment to help you."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he was heard re-ascending. He stopped to balance himself upon the summit of a crag, then held out his hand.

"Come," he said, "don't be afraid of falling; I am as firm upon this rock as a granite column."

Elinor leaned over, held out her hand, and prepared to descend. It might have been the witchery of her eyes, or the touch of her hand, or simply nothing at all, but just then the young man lost his balance and fell down many feet upon the sharp rocks below.

There was a sharp cry, then utter silence. How Elinor and Alice descended the rocks, they never knew, but scarcely two minutes had elapsed ere they were bending together over the seemingly lifeless form of their companion.

"He is dead!" said Elinor, passionately, standing aloof and wringing her hand.

"We will hope not," was Alice's quiet answer. "Theodore, speak to us!"

A faint smile stole over the face, which had until then looked like a marble image under the pale moonlight.

"Dear Alice, is it you?"

There was a slight pressure of the hand, then he sank again into the semblance of a dead man.

"Hasten, Alice," said Elinor, sharply. "We shall lose the boat, and then what will become of us?"

"If we could move Theodore to the boat, you could row us back easily enough. Let us try to arouse him."

"O, as for him," said Elinor, coolly, "he must be left until assistance arrives. Come, Alice, it is growing late."

"I am not going until he goes," said Alice, decidedly.

"But the witches may come, or very possibly the tide may rise and drown you.

"On the black rocks do not stay,  
If you'd live another day,"

sang Elinor, with a low, bitter, sneering laugh.

Alice's cheek paled, but she answered calmly: "You may leave us here, Elinor, if you have the heart to do so. May God forgive you, even as I do."

Elinor paid no heed, but gaining the boat, with much exertion she commenced rowing back. When she had gained a little space, she paused to answer Alice's remark.

"Good-by, you poor fool; I leave you to perish! I would have saved you, but not him. An hour ago I would have perilled my life for him. Now I hate him."

After hours of fearful watching, when hope had almost died out, and the waters which were to engulf them had well-nigh reached them, assistance came, and they were saved. But Theodore Brevoort was wont to say that he was saved from a far greater peril upon that memorable night, for Elinor Graham departed the next morning, and was never more seen by them. But Alice lived to become Mrs. Brevoort.

#### HOW TO SELL A COW.

A Scotch cattle dealer, at Clones Fair, was asked by a countryman to do him a favor: "You see that woman," said he, pointing to a woman; "well, I've offered her five pounds ten for her cow, but she won't sell. Now if you, a stranger, should offer her five pounds fifteen, she would sell, but would not sell to me for that. Will you be kind enough to take this half crown and bind the bargain with it? and I will then pay the money and take the cow." The good-natured cattle-dealer effected the purchase as requested, and then turned to find the countryman; but the latter was gone. He was forced to take the cow himself and pay for her, though she was not worth half the money he had thus bid to oblige the missing countryman. It was afterwards ascertained that the woman was the countryman's wife, and they had thus managed to sell their cow to good advantage.—*Scotch paper.*

#### AMBITION.

Ambition hath but two steps—the lowest,  
Blood; the highest, envy.

LILLY.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**MYSTERY.**

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

When but a child, my dreams were wild,  
 The earth, the sea, the sky,  
 Like legends old, like tales half told,  
 Were one great mystery.

And oft I'd gaze with solemn face  
 Up to the star-gemmed blue,  
 Where flashing bright the hosts of night  
 In beauty ever new,

Forever trace the wondrous ways,  
 The majesty and might,  
 Of the First Cause, the eternal laws,  
 Which guide their solemn flight.

I've sought the deep where forces sleep;  
 With speculative eye  
 Have pierced the space, the mystic maze,  
 Where constellations lie;

Have sought to tread with mighty dead  
 The darkling Stygian shore,  
 Whose voices thrill the ages still,  
 And shall forevermore.

Yet ever find imprisoned mind  
 Must burn its walls away;  
 Its feeble light be quenched in night  
 Before the dawn of day.

Still like a child my dreams are wild,  
 And all is yet to me  
 A legend old, a tale untold,  
 A boundless mystery.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**STORY OF A SUICIDE.**

BY F. J. FITZGERALD.

THE brook which here flows under our feet, as it crosses the road beneath the rustic bridge on which we are standing, might tell you a sad story, had it a human voice! You can trace its wanderings, as it traverses the meadow with its idle current, its limpid waters now swirling around some half-submerged root, and now eddying down a little descent, always clear and limpid as a crystal vase, revealing a bottom covered, I had almost said, paved, with round, smooth pebbles; and the ripple which it sends back to us sounds like the musical monotone, of some half-drowsy singer. Yes, there is a story about the brook; its voice is eloquent with it, to my ear; and while you are leaning over the railing of the bridge, watching the arrowy movements of the minnows below, I will relate it, in my own way.

You see the falling framework of the old ruin,

yonder by the roadside, in the same field through which the little runlet goes? These decayed and broken beams are the vestiges of a picturesque cottage which occupied that spot, many, very many years gone by; a little white-painted dwelling, half-hidden by the tangle of vines which grew in the yard, and by the profusion of jessamine and ivy that had clambered up to the ridge-pole, interlacing across the roof, and festooning the casings with fantastic bunches of leaves and blossoms; as cosy and delightful a spot as you would readily encounter in the longest summer day's travel. It was the home of Blind Martin, as the old man was called, from the fact of the loss of his sight; and for several years, assisted somewhat by his only child and daughter, Cyril, he had supported both himself and her by weaving baskets and mats from osiers and grasses which they gathered from the bed of the brook. Very sweet and very child-like was Cyril Martin; just such a wild, untaught flower as you might expect to find in this place. And she was quite happy in the careless innocence and simplicity of her life—knowing and caring nothing for the artificial existence of the great world outside the walls of her dear home, loving her aged father, and occupying herself unweariedly in satisfying his wants, which increased with his second childhood; and loving, if it must be told, another, and a younger than he; a lad who had been her companion and playfellow, a few years before, with whom she had often waded and sported in the brook, when both were mere children, and who, five years before, had bidden her a tearful adieu, and wandered off to the great city, a hundred miles away, with the promise of one day returning to make Cyril his wife.

Many is the bright summer afternoon, that you might have seen the handsome little figure of the latter, standing in the doorway of the cottage, and watching, with palpitating heart, and eyes shaded from the sun by her small, brown hand, the lazy movements of the postman's pony, as he descended the hill behind us, on his way to the house; and it was rarely, on his weekly journey, that the messenger did not bring a letter to the cottage, always subscribed with the name of Jasper Wayland, in bold, round characters, or receive one in return from Cyril. And if you had looked over the shoulder of the latter, while she read the sentences which her lover had penned, conveying ideas which were crude and awkward, perhaps, but still wonderfully touching and tender, you might have easily discovered the meaning of the smile, the blush, or of the tear, which, one or all of them, always accompanied the reading.

Those letters from the city contained many a chapter from the great book of human life ; many a record, replete with hope and despondency ! They told the story of the desperate struggles of their writer, in the wild vortex of city life—of his patient labors, and gradual success in his undertakings ; until at last, after full five years had passed since his departure, he was able to announce the joyful tidings, that this letter would precede his own coming, only by a day, and that he was now prepared and anxious to call upon Cyril Martin for the fulfilment of her promise to become his wife.

There was little sleep for the happy maiden, that night ; the pleasurable excitement and anticipation with which the news of the unexpected return of her betrothed possessed her, was enough to banish heaviness from her eyelids. Happy for her, that she did not see the fearful, haggard face of one, who, in the dead of that night, was sitting dejectedly by the doorstone of the cottage, under her window, his face concealed in his hands, and his whole body trembling with the excess of his emotion ; nor the heart-broken, despairing, awful look of hopeless grief which he cast upward towards her chamber, as he rose at last to his feet, and plunged into the shadows which obscured the path lying between him and the brook ! \* \* \* \*

Early the next morning, Cyril was up and watching the road, far as she could see it, with eager eyes. Before she had been thus employed five minutes, two horsemen appeared upon the brow of the hill, and rode rapidly towards the cottage. "One of them must be Jasper !" was the maiden's first thought ; but she perceived her mistake when they dismounted at the door, and approached her. One was an elderly, benevolent-appearing man ; the other, much younger, but of stern and coarse aspect and address.

"Now, then, my girl," the latter said, roughly and abruptly, "where's Jasper Wayland ? If he's here, he's got to be forthcoming, without any of your shyness ; for I'm an officer, don't you see, and have a warrant for his arrest. Come—where is he ?"

Cyril's heart beat faintly within her bosom, with the sudden fear which the man's words inspired ; her face changed from the bright glow of hopeful expectation, to the pallor of fright, and her voice refused to obey her mute lips, as she strove to reply, and ask the meaning of those ominous words.

"Don't speak to her in that way, Truman !" the companion of the officer interposed, reprovingly. "You are too savage, unnecessarily so, with her ; she seems perfectly innocent. Can

you tell us," he said, in his kindest tone, addressing Cyril, "where we can find a young man named Jasper Wayland ? He has been recently in my employ, and I am much interested, just now, in discovering his whereabouts."

"He was to have been here to-day, sir," the maiden hurriedly replied ; "at least, he wrote to me that he should ; but where he is now, I do not know. In Heaven's name, sir, tell me what has befallen him ! Did he not leave you, some days ago, to return here ?"

A painful look of commiseration swept the face of the gentleman, as he inquired, in a low voice :

"Were you engaged to marry him ?"

The shadows deepened about his earnest eyes, as Cyril responded in a faint affirmative ; and he said, hesitatingly :

"My poor girl, I pity you, with my whole heart ! Were you ignorant of the fact that Jasper Wayland is a *forger* in my name, to the extent of several thousand dollars, and that he fled from the city, on the discovery of his crime ?"

O, how ghastly grew that fair young face, at that terrible announcement—how her eyes dilated with the sickening, dizzy oppression which overmastered her, as she leaned inertly against the casing ! The gentleman was about to offer her assistance, but the voice of the officer just then greeted him. The latter had been examining the vicinity of the cottage, and now stood in the meadow, pointing triumphantly to the brook-path.

"Here are the traces of the fox, I'll be bound !" he exclaimed. "He has been here this morning, sure as fate ; and he can't be far off now. Come, Mr. Lenox !"

The latter hastened away at the summons, leaving Cyril alone by the door. She watched the two men, for a moment, as they bent to the ground, and slowly moved towards the brook, putting aside the wet grass with their hands, to discover the fresh footmarks in the soil ; and, half-distracted as she was, she followed after them. The footprints led, at first, toward the brook, for some distance—then it seemed as if some sudden aberration must have seized the mind of the fugitive, for the marks struck off at an angle, back towards the road ; soon changing, however, to their first course.

"What's this ?" the officer ejaculated, as he paused and held up a scrap of paper, folded into the semblance of a letter, which his keen eye had detected, and his hand detached from a brier by the path. Lenox took it, glanced at it, and passed it to Cyril ; for it bore her name, roughly scrawled in Jasper's hand-writing !

"Read it!" she murmured. "I'm sick with fear; the letters swim mistily before my eyes!"

Mr. Lenox complied with her request, and read aloud to her the few sad sentences which the paper contained:

"CYRIL:—May God and yourself love the memory of the crazed, despairing man, who will be cold in death long before these words can rise up before your eyes, to accuse him; and may God and yourself forgive the crimes with which he has deliberately wrought his ruin! Dear Cyril, judge me not harshly; I erred that I might the sooner gain you; I have been discovered, and cannot live to endure the disgrace and infamy! The waters of the brook glide by me as sweetly as when we played together beside them; I can die in no better place! Cyril, dear Cyril, loved but *too well*, good night forever! Pray for the soul of the wretched  
JASPER."

Another cry was heard from the officer; he had reached the brook, and when Cyril and Mr. Lenox found him, he was kneeling with one knee upon the bank, by a clump of alders; and pushing the latter aside, he was gazing fixedly down. They looked, as well; and there, where the brook purled beneath the overhanging willows and bushes, which almost shut its waters out from the sunlight of mid-day, they saw the dead body of the poor suicide, Jasper Wayland! He lay motionless upon his back, in the bed of the runlet, the shallow water hardly covering his white face, as it crept over it, glassing the stony, staring eyes, and washing his long hair to and fro with the sword-grass which floated by! And O, how mournful the expression of that cold, dead face, rigid in every line, with the desperation of his fearful purpose, speaking with shuddering eloquence of the last brief struggles of him who had thus shattered the golden bowl of his being, there, in the silent dreariness and solitude of the night—hopeless of the present, hopeless of the hereafter!

Do you ask now for the fate of Cyril Martin? I cannot tell you; she must have died, ere this—but when, where, or how, God knows! She died, not as you have thought, upon that gloomy morning, by the brook, but elsewhere, and later. What becomes of thousands, whom some mighty sorrow daily bereaves of the one darling hope, to which they clung with a tenacity greater than their love of life itself? Ah, my friend, in joy or grief, in the daytime or the night of life, the restless heart still throbs and murmurs; and though it may be with weary beats, yet it labors on unceasingly, till its final rest.

And here still murmurs and glides the tiny brook, as sweetly as if no human heart had been hushed to death beneath its ripples! But, come,

let us be going; it is almost sunset. This way; we will follow the stream down to the spot where Jasper Wayland's body was found, and which witnessed the last sad scene in this STORY OF A SUICIDE.

#### A DOCTOR'S LUCK.

A wealthy lady had a tickling in her throat, and thought that a bristle of her tooth-brush had gone down and lodged in the top of the gullet. Her throat daily grew worse. It was badly inflamed, and she sent for the family doctor. He examined it carefully, and finally assured her that nothing was the matter—it was a mere nervous delusion, he said. Still her throat troubled her, and she became so much alarmed that she was sure she should die. A friend suggested that she should call in Dr. Jones, a young man just commencing practice. She did not at first like the idea, but finally consented, and Dr. Jones was called. He was a person of good address and polite manners. He looked carefully at her throat, asked her several questions as to the sensation at the seat of the malady, and finally announced that he thought he could relieve her. On his second visit he brought with him a very delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth of which he had secretly inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a prick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over; and the young physician with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her saviour," as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude, she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune. The fact that the young doctor was already married was an insuperable obstacle to this arrangement. But the lady's influence and her constant laudations of the physician, procured for him a lucrative practice. Thus by a harmless little deception, a very worthy physician suddenly became one of the most popular men of his profession in the city of Philadelphia.—*Philadelphia Post*.

#### AN AFRICAN PROCLAMATION.

At Fernando Po, the governor ordered that it be proclaimed through the streets, that vagrant pigs without rings in their noses would be shot. An old negro, with bell in hand, was the street crier, and he thus spoke to the crowd gathered at each corner: "I say—I say—I say—suppose a pig walk—iron no live for him nose!—gun shoot!—kill 'im one time! Hear ee, hear ee." Not the most accomplished lexicographer, from Johnson's time to ours, could have proclaimed the governor's ukase so happily, because so intelligibly to those for whom it was intended.—*Hutchinson's Africa*.

#### MARRIAGE.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in the bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

(ORIGINAL.)

## ANAHUAC.

BY MISS C. ALBERTINE HAYDEN.

Glorious land of Anahuac,  
I am roving far from thee;  
A wanderer in a distant country,  
Parted by the broad blue sea.

Still I love thy balmy flowers,  
Fragrant orange and myrtle green;  
Waving palm and shining pathos,  
Skies the bluest ever seen.

Glorious land of Anahuac,  
I shall see thee ne'er again;  
A lonely exile, I am roaming  
Leagues across the foaming main.

Still fond memories ever linger  
Around thee like a holy spell;  
God's fairest blessing rest upon thee:  
Loved Anahuac, fare thee well!

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE WARD OF COUNT VICONTI.

BY MARTIN L. BUCKLEY.

IN a stately apartment in the Palazzo Viconti, sat a young girl whose sad and pallid face seemed in strong contrast to the brightness and splendor of the room. It was a grand old room too, and might have been gloomy, had one looked only upon the dark wainscoting and the gray and black floor of tessellated marble; but, at the windows, the sun came in through thin hangings of delicate rose tint, and around were scattered, on every couch and chair, the light and beautiful materials for a bridal *trousseau*. On the table, a box of rich workmanship, lined with green velvet, stood open, with its wealth of pearls and diamonds, such as might have graced a queen's crown; while, upon a chair, as if carelessly thrown down, lay magnificently-wrought chains, and bracelets of gold so pure that they might be folded around the arm without a clasp.

No thought of these splendors seemed to fill the mind of the young creature who sat there, on a low pile of cushions, her face half buried in the beautiful white hands on which there was no ornament save a little plain, twisted ring, on which she gazed, seemingly with a fond yet sad look, as if it were the guerdon of love that was buried in the tomb, or, worse still, had been false.

A coming step failed to rouse her from this trance of seemingly painful memories. She did not even look up when the step sprang lightly across the marble floor, as if its owner's heart were gay and youthful. Apparently she did not

hear the voice that spoke to her in loving words.  
Ah!

"There is dearer dust in Memory's land  
Than all the rich ore of Peru."

So the fair, sad girl seemed to think; for she smiled not on the rich gifts nor the lavish giver.

"Have you no word for me, Zaira?" he said, at last, in a tone more befitting her sadness than his own light-heartedness.

She started as if an arrow had pierced her. "No word, Christo! You know *why* I have none. You brought me here, a helpless orphan, given to your care, by a dying father. You sheltered my orphanage, for which I was grateful. You were indeed a kind guardian; but knowing, as you did, that my heart was with the boy-lover of my childhood, was it kind to force me into a marriage which my whole soul abhors?"

A spasm of pain passed across the listener's face, and Zaira continued in a softer voice:

"I abhor it, because if I consent to it, it will be so utterly a falsehood! Christo, there are many who would love you so dearly! Had I known no other love, yours would be very dear to me; but I cannot forget Romano Leonardi—not even if, as you say, he is dead. I do not believe the tale, although I would far rather believe it than that he is false, as you intimated. O, Christo, be noble—be yourself! lay aside this traffic in hearts, and let me respect and love you once more as my guardian. But do not wrong your noble nature by seeking to buy my plighted love to another with such gauds as these!"

And she pointed almost contemptuously at the rich gifts scattered so lavishly around her; and gathering up her own mourning robes which she still wore for her father, she crept listlessly out of the room. A moment after, Christo was mounted upon his steed and riding out of his own gate, as if he courted destruction by that mad speed.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, when the horse had exhausted himself and began to slacken pace, "By Heaven! I am a fool to bend longer to a girl's whim of loving. One would think that a count of Viconti might win the heart of a young maiden who is not over rich in her own right. I wish Dalmatiani had never bequeathed her to me. There would have been a countess in the Palazzo Viconti long ere this, and I should have settled into a good, stupid, humdrum sort of a husband, had it not been for this little gipsy who so captivates me."

"Ha! count! whither away so fast?" shouted a good-natured, hearty voice. "We were just about to call on you."

Christo looked up, and recognized a friend who was also on horseback and accompanied by



a lady. The latter was the most perfect in face and figure that Christo had ever looked upon. The morning air had given a bright glow to a countenance which was lighted by the finest eyes; while the dark green riding habit and plumed hat set off the stately yet graceful form. The ease with which she managed a fiery horse, and the grace and animation of her gestures, were irresistible. She spoke but a word or two when her companion named her to Christo as the Countess Leonora Verdi, but that little half sentence was sufficient to impress him that she had the sweetest voice that had ever met his ears. For hours after, it seemed to ring there as if it were left—a thrilling melody—in the sweet summer air. The poor sad Zaira, at home, seemed but a poor creature after all to this glorious countess; and the weak, fickle Christo, impressible to any new face or figure, rode homewards at a much slower pace and with a more thoughtful and less angry brow than that with which he came out. Not until he returned, did he remember—so glamored and confused had he been that he had actually forgotten his young friend's intimation—that he and his companion were about to take Palazzo Viconti in their way. He felt vexed and irritated at the loss, and avoided seeing the Lady Zaira, or even entering the room where he had showered his wedding gifts upon her unwelcoming acceptance.

While he lingered in the hall, a glance at the window showed him the two gay equestrians just alighting at his gate; and, forgetting his dignity, he rushed out to meet them. Confused at his own hastiness of reception, he allowed the servant to open the door of the very room he had been so anxious to avoid and usher the guests into it.

Zaira still sat there, like a captive queen amid the spoils of the enemy. The three approached her, and Christo, still confused, made but wretched work of an introduction of his ward. He was still more confused and surprised when Zaira at the name of the Countess Salviati, started forward and clasped her in an affectionate embrace. The countess returned it, yet with a startled look, as if she did not quite comprehend what it meant. Flushing to the brow, and timid as a fawn that starts at its own footsteps, Zaira retreated; then gathering courage, she drew from her bosom a miniature and placed it in the hands of the countess.

Whatever was the mystery, this simple act explained it; and Leonora, more self-possessed than the young girl before her, turned to the astonished spectators of the scene and said, smiling:

"Years ago, Giannettino Salviati, my own father, was made prisoner by the Count Dalmatiana.

This little angel begged his release of her father, and obtained it. Of course, I am under a vow of eternal gratitude to her. I gave her my picture as a pledge; but, having never met her since, and not catching the name, when you, count, introduced us, I little thought she was the sweet child who saved my father from the horrors of a prisoner's fate—for already had his death been decreed. He, alas! has gone to the grave; and yours, my little Zaira, where is he?"

Zaira's tearful eyes told the tale of wo which her young heart had already experienced, and the Countess Leonora mingled her tears with hers. Every moment Christo became more madly in love with the beautiful Leonora. Seen beside the bride he had chosen, she seemed so absolutely queenly that Zaira's simple and pensive graces paled into insipidity. Even in her grief, she was majestic, grand, lofty—while Zaira only melted into the weeping tenderness of a child.

Could Zaira have known how Christo had changed in the last three hours, how wildly he had been hoping and fearing, she would not have looked so wretched. The thought of Romano Leonardi came upon her now like a summer cloud. It would have been like a gleam of sunlight had she known that even then, Christo was plotting how to dispose of her, yet that he was resolving never to resign her to Romano.

For Christo, in those few hours, saw himself accepted of the young and beautiful countess, although he selfishly determined that his refractory ward should have none of the benefits of freedom. Something of mortified pride mingled with a touch of natural tyranny in his disposition, made him think seriously of confining her in an apartment in the Palazzo, although with not even a floating idea of subjecting her to any privation save that of freedom. He could not bear that she should be the wife of any other man.

Carnoro, a rejected suitor of Zaira, was often in the company of the count. False and treacherous, he excited the people of Viconti against their master. A dreadful riot ensued, in which Leonora contrived to enlist the services of Romano Leonardi. Trembling for the fate of Zaira, he sped his way to the scene of confusion; and Christo, ignorant of his passion for Zaira, gladly accepted the offered services, and, with his help, subdued the rioters. At the Palazzo, he encountered Leonora. Her blushes showed that she had not forgotten her early love; but Romano preserved only the calm, serene appearance of friendship that had ever characterized his deportment toward her.

His conduct determined her to accept the proposals of marriage made her by Christo; and

when they returned from a long ramble in the forest, Christo informed his guest that he was about to enter into that relation with the lovely lady he had just parted from. Welcome indeed was this intelligence which seemed to ensure Romano from any further pursuit from her vain love. Now he was free to find the beloved Zaira, of whose nearness to him he was yet unconscious. He was already preparing for his departure, when a chance word from Leonora unwittingly revealed the name of the count's ward and the fact of her concealment in the Palazzo.

"You have seen this maiden, countess?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Often. And, indeed, bound as I am to her by a great and powerful obligation, I would do anything for her release. But I cannot disobey the count's positive prohibition; so I content myself with alleviating her loneliness, as much as possible, when he is away and I can gain access to her."

"May I too, share your benevolent intentions?" asked Romano, carelessly.

"Ah, that is precisely what the count wishes to avoid. I have an idea that he confines her wholly because he will have no one falling in love with her."

"Is she then so lovely?"

"Beautiful!"

"Describe her."

And Leonora, out of the depths of her love and gratitude to Zaira, drew a picture which Romano at once recognized as his lost love. He succeeded in finding the location of her apartment and then wrote her a letter which he entrusted to a servant. The servant lost it and Christo found it. It was without name or date, but the count remembered, what he had strangely forgotten, that Romano Leonardi was his ward's boy-lover.

It would not answer to betray any knowledge of this; so he only removed her to a more secure prison, which baffled even Leonora's ingenuity to find. Meantime, his marriage preparations went gaily on. Leonora promised Romano, on his departure, which now seemed inevitable, as Christo did not urge him to remain, that she would do all that mortal woman could do, to bring Zaira to his arms. He was obliged to be satisfied with this, and departed.

The wedding took place, and, for a while the Palazzo was a scene of gaiety. Many were the inquiries made for the count's beautiful ward, to which he made specious answers, saying that the Lady Zaira was about renouncing all worldly pleasure and devoting herself to a life of strict retirement.

Meanwhile the imprisoned bird struggled to be

free. She had once seen Romano through her prison bars, and had persuaded Leonora to tell her why he was there. Not knowing when he went, she had, on that very day, made a desperate attempt to escape, which so maddened Christo that he was determined to give out that she was dead, and lay claim to her estates in order to give the now much needed supply to an army which he had raised to invade a neighboring province. Besides, he was nearly ready to join the army, and he was in terror lest she should escape in his absence.

His revelations in sleep induced Leonora to conjecture that some dreadful idea of murdering his ward existed in his mind, and the knowledge of this awakened a hatred for her husband and a determination to foil him. She procured a powerful narcotic, on the morning that the army was to set forth, and secretly conveyed it to Zaira, bidding her to take it immediately. Leonora knew that Christo would visit the prisoner's cell before he departed, and she went with him though against his wish. At his entrance, followed closely by his wife, he started back with affright. On the low couch, lay his prisoner with death stamped upon her features. Remorse and the memory of his past love for her were busy at his heart; yet not for a moment could he stay to weep or gaze. The trumpet had already sounded, and, with a few hasty directions to Leonora to conduct the funeral privately, he left her. As the flying banners receded from her sight, Leonora sent a horseman for Romano to come to her instantly; and, then, with the assistance of the servants she had the dead girl conveyed to her own apartment. Here she watched over her until the effects of the narcotic might be expected to subside, when Romano rushed hastily in. At that moment, Zaira, as if warmed into life by the voice and step of her beloved, awoke, and was clasped in his arms!

Bribing the servants to keep all secret until he could convey her from pursuit, he waited only until she had recovered from the shock, and then, a wedded bride, Zaira passed out from that hated dwelling.

Leonora did not live to meet her husband's suspicions; and, after her death, Romano had no further hesitation in asserting his wife's right to her inheritance and exposing her guardian's cruel treachery.

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#### NIGHT.

The glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.  
H. WARE, JR.

[ORIGINAL.]

## PURITY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

I would not liken thee, my gentle friend,  
To the gay rose with its red heart of fire;  
Thy modest beauty does not court the gaze—  
We learn to love thee first, and then admire.

Nor art thou like the violets in the meadow grass,  
Hiding the glory of thy fair young face;  
But rather by the emerald-bordered paths  
Of Love's fair garden thou shouldst find a place.

Nor yet the lily, with its haughty mien,  
Tossing its pearly banners on the air,  
Is a fit emblem of thy winning grace,  
So soft and tender, yet so bright and fair!

Ah, now I think me of a flower that's meet  
To shadow forth thy beauty and thy worth—  
The snowy crocus, with its golden heart,  
The first love-offering from the wakening earth!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY.

BY DR. C. L. FENTON.

THE short, gloomy winter day was about coming to an end. The distant hills in their background of pale yellow looked like a train of huge camels sturdily moving onward. The river, winding in many a strange coil, seemed like a great, slimy serpent, crawling slowly over the darkening land.

At least so thought Bertha Von Hagen, who stood at the window gazing at the black and desolate scene, now and then shivering, and wishing most devoutly, that she had been born in the tropics. The fact was, she disliked the winter, and saw no beauty at all in it. She never skated, and never took a sleigh-ride if she could help it. She had a horror of the snow, a horror that seemed to have been born in her.

The only feature of the season that she did enjoy was the long evenings, when she could exclude the outward world, and bask in the light and warmth of the cosy parlor. She had a passion for light. In summer the rooms were flooded with sunshine all the long day, in winter they beamed with gas. In this matter she was terribly extravagant, but remonstrances were of no avail. She drew the curtains, therefore, with a good grace, and walked across the room to her favorite arm-chair before the fire.

She was one of those pale, quiet women, who look a great deal better in the evening than they do in the day time, and are handsome only when

animated. Moreover, she looked well only in rich dark dresses, and so she always wore purple or black of rich material, but made perfectly plain. Her favorite dress was black silk.

She was twenty-five years old, and thought herself pretty well off. She had a little money in the bank, quite enough to support her, an aunt who endured her and with whom she lived, and a lover who cared a great deal for her. To be sure there were some drawbacks to her happiness. Not two years before, her half-brother, a fine, manly fellow, whom she devoutly loved and believed in, had met his death in a curious manner, whilst travelling at the West. The account furnished her of the catastrophe had never quite satisfied her. Some link in it seemed wanting, which made the matter rather mysterious. But as she had few friends, not one of whom would have cared to investigate the affair, she never mentioned it. It was, however, a sore spot, which she could not bear to have touched, but which, when touched, always made her nervous and thoughtful.

The sound of the bell recalled her to herself. She now remembered that Urnsley, her lover, was coming out from the city to escort her to a little party in the neighborhood. Consequently, she left off dreaming and arose to meet him. Bertha's aunt thought Urnsley a great match for her. In fact, Bertha herself liked him. He was tall and handsome, refined in his manners, and very talented. Moreover, he loved Bertha devotedly, and if she wished she would have found it impossible to have disliked him. She gave him a seat before the crimson grate, and watched him smilingly, as he held out his hands to enjoy its warmth.

"Any news, Urnsley?" asked Bertha.

"None, I believe. Do you think of going?"

"What, in this dress?"

"Why, yes, why not? It is very pretty and very becoming."

Bertha laughed, and concluded that she would wear the black silk after all, a matter that had been secretly decided upon hours before. Her aunt bustled through the room.

"Bertha, it is very cold. Wrap yourself up warm if you go out."

"Aunt, look here!" And Bertha held out her great fur cape and its accompaniments. "I have no notion of getting cold, you see."

"You are just what your brother was in that respect," was the reply.

Bertha darted an angry look at her aunt, and grew suddenly thoughtful.

"Come, Bertha, shall I help you on with your cape?" asked Urnsley. "Is your brother's his-

tory a secret? I should like to hear it," he whispered, after a pause.

"Don't ask me about it. I can't tell you now. May be sometime."

They were unfashionably early, but Miss Von Hagen found herself preceded by a considerable number of gaily-dressed ladies. She had, however, but few acquaintances among them, and preferred Urnsley's company to theirs. Together, therefore, they paid their respects to their hostess, and then wandered off towards the music-room. A tinkling bell from an ornamental clock over the piano, announced the hour of nine. Urnsley suddenly grew restless, drew out his watch and changed his position.

"Nine o'clock, and I'm off," said Urnsley, looking straight at Bertha with fixed eyes.

"Yes, it is nine, but we will not go yet. We've only just come, you know."

"Nine o'clock, and I'm off," repeated Urnsley, a little louder, and he began to shiver as if chilly.

Bertha drew him a little aside.

"For heaven's sake, don't speak so loud, Urnsley. People will think you crazy."

Still shivering, he stared at her vacantly. But after a few minutes he became quiet, and presently looked at Bertha with a smiling face and made some careless remark about the company. A score of times at least, had Bertha noticed this singular conduct on the part of Urnsley, but she had never mentioned it, inasmuch as she had no one with whom she was intimate enough to whom to mention it. It always happened at the same hour, namely, nine o'clock, and always had the same result, a melancholy, which no effort could shake off, and which hung about him the remainder of the evening, or a forced cheerfulness, positively saddening to the spectator.

In fact this was the second drawback to Bertha's happiness, though she believed that the matter would finally be explained, and that this singular conduct would be found to arise from one of those strange antipathies noticeable in some people, and for which there is no accounting. The music-room was almost unoccupied save by themselves, and Urnsley seated himself at the piano and swept his fingers over the keys. He had a passion for music, and played a great deal, and was quick to tell the difference between a good musician and an indifferent one, and a good and bad instrument. The piano was in perfect tune, and his fingers wandered over it delightedly.

"Play something," whispered Bertha, leaning over his shoulder. "No one will notice."

Bertha herself did not know a thing about music. She neither sang nor played. She had

heard a few tunes so often that she had learned to recognize them, but beyond that, music was one grand mystery to her. She abhorred the piano drill, but liked very well to hear Urnsley play, because she saw it pleased him.

Now, he plunged into something so slow and mournful, that Bertha imagined it a dead march, and wished she had kept silent. But presently the movement became more rapid, and she found herself, for the first time, carried along by the tide of sound, and entirely forgetful of all things else. A little knot of people gathered close to the piano, many attracted by the sound hastened towards the room, so that when the musician paused, he was surprised and confused to be greeted by a burst of applause. He bowed gravely, and walked away to another room.

"Who is he?" asked a dozen voices.

"Splendid player," said a connoisseur.

Bertha heard and was pleased. The incident had put her in a good humor for the evening. She found herself chatting gaily with a young gentleman just introduced by her hostess, and was surprised herself by her own vivacity. The young man, at least half a dozen years her junior, thought her handsome at first, but when the excitement of the occasion brought a bright bloom to her cheeks, and he caught the magnetic flash of her eyes, and listened to her piquant conversation, then he thought her positively beautiful, and actually fell in love with her. A movement in an inner room attracted their attention. The company were forming into cotillions, and the other rooms were fast becoming deserted. The young man looked eagerly at Bertha.

"You dance, of course, Miss Von Hagen? Shall I have the honor of your hand?"

Bertha shrugged her shoulders.

"No, I thank you. I never dance, though I like to see others do so."

"How can you resist it? The music is so inspiring, and those airy changes are so fascinating."

"I am able to resist temptation very easily, you perceive, the rather that I fancy I should present a poor figure upon the floor."

"You are mistaken," was the impetuous response. "I venture to predict differently."

Bertha laughed, then turned the conversation by commenting upon the dancing.

"It is wonderful," she said, "the accuracy of motion, when I look to see them plunged into inextricable confusion, as their figures glide gracefully here and there, turn imperceptibly and are back in their old places. Is it the music that keeps that machinery in order?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Music is the spirit of dancing. Without it, it becomes lifeless."

"It does not inspire me," said Bertha. "Sometimes, indeed, it makes me thoughtful and sad, but it never affects me as some other things do. The mere reading of poetry often makes me shivery, and the words haunt me as if I had heard them in some other existence than this. Some people's voices hold me spell-bound. However trivial their conversation I cannot move whilst they speak. But I like organ music, if I care for no other. I like that grand roll of sound, which, as it gradually dies away to our ears, ascends higher and higher, till we are sure that the smoke of it at least, must reach heaven."

"I believe you are music-mad, in spite of your declaration to the contrary," said the young man, laughingly.

"No," said Bertha, "but what does that mass of moving figures make you think of? It is something like the weaving of a huge and gay lampmat. Don't you see how skillfully the threads twine in and out? Or, it is a cobweb, and the spider, a wood spider of course, because it is so brilliant, darts here and there to impart its work. Or, it is a snake of the tropics, twisting into a thousand coils, each one of which has a separate life and motion."

"Speaking of snakes," said the young man, "I must tell you, Miss Von Hagen, of my exploit last summer. I went with a companion on an exploring expedition to Blue Hill one day. Now as long as I can remember, that hill has been famous for rattle-snakes, though like the sea-serpent, they are seen only on rare occasions. Provided that the story was a myth, we were disposed to go armed for an emergency, and I took with me accordingly a small hatchet, a weapon which is useful in many respects when upon such an excursion. Contrary to our expectations, we did hear the ominous rattle, and prepared for the conflict. I crept cautiously forward and discovered his snakeship coiled ready for a spring. With my weapon raised, I advanced—"

A deep sigh startled the narrator as well as Bertha. Both instinctively turned their heads, and saw Urnsley standing behind, with a profoundly melancholy face, and with eyes fixed eagerly upon the young man.

"Did you kill him?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I did," said the young man, surprised into a whispered reply.

Urnsley raised his hands, as if to ward off some invisible person, uttered a slight groan, turned and left the room.

"I am afraid Urnsley is ill," said Bertha's companion.

She did not hear him. She was intent only

upon finding Urnsley and drawing him away from the crowded rooms. They walked home slowly, talking rationally enough. The moon had risen, bringing into view the distant hills, and lighting the sluggish waters of the river near at hand. The glimmer caught Urnsley's gaze.

"Bertha, what a peaceful scene," he said. "I believe the moon loves that lazy river."

"But I don't," said Bertha. "A slow, creeping mass of water, winding over a tract of swamp with nameless horrors at the bottom of it. A distiller of poisonous vapors, which are even now steaming up from it. I don't wonder, Urnsley, that the flowers upon its banks blossom blood-red."

The conversation gradually turned upon their own affairs. Urnsley grew more cheerful, and as he bade Bertha good-night, whispered in her ear:

"Look out for a surprise, Bertha. I am going to New York on business, and when you see me again I may be an unexpected, but not, I trust, an unwelcome guest. Till then—"

She bent forward, received the kiss, and the door closed upon him. The days sped on. The clouds thickened, and the snow fell softly down over the expectant land. Shut up in convent seclusion within the cosy parlor, amid her birds and flowers, Bertha turned resolutely away from the cold, white world without, and lived in dreams and the hope of a coming summer. She thought of Urnsley constantly. Every day she opened the piano, looked at the keys fondly, but without touching them, and now and then hummed some old tune very incorrectly under her breath. She dreamed through the long evenings, sitting before the bright fire, until dreams began to be the order of her life.

She sat as usual one evening, drawing through her hands the canvass upon which she was working a pair of slippers for Urnsley. Green leaves and red roses mingled together, suggestive of summer. The worsted flowers recalled the living ones to Bertha's mind. She arose, plucked a red rose, a spray of mignonette, and a long trailing branch of green, and fastened them in her hair. Then she sat down to the slippers again, wondering how often in future years she should place them ready for feet homeward turned. How often, before just such another bright fire, but in another home, she should place the arm-chair, and arrange the warm dressing-gown for the coming one. She did not hear the opening of the door, but the voice of the domestic disturbed her.

"Miss Bertha, there is a gentleman from the West below, who wishes to see you."

"From the West? Then show him in here at once."

The stranger paused as he reached the doorway, and gazed for a moment upon the picture before him. He saw the flowers, whose fragrance pervaded the room, the carpet dashed with warm crimson, the burning coals and the jets of gas, quivering and leaping up within their globes of ground glass. But above all he saw Bertha's dreamy, happy face, overshadowed by the bright flowers, which, unnoticed, had fallen from their place. It was a picture never, never to be effaced from his mind.

"Miss Von Hagen, I believe," said the stranger. Bertha arose gracefully.

"I am the Mr. Mott, with whom you held some correspondence a year or two since, at the time—"

"I recollect it well," said Bertha. "Be seated, sir. You have come to fulfil your promise of giving me every particular of that melancholy affair, by which my brother lost his life."

"I have," was the reply. "It was at my house that it happened, and in this wise. Your brother and his friend with whom he had made the tour of the West, had been ill for weeks with the fever and ague in its worst form, contracted by careless exposure to the night air, and by sleeping on the damp ground night after night in their journeyings over the prairies. It was just at sunset in the autumn time that they came to my house. I had met your brother in the summer, at Milwaukee, therefore we were old acquaintances. Your brother was suffering with the fever at the time he entered the house, and I hastened accordingly to give him the best lodging that my dwelling afforded. His friend was as yet free from the fever and was very gay and talkative the whole evening. We listened with delight to his stories, and parted with him with regret about eight o'clock, at which time he retired. Soon after I looked into the room and found your brother sound asleep, and his friend excited and feverish, walking to and fro.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"He turned around and glared at me.

"Ill! I am in a burning lake a hundred times worse than that which the old theologians pictured. O, for a grave in a snow drift."

"I retired, but in half an hour after, attracted by a singular noise, I again entered the room. Your brother was still sleeping. I saw his calm profile as I stood in the doorway. His friend stood by his bedside, and as I looked, he slowly raised his right hand, and I saw the glimmer of steel, and then suddenly the axe descended and—"

"Go on," said Bertha, looking calmly at the narrator.

"Your brother died without a murmur. I glanced involuntarily at the clock and saw that it was just upon the stroke of nine. The eyes of the madman followed mine.

"Nine o'clock, and I'm off," he muttered. Then he took a parting look at his victim, repeated the words, and rushed from the house. I never saw him again, nor do I even know his name."

Bertha sat white and still, unheeding the hurried steps of an intruder, but Mr. Mott turned hastily around. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, as his eyes met those of Urnsley, "It is he!"

"Bertha, forgive!" said Urnsley, bowing himself before her. "I did not know the wrong I was doing you. Say only that you forgive me, and you shall never more see my face."

She regarded him with an immovable, icy stare. The clasped hands slowly opened, and the canvass, into which so many happy dreams had been wrought, fell at his feet. He pressed it eagerly to his lips.

"Bertha, only forgive."

She raised her hands before her face to hide him from her gaze, and moved back a little to avoid his touch. Slowly he arose, crossed the room, and pushed back the window curtains, looking out into the night and muttering all the while under his breath something about the peaceful river. Then he strode to the door, pausing to look back as he reached it. He saw through her parted fingers the same still, rigid look upon her horror-frozen face. Then he was gone.

#### HIGH LIFE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese lady of quality lives in the unbroken seclusion of her own home. Within the ample domains of her lord she has her gardens, and her walks, and room for all pastimes. Thither may come the maskers, the jugglers, and all the troop of merry makers to divert her. Rarely, except on some great holiday or religious festival, does she go forth, and then in the jealously closed and guarded norimon. She has her maids in waiting, who live with her in luxurious ease, her attendants when she goes abroad, at home indulging in such light feminine employments as embroidery, painting screens and fans, or diverting themselves with the harp and lute.  
—*Letter from Jeddo.*

#### GRIEF.

How little of ourselves we know  
Before a grief the heart has felt!  
The lessons that we learn of woe  
May brace the mind as well as melt.  
The misery too stern for mirth,  
The reach of thought, the strength of will,  
Mid cloud and tempests have their birth,  
Though fulfil and blast their course fulfil.  
EARL OF CARLISLE.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DREAM IS OVER.

BY MAUD IRVING.

Will you come to the grove  
Where we've so often met,  
Where we've spoken low words  
I can never forget?  
Will you come when the light  
Of the day fades away,  
And shadows of twilight  
On Nature's breast play?

Yes, come to that spot  
So dear and so sweet,  
It seems the true place  
For us, love, to meet.  
I will surely be there,  
And will give you release,  
Though the words I may speak  
Will shatter my peace!

I will give thee the ring  
You placed on my hand,  
When you told me you loved me—  
That little gold band  
Has been dear, very dear,  
But I'll give it to you,  
Since you no longer feel  
Affection, love-true.

I will bid you farewell,  
And see you no more,  
And my dreams of sweet joy  
Will forever be o'er.  
I have loved you so truly,  
And dreamed you so pure:  
But all is now over,  
My grief I'll endure.

My heart shall not break,  
Ah, false one, for you!  
I despise you, I hate you,  
You've proven untrue!  
Then come to the grove  
Where we've so often met,  
And the bright, happy past  
I will try to forget.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PHILIP NORTH.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

The following narrative was written out from notes furnished by Mr. North himself, and contains substantially the history of his early life as he has recorded it.

My father was a medical man, and while attending lectures in Philadelphia, he became acquainted with my mother, and married her. He settled in the village of Acton, but contracted a malignant fever from one of his first patients,

which cost him his life. My mother was thus left almost entirely destitute and friendless, with a baby two months old—myself.

Through many toils, troubles, and privations, my poor mother struggled on, till I became old enough to be a benefit rather than a burden to her. I never had any teacher but herself. She was quite competent, however, to give me a good average education, and she spared no pains for that purpose.

I was, I believe, neither better nor worse than other boys, and I have no doubt that I often gave great pain to my excellent mother. But for all that I loved her almost to idolatry. Indeed we were all in all to each other. Eventually, however, there was a third person taken into the partnership.

One day, when I was at that age when the spirit which prompts to mischief is most potent within the human breast, one of my playmates "dared" me to mount a ram, an exceedingly vicious animal, notorious for his butting propensities, and such like disgracefully "ram-buncious" proceedings. I would not "take a dare" from anybody. So I mounted the ram, without a moment's hesitation.

Of the immediate consequences of this gallant deed I have no definite and distinct idea. For a considerable length of time, all my faculties were brought to a focus in my hands and legs, and the whole universe was concentrated in the one mighty consideration—how to hold on. When my second senses again began to take cognizance of matters and things in general, I found myself flying through the air, at a rate of speed much beyond two-forty, and wholly at the mercy of my ovine charger.

The only ram-riders of whom I have any knowledge are Phrixus and Helle, who rode a golden ram, and those famous ladies in the "Spectator," who "for their *crinum-cranium* lost their *bincum bancum*," who rode a black one; and I am very sure that I took the shine out of both. If the Bæotian children had had such a ram to ride as I had, they would both have been spilled in the Hellespont, if not sooner; and if the fair, frail English ladies had had no better security for their lands than I had for my neck, their case would have been a bad one, beyond all doubt.

There is hardly a conceivable trick to which my ram-pant racer did not resort in the effort to *unsheep* me; but I stuck to the fleece like another Jason, unmoved and immovable. There was a certain pond, on which we used to skate, in winter time, but which in summer was almost dry. At the time of which I speak, there was nothing

left of it except a few square yards of black mud, as black as pitch, and almost as tenacious.

Into this "Slough of Despond" the frantic ram plunged headlong, and rolled over and over, and over again, until every superficial inch, both of ram and rider, was of the color of a chimney-sweep's livery. But still I kept my hold, and with my fingers deep in the mud-saturated fleece, defied anything with horns, Old Nick not excepted, to unseat me. At last the ram appeared to give up the contest, and slowly and solemnly emerged from the quagmire, with Master Phil still erect and triumphant upon his woolly throne. As we reached the margin of the pond, and while I was trying to wipe some of the pitchy mud from my eyes, I heard a sweet little voice, with tremulous earnestness, exclaim:

"Katie, is that the devil?"

This compliment was neither intended for myself nor for the ram, individually; but for ram and boy both, forming collectively a sooty-looking, centaur-like, horned and cloven-footed monster, not unlike the popular idea of "Auld Cloutie," in his incarnate manifestations. As soon as my eyes were in a condition to perform their appropriate functions, I saw standing by the pond a child, of surpassing beauty, attended by her nurse. It was she who asked if "that was the devil," and I was strongly inclined to ask in my turn if that was an angel. She certainly looked more like one than anything I had ever seen before. Her nurse, I afterwards ascertained, had just been entertaining her with some superstitious narrative containing a minute description of his satanic majesty, hence the exclamation.

Such was my first introduction to Lily Walter. It seemed inauspicious enough, certainly; but I do not know that its singularity was disadvantageous to me in the end. Lily soon discovered that I was no more of a devil than other bad boys, and it was not long before she became very fond of playing with me. The fact is, I worshipped her from the very first; and child though she was, she had no doubt penetration enough to see it.

Years rolled on, and the boy grew to be almost a man. They were for me years of many toils and difficulties; but as I grew older my services to my mother became more valuable, and I had the gratification of doing much to sweeten the cup of her existence, so long overflowing with bitterness. With all that I could do, however, we remained poor, and often poorly provided for.

One sultry summer day, I was passing slowly down a magnificent avenue of elms, which gave their name to an estate known as "The Elms," the finest in all that region of country. It was

the property of the Raymond family, the oldest and most aristocratic among us. The house was old, but substantial, and decidedly picturesque, and the grounds around it were a very paradise of beauty. The trees of the avenue were of the growth of centuries, and their tops were so interlaced as altogether to exclude the sun. In this tunnel of living verdure I overtook Lily Walter. She talked enthusiastically of the place and its beauties.

"You would like to be mistress of it," said I, "wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would," she replied.

She might be, if she chose; that everybody knew. Mr. Raymond, a well-preserved bachelor, of forty-something, would gladly make her such. She did not think of that, however, when she spoke. She did soon afterwards, though; and the thought dyed her whole face and neck with blushes, which I saw, but to which I made no reference.

Before the interview was over, I satisfied myself that in a fair race with Mr. Raymond, even carrying as I did the heavy weight of poverty and inferior position, I might indulge a well-grounded hope of being successful in the end. I was sorely tempted to put the matter to the hazard of a decisive question; but I thought that I was in honor bound to restrain myself, and with difficulty I did so.

Lily was an orphan, wholly dependent upon an imperious and purse-proud uncle. If she were to marry me, she would never touch a penny of his vast accumulations. And what had I to offer her? Love in a shanty; with a bare subsistence, at best, and a life of wasting, never-ending drudgery. What a prospect for one whom the very winds of heaven had never been allowed to visit too rudely! Forbid it, justice, honor, manhood—everything.

So we separated, with no other consolation on my part than the one bitter-sweet conviction that Lily might have been mine if a more fortunate planet had presided at my birth. I saw her no more for years. The next day I put in practice a resolution which I had adopted some months previously. I left the quiet shades of Acton, and went out into the world, "to seek my fortune," without the least idea of where I was to go or what I was to do for that purpose.

I had long been dissatisfied with my condition at Acton. Two individuals, Mr. Raymond and Mr. Liston, Lily's uncle, from their great wealth and political influence, controlled public opinion in and about the village, and both of them were bitterly hostile to me. They both knew that Lily looked upon me with favor, and they prob

ably thought that matters had gone further between us than they really had. At all events, they both showed a fixed determination to thwart me at every turn, and they being so powerful, and I so weak, had little difficulty in paralyzing all my efforts to improve my condition.

Under these circumstances, I resolved, though with many misgivings, to leave my mother and my home, and Lily. In some part of the great world, I might hope at least to meet with such fair play as every human being is entitled to in the pursuit of that which should be within reach of all, at least in a country like ours. Taking with me barely enough of money for a few days' subsistence, I handed over to my mother all that I had been able to save—not much, it must be confessed—and with a heart as heavy as my purse was light, I bade farewell to Acton, I knew not for how long.

I travelled on foot towards the nearest considerable town which I could reach, without much difficulty, in one day. Nothing of any moment occurred till towards the middle of the afternoon, when I was overtaken by a stout, bluff-looking individual, a pedestrian like myself, with a very heavy bundle or knapsack on his shoulders.

"Good day, sir," said he. "Travellin' towards town, I s'pose. Just like me. I've tried the country a year; and I'm tired of it."

"You prefer living in town, then?"

"No, I don't."

"Then you don't like either town or country?"

"Just so."

"But you must live either in one or the other."

"But I will not live in either."

"Then you'll have to live under ground."

"No, I won't. I tried that once for a whole long winter, in Lapland; and I don't mean to try it again, if I keep my senses."

"Then I would like to know where one can live who inhabits neither town nor country."

"Did you never hear of living on the water?"

"Yes, I have heard of such a thing, in China."

"And in America too, I'll be bound."

"You mean at sea?"

"You've hit it now. I've lived on the water almost constantly since I was ten years old, and I can't leave it now. The perfume of tar and bilge-water is absolutely necessary to my health and comfort."

My new companion was rather a rough customer, but there was something about him that pleased me, nevertheless. We made the remainder of the journey together, and put up at the same house in town. The day after his arrival

he shipped on board a whaler, and after looking about for nearly a week, and finding nothing to do, I followed his example. And thus it was that Martin Gwynne and I became shipmates, for a long whaling cruise, in the Pacific ocean.

A trip round the Horn, and a course of whale-catching afterwards, is a "rough and tumble" sort of an initiation into the career of a sailor. We experienced it in all its angularities; but I was young, bold, and hardy, and cared very little for such things. There were other things, however, which I did care for, very decidedly. Our captain proved to be one of the very worst of those heartless sea-devils of modern times, who exercise all the cruelty and despotism of the old Vikings, without a particle of their "rough and ready" manliness and generosity. Cruelty and cowardice were his prominent characteristics, and the more injury he did to his miserable victims, the more he hated them.

His officers, though not so bad as himself, upheld his authority and paid unquestioning obedience to all his commands, and the ship had become a very floating pandemonium before we crossed the line. For almost two years, I bore with what equanimity I might the miseries which I had no means of escaping. As might have been expected, under such a *regime*, our voyage was far from being a successful one. In that case we had orders to complete our cargo with hides, from the then little-known northwest coast of America.

Martin Gwynne and I were in the same watch. One dark, lowering night, as we lay about a mile and a half from the American coast, he came to me, and whispered:

"Phil, would you be willing to forfeit your wages, and leave this 'hell afloat,' if you had a chance to do so?"

"Well, that's a very important question, Martin, and not to be answered without some consideration."

"Then I'll give you half an hour to think it over. At six bells, about twenty minutes from now, you must be ready to say yea or nay."

"Are you really in earnest, Martin? Have you any prospect of getting away?"

"You must first answer my question, and then I will talk to you further."

"But, see here, if—"

But he had already disappeared in the darkness. Gwynne was not a man to put such a question without a good reason for it. He was given to deeds rather than words, and was notorious for keeping his own counsel, to an extent which made him singular and even unpopular with many of his shipmates. Six bells struck

— eleven o'clock — and a minute afterwards Martin was by my side.

"Well?" said he.

"I'll do it."

"Then follow me at once, and make as little noise as possible."

There was no wind, and with the exception of the sullen dash of the ever-heaving sea against the vessel, all was as quiet as the grave. With extreme caution, I followed the slow and stealthy steps of my leader, till I saw him disappear over the ship's side. I clutched the same rope he had used, and slipped down after him, without having the least idea of as to where I was going. We landed in one of the ship's boats, and Gwynne immediately began to make preparations for shoving her off.

"But are we going to take nothing with us, Martin?" I whispered.

His only answer was an energetic injunction to be silent. I was about to hazard a word or two more; but he stopped me, pressed me down into the boat, and said, in a low but most emphatic whisper, "Sit still, and be quiet!"

I obeyed, and he pushed off. Then, using his oar paddle-wise, he proceeded with extreme caution to propel the boat towards the shore. This operation seemed to me a very tedious one, and was exceedingly trying to my nerves; but Gwynne knew what he was about. Everything depended upon our getting away without being observed. In that event, our absence would hardly be discovered till the change of the watch, at twelve o'clock, and then we would be beyond pursuit.

After a period of the most anxious suspense, we succeeded in getting so far from the vessel that the noise of the oars in the rowlocks could not be heard; and then we both began to row.

"It is very strange," I remarked, "that some one has not heard us before this time. Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," said Martin, with a low chuckle. "They are all fast asleep, except the mate, and I tied and gagged him while you were making up your mind. Each man of the watch has had a dose of whiskey well spiced with laudanum. I have kept a bottle in my chest ever since we left Valparaiso."

"Then you have been thinking of this scheme for some time?"

"Just so."

"It is a pity you didn't tie the captain."

"He didn't need it. He was as dead-drunk as David's sow; and all in the natural way. So I left my compliments on the table, emptied a bucket of tar on his head, and came away."

"Maybe it will strangle him."

"Well, it wouldn't make me very unhappy if it did. But there is no danger. I staid long enough to see how it operated. He merely snorted and sputtered a little, and then went on snoring as before."

"Well, if you had time enough for that, you might have given a fellow a chance to get his kit aboard."

"You've got more now than you'll ever be willing to lug through the woods with you. Look here!"

I did look, and saw a good-sized bundle of clothing in the bottom of the boat. Half of it proved to be mine. Martin had stowed it there soon after dark. He had in fact forgotten nothing which it was important for us to have.

"What are you going to do with that case? You always said it was a model of a patent lightning-rod, but I never believed you. What is in it?"

"Two first-rate rifles; and there is as much powder and ball as we can carry. That is of more consequence than shirts and jackets, Phil."

"But where are you going, Martin?"

"Well, we are going to get out of Captain Smith's clutches, in the first place, and after that we'll do the best we can. We'll find a way to get home."

We were now rowing rapidly, and it was not long before we made the shore. All seemed to be quiet on board the ship as we landed, shouldered our valuables, and put off into the wilderness. All was dark, and apparently as wild as if no human foot had ever been within a thousand miles of the spot.

To describe our adventures for the next two weeks would require far more space than can be afforded in this brief narrative. Our trusty rifles were worth more to us than their weight in gold would have been. They protected us from wild beasts and wilder Indians, and procured us necessary food, though this was sometimes a matter of much difficulty.

In everything relating to the future, Martin Gwynne continued to be as close as a clam-shell. He solemnly obligated himself to pilot me safely back to the United States, and to the port whence we started; but how, or by what means it was to be done, remained a mystery. I did not like this reticence on his part, but I knew it was characteristic of the man, and I had great confidence in his ability to cope with the most formidable difficulties.

After travelling two weeks or more, I think in a north-easterly direction, we reached the first

sign of civilization we had met with since we left the ship. It was a curious-looking building, or rather collection of buildings, which seemed suddenly to start up in the very heart of the forest. The principal structure was of sun-dried brick, very large, and of a sort of semi-fortified character. It was a mission-house, inhabited by Spanish priests, and a few Catholic Indians. The padres received us kindly, and treated us hospitably while we remained with them. Having recruited ourselves for a few days, Gwynne signified his readiness to start again. This time I demurred, and insisted that I ought to know where I was going before I plunged into the trackless wilderness again.

"I am sorry," said my comrade, "that I cannot just yet explain my views on that subject. But you are a free agent. You can trust me or distrust me, as you please. I have secured two horses—one for each of us—and I believe that the best thing you can do is to mount one of them and come along with me. But you must decide for yourself."

With these words he started off for the courtyard, where two ponies stood, saddled and bridled, and laden with provisions, ammunition, and other matters. Gwynne mounted one of them, and rode away without another word. I was sorely perplexed to know what was best for me to do. But a decision must be made at once, and I at last, though with many doubts and misgivings, made up my mind to follow him. I thought his conduct very strange, and the more so that the horses were burdened with a number of articles which seemed to me unnecessary, if not utterly useless.

Our second journey, which lay nearly in the same direction, was still more arduous and more perilous than the first. We had to defend our lives from men and beast, more than once. After several weeks of incessant toils, dangers, and privations, I noticed that Gwynne was beginning to be very attentive to the landmarks and peculiarities of the country. We were now in the midst of mountains, and from every summit we ascended he looked long and earnestly in all directions.

"Were you ever here before, Martin?" asked I, on one of these occasions.

"Never," he replied.

"But you seem to know something about the country, judging from your actions."

"I've heard about it."

This laconic rejoinder contained all the information I could get out of him. At last, we reached the banks of a good-sized mountain stream, which he examined with great care. He then

changed his course somewhat, and we began to follow up the stream towards its source. About noon, the next day, he suddenly came to a halt, and said:

"Come, old fellow—this is our stopping place—dismount."

"A stopping place for how long?"

"Well, I don't know, exactly. Not for less than four or five months, though."

"Four or five months! Martin Gwynn, I do believe in my heart you've gone crazy. Or are you joking?"

"Did you ever know me to make so stupid a joke as that would be? No, Phil, I never was more in earnest, or more fully in possession of my senses, such as they are. Come, man, jump off and help me to build a shanty. We must have a place to live in, at once."

"And do you really suppose that I am going to spend my time in building a place to lodge in, for months, in this howling wilderness?"

"Do as you please. You can stay here without a house, or not stay at all, just as it suits you."

He said no more, but taking one of two axes which we had brought with us, he began to fell a tree, near the stream. I looked on for a quarter of an hour or so, and then I said:

"Well, Martin, if you are positively determined to have a shanty, I will help you to build one, though I shall certainly never live in it."

"Thankee," said Martin, continuing to handle his axe as if his life depended on the effort.

A recess in an overhanging rock, which we discovered, greatly facilitated our labors, and a tolerably comfortable cabin was soon completed.

"Now, Martin," said I, "if you are really determined to act the part of a bedlamite, I can't help it; but I must bid you good-by, for I am resolved to leave this place to-day."

"Well, Phil," he replied, "if you must go you must; but before you start I want to show you a little experiment I am about to try."

He went to the place where our baggage was lying, and returned with two large tin pans in his hand.

"See here, Phil," he continued, "you have called me a fool, twenty times at least, for lugging these things with me through the wilderness. Now I'll show you that I was not quite so much of a fool as you thought I was."

He stooped down and filled his pan with earth, then, with water from the stream, he washed the contents of the pan, carefully, until he had separated from the sand, gravel, etc., a handful of small, shining particles, which remained at the bottom of the pan.

"Take a look at that, and tell me what it is," said Gwynne, handing me the pan.

"It looks like gold," I replied, after examining it with great interest.

"Decidedly—and better than that, it is gold."

"Can it be possible?"

"Look here."

He took out a small bottle of nitric acid and tested it. There was no effervescence, no corrosion. It certainly was gold.

"And how much is there, Martin?"

"Between two and three ounces, I should say."

"And how much is an ounce worth?"

"Well, I don't know, exactly—somewhere about sixteen dollars, though."

"And you think there is more of it here?"

"Tons of it. The whole country hereabouts is full of it. As for this spot, here, you see it was once the bed of the stream, which has in some way been diverted from its channel, probably by the falling of those great rocks from the cliff above, where we have built our cabin. At all events, there has been a deposit of the precious metal here, perhaps for hundreds of centuries, and there is not a panful of earth in all this hollow which is not worth from twenty to fifty dollars. That is what I wanted to show you, Phil. You can start now, as soon as you please."

"Well, on further reflection, I don't think it would be kind to leave you here all alone. I think I'll stay and see you through. Hand me that other pan."

I took the other pan, and in three days' time washed out more gold than I had ever expected to be worth. There were many places still richer than the spot on which we had commenced, and from one single "pocket" I took more than a dozen "nuggets" of from one to ten ounces. The fact is we had struck one of the richest *placers* in California, and we were "monarchs of all we surveyed," and could pick and choose to suit ourselves. The whole region round about us was a howling wilderness, and remained so, in a great measure, till the country was ceded to the United States.

"How on earth did you find it out, Martin?" asked I, after our first day's work was over.

"I learned the secret from an old Spanish priest in Mexico. I saved him from his money—which he got here—from the clutches of a band of robbers, and he was grateful enough to tell me how I might go and get gold for myself. He imparted the information upon the condition that I should never tell anybody—that is the reason why I never told you."

"But you have told me."

"No, I haven't. I never promised that I wouldn't *show* anybody; and that is all I did in your case."

I rather thought that this was "a distinction without a difference;" but if his conscience was satisfied, I didn't see why mine should not be. He, however, exacted a promise of secrecy from me, which I kept faithfully until the discovery of the gold by others rendered it useless. I have reason to think, though, that the secret was known to others before the country came into the possession of the United States.

We encountered many a stirring adventure in the gold region, but I cannot record them here. In less than four months we had collected much more of the precious metal than our horses could carry. With as much of it as we could manage we returned to the mission, in the vicinity of which we buried it. We then presented ourselves to the padres, and accepted their hospitality again, till the return of the favorable season for working. They believed that we had been hunting and collecting peltry in the interior.

With the return of good weather we again set out for the "diggins," with three mules apiece, besides the horses we rode, *to carry our furs!* These, after many adventures and vicissitudes, we loaded with gold, which we eventually succeeded in transporting to Monterey, together with that which we had buried. There, after many delays and difficulties, we finally managed to take ship for New York, where we at last arrived safely, with our treasure, after an absence from the United States of more than five years.

Having turned my gold into lawful currency of the United States, and deposited it in a place of security, I started at once for my native village. I reached it in the morning, soon after daylight, and proceeded at once to my mother's cottage. I had heard nothing from her for nearly four years, and my heart throbbed painfully as I drew near to her humble dwelling.

My suspense was soon over. I saw her, apparently in good health, in her little garden, and in a minute or two more I was in her arms. Her joy at seeing me again was very great; but I could see that her mind was ill at ease, and when I examined her closely I saw that she was very pale, and had a sad and care worn expression.

I had not been in the house more than fifteen minutes, when Lily's uncle, Mr. Liston, made his appearance at the door, and my mother went out and spoke to him. In a few minutes she returned, and I saw that she was making a violent effort to conceal from me a state of the most



painful agitation. It finally proved too strong for her, and she burst into tears, and wept and sobbed convulsively. To my earnest inquiries as to the cause of her distress, she replied :

"Alas, my dear boy, you have arrived at a most inauspicious moment. This very day, almost this very hour, I shall be compelled to leave this home of so many years, and go, I know not whither."

"Why, mother?"

"Mr. Liston is now in possession of all the land in the neighborhood, except this little spot of ours. Old Mr. Aden died recently, and the mortgage which he held has passed into Mr. Liston's hands, has been foreclosed, and in half an hour the men will be here to take possession of the place and pull down the house."

"No they won't."

"Mr. Liston is inexorable. He certainly will do it."

"Pull down the house? I'll see him—blessed first."

"Alas, my dear son, we cannot contend with him. We are very poor."

"Come, old lady, no slanderous remarks of that sort—I won't stand it. Poor? What do you call that?"

"Why, it is a thousand-dollar note! Great heaven, Philip—where—where did you get it?"

"Where I got that, and that, and that, and that, and that, and that!"

"Seven thousand dollars—unhappy boy—they must be counterfeit!"

"Not a bit of it—good as gold, every one of them!"

"O, Philip, Philip, they *can't* be honestly come by, and I would rather go to the poorhouse, a hundred times over, than see you enriched by unlawful means!"

"Mother, every dollar of that sum was earned by my own hands—literally by the sweat of my brow."

She knew me too well to disbelieve me; but she was sorely puzzled and bewildered, and I had to tell her the whole story, from beginning to end. Many a time when I had been ready to give up in despair, when excessive fatigue, dangers, and difficulties of all sorts, were crushing me to the very earth, many a time had the thought of just such a smile as now illumined my mother's face, given me new courage, and enabled me to start afresh and persevere to the end. I doubt whether the gold of California has ever since borne so rich a fruitage of happiness as it did to me that day. To see that beloved parent toiling beneath a heavy weight of hopeless poverty had been the great sorrow of my life,

and my joy in delivering her was in a corresponding ratio. From penury and its sordid slavery, she was forever set free, and I—yes, I—had done it. That was the thought that filled me with exultation, compared with which the mere fact of being rich was a drop to an ocean.

I had hardly finished the story of my adventures, when Mr. Liston and his myrmidons arrived, and began to tumble us out without the least hesitation. I silently deposited in the old gentleman's hand the amount of his claim, and the blank amazement with which he regarded it was most ludicrous to behold. He seemed actually to doubt the evidence of his senses, but I soon set his mind at rest on that score by the summary ejection of the two men he had brought with him. They had shown a disposition to be insolent, and I proceeded to enforce, with the toe of my old mining boot, my request that they would, with all possible despatch, evacuate the premises.

I had purposely retained my rough, seaman's dress, and in it I now sought an opportunity to appear before Lily. I soon obtained it, and joy filled my heart to overflowing when I found that she was willing to unite her destiny forever with Phil North, the penniless sailor-boy, as she supposed. She expected her uncle to disinherit her for the act, but such a thought never made her falter for an instant. She was the same, warm-hearted, loving Lily Walter, and old enough now to be her own mistress, and decide for herself.

Mr. Liston had been trying his best to force her into a marriage (with Raymond) which she abhorred with her whole soul, and she was now willing to leave him and his money-bags both forever. We were married, and seated behind two noble bays—from the livery stable, Lily thought—were on our way to our own home.

"So you went tell me where you are taking me, Philip, or even whose carriage this is?"

"You shall know all about it in half an hour, at the farthest."

Very soon after I said this, we turned into that noble avenue of centennial elms, where we had had our parting interview, and there I told her all. I had purchased the estate from the agent of Mr. Raymond, who, finally despairing of ever getting the coveted Lily to plant among his elms, had gone to Europe to live there permanently. So Lily was no longer its mistress, after all.

Two days after this I called on Mr. Liston, still wearing my sailor jacket. He thought I had made two or three hundred dollars, and that I was a perfect "beggar on horseback" withal.

"Sir," said he, swelling with purse-pride and indignation, "I wish to have nothing to do with

either of you. That ungrateful girl has preferred a life of beggary with you, to one of the best matches in the country. I wish her joy of her choice, but if she expects anything from me she is most egregiously mistaken. She has deliberately chosen a beggar, and she must take the consequences."

"We shall not beg of you, Mr. Liston, I beg to assure you of that."

"Look here, sir," said the old man, impetuously, "there is a check for a hundred thousand dollars. I intended it for my niece, and the man who could cover it with an equal sum. If you can do it," he added, with what he meant for cutting irony, "you shall have my full and free consent and approbation, and not otherwise."

I had heard of this check before, and I was prepared for it. I took from my pocket a certificate of deposit in a New York bank of *eight hundred thousand dollars*, with vouchers attesting its genuineness, and placed it upon the check so ostentatiously displayed before me. The effect I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that in one minute, my haughty and impracticable enemy became my most obsequiously obedient and humble servant; while Lily was his more than niece, his beloved daughter, whom he should treat as such till his dying day, and then endow with every cent's worth of his vast possessions. We did not reject his overtures—that is, we treated him with decent civility—but esteem him we could not, nor did we ever pretend that we did so.

#### THE CLIMATE OF ITALY.

A correspondent of the Times writes of the climate of Italy: "There are many humbugs in Italy, but there are none against which I more complain than the humbug of its climate. I never spent so severe a winter as this, and I seek in vain any one corner where I can find shelter from the dry and piercing cold. In all northern climates the houses are prepared for the severity of the weather, and with good stoves, thick carpets, and well closing doors and windows, and bright sea-coal fire, we defy the winter; but in Italy the cold is more intense within the house than without, as not a single door or window is air-proof, and a bright fire only increases the number and bitterness of the various currents which it inhales from every chink. At this moment whilst I write I am assailed in front, on flank, and rear, and my palsied fingers can with difficulty hold the pen, though nature has not made me one of the shivering race, and I am inclined to take the world as it comes. But I cannot tolerate humbug in any shape; and, above all, this humbug of an Italian climate. I should have excepted Naples, where, certainly, the climate is delicious."

Envy none that know more than yourself;  
but pity them that know less.

#### LAST HOURS OF LAFAYETTE.

No life had ever passed more passionate than his; no man ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gestures he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de Lafayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. The medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de Lafayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus, already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died.

In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family that M. de Lafayette had always wished to be buried in the same cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of the victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the Boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the Convent Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passing through the convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestations took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present public; politics assumed no place near the deathbed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled.—*Guizot's Memoirs*.

#### A PORCELAIN ANECDOTE.

The first Duchess of Roxburghe was possessed of two China vases of great value. One of these attracted the attention of her eldest son, afterwards John, Duke of Roxburghe, who in his admiration unsettled its equilibrium, and so shivered it into atoms. The duchess, on her return from her morning drive, was aware of the destruction of her favorite ornament, and inquired concerning it. "Why, my lady," returned her second son, Lord Robert Ker, "it was caused alone by John. He took the vase into his arms, and grasping it thus he dropped it." Suiting the action to the word, Lord Robert dropped the second glass, fled to the woods, joined his brother there, and it was only after an anxious search and ample promises of pardon, that the young delinquents consented to return to Floors.—*English Anecdotes*.

#### THE ALMOND FLOWER.

The hope in dreams of a happier hour,  
Which alights on Misery's brow,  
Springs out of the silvery almond flower,  
That blooms on a leafless bough.—*MOORE*.

[ORIGINAL.]  
TO LAURA.

BY J. C. H.

Yes, long we lived together, love, from childhood's happy  
morning,  
A few short paces only our homes did separate;  
And with the early daylight—the day's first sunny dawn-  
ing:  
We met to play our childish sports beside the garden  
gate.

And as we grew from childhood up we were together  
often;  
We played upon the grassy lawn and on the river's  
shore;  
And the birds sang sweetly round us, our youthful minds  
to soften,  
To love the scenes of nature—but we loved each other  
more.

Amid the fields we lingered long and plucked the choice  
wild flowers—  
The violets, the blue bells, and the honeysuckles sweet;  
We built a little playhouse, too, amid the sylvan bowers,  
And with the flowers we gathered round we decked our  
green retreat.

As you were approaching maidenhood, and I to manhood  
growing,  
That deep mysterious feeling within our bosoms came:  
That chord of love that thrills us—that spark within us  
glowing:  
Which, lit at Beauty's altars, expands into a flame!

O, how we loved each other with a love so pure, undying,  
The romance added romance to our love!  
How many pleasant hours we spent—those hours too  
swiftly flying:  
And pledged our love, eternal love, within the chestnut  
grove.

Ah, then in evening's stilly hour we walked down to the  
river,  
And the moon looked down upon us with a calm and  
smiling eye,  
And half revealed the blushes that thy fair face then  
came over;  
While the stars shone out bewitchingly through the  
blue evening sky!

And could we part, O Laura!—how could we part forever,  
And I no more thy face to see, thy silvery tones to hear?  
Could cruel fate thus separate two hearts whom none  
should sever,  
And with one blow thus overthrow the hopes we held  
so dear?

We met one evening, Laura, all sad and broken-hearted,  
Beneath the spreading chestnut shade, two lovers so  
forlorn;  
I grasped thy hand—one sigh, one kiss, and then we  
parted,  
And Nature in her silence all around us seemed to  
mourn.

That kiss a thrill remaineth still within my memory,  
Laura,  
Though many years have wheeled their sphere into  
eternity;

And still I feel thy soft lips steal in gentle presence o'er  
me,  
And still in thy bright sunny eye my image now I see!

The sun looks cold and dimly down where once he shone  
so brightly,  
The murmuring river hath no sound my senses now to  
cheer;  
And smiling Nature with the spring seems not to smile so  
lightly,  
As I wander forth in solitude—for Laura is not here!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

### A SKETCH OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE scene is remarkable enough to secure the  
attention of any, the most careless observer. A  
lonely deserted mansion, standing by the side of  
a deep and rapid river, so nearly adjacent to it,  
that its waters, cold, dark, and treacherous, glide  
swiftly by, beneath the windows of the house—  
a bare level, stretching away in the distance, and  
hills and forests standing so dimly beyond, as to  
be plainly distinguishable only in the bright glory  
of the summer sun. The mansion itself stands in  
the centre of the dreary, cheerless scene, itself a  
thousand times the more so! Ah—there is a  
weird eloquence in the silence and loneliness of  
deserted habitations, which must thrill the senses  
of the chance intruder with awe and solemnity!  
True, true, indeed, that “all houses wherein  
men have lived and died are haunted houses!”

Emotions such as these are apt to be excited,  
even in viewing the sad abandonment of a spot  
altogether unfamiliar, and whose history (for  
every such place has one) is unknown to us;  
but when we pause to behold a deserted haunt of  
humanity, whose story we are familiar with, and  
whose former dwellers we have, perchance, held  
by the hand, and called friends—then it is that  
we realize the feelings which I have named, in  
their full force.

Twenty years ago, that old house by the river  
was tenanted by a family bearing the name of  
Wycherly, who were, it was supposed, natives  
of England, and but recently arrived in this  
country. The household consisted of but three  
persons, besides the domestic; Susan Wycherly,  
an aristocratic, proud woman, of the middle age,  
Kate, her daughter, and Ellen, her niece; both  
of the latter being of nearly the same age.

It was the ambition of Susan Wycherly to  
make her daughter, the only object upon which  
the pride and affection of her selfish heart were  
placed, the wife of a man of wealth and influ-

ence; and such an one she pronounced Percy Effingham, whose visits at the house had commenced soon after its occupancy by the Wycherlies. He was, in fact, a man such as would anywhere command the love and admiration of women—mingling with his manly pride of speech and bearing, the tenderness and winning softness of one of the other sex. And Kate Wycherly loved him from the first; not with a constrained affection, wrung from her by the commands of her parent, but with a passionate zeal which melted the heart of the proud beauty to an unwonted gentleness.

During the first weeks of his visits at the house, Percy Effingham had been always received and entertained by the daughter, and so sedulously was the niece excluded from his society, that he hardly knew of her existence. He had abandoned himself to the fascinations of the former, with the easy indifference of a man of the world, and without inquiring of himself whether it were possible that he could love her; and she, for her part, deemed her triumph complete, when, in fact, he had scarcely yet thought of her as any other than a pleasant and agreeable acquaintance. A mere accident served to destroy the fond hopes concerning him, which mother and daughter had pleased themselves with fabricating. Happening to call one day, when both were absent, the young man first saw Ellen Wycherly, and was at once deeply impressed with the remarkable loveliness of her mind and person. He contrasted it with the imperious beauty of her cousin, greatly to the depreciation of the latter: and it required but little reflection, upon his part, to enable him to fathom the meaning of the studious seclusion of Ellen, hitherto. Thenceforth, his visits were made for the sole purpose of seeing her, and enjoying her society; and it was with manifest chagrin and anger, that Kate and her scheming mother discovered the probable and unexpected defeat of their cherished plans.

It was, indeed, a defeat, as complete as it was bitter. Every expedient to win young Effingham from his new love were utterly vain and useless; his attendance at the house was now a matter of daily occurrence, but always for the purpose of seeking Ellen; and Kate Wycherly was not long in discovering that her presence and attention were burdensome and unwelcome. The heart of Percy Effingham was unalterably fixed upon its chosen object of affection, and nothing could avail to swerve it from its devoted love. Two scenes in the lives of these four persons, occurring in the old house by the river, have made the latter darkly memorable to those

conversant with them. With their narration, our story is completed.

It was a dusky, twilight hour, upon a summer evening, when Ellen Wycherly sat alone in one of the apartments of the house, overlooking the river. She was seated by the window, absently watching the eddies in the current, as they whirled and circled past; absently, for there was a quiet, dreamy smile upon her handsome face, and the word "Percy," unconsciously fell from her lips. The next instant, she started and blushed, in unfeigned confusion, as she looked up and discovered Effingham himself standing by her, his features radiant with a glowing gratification, which her audible whisper had produced.

The time, the place, and the discovery, all favored and encouraged the ardent lover; and his warm avowal, there, in the solemn hush of the night, came sweetly to the ears of Ellen Wycherly, filling her sweet blue eyes with tears of joy. But other and jealous ears were listening, and it fell upon other hearts with maddening effect! In the recess of a bay-window, near by, but so shaded by its heavy curtains as to be entirely concealed, both mother and daughter crouched, breathlessly drinking in the conversation of the lovers, annihilating their hopes, and filling their breasts with rage, with jealousy, and with disappointment.

The twilight hour had long passed, and the darkness of a cloudy night drew on, before Percy Effingham reluctantly tore himself from the scene of his newly found happiness. Very tender was the parting of the two, now betrothed lovers, and new pangs were added to the misery of the concealed wretches, as they witnessed it. And with the kiss of Percy upon her lips, when he finally stepped from the threshold, Ellen again placed herself by the open window, and looked musingly from it. The waters below were cold, and dark as before; but the gloom of the scene could not now impress itself upon her heart. A pleasant smile played upon her face; and the word "Percy," again, and as unconsciously as before, came to her lips. It was the last articulate word she ever uttered!

Wrapped in his exultant thoughts, as he wended his way slowly homeward, Percy Effingham was little open to impressions of anything transpiring near him; but ignorant of the cause—for how could he suspect the truth?—his heart stood still for an instant, with the shock of a single cry, a wail, as if of one in mortal agony, or terror, which suddenly rose on the night air, and then died away in numberless echoes! But it was not repeated; and thinking himself deceived by the call of some fisherman along the shore, or

the scream of a bird, he pursued his way, undisturbed further by the occurrence.

But could he, or any other, have looked within the apartment he had just left, the thrilling tableau there presented would have fully accounted for that strange, wild shriek! For there might have been seen Kate Wycherly standing motionless in the centre of the room, her face pale, and hands tightly clasped with overwhelming fear, gazing towards the window by which her cousin had been sitting, but the previous moment, and from which her mother was now bending, with the rigid, demon purpose of her murderous resolve graven on her unwomanly face, and looking eagerly downwards to the water, where the heavy splash of her victim had just been followed by the frantic cry which arrested the attention of Effingham, and where the terrified, despairing face of Ellen Wycherly glanced upward for an instant from the eddying waters, and then sank, slowly, and forever from sight!

The fate of Ellen Wycherly was enveloped in mystery, dark and inexplicable; she had suddenly disappeared, whither, no person could tell, leaving no trace or vestige by which her singular and alarming absence might be accounted for. Unsparring efforts were used by her lover as well as by her relatives, to discover and reclaim her; but each attempt was as vain as that which had preceded it.

Search was finally abandoned, as utterly useless. The warmest sympathies of the neighborhood were given to Susan Wycherly and her daughter, whose demonstrative grief none could suspect of being any other than an unfeigned one, as well as to Percy Effingham, now a broken-hearted, prematurely aged man, whose relations with the lost girl were sufficiently betrayed by the change in his appearance and bearing. His visits to the house of the Wycherlies were still continued, for he seemed to take a sad, melancholy pleasure in lingering in the place which had been hallowed by the presence of his betrothed; and day after day found him at the house, idly and silently roaming among its apartments, and constantly searching for mementoes of his lost Ellen. He seemed, in truth, dead to aught else than reminiscences of his great bereavement, and the efforts of Kate Wycherly to secure his affections anew, were met with indifference, or a passive smile, which should have assured her that he had no heart to give. It was strange, withal, that the passionate beauty could still love him, and yearn for his affections; for the lapse of thirty years could not have so whitened his hair, withered his cheek,

bowed his form, and stolen the lustre from his eye, as this one overpowering sorrow. Yet her longings for him were, if possible never more intense; and a year had barely passed since the disappearance of Ellen, when the approaching nuptials of Percy Effingham and Kate Wycherly were announced through the neighborhood. The latter could not deceive herself; she knew that she could never be aught than a stranger to the breast of one whose soul was already filled with the image of the dead, and that there was nothing but careless indifference in the consent to their marriage, which the artifices of her mother, and the open avowal of herself, had drawn from Effingham! Her passion must have been a deeply selfish one, for it cared not for the mind or condition of its object, looking only to its own triumph and gratification. But the hour of this triumph had at last arrived, and the scheming plans and wicked, criminal means of Susan Wycherly were about to be crowned with success.

The light from the chandeliers of the drawing-room streamed out upon the river upon the night appointed for the marriage, and shone upon a crowd of guests, brought thither by that curiosity which the notoriety of Ellen Wycherly's mysterious fate, and the strange antecedents of the parties, had naturally excited. It was a dreary, heartless wedding—the cold, apathetic absence of mind, and corpse-like appearance of Effingham, contrasting so singularly with the eager restlessness and flush of beauty of the bride.

But as the last words of the ceremony were pronounced, and the clergyman was in the act of invoking a blessing upon the bridal pair, a deathly whiteness overspread the face of Kate Wycherly, her strength deserted her, and she would have fallen to the floor, but for the arms of her husband. Her eyes were fixed, with a horrible, glassy stare, upon the window which I have before spoken of, and her lips moved, but could utter, at first, no sound. Her mother trembled with agitation, and hastily moving to her side, whispered in her ear.

"No—no!—I cannot be calm!" burst from the lips of the frenzied bride, in accents of fear and despair. "There—there! For heaven's sake, keep her from me!"

"Whom do you mean?" Percy sternly demanded, as a suspicion of the truth, with its ghastly light, broke upon his mind.

"Ellen—Ellen Wycherly! See her, how she stands there, now, by the window, from which my mother flung her! Her hair is wet, and tangled with the weeds of the river—and her eyes—O, God, how they stare on me! Can you not see her?"

"No, Kate—nor could you, were you not dreaming!" Susan Wycherly exclaimed, her agitation visibly increasing. "You are unwell, my poor child, and must—"

"Peace, woman!" Effingham commanded, with an imperative sternness, which sent her cowering to a seat. "Her eyes *do* see the apparition of Ellen Wycherly, and your guilty soul may well whiten and shrink with fear of an exposure! Before God," he continued, solemnly addressing the awed assemblage, "I believe that I, myself, heard the death-shriek of the poor, murdered girl, whose shade the fears of this woman," and he pointed to his wife, "have conjured up to haunt her! Speak, guilty fiends that ye are, and tell how ye slew her!"

"I *have* told it, and truly," Kate Wycherly moaned, never ceasing to gaze where her vacant eyes seemed to behold the spectre of her cousin. "My mother hurled her from the window, yonder, into the river; she cried out once, and then sank in its waters! And there she stands, even now, whispering of her wrong, and beckoning me to follow her into the cold river! Nay, Ellen, do not gaze upon me so coldly!—do not—do—"

With a prolonged and thrilling scream, the speaker fell insensible to the floor. They raised her up, and endeavored to revive her; and though her eyes once opened faintly, and some half articulate words of terror escaped her lips, yet her life had almost waned! She lingered a few hours, raving ceaselessly of the fearful night whose events still haunted her brain; and two days after, she was carried forth to her grave.

Search was made for the body of Ellen, and after a time, it was recovered from the bed of the river. And Susan Wycherly, convicted by the dying words of her daughter, as well as by her own confession, expiated her crime upon the scaffold. For several years succeeding these events, Percy Effingham continued to haunt, with his ghostly presence,\* the old mansion by the river, like the peculiar spirit of the scene. The house itself fell gradually into decay and ruin (for none wished or dared to inhabit it after these events), and the death of Percy at length left it dreary, desolate, and lonely, as it may now be seen.

Such, in brief, is the tale which is told of the old house. What griefs and joys, what passions of the human heart, have found voice within its walls! There may be the folly of the dreamer in the idea, yet I would wish to dedicate such ruins as this to the past, to which they belong, and exempt them forever from the hand of repair or improvement. They are the "hallowed ground" of the visionary; and I envy not the

mind which cannot, now and then, find in them a grateful contrast to the noisy world, of which they seem as little a part, as though they did not exist in it.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE OF ZUTPHEN.

Sidney was borne back to the camp, and thence in a barge to Arnheim. The fight was over. Sir John Norris bade Lord Leicester "Be merry, for," said he, "you have had the honorablest day. A handful of men has driven the enemy to retreat." But in truth, it was now time for the English to retire in their turn. Their reserve never arrived. The whole force engaged against the thirty-five hundred Spaniards, had never exceeded two hundred and fifty horse and three foot, and of this number the chief work had been by the fifty or sixty volunteers and their followers. The heroism which had been displayed was fruitless, except as a proof—and so Leicester wrote to the Palatine John Casimir—"that Spaniards were not invincible." Two thousand men now sailed from the Loor Gate, under Verdugo and Tassis, to join the force under Vasto, and the English were obliged to retreat. The whole convoy was then carried into the city, and the Spaniards remained masters of the field. Thirteen troopers and twenty-two foot soldiers upon the English side were killed. The enemy lost perhaps two hundred men. They were thrice turned from their position, and thrice routed, but they succeeded at last in their attempt to carry their convoy into Zutphen. Upon that day, and the succeeding ones, the town was completely victualled. Very little, therefore, save honor was gained by the display of English valor against overwhelming numbers—five hundred against near four thousand. Never in the whole course of the war had there been such fighting, for the troops on both sides were picked men and veterans. For a long time afterwards it was the custom of Spaniards and Netherlanders, in characterizing a hardly contested action, to call it as warm as the fight at Zutphen. "I think I may call it," said Leicester, "the most notable encounter that had been in our age, and it will remain to our posterity famous."—*Molley's History of the United Netherlands.*

#### NOBILITY TITLES.

An English peer of the realm cannot hold a seat in the House of Commons. But a considerable number of persons in Great Britain are styled lords who are not peers, and therefore not entitled to seats in the House of Lords. The eldest sons of dukes, marquises, and earls, are called lords by courtesy, and there are certain Irish and Scotch peers who are not peers of the realm. Lord Palmerston, for example, is an Irish lord, but an English commoner, and he sits in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell is styled lord, because he is the son of the duke of Bedford, but he is no more a peer than his groom is.

#### RETURN OF AFFECTION.

Sweet as perfume from jonquil flower,  
That breathes in twilight grove,  
Comes the remembrance of the hour  
When Anna owned her love.—*ARON.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## XERIFIA.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAME.

'Twas in the peerless month of June she died,  
 As dies a golden summer's crimson eve;  
 Death wooed and won her for his bride,  
 And left the world and me alone to grieve—  
 Look into each other's eyes, and see the loss  
 Of one I loved, my idol and my life.  
 Grant me, O Heaven, a strength to bear the cross  
 Imposed upon my soul amid the strife,

The care, the toll, the weight of this dark world,  
 Where everlasting partings oft are known,  
 And grief's eternal banners are unfurled,  
 And only sorrow's bleakest tempests blown;  
 Where flowers are only bright when gently fanned  
 By the soft breathing winds of spring;  
 Or, kissed by the sephyr of summer bland,  
 While joyously nature's minstrels sing.

Those flowers droop and fade beneath the touch  
 Of hungry autumn's death-inspiring hand;  
 They are not bright immortal flowers, such  
 As blossom in the heavenly spirit land.  
 All things upon this world of ours below  
 Bespeak of transformation and of death;  
 'Tis written on the flowers, the sunset's glow,  
 And whispered by the evening's passing breath.

This evening I have wandered back through Time,  
 To the blest hours long flown from me away,  
 When fair Xerifa's hand reposed in mine,  
 And we together watched the golden shadows play.  
 When the expiring sun had folded round his breast  
 The day's descending mantle—while the clouds  
 Like purple curtains hung, and sunk to rest  
 Behind the hilltops, wrapped in vapory shrouds.

Ah, oft we sat and watched the queenly moon  
 As she ascended heaven in chariot pure;  
 While blooming all around the flowers of June  
 Shed on the air a fragrance rich, I'm sure,  
 As ever flowers shed beneath the south's fair skies;  
 And through the ether curtain hung above  
 Peeped lovingly the stars—like angels' eyes  
 They gazed and dwelt upon Xerifa, my love.

When but a year should breathe its last, and Spring  
 Had kissed once more the Winter's icy brow;  
 When through the woodland once again should ring  
 The songsters' carols, and flowers bloom as now,  
 Xerifa would wear the pure white orange wreath  
 Amid the jetty ringlets of her hair;  
 And marriage vows before the altar breathe,  
 And I her hand would claim forever there.

But O, ere winter's snows had passed away,  
 And flowers began upon the earth to bloom,  
 Consumption's fingers seized her as his prey,  
 And slowly neared the portals of the tomb!  
 And when the balmy June in sweetness smiled  
 Upon the earth in blooming flowers arrayed,  
 She fell asleep, so like a tired child,  
 And up to heaven her footsteps strayed!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A GREAT MISTAKE.

BY LUCY WALDRON.

"DEAR UNCLE BOB,—Do come home right away. What is the use of your living a thousand miles away from us all your days, getting money for somebody else to spend? For, don't you know, you dear old uncle, that you will be sure to die, if you wait till you get a great pile of gold? Come home right off! We want you here. We have moved out into one of those charming little cottages that you and I used to admire so much, on the Lansing road. And we have got a new piano—what do you think of that? The old spindle-shanked instrument that you used to cut such dreadful jokes about, was packed off to the auction-room.

"P. S. Dear Bob, do come home, for perhaps there will be a wedding this way soon, at which time your humble servant may very possibly whisk off."

I laid down Clara's letter, and laughed aloud. The gist of it, after all, was in the postscript, which in a lady's letter was in the established, proper place. And so my lively niece, two years younger than myself, was about to make some one happy! I mused awhile, and then my mind was made up. To tell the truth, I was tired of digging and delving for such an ignoble thing as wealth, and I was glad of an excuse to go home, for awhile at least.

In a marvellously short time, therefore, I had my affairs settled up, my trunks packed, and was, in seven days from the receipt of the letter, whizzing along in the express train. I came into the city just at dusk, the dear old city, so familiar to me that I could have found any street in it in the darkest midnight.

It was useless to encumber myself with baggage that night, so I resolved to leave it in a secure place, run off to my brother's house, and surprise them all, as much as if I had dropped from the moon. I did not literally run all the way to the Lansing road, but I walked fast, and after due time I arrived, rather tired, but blooming with exercise, at the door of that sweet little cottage upon which Clara and I had set our hearts years ago.

"Open sesame!" I exclaimed, under my breath, laughing at the absurdity of the boyish adventure.

It opened suddenly with my gentle push, and I walked in. The hall lamp was lighted, and through the open door of the cosy cottage parlor, I saw the soft light falling over the old, familiar, crimson-draped furniture, and the pretty, bright carpet. And there was the piano, the new piano, carved and polished and redolent of rosewood,

with its lid raised, and its row of white teeth glittering under the light.

"Heigho!" I exclaimed, "this is a grand affair, after all. Suppose I try it, and hear how it compares with the old spindle-shanks? It may be that its beauty is all on the outside."

And with that I threw my travelling coat over the sofa, tossed my cap upon the piano, and sat down to rattle off one of those stormy pieces in which my soul delighted. It was really a very finely-toned instrument, and dainty enough for the fingers of a New York belle. But half an hour at the exercise was sufficient for the present, and I began to wonder where the family could be. With my usual impetuosity I ran down stairs into the kitchen, and waylaid the domestic as she passed into the dining-room. She screamed, and barely saved from falling a pile of plates she held in her hand.

"Bridget," said I, improvising a name for the occasion, for the girl was a perfect stranger to me, "Bridget, where in the world are the people of the house?"

"Sakes alive!" was her exclamation, as she looked at me with starting eyes. "Who bees ye?"

"No matter," I retorted. "All I want to know is, where the people of the house are?"

"Gone out to tea." And she eyed me curiously from head to foot.

"When will they be back?"

"And how do I know? Half-past eight or nine, perhaps."

"Well, Bridget, I am a friend of the family, and wish to give them a surprise. I shall stay in the parlor, therefore, until they arrive. Be careful that you do not breathe a word of my being here, else I shall be tempted to decapitate you." And with this dreadful threat, I scowled and walked away.

I turned back after a moment. "By the way, Bridget, how came you to leave the front door open?"

She stammered out some reply, and with a muttered warning to her to be more careful in the future, I ascended the stairs. The evening crept on. I had tried the piano again, had examined and admired the little garden of flowers in the window, and had revelled to my heart's content in the sweet home-picture all about me. The soft light hovering above grew by degrees dimmer and softer, and more like a star, the carpet and furniture resolved into patches of crimson bloom, and then all the world began to slide lazily away from me.

I aroused myself. This would never do. I wanted to surprise, not to be surprised, and to avoid this I must not fall asleep in the bright

light of the parlor. But there was a little room opening from the parlor, dark and cosy, with a couch conveniently placed for slumber. I threw myself upon this, and in less than five minutes was fast asleep.

I was aroused by the sound of voices, and awoke with a great start. Through the open door of the parlor I had a glimpse of the new piano, and running her fingers over its keys, was a lady, young and beautiful. For a few moments she seemed completely wrapt in her performance, something soft, and strange and sweet. Then her hands fell listlessly upon the keys, and she wheeled half round upon the music stool.

"Mother!"

"Well," said a voice behind.

"Is that money in the house?" Here she dropped her voice to a whisper.

"Yes, child, I have it with me."

"And when will Charles be at home?"

"Just as soon as he can get away. He was called away very unexpectedly, and may not come till morning."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the young lady. Then there was a long pause, during which time I scarcely dared breathe.

"It is a large sum, isn't it, mother?" was the next question.

"About a thousand dollars. I think both you and Charles are needlessly anxious about the matter."

"Well, I don't know," was the answer, in a musing tone. "Even that sum would tempt some people to rob and murder us. Then there is that new girl down stairs. I am sorry she overheard us talking about the money. I don't like her looks at all. Who knows but that she has accomplices outside to whom she will carry information of the scarcity of our forces?"

"Pshaw, Mary, the girl is too stupid for that. Make your mind easy, child, I apprehend no trouble at all. I shall just lie down on that sofa in the inner room, so that when Charles comes, I can jump up and let him in. I hardly think he will come till morning, however. It is a long and cold night ride."

As I listened to the conversation, and realized the fact that I had taken possession of the wrong house, and had besides become cognizant of an important family secret, I felt myself to be in a most embarrassing and awkward position.

It was utterly impossible now to make a graceful retreat, but the next best thing to that was still in my power to do. I could walk into the parlor, explain the matter as best I might, express my heartfelt regrets, and bow myself out.

While I felt that this was the only proper way

left for me, I could not but be conscious that the time for my proposed explanation was fast slipping away, and yet I lingered. I dreaded to see the scornful look upon the face of the unknown Mary, and felt even an inexpressible contempt for myself that grew and grew, until like a person in a nightmare, I could not stir. I would most cheerfully have stood before a cannon loaded with grape shot, but I could not summon up the courage to step forth like a man into the presence of two women, and explain my unexpected and embarrassing position. In vain I attempted to reason with myself. In vain I expostulated and entreated, in vain I called myself names. I could not stir. I thought of the unknown Charles, a great, broad-shouldered, athlete, I was sure, coming home and standing upon the threshold, and saying to himself the words of the nursery rhyme :

"Fee, faw, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

And then, with that innate perception of the presence of a stranger, generally ascribed to such blood-thirsty characters, I beheld him rushing precipitately towards my hiding place, and dragging me forth like some animal from its hole to bestow the punishment that I deserved. But alas, I could not stir, although the perspiration stood upon my brow, from the agony that I endured. I could only lay and listen. Mary still lingered in the parlor.

"Mother, if anything should happen—"

"Nonsense, child, you are uncommonly nervous to-night, it seems to me. Come, I am going to turn down the light."

The further door of the parlor opened and shut. Mary was gone, and I breathed easier. But suddenly the lights were extinguished, and I heard the careful step of the mother of the house as she went the rounds to see that all was right.

The last hope of escape was past, and I slipped from the sofa in an agony of despair. For one brief instant, I entertained the wild idea of rushing out through the darkness, gaining the front door and escaping into the open air. What would I not have given to be once more walking along the lonely road, even though it might be the darkest midnight? But I could not stir. My limbs seemed to be palsied, and refused to obey my will.

It was evident that all was well, for the careful housekeeper soon returned, entered the room softly, and threw herself lightly upon the sofa. For an hour I drew my breath with painful care, then it seemed evident that the ear of the watcher

was dulled by sleep. I, too, fell into a doze, but awoke with a start. The night was creeping on, so slowly that I despaired of its ever coming morning. I fell into a troubled train of thought, during which it occurred to me that if the house were really attacked by robbers, my presence after all would prove fortunate.

This idea gave me some comfort, and enabled me to support with more ease my awkward position. I could not but agree with Mary that the new girl was decidedly suspicious. I recollected now what I had not thought of before, that her countenance had struck me as being villainous in the highest degree. The carelessness about the front door, and her apparent confusion when I spoke of the matter, also occurred to me in an unfavorable light. In fact I began to grow valiant, and decided that I was not so badly off after all as I had thought.

With every sense, therefore, upon the alert, I was not absolutely surprised when I heard the front door softly opened and shut with patient care, and stealthy steps in the hall. The watcher upon the sofa did not stir. I fancied that she was buried in a profound slumber. As for me, the violence of my emotions sent the blood leaping to my heart, and left me pale and breathless. I seized already in imagination the throat of the foe outside. I longed to engage in some contest to revenge myself for my previous inaction.

The further door of the parlor swung noiselessly open, and again I heard the stealthy steps and whispered voices. There were two of them as nearly as I could judge from their movements. I silently prepared myself for an engagement, threw aside my coat and steadied myself against the wall. They paused beside the table of flowers. I fancied I could detect the odor of heliotrope, as they brushed against it, and the mingled scent of roses and geraniums came wafted in by the breezes that swept through the half-opened parlor door.

"Hush," exclaimed a whispering voice, as one stumbled against the centre-table.

"Whew, this is midnight blackness," responded the other. "Is everything right now?"

"Yes; have a moment's patience."

"Half a dozen. You are sure you know the way?"

"Quite sure. That is a good joke."

"Well, I didn't know. What shall I do now?"

"Just steady yourself against the piano. I'll be ready in a moment. I want to manage it so as not to awaken any one."

"There is no danger. I suppose there isn't a soul down stairs."

"Well, no matter. They have sharp ears, at least."

"Hum! So this is the piano? Wouldn't I like to play one tune to astonish the household?"

"Be quiet. Don't you know—"

Here I made a sudden involuntary movement, which seemed to startle them both. The whispering voices suddenly died away, and for a few moments perfect silence reigned.

"Well, what are you about now? Haven't you found them?" said the uneasy spirit at the piano.

"No. Do be patient. Did you hear that noise?"

"Pooh, a mouse, or perhaps the cat. I say, any chance of a ghost in this dark place?"

"You are enough to provoke a saint. I wish we'd gone— Hush!"

"Now what is the matter. Plague take that cat of yours."

I had approached as cautiously as possible towards the threshold of the door. There I paused and listened with suppressed breath.

"Well, this is the strangest thing. I thought I could put my hand upon them."

"You're always so sure. I'm glad for once that you're mistaken. I suppose I might as well make myself comfortable here. At this rate you will be all night about it."

"O, here they are! Now be patient one moment more. There!"

There was a faint light in the parlor, and as I looked in, I saw one of the villains bending over the piano, his head resting upon his crossed arms. The other, a slight, compact figure, with dark hair, stood by the table, watching the growing light. I sprang like a tiger upon this latter, because it struck me that this was the chief villain.

"Robber!" I exclaimed, as I held him in my strong grasp.

He shook himself away, but I caught him again.

"What are you doing here?"

With one violent effort, one twist of his supple arms, he had not only regained his liberty, but entirely vanquished me. He held me now easily in his grasp.

"Rather, what are you doing here? Frank, move that light. Let us see what I have got here."

I wrenched myself from his grasp. Over went Mary's heliotrope, and its overpowering fragrance came drifting up as it lay crushed beneath our feet. Both Mary and her mother now appeared upon the scene of action, and took parts in the well-acted drama.

"For mercy's sake," said the latter, "what is the matter?"

"Matter enough," said my conqueror. "I have caught a thief."

I shook with indignation. "Madam," I exclaimed, "do not believe him. He himself is a robber, who stole in to possess himself of your money. There stands his accomplice."

"Ha," uttered the man, "this is getting rather serious. Frank, will you move that lamp?"

But Frank was unable to stir, being entirely overcome with laughter. His accomplice scowled at him, then turned to Mary:

"Mary, please move the lamp this way. I want to examine my prize. Come, he isn't very dreadful, after all."

She took up the lamp and timidly moved towards me. The light illumined the face of my captor as well as my own.

"O, Charley!" exclaimed Mary, and she put down the lamp and retreated a step.

Charley's handsome mouth broke into smiles, as he slowly released me. I believe I smiled too, as the whole ridiculous mistake suddenly became apparent to me.

Charley slightly shook himself. "I beg your pardon, Mr.—"

I hastened to explain that I had come home to my niece's wedding, and had mistaken the house for that of my brother.

"Clara wrote me about the house," I began.

"Clara!" exclaimed Charley, and he laughed.

Mary moved eagerly forward. "O, are you the uncle that Clara talks so much about? I thought—"

"You thought I was quite aged, I've no doubt," I added, feeling myself quite at home amongst these new friends.

"Well," said Charley, "I had no idea that my acquaintance with my venerable uncle that is to be, was to commence in this way."

"Nor I," was my reply, as we shook hands.

Thereupon followed an half hour's pleasant chat, in which Mary, her mother, and Frank joined. Next morning I walked leisurely towards my brother's house, entered, and surprised the family at breakfast.

"O, Uncle Bob," exclaimed Clara, nearly the first thing, "you ought to see Charley!"

"I've seen him," was my reply.

Clara opened her eyes. "And his sister Mary. She is splendid. Just the wife you want."

"Matches are made in heaven, Clara."

"Hush, I know you'll think she's splendid, and will fall in love at once."

"Well, I mean to." And I kept my word.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A SHADOW.

BY WILLIE WARE.

There's a shadow ever resting  
Where the sunbeams bright of yore  
Cast their golden beams so richly  
On our rustic cottage floor.  
Little feet no longer patter  
Up and down the oaken hall;  
Trembling tones no longer answer  
To the wood-dove's call.

Little fingers now do never  
Pull the roses round the door;  
Little feet dance in the clover  
On the lawn—no more, no more.  
Empty is the willow cradle  
Standing in the room o'erhead;  
The pillows lay there smooth, uncoiled—  
Little baby now is dead!

[ORIGINAL.]

## ALL FOR NOTHING.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

To have seen Miss Avenal as I saw her, one might have thought she had murder in her heart. Only that she could not bury a womanly lifetime in the little grave of one unwomanly moment—only that her sweet, strong nature could not wholly be quenched out of her face by an instant's pain and passion. I should have shrank from the sight of her white, fixed features in terror and disgust. The large clear eyes were set and fierce; over them gloomed her full brow, dark and knotted; her lips were drawn away in a cold smile from the fine white teeth, and even the slender hands falling by her side, half hidden in the thick folds of the brown silk dress she wore, shook with nervous thrills, as though longing for evil work.

She was showing me, unconsciously, a new phase of life and character. Never before, in my long knowledge of her, had I seen any shadows in those serene eyes, save such soft ones as memory might have flung back into their depths, from a sad but tender past; never any bitterness or scorn about the tranquil mouth—nothing but gentleness, gravity, sweet patience, or a cheerful hope in all the lines of her mild but faded face. And now how changed! What demon's hand had closed about her heartstrings? I shuddered at the transformation.

A few steps from her, Lucy, my Lucy—stood on tiptoe, holding with one hand to the shrubbery, and making ineffectual, graceful little leaps and springs, as she tried with the other to cap-

ture a great red rose swinging on a bough above her head. The wind caught the full white skirt of her muslin dress, and floated it out behind her into the walk where I stood, unnoticed. The mass of her yellowish brown hair fell backward on her neck. The sunshine shot a thousand golden tremors through its rich confusion. Her white, uplifted arm gleamed out of its drapery of lace like ivory, and as she threw back her head, I could even see (I was so near) the pulses beating softly in the warm snow of her throat.

She had done nothing to stir up malice in any human bosom. I could have staked my immortality on that. She would no more have wrought an evil to the weakest of God's creatures than an angel. Her innocent blue eyes were full of heaven's own light. By the changeful expression of her sweet young face, the poem of a pure heart was continually re-writing itself in new, delightful languages. Her smile was that of one who has tasted only the white honey on the surface of life, nor ever touched with shuddering lips the deep bitterness within the cup. Whatever wrong or sorrow darkened the paths of those about her, she was not wilfully the cause of either. With all a lover's rapture of ardent faith, I said it then. With many years most close and reverent reading of her blessed little heart, I say it now.

And yet it was on her Miss Avenal's strange glance was fixed. Was it my darling's throat, bare and slender, shook clear of its bronze-hued curls, that made the restless fingers tremble so—tempted to clasp and strangle it? What had my Lucy done? What evil spirit had she evoked—how troubled the calm waters of that tranquil life so fearfully?

Up, up, in frantic playfulness, heedless of her aunt's peculiar gaze, her light figure away like a lily—her cheeks flushing—her rich voice breaking the air into bubbles of silver laughter at every failure, Lucy still struggled for her rose—now clearing the ground altogether in her airy bounds—now poisoning on the toe of one little dew-moist slipper, as lightly as a dunshee.

A great bee, handsome in his vest of dusty gold, sailed round and round her head, and lighted finally on the flower she coveted. Foolish fellow, not to have chosen her mouth instead. He would, had he known as well as I how sweet it was.

"You mean, great, tantalizing, noisy bee!" she exclaimed, pouting; "to come and mock me like that!" And flinging back her hair for a more desperate trial, she sprang up, and with a triumphant cry, caught the branch and bore it down. With a solemn whirr of his lazy wings, the bee sailed off and left her to her victory.

I had forgotten Miss Avenal altogether, in my eagerness of watching her. A line of a fanciful little poem I had read somewhere the day before flitted through my mind, and murmuring softly to myself:

"You are tall and proud, my dainty love,  
But I have you now, said she,"

I was about to start from my concealment, when Miss Avenal's voice startled me.

"Lucy, my child, come here. I want you."

I turned instantly, and looked at her. Ah! she was her own good, gentle self again! The passion had faded entirely from her face. A glimmer like tears had put out the hot light in her eyes. Her lips moved, but it was a quiver of tenderness, not anger, that stirred them. Her two hands—quite harmless now—were reached out in a wistful way. The white throat was safe from any angry clutch of theirs. Lucy went forward slowly, her treasure in her hand.

"You were not meant to work so hard for your roses, dear, or you would not have them always in your cheeks. Don't be greedy." And bending forward, Miss Avenal touched her lips lightly to the pink bloom of Lucy's face.

Lucy laughed, and returned the caress; then taking from her waist a bouquet of white roses and heliotrope, proceeded to fasten her new acquisition amongst them.

"I wanted this for the central flower," she said, holding her nosegay off at arm's length to observe the effect, and tipping her arch face one side, as if that would help her.

"And you have it, it seems. But what do you want of another bouquet? You have pressed every vase in the house into service—cracked ones and all. The parlors look like a conservatory."

"O, this isn't for the house at all."

"What then?"

"Why, you see, I—that is we—we quarrelled last night, and I am going to send him this as a—" A bright blush finished the sentence better than words. Blessed darling! The bouquet was meant for me, then!

"A peace offering, eh? But it seems to me, it ought more appropriately to come from him, he being so much older."

"Not if I am the only one at fault—surely."

Sweet decision! she *knew* better.

"Perhaps not. But what have you tied it with?"

Lucy laughed, and put the flowers suddenly behind her, blushing more beautifully than ever. But I saw them, and knew it was a tress of her own rich hair, tangled like a sunbeam about the stems.

"Lucy, child, do you know—"

Miss Avenal's voice was low and unsteady. It died out hoarsely on the broken sentence. Lucy looked up wondering.

"What is it?" she asked, her own sweet, sensitive face reflecting on the instant the shadows that darkened her companion's.

"I will not ask, for I am sure you do not know what devil has been tempting me for the past few minutes, as I watched your face under the roses—the fairest of them all. O, I have been so wicked and so envious. I could have strangled you!"

Lucy shrank back, pale and horrified.

"No—you need not be afraid. It has passed. It will never come again—this awful feeling. Thank God, I am sure it will never, never come again. Do not shrink away from me. I shall not hurt you."

"But what have I done?" pleaded Lucy, in a sorrowful, choked voice.

"Nothing at all, child. Your only crime against me is youth and beauty. Your roses have outweighed my wrinkles, your golden hair my gray ones. That is all your sin."

"I do not understand you. You speak in riddles."

A little unnatural laugh broke from Miss Avenal's lips. "Do I? I trust experience may never give you a key to solve them with. But tell me, if you can," she added bitterly, "why one dimple of your pink baby chin, one thread of your bright hair, should win a man's heart so much more than long years of patient waiting and tender trust?"

Lucy looked still more surprised and frightened. For many a part I began to fancy the woman demented.

"I don't know what you mean, aunt."

"I suppose not. If your riches is my poverty, why should you know it, till I told you? Happiness is always selfish, isn't it? You are standing in my path, here, and your shadow shuts the sunshine away from me. Had you noticed it?"

"No," said Lucy, sweetly, stepping one side, in a meek, penitent way, as though the sin of standing there was heinous, and her bright young face, clear eyes and smiling mouth were not sunshine enough to golden any shadow.

"You love this—this man (was I so odious to her that she could not speak my name?) very much?"

"Yes, aunt—very much—with all my heart."

How solemnly and tenderly she spoke—my Lucy! Miss Avenal studied her face eagerly for a moment, and then turned away with a strong shiver that seemed to thrill her from head to foot.



"I thought so—I thought so. Is he worth *two* hearts—two whole, rich, undivided woman hearts like ours?"

What did she mean? I felt myself growing cold with apprehension. As for Lucy, she gasped for breath and clasped her little hands together in a maze of wonder and dumb fear.

"You are *sure* you love him?"

"Sure? I am not surer of my own soul."

"And I love him, too."

She—Miss Avenal—my senior by half a dozen years, at least—love me. A lightning stroke could hardly have shocked me more. And yet she said it with such a glow mantling her pale, proud face, such a fire flashing up to her gray eyes—as left me no chance to doubt. I was young, with a fresh face, a merry tongue, and a light heart. What had her grave, high nature found in mine to assimilate itself to? There were gray threads in her smooth brown hair—furrows in her forehead, and her cheeks were thin. Time had not dealt lightly with her. She had suffered, and suffering had not passed her by and left no trace. She had an intellectual head and a shapely figure. These were almost her only charms. And she loved me—by her own confession—*me*! But for the distress in both those pale sweet faces, I am sure I should have laughed outright, if only from pure nervousness.

"Understand me, child," she said, sharply. "I do not tell you this from any sudden sentimentality. You have your rose and I my thorn. I accept my destiny, not voluntarily, but because I must. Yet I shall not make a fool of myself, or waste my life in idle regrets. This is my last weakness. You have flaunted your gay rose in my face day after day, until I could not forbear showing you the ugly wound my thorn had made, knowing how your tender heart would bleed for me. I loved him before you ever dreamed of such a thing, but your pretty face is more than faithful love, your childish arts than my best truth, and tenderest devotion. Do not speak. Let it pass. Never mention this morning to me again. Never even let my secret look out of your innocent eyes in the time to come, to taunt me, or I shall hate you. Kiss me, and forget it all."

Until that moment I had not thought of my position. And I had been listening to a conversation that should have been sacred as heaven between those two women—and those two alone, forever. With a sudden shame scorching my face, I turned away and left them standing there in the sunshine, lip to lip. I walked, almost ran homeward—my thoughts all in a whirl, my face

burning. Miss Avenal in love with me! That stately, intellectual, pale woman, whom I had always treated as reverently as a saint, and thought of almost in the same way.

I rushed up to my room, and burst in with a frantic haste, that well nigh shook the door from its hinges. Who should I find inside but my Uncle John, coolly smoking a cigar, and turning over my daily papers, with his feet on my dressing table, his elbow in the crown of my new silk hat, and himself as much at home, apparently, as though it had been his bachelor's den instead of mine? He looked up as I entered.

"Why, Charles, my boy, what ails you?" he said, taking his cigar from his mouth, and eyeing me wonderingly. "I should imagine by the looks of your face that you had been to the tropics and back on the dead run this morning."

"It's nothing, Uncle John—only—only—you know Miss Avenal?"

The question was a superfluous one. They had been schoolmates together when children—friends ever after, and I knew it. I was indebted to him for my introduction, not only to her, but to her charming niece.

"Know Miss Avenal? Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"Is she—is she—sensible?"

He laid his paper down with a blank stare, that set me to laughing.

"Charles Harrington, what in the name of heaven ails you?"

"I want to know if your friend, Miss Avenal, is a sensible woman."

He rose up with an indignant kind of dignity that checked my laughter instantly. I thought he turned slightly pale.

"It seems to me that you might find a better subject for ridicule than one of your uncle's dearest friends—and a woman, too!"

"Indeed, I am in earnest, uncle."

"Explain yourself."

"Was she ever to your knowledge insane?"

He shook his head.

"She has one of those clear, cool brains that insanity never touches. Now if you have insulted her enough, I would like an explanation."

I tried to evade him—to pacify him short of an explicit statement of my meaning. But all to no purpose. He fumed about my room like a madman, and the more amused I got, the faster he stalked. His great black eyes flashed fire—his hands were clenched—he set his feet down in a kind of frenzy.

"Wait till to-morrow, Uncle John," I said, at last, as his demands became more furious.

"If I wait till to-morrow, I will have a right

to cowhide you before that time, if your explanation isn't satisfactory," he said, stopping short before me. "That is, if she'll give it to me. I intend to ask her to be my wife this very day."

"Miss Avenal—your—wife," I gasped.

"Yes—you giggling jackanapes. What is there in that, to set you gaping at me in that style? Do you think only young simpletons like you and Lucy ever fall in love and marry?"

"No—O, no!" I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said, in my confusion and surprise.

"But, Uncle Jehn, she—she won't have you!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I know so."

"How do you know?"

I drew myself up with a very important air.

"She is already in love."

"You lie! O, if it was only to-morrow!"

"If you don't believe me, you can ask her," I replied, stoutly. "I heard her tell her niece this morning, that she loved—"

I stopped, checked by an uncomfortable sensation that I was making a fool of myself.

"That she loved—whom?" thundered Uncle John.

"Me!"

There! I had said it. I could have taken a dose of arsenic the next moment in my self-disgust.

"You! Faugh!" But I noticed that he turned pale again, whether with rage or apprehension, I could not tell.

"Ask her, and satisfy yourself!" I exclaimed, in sulky self-defence. "I know it seems strange, but I heard her say it—I swear I did!"

"I will ask her—now—this minute—as soon as I can see her!" And he dashed out of the room.

What mischief might he not do, if he sought her in that frame of mind? I sprang after him, overtook him at the bottom of the staircase, put my arm inside of his, and coaxed him off for a two hours' walk over the hills. At the end of the time, I had persuaded him to think better of me, by relating all I had seen and heard that morning, and he had promised to ask Miss Avenal for her niece (I hadn't the moral courage, after what had happened, to do it myself), and then make his own proposal afterwards. He would insist upon it there was a mystery somewhere. I was to accompany him to keep him in countenance. We found them walking arm in arm up and down the piazza. Uncle John blurted out his errand almost before the greetings were over.

"I—I have come on an errand of great importance to all of us, Miss Avenal," he stammered, getting as red in the face as a school-girl.

The lady addressed looked at him furtively from under her downcast eyelashes, but made no reply. Lucy turned pale and then crimson, and shrank behind her aunt.

"I have come to ask you for the hand of your niece, in marriage, for—"

"I anticipated it," she interrupted coldly. "You have my consent—my full and free consent."

If anything would have led me to doubt that her consent was full and free, it was the fact that she considered it necessary to say so. My uncle ahem-ed, and didn't seem to know what to say next. I pinched his arm.

"Ask her when?" I motioned with my lips.

"When?" he asked, mechanically, after me.

"O, any time—it makes little difference to me—so Lucy is satisfied."

"We—we—couldn't we have two weddings at the same time, do you think?" gasped my worthy relative again, and I saw a cold perspiration start out on his forehead, as he stood awaiting her reply. For myself I am free to say my teeth chattered. She did not speak. She only flashed her great gray eyes wide open, and looked at him.

"There are four of us," he suggested, modestly.

Her glance wandered to me. I saw her lip curl.

"You don't think I would marry—"

She hesitated out of politeness, I thought.

"No, I didn't think so—I only hoped it," replied Uncle John, meekly. "I know I am not half worthy, but I have always esteemed you above all other women. I thought perhaps—perhaps I would not be utterly repulsive to you."

"You—you," she exclaimed, her voice softening. "In the name of mercy," she added, her face kindling and brightening like the sky after a storm—"who is it, which of you, I mean, that wants Lucy?"

"Why, Charles, of course! who should it be?"

She held out both her hands.

"I—I thought it was you, Mr. Gardner."

He took her hands in his. A dim comprehension of the truth flashed upon me. I looked at the ground. The ground didn't please me. I looked up at the sky. Did ever looking at the sky make a man's face so hot before? I looked at Uncle John—at Miss Avenal. They were absorbed in each other, and did not notice me. I looked at Lucy—offered her my arm, and sneaked off down the piazza steps into the garden, feeling very foolish and ashamed for a man that was so happy.

"They both had tears in their eyes, Charles, and did you see him kiss her?" Lucy said, as we went down the path together.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY J. HOWARD WERT.

There sits a damsel angel  
Upon a gorgeous throne;  
Far up the brilliant orb  
Of heaven's azure zone:

Far up above the rainbow,  
Above the star of night;  
And far above the Brahma god's  
Most daring thought or flight.

And there he sweetly sings  
For aye and evermore;  
And smiles upon the race of men,  
As fabled gods of yore.

This is our guardian angel,  
Who daily wings his flight  
Upon the pinions of the day,  
To bless Elysium's height.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THREE MONTHS WITH THE SAVAGES.

BY W. B. CLINTON.

THE beautiful town of Lancaster, in the county of Worcester, Massachusetts, is one of the loveliest spots in that delightful region. It stands upon the soft-flowing Nashua, and commands an extensive prospect. Latterly, its situation has attracted great attention, being singularly airy and healthy. Looking at the peaceful town now, it would seem almost impossible that it was once a peculiar mark for attack, and that the scenes enacted in its streets and lanes were of so terrible a character. In Philip's war, when only fifty families were resident, there were at least fifty killed at one time; and on one occasion, all the inhabitants left the town on account of its insecurity. When King William's war broke out, the French and Canadians again made Lancaster the scene of devastation; and in the wars between France and England, and, indeed, until 1810, the town enjoyed but a few brief seasons of repose from the horrors of war in some shape.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning in July, 1699, the family of Peter Joslyn were preparing to attend church. The household consisted of Joslyn, his wife and three children, and Elizabeth Howe, his wife's sister. A part of his house was rented by a widow lady who lived alone. Just as the first stroke of the bell rang out upon the clear summer air, Joslyn's tenant, who occupied the upper rooms, came rushing into his apartment, with a face from which every particle of color had fled.

"Fly, fly, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "Let us each take one of the children. The Indians are coming!" She caught up the second child, who was her favorite, and turned to run, but sank fainting upon the floor.

Joslyn was a brave and courageous man; but looking around upon so many who seemed utterly helpless, almost unmanned him. With a moment's reflection, however, came the thought that, if they did not attempt to escape, their doom, judging by the past, was sealed, he aroused the fainting woman, and half leading, half carrying her, he led the way to the barn, followed by his wife and children. Here he hid them beneath the hay, and went back to the house to find his gun and load it, hoping to intimidate the savages, should they approach.

He was too late. The lock, from long disuse, had become rusty, and it took so long a time to get it in order that the enemy had already entered his premises, and were surrounding the house, thus cutting off all communication between him and his family. Joslyn stationed himself at a hole in the wall of the house, scarce large enough to peep through, eagerly watching for some opportunity to escape, in order to give the alarm to the inhabitants who had entered the church by this time, as he supposed, the bell having ceased its ringing.

Could he but steal out unnoticed, he and his family would be safe, for a very short run would bring him to the church, and every man there, in all probability owned a musket, and the Indians could easily be dispersed, if not actually taken. He imagined it possible that, upon finding no one in the house, they might proceed to some more available point for their murderous purposes. He closed the door of the little dark room into which he had fled, fastening it securely with his jack knife, until he could form some plan to escape the foe. His eldest child was not at home, having, fortunately, as he thought, made a visit to some relatives.

The Indians entered the house quietly, so quietly that Joslyn hoped they would soon leave without any noisier demonstration. He was mistaken. Their voices were soon heard in loud, and it seemed, angry discussion. Just at that moment, the father heard his little Mary shriek out, the child having probably been awakened by their noise.

That shriek was the signal for their death-blow. With a wild whoop, the Indians followed the sound. Joslyn feared the result of their search, but he knew that if he went out, his own life would be the forfeit, and he had some lingering hope that the others might yet be saved.

Alas, when at length he saw from his loophole, the savages descending the hill from the barn, the sight of poor Elizabeth, whom they were carrying away, almost unmanned him. She had hidden from terror. He did not wait for them to be out of sight before he ran to the barn. He called softly to his wife. No answer came, and he rushed up the stairs. What a spectacle met his gaze! There lay all his family, murdered by the ruthless foe, and with them, the poor woman who had been so eager to save his little Mary! All but Elizabeth—and she had met with a fate to which theirs might be a happy one in comparison. The Indians had, it seemed, discovered her hiding-place, in a closet. Sick at heart, Joslyn wandered around his house, unable to compose his mind enough to call for assistance until meeting was over. Then he hailed a solitary man who passed, and who instantly returned to summon the inhabitants, who little dreamed that such an event could happen while they were quiet at church.

If human sympathy could have healed the wounds of Peter Joslyn's heart! But no. For weeks the unfortunate man was deaf to all the suggestions of his friends, persisting in remaining in his lonely house, and refusing to allow any one to comfort or console him. At last a kind neighbor went for his child, who had gone away to her mother's friends, before the terrible catastrophe. Joslyn had never asked for her, but they judged the sight of her would arouse his feelings, and perhaps enable him to bear his loss more patiently. What was their horror at finding that the child had already left three weeks before! She had taken the same track by which the Indians left, and had undoubtedly been murdered by them. Subsequent inquiries left no doubt upon the subject.

On the day of their return, the minister, Mr. Whiting, entered the house of the bereaved man, and sat long with him. When he left him, Peter Joslyn knew that he was childless; but grief had done its work so effectually before, that he seemed not to notice the additional bereavement.

Meantime, the sufferings of Elizabeth Howe, in being thus torn away from her dead sister and her children, were inexpressibly severe. She believed that the Indians had killed her brother-in-law before they entered the barn. Despair seized utterly upon the poor girl, and she allowed them to carry her along without a struggle or a tear. Had she studied to win the admiration of her captors, she could not have more effectually gained it.

Arrived at the Indian camp, she was treated

with marked attention, which, indeed, she seemed not to value, being wholly absorbed in her misery without the power of giving it vent. It was not that she feared her captors would murder her—death would have been welcome, had she been capable of any sensation. As it was, she neither feared nor wished for it. A cold and sullen indifference possessed all her faculties, and she sat, with folded arms, apparently as calm and stoical as the beings with whom she was surrounded, without a thought of escape, or a single feeling of anger against her enemies.

Elizabeth Howe had been a gay, lively girl, the life and spirit of her sister's household, the delight of the children and the favorite of the whole neighborhood. Many a youth, among Lancaster's bravest and best would have liked nothing better than to have had an opportunity to rescue the damsel, avenge her wrongs upon the Indian tribe, and receive her hand as his reward. One only, however, had ever received any token of her recognition of his attachment.

This was young Philip Littleton, who had been her lover so long ago, that neither of them could remember who was the first to tell it to the other. At the first news of Elizabeth's capture, Philip was perfectly frantic. He had been greatly disappointed at not seeing her at church that morning, and was impatient for the meeting to close, that he might ascertain what kept the whole family from their usual attendance. He hastened to the house, and was the first to find Peter Joslyn, who was still gazing upon the remains of his murdered family.

His first thought was of Elizabeth, although as he looked upon the man's bitter anguish, so deep and silent, he felt condemned for thinking of one who, at least, did not lie there, and who in all probability had escaped. As it was, he did not mention her name, but sat down and fairly cried with the broken-hearted man before him.

When the neighbors came to do the last offices for his dead, Joslyn moved slowly to the house. He shuddered as he went in; but when they had placed the remains upon a bed, and the calm look had come back to the poor dead faces, he took his seat beside them, and no persuasion could induce him to come away, or even wet his parched lips with water. Poor, stricken heart! It was indeed a heavy load to bear—"all his pretty chickens at one swoop."

No one knew Elizabeth Howe's fate. Philip heard the friends all wondering what had become of her. Some thought she had hidden herself from fright—others that she had been killed and left in the woods; but no one dared go to

search for her. Philip alone suspected that she had been taken captive. The horrors of this thought were far worse to bear than would have been the sight of her dead form. He resolved to ascertain her fate and, if need be, to die in giving her death or freedom. Yet alone and unaided, what could his single arm do against a horde of wild savages? No, it was not by force, but by stratagem, deep and subtle as their own, that he could hope to release her.

Philip Littleton was almost alone in the world. He had known neither mother nor sister—his mother dying soon after his birth. He felt thankful now that he had neither, in these perilous times, when no household was safe from invasion from the savages. He had no one, therefore, to leave to their mercy if he should go away, and this he resolved to do. On the following morning he was missing from Lancaster, and no one knew where the brave, pleasant young man whom everybody liked, had gone.

Wandering from one tribe to another, with a small knapsack of tools upon his back, Philip always found himself welcomed by the Indians, who were glad of the many little ingenious contrivances which he made for them in lieu of their clumsy articles. They always treated him well, gave him plenty of provisions, and willingly set him on his way to another camp, where he could serve their brethren as he had done them.

Twelve weeks had passed away, with as little delay at each camp as he could possibly make without exciting suspicion, and in no one had he found Elizabeth. Still he pressed on, determining to find her if living. One morning, after a night passed in the woods, with the dry leaves rustling around him, for it was now autumn, he emerged from them to an encampment of Indians, just at the outskirts of a small village. As he marched fearlessly into the camp, and did not seem at all intimidated by their appearance, armed as they were, they showed no signs of dislike to him. He was soon seated among them, employed in some little manufacture that seemed to please them highly. They gave him food and drink, and appeared quite satisfied, and even anxious to have him remain with them.

Philip knew, before he entered the camp, by a single glance over it, that some women were at a little distance, employed in cooking. He dared not look that way now, but awaited his opportunity to do so when the Indians were not observing him. Delighted with the acquisition of such an ingenious mechanic, the chief wanted him to promise to stay with them always. Philip smiled and shook his head, pointing backward towards his home, but consented at last to stay.

For, while sitting there, with his head bent down over his work, he had caught the far-off sound of a voice that was like the sweetest music to his ears. It came from the direction where he had seen the women when he entered; but he must school himself to hear it without betraying any emotion, and he bent still closer over the article he was fashioning. They watched him so closely that he found no opportunity of looking again for more than an hour. When at length a deer sprang across the path before the entrance of the camp, and every Indian rushed quickly upon his track, Philip cast his anxious gaze upon the scene beyond.

Beside an old squaw stood a tall, slender girl, with long auburn hair hanging over her shoulders; a face still fair, although unscreened from the sun, and feet whose beautiful shape repaid the gazer for any lack of shoes or stockings. A thrill ran through his veins when he looked at her. His heart told him that those curls, that shape, were Elizabeth's! After his long and weary wandering, he had found the one treasure of his life. He would rescue her or die!

That night the contents of Philip's brandy flask flowed freely among the savages. They slept heavily indeed. As yet no word had passed between the lovers; but when the last Indian had fallen down helpless, Philip seized the gun from his side, while Elizabeth drew a saddle from beneath the cliff's head; and with light steps and lighter hearts, they retraced the path to Lancaster upon the swiftest horse belonging to the tribe, Elizabeth, with her arms around her lover's waist, and her hand pressed closely in his own.

At the first village, at daylight, they aroused a good old couple at a lone house, and procured breakfast, and a more suitable dress for the poor, half-naked girl, and then leaving the Indian's horse for a much less valuable one of their host's, they again set off, and arrived at Lancaster to surprise the whole town with the sight of the long lost.

Still, by that pleasant town, roll the blue waters of the "Nashaway," still are the names of Howe and Joslyn, of Littleton and Whitcomb, as household words; but no longer does the name of "Indian" thrill through the heart with a sensation of terror and affright.

#### AN INFANT.

Beautiful thing!—thou art come in love,  
With gentle gales from the world above,  
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,  
Bearing our spirits away from this,  
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies  
Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies;  
Winning our hearts by a blessed gulf,  
With that infant look and angel smile.—DOANE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY E. BROWNSON.

Sleep, my baby, sleep!  
Thy mother can but weep;  
But weep o'er all the crushing woe,  
Which Heaven forbid that thou shouldst know;  
And bitter are the tears I shed—  
Tears for the living, not the dead!

Had I but seen him laid to rest,  
Where wild flowers waved above his breast,  
And thought his spirit safe in heaven,  
And with its frailties all forgiven,  
Such grief as this I had not known—  
He lives, but we are all alone!

Ah, baby, he we love so well—  
Love more than words of mine can tell,  
Has coldly turned from us away,  
Along sin's downward path to stray;  
And we, of hope and joy bereft,  
Alone and friendless we are left!

O, little could I dream of this,  
In those bright hours of winged bliss;  
I made an idol then for me,  
And dreamed that nought could nobler be.  
But ah, the dream has passed away,  
I find my idol was but clay!

Sleep on, my child, and take thy rest!  
No cankering care disturbs thy breast;  
'Twere well if thou couldst always sleep,  
And never learn to wake and weep.  
Hark to the night-wind's dirgelike moan:  
My child, my child, we are alone!

Alone, O God! and can it be?—  
Hast thou, too, turned away from me?  
Do all the prayers that I have brought  
Before thy throne avail me nought?  
Be still, rebellious heart, be still;  
He knoweth best—it is his will!

[ORIGINAL.]

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY H. M. MILLER.

"I MUST look this dreadful thing firmly in the face," murmured Helen Bond, throwing herself into a large arm-chair by the fire, in her own room.

"Now, Nelly, be brave," she went on, soliloquizing. "Whatever happens, you must be strong-hearted. Your dear mother is in very delicate health—you must take the hardest of this burden off her shoulders. Your little brother and sister are young—you must take care of them. Your dear father is broken down, and trembling under this dreadful misfortune—you must cheer, encourage, help, be *all* to this stricken

family. You must not shirk your duty. You must be brave."

She drew a short, painful breath, and tossed the falling hair from her forehead. A dreadful weight oppressed her—she could scarcely breathe—there was one point she feared to think of.

"Nelly," she began again; but this time the voice was low and trembling, and broken by an occasional sob—"Nelly Bond, you know you are not lovely—you know you are small and plain. You know that now *he* loves you, blessed, happy belief, that will be all the joy of your future lonely life, for you know you must not marry him. Hush, don't cry! It is not alone that your father who was wealthy, has failed. It is not alone that your duty bids you stay with your family, who cannot spare you. It is that you fear he would repent some day; that you know his wealthy family would despise you—small and plain, and poor; that he, when the first freshness of love was off, might perhaps wish he had married more beauty or more wealth. And you know, Nelly, that would be worse than to give him up now. Yes, give him up, that is what you must do. Go and look in the glass, if you fancy he could love you always. He is tall and splendid; he has glorious eyes! O, I will think once more of him, for the last time. He has soft, brown, curling hair—you have one precious little lock of it, Nelly. He has a broad, open, manly brow—O, you have pressed loving lips to it—never again. His arm is strong and caressing. His heart is noble and warm. His intellect is grand, quite above you, little Nelly. He is kind, good-tempered—he would make any wife happy. You know you love him dearly, dearly; never so much as now, when you are going to leave him. You know you would rather die than go away from him; but you must be brave—you must tell him to-night."

"How's my lily of the valley, this evening?" said Robert Haring's cheerful voice, as he entered the drawing-room an hour later. "It looked a little drooping last night."

"It is well again, Robert," was the low, sad answer.

"Why, how is this?" he said in surprise, as he took her in his arms, and saw her white face. "Nelly, darling, what is the matter—what has happened?"

"Nothing—don't ask me, Robert—I will tell you soon."

He held her close to his heart, and murmured tender words of endearment and sympathy. She could not stand that, she never could tell him while he talked thus. She began abruptly:



"Robert, you are a gentleman?"

"I profess to be so. What ugly pill have you got for me to swallow after that?"

Her head drooped on her bosom, and her voice was trembling as she went on:

"I am going to tell you something that will make you—make you angry with me, and I want you to remember all the time that you are a gentleman, and must not urge me to give reasons."

"Angry with you? What do you mean? Not ask reasons? Nelly, you have a dreadful purpose; out with it, I can't endure suspense."

"Will you—will you be kind?" she faltered.

"Nelly!" reproachfully. "Was I ever unkind to you?"

"Never, never, Robert! You have been the kindest, dearest, best—" She broke down utterly, covered her face and wept. He drew the hands away, he kissed her tenderly, he looked fondly into her tear-dimmed eyes:

"Now, Nelly, my heart's darling! you are cruel; do tell me what this means."

She drew herself out of his arms. "Nay, Robert, let me go, I can't tell you there—" She sank on the floor at his feet, and holding one of his hands, pressed it fondly to her quivering lips. Steadying herself by an effort, she spoke at last. "It means, Robert, that you and I have a trial before us; it means that I—that we must not hope to be happy any more."

"Nelly!" he leaned over her excitedly. "You don't mean that you wish to break our engagement—that you refuse to be my wife?"

She bowed assent, but could not speak.

"Nelly, you are mad! Why should we not be happy? What earthly obstacle can you raise? I will wait if you wish, years, but why may I not hope to claim you some day?"

"O, don't ask why, Robert," pleadingly.

He walked the room distractedly a few moments, then came and sat down by her, and said, firmly:

"Nelly, there is but one thing which shall induce me to give you up, if you do not love me."

"O, Robert—I—dearest Robert—my God, what can I say?"

"Nelly, is it—do you love some one else?" he said, hurriedly.

"Must I—must I let him believe a lie?" thought Nelly. "He will hate me then; yes, it is better." She nodded again.

A moment's silence, then his voice, but broken, fell on her shrinking ear.

"Nelly, I was very happy in my dream. You have shattered the purest, the brightest, the best hope of my life. I would have made you hap-

py if I could; but I did not mean to pain you, dearest," he said, tenderly, as she lifted her despairing face one moment to his, then let it fall again on her clasped hands. "You have made me very happy in the past, and I pray God to bless you, and make you happy with him you have chosen!"

He rose to leave, but Nelly sprang forward imploringly:

"Robert, will you—will you kiss me once more?"

He held her a moment in a convulsive embrace, kissed her passionately many times, and placing her fainting in a chair, he rang the bell, and left without a word.

Three years had dragged wearily away, and near the close of a sunny day in spring, a noble ocean steamer was ploughing its way through the tossing waves, within sight of New York. The passengers had collected on deck, and happy hearts beat high with joyous anticipation. One alone seemed not to share the general pleasure. He stood unmoved and gloomy, apart from the crowd, gazing on the steeples and buildings of the city, every moment becoming better defined.

"I wonder if I can trust myself to come back, after all," he thought. "The sight of New York, the memory of the happy hours I have spent there, brings her and my crushed hopes so visibly before me, I fear I am not strong enough yet; I fear I have not firmness to see her a wife."

His meditations were interrupted by a cheerful, familiar voice:

"Mr. Haring, is it possible?"

Looking up he met the eyes of an old friend, a New York lady, and the blood rushed violently to his heart as he remembered that she had been Nelly Bond's most intimate friend in the happy past. He took the hand she extended to him, and they fell into conversation about mutual friends.

Miss Spaulding, who had been sick all through the passage, had been absent from home only a few months, and consequently could tell Mr. Haring much news about old friends. All the marriages, deaths, and changes were spoken of, finally, in a voice which he tried hard to steady, he asked:

"Who did Miss Bond marry?"

"Marry! You should know best of all the world that she will not marry."

"I? She sent me away—how should I know?" burst from his lips.

Miss Spaulding looked searchingly into his thin face, the deep mournful eyes looked beseechingly at her. She was moved to pity.

"Mr. Haring, excuse me if I am intrusive, but did you not know the reason she sent you away?"

A pang swept over his face. "She told me she loved another."

"It was not so, Mr. Haring; if she told you that, it was to hide the truth."

"What was it?" he gasped.

"She had some extra-fine notions of duty, honor, etc., and she sent you away because her father had failed."

"Failed! I did not hear of it; but I left the next day."

"Yes," she began passionately, "you did not stay to see why your heart-broken little Nelly gave you up; but I know—I know—but I have no business to tell," she said, suddenly checking herself.

"Miss Spaulding, if you can say anything that will give me hope, have pity for a wretch."

"You do look desolate and hopeless, and I believe I will tell you."

"Do, do!"

"Well, I know this, that if Nelly Bond ever loved you, she did when she dismissed you, and I never wish to see such a pale, crushed girl again, as she was when she left the city."

Mr. Haring could not speak, and she went on musingly:

"I am somewhat worried about her; she had not written to me for some time, when I left New York, and I fear they are very poor."

"Where are they?"

"They live in Baytown, Wisconsin; they left New York a few days after you did. Mr. Bond took a farm; I imagine they have not succeeded."

"Poor Nelly!"

"You may well say that. The agonies she suffered the day after you left were dreadful—she was perfectly insane—she raved and called for you, she begged you to forgive her, to take her back. It was heart-rending to hear—if you had been in town I should have sent for you—I was with her. But she was a brave little thing; when she came to herself she turned to me, her lips were white and her eyes sunken. 'Josey, has he really gone?' I said 'Yes.' 'That is right,' and she shuddered as if with cold, covered her face and did not speak again."

Mr. Haring covered his eyes with his hands, but his unsteady lips disclosed his emotion.

"I tell you all this," she said, softly, seeing his grief, "because I see you so hopeless, because I want to assure you that she loves you; and you must go to her and make her happy, in spite of herself, if it is not too late."

"I appreciate your motive," he replied, as

soon as he could speak. "I shall take the first train West, and you may safely trust her future to me."

"I have no doubt of it," she answered, brushing away a tear. "I thought it false sentiment in Nelly, that sent you away."

"She might have trusted me," he said, in low tones.

Baytown was a little village, of some dozen houses, scattered through one of the pleasant oak openings that relieve the monotony of our western prairies. It boasted of but one store, and one hotel, or tavern, as it was called. At the western end of the one street, stood a desolate-looking cottage. It had evidently been a pretty place, with its little garden in front, and yard full of beautiful oaks; but now neglect had done its worst, the little garden was full of weeds, and the whole place had a deserted look.

One afternoon, a few days subsequent to the above conversation, a gentleman walked hastily up through the yard, and approached the door. It was ajar, and thinking he heard faint sobs, he paused a moment, then gently pushed it open, and entered. The room into which it opened was very plainly furnished, and the same air of neglect prevailed that he had noticed without. On a low seat, in the further corner of the room, sat a young girl, her head bowed in her lap, and her form convulsed with emotion. Robert Haring could not see the features, but the sunny brown hair, the attitude, were familiar to him, and he softly closed the door and drew near.

"Nelly!"

Such a hopeless look as turned on him from those large brown eyes, quickly changing into joy, as with a cry that seemed to come from the depths of her heart, she sprang into his open arms. He held her fondly to his heart, closer, closer, as though something might yet separate them, while he murmured words of love and tenderness, long banished from his lips. His eyes filled, and his heart grieved to see the pale, sad face, and the dreary eyes, as though the owner had looked deeply into some terror. The wasted hand, the plain dress, and humble surroundings, told the tale he had feared to learn—poverty, perhaps suffering.

"O, Robert, is this really you?" she managed to say, after a gush of tears.

"Is this you, you poor little shadow, you drooping flower?" he answered, pressing her convulsively to his heart.

Nelly suddenly bethought of their changed relation, and with crimson blushes she endeavored to leave his arms, but they held her tight.

"Nay, little one, I shall not so soon relinquish my newly-recovered treasure; I want to talk to you, and *do* rest there, Nelly, it makes me so happy."

She resisted no more, and after a little silence he continued in a low tone:

"Nelly, why could you not trust me, in your affliction? Why did you send me away when most I should have remained to comfort and assist you? Why, darling, did you let me think you loved some one else?"

No reply from the weeping girl.

"Nelly, was I not worthy the honor and blessedness of being of use to you? Had I proved myself so base? Did you think I could forget the little flower that had nestled into the warmest corner of my heart, so close that the attempt to dislodge it would break the heart to pieces? Nelly, such great rough fellows as I, when they have once been blessed with a pure, true love, when their heart has opened and enshrined one image in its deepest recesses, can never forget, can never tear that image from its place, can never, *never* admit another. Nelly, I thought some better man than I, some one more skilled in winning hearts, some one who was accustomed to, and knew how to please ladies, had won this fluttering little heart away from its rough but loving keeper. It always seemed wonderful to me, that your gentle heart could cling to me, therefore I was ready to believe it had changed."

"Robert, don't speak so; you are far too noble, too good for me. And you compare yourself with those dandies! We like a great, manly nature to cling to. It was no such great virtue in me to love you; any woman whom you loved must—"

She broke down in confusion, and covered her face. A softness came into his dark eyes, and gently drawing her hands from her face, he looked deep into her eyes.

"What is it that any woman whom I love must do? Speak, Nelly, you tell your own fate. Must she love me? Must she promise to be my wife, very soon? Will it make her happy to know that for three dreary years I have thought and dreamed only of her—that I have spent them abroad trying to forget her, and that at last I have come back, and without stopping an hour in New York to see my parents, have rushed out here, only to hear my fate once more from those dear lips? Will she understand it all, when I tell her that until within three days I thought she was the wife of another? O, Nelly, Nelly, is there a place for me still in your heart? Will you take me back there?"

"Robert," she whispered, with blushes, and eyes downcast, "you have always been there; you—I have always loved you"

He drew her closer, and kissed her passionately. "O, Nelly, we shall be happy yet!"

A bitter memory crossed her mind, and her face grew white and sad, as she drew away from his arms.

"Robert, I must tell you who it is you seek now."

He drew a stool up to her feet, and took his seat thereon.

"There, Nelly, let me sit at your feet as of old, and now you may tell me everything."

Nelly shyly put her little hand on the heavy masses of curling brown hair, as she had been wont to do, in the olden time, and gently stroked it back from the broad open brow. Her lips trembled, and tears filled her eyes as she began:

"We have a small farm here, and my father has tried to work it, but he don't know how very well—his men have taken advantage of him, and every year he has done worse. This last year the crops all failed, and we had no other resource. His distress of mind brought him on to a sick bed, where he has lain two months. It is now time to be planting, he can't leave his bed. We can't get men to work for us, of course. This makes father worse—we are alarmed about him." Her voice was choked and broken as she continued. "Mama is worn out with nursing, and—and other things—and she can scarcely keep up. My little brother and sister are helpless, and I have tried to keep up courage. But to day I was in despair; I could see no ray of light—before us I saw only gaunt terror, and a horrible death." She hesitated a moment. "Yes, Robert, you shall know all. I feared—I dreaded—" Another pause, after which she spoke in a hurried whisper, "We have not had any food to-day!"

He sprang to his feet. "Nelly! Great God, is this true? Is it so bad as that?"

He walked the room excitedly a few moments, then came and sat again at her feet, taking both her hands, and looking earnestly into her face.

"Now, Nelly, I know this is no time to urge my claims, but I want—you must give me a right to be of use; I want the right to cherish my darling, to attend to your father's interest. I want to give you the power to minister to them. Don't look proud, darling; you know that all mine is yours, and you will give me the happiness, won't you? Nelly, you once promised to be my wife, you must redeem the promise, you must let me send for some one who can unite us, and there must be no delay, it must be to-day."

"Robert, not to day!"

"Why not?"

"O, I don't know; it is so sudden—"

"Nelly, your family will not let me help them; it is only you from whom they will accept aid. I want to give you the power, don't refuse me."

"I won't, dear Robert," she said, softly, turning her dewy eyes away.

He thanked her in a mute glance, and then seemed to be troubled by a new thought. He walked the room again, finally returned to his low seat, and said, softly:

"Now, Nelly, take pity on me; teach me how to do what I am longing to do, but fear my blunt way may wound your sensitiveness. Tell me, darling."

Her eyes drooped, and a deeper color flushed her cheek, as she murmured:

"I will not be sensitive, Robert."

He enclosed her in his arms. "Thank you, thank you, little true heart. I will leave you now; but in an hour I shall return with a clergyman."

She sank on her knees as he closed the door, and buried her face in the sofa. This change from despair to joy was too sudden, it overwhelmed her. A short time ago plunged in the depths of misery and dreadful foreboding; now flushed, happy, in one hour to be his bride. And now, now holding in her hand, where he had placed it, the means of comfort and relief to the loved ones! At thought of them she rose from her knees, and went out to give them joy.

Twilight threw its warm light into the sick room, softening the harsh reality, and casting a quiet charm over the little family, gathered closely around, while Robert Haring received his trembling, tearful bride from the hands of her father.

Three o'clock struck. Robert Haring had just finished writing several letters, which he had made his excuse for watching with the sick man. When the last was sealed, he turned down the night lamp, and threw himself on a lounge. A door behind him opened, and Mrs. Bond entered.

"Mr. Haring, you must take a little rest; I will relieve you now."

"Indeed, I am resting. I insist upon your having one good night's rest."

"But, Mr. Haring—"

He gently took one of her hands and pressed it in both of his; she looked down on him.

"Mother," he whispered.

"My son."

"Will you treat me as such, mother? Will you call on me as freely as though I had been

born what the man of God has made me to-night—your son?"

"God bless your noble heart, my son, I will!"

"Will you allow us the happiness—Nelly and I—of doing for you what you would accept from her alone?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then, mother, tell me what I can do for him; tell me your dearest wish. Do," he added, as she hesitated, "do give me this pleasure. He is not a farmer, tell me what I can do that he will accept?"

"My son, I will respond frankly to your generous offer. He is not accustomed to farming, and I think, we have often said, that if he had a little capital, he could do well with a stock of goods in the next town."

"Thank you, mother, you have made me happy; now give your son a good-night kiss, and take another nap before morning."

She stooped and pressed a kiss on his forehead, whispering:

"God will reward you, Robert, for your kindness to us."

It was broad daylight before Nelly came out of her room, fresh and rosy.

"Robert, I did not mean to let you watch all night, but I overslept myself."

Robert seized her, and kissed her warmly. "I should have sent you back, little wife, if you had come out. I had plenty of offers of assistance. Your mother wished to relieve me, but I was obstinate, and wouldn't be relieved. Nelly, your father has slept well, and now I'm going to help you. Tell me where to build a fire, and see how useful I shall be."

Nelly remonstrated, but it was of no use. He persisted, and she was obliged to accept the raw "help," whose blunders amused her, and brought the long-banished laugh to her lips. When the fire was ready, and the tea-kettle on, she hesitated, blushed, and seemed embarrassed. He saw the light cloud, and catching her in his arms, he questioned:

"Now, Nelly, what is it? Tell me truly, darling, do you—shall I go out and get something for breakfast?"

"O, Robert," hiding her face on his shoulder, "I can't bear to have you do such things."

"Nelly, I am not half so good as my little wife, and she has done it, I dare say, and now," he added, laughingly, "a married man ought to know what is necessary for breakfast; but I haven't the least idea. Make out your list—" He took out pencil and paper. "Well, Nelly," he said, in such a business-like manner that mechanically she began to dictate.

"Tea, black tea."

"Black tea; go on."

"Sugar, milk, eggs, butter, and bread."

This was all he could get her to name. Taking his hat, he went out at the kitchen door, and took his way to the only store, while Nelly stood at the window, weeping and laughing by turns. Arrived at the store, he astonished the worthy proprietor by first purchasing a large basket, and then filling it with every imaginable thing he could see, that a family could use. When at last it could hold no more, he took it on his arm and started back.

"Dear Robert," said Nelly, cheerfully, with her eyes full of tears, "you make an excellent errand boy, I think I'll keep you."

"You've got me, for life, Mrs. Haring," he replied, gaily, "and I thought I might as well get my hand in."

"Nelly," said Mr. Bond, that evening, as she sat by his bed, engaged in sewing, "I have had an offer to go into business."

"Have you, father?" with a blush.

"Yes, your husband offers to furnish means for me to open a store in G——, shall I accept, little Nell?"

"O, yes, papa, accept as freely as he offers; it would hurt him to have you refuse."

"It is very galling, daughter, to be an object of charity."

"I know it, dear father," Nelly whispered, putting her arms round his neck, "but think what would have become of us, if he had not come; and remember that if the situations were reversed, you would wish to help him."

"You are right, daughter, and I have one comfort in it."

"What, papa?"

"That he is indebted to us for one blessing that money could not buy, and that will be the light and joy of his home, as it has been of ours."

Nelly hid her tearful eyes, and no more was said.

But there was one cloud that would sometimes cast its shadow over her horizon. Nelly Bond was mortal, that is an indisputable fact, and even when his loving arms surrounded her, and she could hear his true heart beat, and his warm breath stirred the curls on her brow, and his dear voice whispered of the home they would have in New York, the thought would arise in her mind:

"How shall I look in his mother's drawing-room with these coarse shoes, this plain print dress? Robert will be mortified, and that will kill me."

Robert Haring—although, as he said, not much accustomed to ladies—was a close observer of the clouds and sunshine around one little lady, and he did not fail to notice these light shadows that swept over the usually sunny face that he loved. But he would only smile to himself, and say nothing. And his triumph came. One morning the stage, which was the only travelling conveyance into Baytown, stopped before Mr. Bond's door. A large trunk was lowered, and the vehicle passed on. The trunk was carried into Mr. Haring's room, and the family, supposing it to be his clothing, thought no more of it. Nelly, who sat by the window, sewing, did not look up, for it brought her own deficiencies painfully into her thoughts.

"Nelly, come here," said her husband's voice, quietly.

She went, and was clasped in fond affection to his breast.

"Nelly, little wife, will you never learn to trust me with your troubles? Did you think I would let my darling be mortified? Did you imagine I would take you among proud fashionables, with these plain dresses, which, although suitable for this place, and pretty, and becoming, are very different from those you were wont to wear in the happy old days? Did you think I did not see? I know not how it may be with other men, but I notice everything you wear. Now, Nelly Haring, see here!"

She looked. The trunk was marked, "Mrs. Robert Haring." She hid her crimson face on his shoulder, and he continued:

"This is your husband's present, and here is the key; I received it yesterday, in a letter."

"O, Robert," she exclaimed, "who—"

"O, nobody knows but your friend, Josey Spaulding. I wrote to her the night after our marriage, telling her you knew nothing of the fashions, and could not procure even a shoe, such as I love to see on this little foot. I told her to do as she would be done by, and now let us see what she has sent."

The trunk was opened, and found to contain a full and complete outfit, from the dainty boot to the pretty travelling hat—everything made up that could be, and directions for the making up of the rest. Nelly could only cry for a little while. When she could speak, it was to whisper, as she put her arms timidly round the neck of her husband, "Dearest Robert, you are so good, so thoughtful; this has been a trouble to me."

"Don't you think I could see that, little pet? Now I want you to have a seamstress here to-morrow, for in one week from to-day I want to take my wife home."

[ORIGINAL.]

## BY THE LAKE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

DEDICATED TO LIZZIE.

BY ISA AMEND EBERHART.

So very bright were the waters before us,  
 Cloudless and blue was the sky above,  
 Beautiful spirits seemed hovering o'er us,  
 Pouring out moonlight and love;  
 Surges were waving white plumes in their play:  
 Were not our young hearts as happy as they?

Under the waters the pebbles lay dreaming,  
 Laving their lips in the lake so clear;  
 Shells in their snowy robes brightly were gleaming,  
 Murmuring, "Angels are near!"  
 Waters were wooing the stars from the sky:  
 What were we doing—my Lizzie and I?

Over the glassy plains vessels were gilding,  
 Breezes were sleeping in sails of snow;  
 Angels the beautiful breezes were guiding,  
 Telling them gently to go;  
 God was caressing the world in his love:  
 What wert thou doing—my Lizzie, my dove?

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TWO BULLETS.

BY LIEUT. C. W. ROSS.

It seems but a few years since we were meeting, in our daily walks, the old, gray-haired remnants of that great and terrible struggle that eventually brought us, as a nation, into the glorious freedom we have so long enjoyed, and which, God helping us, we still mean to enjoy. Many are the tales told us by these old veterans, of the stirring times that tried the souls of men—ay, and of women too!

My own mother—who is still living, at the venerable age of ninety—distinctly remembers many incidents of the Revolution, although at its commencement, she was a little girl, scarcely five years old. These, kept alive in her memory, by the oft-told stories of older people, are not yet forgotten; and it is but a short time since I heard her relate one of them, her still beautiful dark eyes beaming with animation, and her withered cheek flushed with a bloom almost like youth, as she brought up the memories of long ago.

The cannon still reverberated, far and wide, along the shores of the Atlantic. Every town and village that was accessible from the ocean, was roused into warlike life; and the farmer left his plough, the fisherman his net, and the mechanic his tools, eagerly arming themselves with such strange, unwonted implements as they could

find, and donning garments of most unmilitary hue and shape. Ah! but they were brave hearts that beat within!

All the ludicrous incidents—and they were many—all the curious and sometimes ridiculous expedients to procure the scanty means of warfare—the strange mingling of the loftiest with the lowliest—the absurd and comic provincialisms of dress and language, all fell away into utter insignificance, forgotten or unnoticed before the majesty of that great, solitary principle of pure patriotism that filled and animated all—making them as one soul—one high and heroic spirit, pervading all things, and to which all other circumstances were not only subservient to, but actually lost sight of.

A calm, serene morning was that of June 4, 1775, as it rose over the little seaboard town at the eastern extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The sea sent its waves softly and tranquilly to the shore, and all nature seemed to slumber in almost a Sabbath stillness. Old Andrew Winslow was up early, and out in his field, hoeing corn. Every now and then, the old man would hold a conversation with himself upon the probabilities and possibilities of the war.

"There's gran'ther's old English rifle," said he, "that's bin up in the garret so long. That would do for Ebenezer to carry; and as for me, why, I'm too old, I spose, but then I don't know as I could be spared away from home. Ruthy is gittin' old, and she could not take keer of this big field. Well, well, we mayn't have to go, but I'm dubious that we shall."

"Uncle Andrew!" shrieked a female voice, close at the old man's ear. "Uncle Andrew! there's a British vessel out in the bay, and father says it is going to fire on the town!"

The speaker was a young woman, the daughter of Ebenezer Winslow, Andrew's younger brother. The old man dropped his hoe, and ran across the fields to his own house to find the rifle for her father; while the girl thoughtfully took up the hoe and went to work. A fair, comely girl was Sarah Winslow, with a cheek like the sunny side of a peach, and eyes of a soft gray, a mouth that could smile or pout as occasion required, and a stout, healthy figure.

"We shall have to use the hoes and rakes this year, I reckon, if all the men have to go; and I'll take my first turn this morning, though I am dying to get the news."

And the young girl actually subdued her natural curiosity and boed until the warm sun gave too rich a glow to her cheek and forced her to run back to the house. Her father had gone! The old rifle had been rubbed and oiled, and



Ebenezer Winslow had joined the band of many-hued uniforms. Sarah shed a few tears, but "wiped them soon," and went about her usual work, while Uncle Andrew resumed the task of the morning. Occasionally, she exchanged a word or two with the men who passed through the farmyard, taking a short cut to the harbor in their way from the villages forming the lower portion of the town. The few organized militia companies had turned out and had gone to the sea-side, but these were straggling volunteers, in garbs that, at a less serious time, would have provoked shouts of laughter. One youth had mounted himself upon a colt, to carry the alarm to Sandy Bay, five miles distant; but, just as he rode up to the farmhouse, intending to take the cross road, the skittish creature threw him fairly into a bed of nettles, and the boy took to his heels as the safest mode of travel.

Arriving, breathless, he swallowed a cup of sage tea, which a good old patriotic lady steeped for him—her principles denying her the luxury of the taxed article—accompanied by a large section of custard pie; washed his bare feet, now sore from briars, and, quite refreshed, was all ready to join the company who had been arming themselves hastily; their armory being Deacon Woodbury's barn.

As the brave Sea Fencibles marched, or rather, ran to the town, every window was crowded with women and children; and a few of the least frightened women had followed the soldiers, determined to learn the worst. Among these last, was a lame girl, who was assisted along the road by a kind neighbor, who was slacking her own steps to accommodate her own little girl and those of the cripple. An old woman, named Thankful Millett, kept in the rear of the three, occasionally making her observations upon the times, and pretending to know much more about them than her unassuming neighbors—never allowing any one to think that she was not capable of answering all questions.

"All the company have 'S. F.' on their knapsacks," said the crippled Miriam. "What can that be for?"

"Land sakes!" said Aunt Thankful, "was you brought up in the woods, Miriam Joslin, that you don't know what that means? Why, it is for 'Sandy Bay Fishermen.'"

"Is it really? Well, how much you know, Aunt Thankful! Don't you feel afraid?" said the girl, shrinking as she heard a heavy sound of firing in the same direction in which they were going.

"Feared? no, what on airth should I be feared for? Isn't the Lord bigger than the British-

ers, Miriam, I'd like to know? and wont he protect his own children agin them?"

"But the Britishers—aren't they his children too!"

"Bless your soul and body, child! nobody but a poor, pitiful, mean-spirited cretur like you would ask such a question. *His* children! no, they're the devil's own, and they'll have to go home to their father. What on airth are you laughing at, 'Siller Jones? Is it *me*?"

"No," stammered poor Priscilla, hiding herself behind her mother, who was supporting the lame Miriam.

"No *what*?" retorted Aunt Thankful, with a raised color, "when I was a gal, I had to say 'no *marm*' to my elders—but I believe manners is no account now-a-days."

By this time, they had reached an opening where they could hear the noises from the town. The bell from the old meeting-house tower rang out in the summer air; its sound brought to them by the western breeze, now just springing up. The Sea Fencibles quickened their pace. The women followed, except poor Miriam, who could not get up the long hill, and kind Mrs. Jones and Priscilla waited for her.

"Good enough for her," muttered Aunt Thankful. "Cripples have no business out, training days." The old woman attacked every man who passed her, with questions about the "Britishers." Some answered her respectfully; others only laughed, giving her mischievous replies and loud laughter, at which she rebelled decidedly.

"Dreadful sollum times these," she said, to Mrs. Adams, who was coming up the hill with her; "dreadful sollum times, specially for them that has own folks fighting. Do tell me, Miss Adams, if anybody gets killed in that scrimmage, if his widder gets pay for him? What is it they get after a soldier dies—*pinchens*, isn't? Judy's husband is there and I'd like to find out."

Mrs. Adams did not know, and Aunt Thankful went on. "Maasy sakes, how faint I'm gittin'! I am going right up to Rachel Witham's. She'll ask me to dinner, I know. Well, good-by, Miss Adams. I raily wish you had somewheres to go."

"O, I am engaged to go to Mrs. Witham's myself. She sent for me this morning to stop awhile with her, and I am just going. She is a dear friend of mine."

"Goodness me! how providential! you can just tell her I am a friend of yours, as I don't know her much. It's peaky lucky you are going there."

Mrs. Adams would gladly have been excused

from taking such a person to her friend's house, but there was no help for it. They found Mrs. Witham in the full tide of cooking. A large boiler over a great wood fire gave out the steam of salt meat and vegetables, and the oven was full of smoking loaves of bread.

"A nice biled dish!" whispered Aunt Thankful, as Mrs. Adams passed her when the latter had pinned up the skirt of her long gown and was stepping briskly round to help her friend.

Outside the house, a hungry troop had assembled, who had come far without any breakfast, and the two women were handing out to them bread and meat which they received in their hands, eating heartily and paying the hostess as much as she would accept. While they were doing this, Aunt Thankful was helping herself to pie, meat and cake; so that when the table was laid out for Mrs. Witham's friends, her appetite was partially appeased. Flushed and heated, the hostess went up stairs to change her dress.

She stayed there some time, combing her pretty light hair, smoothing down her dark blue calico gown, and putting on her black morocco shoes. Then she went to the closet to hang up the wet and soiled dress she had taken off. She came out and gave one look in the little mirror hanging over the white toilet table, when some dreadful shock threw her to the floor. It was like a mighty earthquake—the sound that shook the floor as she fell. All the women below seemed to have set up one grand chorus of screams. Mrs. Witham heard it, and, finding herself unhurt, she plucked up courage and rose up to ascertain the cause. As she turned around, she saw that the side of the room was torn away, while, rolling upon the uneven floor of the closet, was a huge cannon ball. Her dress which she had just hung in the closet, was torn, literally, to rags.

She ran down stairs. The women had all dispersed, running from the house, except Aunt Thankful, who was in convulsions. Mrs. Witham searched the old woman's pocket for a handkerchief to wipe her face, and out came the cakes and doughnuts, enough to last her a week. That day, Rachel Witham's hospitality was tested well. Men came and ate at her table, whose wives, living in full sight of the bay, could take no thought, save for the English vessels seen there.

The old church, the largest in all Massachusetts, was situated exactly opposite that part of the harbor which Lindsay, the commander of the English vessel, chose to enter. When the alarm was given, the bell gave out the response, in tones that swelled across the shore, to his loyal

ears awakening a passion which nothing but the demolition of the church could appease.

"Fire away, my men!" he cried out. "Down with the old sloop!" and forthwith, the cannons were fired; one bullet taking effect in the side of the church, and the other in Mrs. Witham's closet in the street beyond. I may relate *en passant*, that the one found upon the church floor was re-inserted in the wall, and remained there until the house was taken down in 1825.

During this scene, Mercy Witham, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Witham, was absent at Salem. This young girl was engaged to Silas Thompson, a private in the Sea Fencibles; and, with her mother's consent, would be married whenever the war would be over. Poor Thompson was very unhappy at this time. Mercy had become acquainted with a young English lieutenant in Salem, and the result was that she received his attentions, which meant nothing but an effort to pass away his idle time. But his foreign manners and military rank were very attractive to the simple village girl, and her letters were full of the "brave hero" as she called him, although he was called a poltroon by the whole regiment. His whole air betrayed the coward; and the act most vividly remembered was his entering a house where there were only little children, and stealing a basket of eggs and other provisions.

And for him, poor little Mercy Witham was well nigh forgetting the honest love of Silas Thompson. But she, poor girl! was awakened most cruelly, by her English lover's own voice. Most unintentionally, she was a listener to a conversation in which her name was mentioned, and she could not resist hearing the rest. She heard him say to a brother officer, that he was amusing himself with a little simpleton, and that his engagement with another would end in marriage when the war should cease. She sank down upon her knees by the window whence she heard it, and thanked God for her fortunate escape from such a heartless wretch.

She went home that very day, without the knowledge of any person save the relative she was visiting. At the entrance of the town, she met the lad who was charged with arousing the Salem people to the rescue of her native town. Her companion stopped the chaise and questioned the boy. His answer made her heart stop its beatings. Lindsay firing upon the town and Silas Thompson's arm taken off by one of the balls! Her own mother's house injured! O, with what pleading eyes she begged to be driven home fast! How long the way seemed, and how she longed to throw herself out of the chaise and

run! She felt that she could outstrip the horse. At dark she arrived, most unexpectedly to her mother, but most welcome.

"Where is Silas?" were her first words.

"Up stairs, dear, where the ball struck. Where should the poor boy be, but with us?"

There were tears, sobs and confessions in that room, when the wounded arm was healed. The past was all pardoned, however, and Silas Thompson patiently bore the loss of his arm, since Mercy's heart was his once more. Long before the year had waned, there was a wedding in the old house that Lindsay had marked, and poor old Aunt Thankful hinted in vain for an invitation. Mrs. Witham kept the remnant of her torn gown as long as she lived.

#### JAPANESE MARRIAGES.

A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese is, that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to show that a woman is married or a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child, to plant a tree in the garden or courtyard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires, to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes, to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please; marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.—*Travels in Japan.*

#### PECULIARITIES OF GENIUS.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles; Balzac's favorite amusement was that of making crayons; Rehaute loved to wander from shop to shop to see various mechanics at their labor; Montaigne found a playmate in his cat; Cardinal Richelieu delighted at playing at leap-frog with his servant; Pope wasted his time in trying to paint; Politan was never so happy as when singing to his lute; the ingenious physician, Dr. Harrington, only lived when vociferating catches and glees; Dr. Arne's greatest enjoyment was in writing poetry; Rousseau relieved his literary studies with the alternative of composing melodies; and Philidor was even a greater chess-player than a musician.—*Home Journal.*

#### WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

In St. Foix's Historical Essays on Paris, it is related that just as the body of William the First was going to be put into the grave, a voice cried aloud, "I forbid this interment—when William was only Duke of Normandy, he seized this piece of land from my father, on which he built this abbey of St. Stephen, without making a recompense, which I now demand." Prince Henry, who was present, called out to the man, who was only a common farrier, and agreed to give him a hundred crowns for this burial place.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.

In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good-by, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good-by, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her, and in two days she was no more.—*The Plague in Italy.*

#### TO AVOID CATCHING COLD.

Accustom yourself to the use of sponging with cold water every morning on first getting out of bed. It should be followed with a good deal of rubbing with a wet towel. It has considerable effect in giving tone to the skin, and maintaining a proper action in it, and thus proves a safeguard to the injurious influence of cold and sudden changes of temperature. Sir Astley Cooper said: "The methods are—temperance, early rising, and sponging the body every morning with cold water, immediately after getting out of bed, a practice which I have adopted for thirty years without catching cold."—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

#### A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A Siberian bride is required, on arriving at her husband's house, to invite guests to a dinner that shall prove her quality, and upon which, in fact, her future reputation will depend. It must be prepared by her own hands, and both to herself and her parents' shame will be the consequence, if she be found deficient. If her dinner prove a triumph, it will recommend to honorable notice, not only herself but also the family in which she was so soundly trained.—*Russian Life*

## RULES FOR OMNIBUS-RIDERS.

When you stop an omnibus for the purpose of taking a seat inside, keep it waiting a few minutes while you finish your conversation with some person whom you are about to leave on the sidewalk; for then you show your regard for those in the stage, and convince them that your time is as valuable to you as theirs is to them. When you get in, seat yourself so as to take up room enough for two persons, that when another one enters, he will be obliged to sit in the lap of some one else, or squeeze into half a seat, to the great annoyance of two or three persons. If you are long legged, throw one of your legs over the other, and lean back in a comfortable attitude; you will thereby be enabled to rub the mud from your boots, on the pantaloons of your opposite neighbor, and by changing the position of your legs, you can clean both boots in the course of a mile's ride. If you do not like to sit in that posture, and care nothing about the condition of your boots, stick your feet across under the opposite bench and "lay off," as though you were going to take a nap; and if there is a handsome young lady in the stage, *keep your eye on her*. She will most likely turn her head from side to side to avoid your eye, but you must keep up your stare with vigor and perseverance; for, instead of being offended with the impertinence of your vacant, idle, stupid gaze, she will consider herself highly honored as the "observed" of such a beautiful young man.—*Railway Times*.

## HAPPINESS.

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

## ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.

Singing birds, if we would narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, and exhibit the most romantic attachment. Not a movement of their master or mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of the cage when called for, or to sit on the finger and sing when requested. A single movement of the head or expression of the eye will accomplish this; whilst the reward of a bit of hard boiled egg, or a morsel of loaf sugar, will cement an intimacy terminable only by death.—*Audubon*.

There is philosophy in the remark, that every man has in his own life follies enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Whilst in the Missouri territory, and not far from the banks of the river, a bald eagle perched upon a tall and blasted oak, attracted my attention. It was in the forenoon, and he viewed the sun with an unblinking eye. Whilst I was admiring the strength of his form, and the majesty of his aspect, a wild turkey flew from a neighboring tree, and lighted on the ground. The eagle immediately pounced upon his prey; but ere he could effect his object, the turkey was shot. I might too have killed the eagle, but admiration and awe prevented me. I felt he was the emblem and inspiration of my country, and at that moment I would not for ten thousand worlds like ours have cut a feather from his wing. There is something wonderfully impressive in the nature of this bird; and it is not surprising that the Romans were devoted to it. When quite a lad, I mortally wounded an eagle, supposing it to be a hawk. It was a half hour before it died, and during this time my heart was filled with mingled emotions of regret and awe. I felt as though I was witnessing the last moments of some meritorious hero, who had fallen upon the hills of fame. The noble bird fixed his eyes upon me, and without a single blink, supported the pangs of death with all the grandeur of fortitude. I could not endure his aspect. I shrank into my own insignificance, and have ever since been sensible of my own inferiority.—*Estwick Evans*.

## THE HINDOOS.

One of the odious features of the Paganism of India, is its opposition to the re-marriage of Hindoo widows. The polygamy system renders this class of females very large; and, shut out by absurd custom from forming again the marriage relation, they are driven, from want or other causes, into most debasing courses of life. Hence a prolific source of licentiousness. But a bright day is dawning. Some of the most influential Hindoos themselves are rising up against the odious customs of their fathers, and against the above-noticed one in particular. A prominent native gentleman in Madras lately addressed a large audience of the most respectable native Hindoos in favor of the re-marriage of Hindoo females. His speech was most warmly cheered and applauded. He made a bold and effective appeal, which had the greater power, as he proved from the Hindoo shaster that the prevalent system of excluding from social life all young widows, while almost children, into a life of loneliness and servitude, unless they run into licentiousness and become abandoned, as they too often do, is not a part of Hindooism, and ought to be renounced. The speaker was right in reference to Hindoo holy books; they do not justify the abomination the speaker denounced; and a good work he did in trying to open the eyes of his countrymen to it. We look upon this effort of that influential Hindoo as foreshadowing a great change in the moral condition of a large class among the female population of India.—*Boston Traveller*.

## PRECEPT WITHOUT PRACTICE.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,  
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

FROM THE HINDU.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MEET NEVERMORE.

BY ARTHUR MACNEVIN.

I'm sitting, bathed in moonlight,  
 In my little attic room;  
 The stars are looking on me,  
 Around me all is gloom.  
 Shadows fall  
 Upon the wall,  
 And methinks I hear a voice  
 That spoke to me of yore;  
 A voice of love and friendship true,  
 A voice I'll hear—O, nevermore!  
 I hold my breath—  
 'Tis still as death;  
 No sound falls on mine ear,  
 Save the falling of a tear—  
 A pearly tear.  
 Slowly it stole down my cheek,  
 And fell upon my folded hands;  
 That tear methinks was seen  
 By one in other, brighter lands.  
 The thought brings comfort to my heart,  
 And other tears begin to start,  
 And slowly, very slowly roll  
 Down my cheek,  
 As solemnly and slowly as a soul  
 Passes from this world of woe  
 To that bright land of bliss above,  
 Where the Master, meek  
 And lowly of heart, and full of love,  
 Sits on his Jasper throne,  
 Before which angels bow.

I am alone—all alone;  
 For one I loved, loved more than life,  
 Is a dweller now  
 Of that bright world above,  
 Where all is peace and love;  
 And the cold winds moan,  
 In a pitiless tone,  
 "You will meet your love,  
 Your friend of yore,  
 On this mundane shore  
 Nevermore,  
 Nevermore!"

And my heart wildly beating,  
 "As my lone watch I'm keeping,"  
 Echoes "Nevermore—  
 Nevermore!"

When the moonbeams whisper,  
 In a siv'ry tone,  
 "Alone—all alone;  
 But the day will dawn  
 When thy heart so forlorn  
 Will meet thy love  
 On heaven's shore,  
 And happiness will hover  
 Around thee evermore!"

And the stars meekly whisper,  
 "Happiness evermore—  
 Evermore!"

A jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then partakes of it.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SELF-CONVICTED MURDERER.

BY WILLIAM S. CARTARET.

I HAD been practising medicine about six years in the beautiful village of Brandon, when I was one day called to the bedside of a friend, who had been severely attacked by an acute inflammatory disease. He was 'a boarder and lodger at the house of a widow lady, a Mrs. Clement, who with her only son had lately come to live among us.

In a few hours my patient was so far relieved as to make it practicable for me to leave him. I did so, but returned in the evening, and spent the night with him. He slept a good deal, and my own rest was not very much broken. A little before two o'clock, while I was lying awake, waiting to hear the hour strike when I was to give my patient some medicine, I heard some one moving about very stealthily in the room above me. Presently I heard the door of that room open, and then I heard some one coming slowly and noiselessly down stairs, and going out at the back door as quietly as possible.

I did not feel any particular curiosity to see who this nocturnal wanderer might be; but it was now time to administer the potion to my friend. I therefore sprang out of bed, and went to the matchsafe to get the means of striking a light. In doing so I passed the window, and hearing a gate softly open, I looked out to see who it was.

The moon was shining brightly, and I saw Richard Clement, the widow's son, in the act of shutting the gate through which he had just passed. He did it very cautiously, and then, after taking a rapid survey of the house, he walked quickly away towards the village. Mrs. Clement's house was about a quarter of a mile from what was considered the beginning of the main street of Brandon.

What on earth could Dick mean to do at such an untimely hour? He was a very lively youth, and had even the reputation of being "a little wild;" but I had never heard him accused of being actually dissipated. Not much was known about him, however, the period of his residence in Brandon having been so brief. I hoped most sincerely that he was not meditating any serious mischief, for he was the sole treasure of his mother's heart, and should any evil befall him, it would add incalculably to the weight of troubles already too heavy for her frail frame to bear unscathed.

Let his object, however, be what it might, it.

was certainly no concern of mine; I therefore administered the medicine, and went to bed again, dismissing the matter from my thoughts as far as possible. I slept a while, but very imperfectly, and then, finding that my business with Morpheus was over, for that time, I rose and dressed myself.

While I was thus engaged, a noise, borne in upon the still night air, attracted my attention. I looked out of the window, and again saw Richard Clement passing through the gate, coming in, this time. His hat was thrown back, and the moon's rays descended full upon his face, which was pale and agitated. What had he been doing? Why was he thus moved? A presentiment, or at least a dread of some terrible evil weighed heavily upon my spirits. Though in reality less than an hour, it seemed almost an age till daylight.

As soon as I could, I left the house, and walked rapidly homeward. Early as it was, I soon perceived that there was some unusual excitement among the people. Many who on ordinary occasions would have been snoring in their beds at this hour, were up and abroad, collected into little groups, or hurrying about as if in quest of information. Some were talking and gesticulating with great vehemence, while others were listening with every mark of intense interest. Approaching one of these groups of earnest talkers, I inquired what it was that seemed to be thus attracting the attention of everybody.

"Bless my soul, don't you know?" cried old John West, the tanner.

"No, Mr. West," said I, "if I had known I wouldn't have asked."

"Well, then, you have got something to hear that will make your ears tingle, I promise you."

"Then make them tingle—tell me at once."

"It's just about the last thing that you would ever guess, if you were to spend a whole day a-trying."

"Then why don't you tell it?"

"O, it's terrible—it's terrible to think of! Shocking, shocking!"

"But *what*? What is shocking?"

"Who would ever think of such a thing happening in a quiet, peaceable place, like this? I declare—"

"Are you determined that you won't tell me what I want to know?"

"I'm going to tell you. I was just a-saying how very—"

"Good morning."

Finding that I could get nothing out of that party but interjections and exclamations, I

turned my back upon them, and addressed myself to Peter Wall, the carpenter, who was just coming up, and requested him to tell me the news. Peter opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter three words, John West, who had followed me up, began to talk still louder and faster than the carpenter. The latter, however, had no idea of being put down in that way, so he began to talk still louder and faster than West, till it was impossible to hear an intelligible word from either of them. When I left them (as I did at once) they were in a fair way of getting into a fight about the honor and glory of haranguing an individual who was beyond the reach even of a speaking trumpet.

A few rods further down the street, I encountered Billy Mulligan, the shoemaker. He, too, was brimfull of the news, so full that, like his neighbor, the tanner, he boiled over in exclamations and comments, without giving me the least idea of what they were all about.

"See here, Billy," said I, "I want to know what this is that seems to have addled every shallow pate in Brandon. I have been trying to find out for half an hour, or more, and I am no wiser now than when I began my inquiries. I won't listen to another word till you tell me."

"Why, bless your heart, I didn't suppose there was a single—"

"That's not what I want to know, Billy. Tell me, in two words, what all this commotion means."

"Why, you must surely know—"

"That there are plenty of fools in Brandon? Yes, but that's no news. I've known that this many a year. Good morning, Billy."

"Stop, stop! Here comes Mr. Spanner. It was at his house, so he must know all about it."

Mr. Spanner was reputed to be the richest man in or about Brandon. He was the president of the bank, and of the insurance company, and had once been in Congress. He ought surely to be able to give a plain answer to a very simple question. I therefore asked him the same question which I had been fruitlessly propounding to others ever since I entered the village.

"Well, doctor, I can very soon give you as much information on the subject as you will be likely to receive from any one. Last night, or rather this morning, between two and three o'clock, I was waked suddenly out of a sound sleep, by a cry, coming, I thought, from the chamber of my ward, Mary Lane. I listened attentively, for some time, but there was no repetition of the cry. At length, however, I heard some one moving outside. Thereupon, I sprang out of bed, and hastened to the window. Just



as I reached it, I saw a man leaping over the paling of my front yard. He put his hand on the top and sprang over, though the yard gate was open."

"And do you know who it was, Mr. Spanner?"

"Well, that is a question which I don't care to answer till it becomes absolutely necessary, though I suppose there is no way to avoid it in the end."

"You do know who it was, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, I may as well tell you that, though I will mention no names for the present. The moon was shining brightly, and I had a distinct view of the man's features, though he was running rapidly. I watched him till he was out of sight. I then put my head out of the window, and looking along the front of the house, I saw a ladder standing against the window of Mary's chamber. I dressed myself hurriedly and hastened to her room. The door was not locked; in fact the lock had been out of order for some time. I pushed it open, and saw the poor girl lying on the bed, weltering in her own blood. She had been stabbed to the heart, with a knife or dagger, and the bed was saturated with the crimson torrent. She had apparently lain down and gone to sleep when but partially undressed. One of the windows—that against which the ladder rested—was hoisted. She was still living when I reached the room.

"Great heaven!" I exclaimed, "who has done this?"

"She turned her eyes upward, and feebly but distinctly pronounced the name of the man I had seen escaping from the house. I was about to ask another question, but before I could open my lips I saw that she was dead."

For a minute or two I was silent. Astonishment and horror made me dumb. At length I asked where the ladder came from.

"It was my own ladder," said Mr. Spanner, "and had been brought from the barn. Something had frightened away the murderer, apparently; at all events he was in too great a hurry to remove the ladder. That is all I know of the affair."

Mr. Spanner bowed and passed on. I moved away slowly in the opposite direction, hearing nothing of the comments which were made around me, or rather hearing without understanding them. I was horror-struck—stunned—sick. Poor Mary Lane had been a great pet and favorite of mine. She was a beautiful girl, a charming girl in every way, and that she had really met with such a violent and bloody end, in the springtime of her youth and beauty,

seemed too horrible to be believed. I could not realize it.

And Richard Clement, the poor widow's only son, her joy, her pride, her all—could he have committed such a deed? It must be so. It was impossible to doubt it. And what, great heaven, what was to become of the wretched, wretched mother?

Richard was known to be one of poor Mary's suitors, and more favored, it was thought, than any other. In fact, they had been "engaged." There was no doubt about it. But Mary Lane was an heiress, and Richard Clement was poor. Her guardian, Mr. Spanner, interfered, and the affair was set aside, in some way. What dread secret lay beyond the public gaze, what incentive to blood, and guilt, and misery, no one knew; it might be that no one would ever know in this lower world.

While I was slowly walking homeward, I met another group of Brandonites, who were of course discussing the all-absorbing topic. They accosted me, and some questions were asked and answered. Suddenly one of them said:

"There comes Jack Seaver. He knows more about this bloody business, if he chose to tell it, than any man in Brandon, unless it is the murderer himself."

"More than Spanner?"

"Well, I can't say how much Spanner does know—"

"Nor Seaver either, I take it."

"Well, Seaver knows who killed Mary Lane, don't you, Seaver?"

"No, I don't."

"Come, come, Jack, you'll have to speak out, and you may as well do it first as last. The people will know who is the murderer; and murder him too, may-be."

"But I don't know who the murderer is, I tell you. I never said I did."

"Pooh, pooh! you know what I mean. If I see a man crawling out of a bed-room window at three o'clock in the morning, and a bloody corpse is found in that same bed-room five minutes afterwards, I am justified in calling that man a murderer, even without the dying declaration of the victim herself, which is sure to come out between this and sundown."

"Did you see a man getting out of the window, Seaver?" asked I.

"Yes, sir, I did; and I s'pose I'll have to tell who it was, though I'd rather take the worst whippin' any man ever got than do it. I do wish I had never said nothin' about it."

"It's too late for such wishes, now, Jack," said the first speaker. "Tell us all about it."

Seaver cut off a tremendous wedge of tobacco, and began to chew it. This seemed to fortify his resolution, somewhat, and he at length said :

"Well, well, I know Mr. Spanner saw the man, too, and he would tell if I didn't; so I'll tell you all I know, and that's not much. I had been kep' up at the mill very late—I don't know how late it was, but it was a long ways arter midnight, anyhow. I was a hurryin' home, and just as I turned the corner, at Sol Smith's store, I happened to look over towards Mr. Spanner's, and I saw a man a-crawlin' out of a second story window. He had a lather sot up agin it, and he clumb down the lather, very fast, but very easy like, as if he was afeared somebody would hear him; and when he got to the bottom, he started off to run, and tuck the nearest way, and jumped right over the palin's, though the yard gate was standin' open. I saw that he was a-comin' straight towards me, so I stepped back behind the big willow tree, at the corner, and he passed on, without seein' me, and in a minute or two he was out of sight."

"And who was he?"

The question was asked, eagerly, by five or six, in one breath.

"It was——"

"Well?"

"It was—*Dick Clement!*"

Every man recoiled, as if he had received a blow. No one but myself had any idea of what was coming, and they all seemed stunned by the unexpected shock. Before any one spoke I left them, so that I do not know how they received the news. Before night, however, there was a great deal of feeling, a great deal of indignation among the people generally, in Brandon and the neighborhood.

Richard Clement was quite a popular young man, as far as he was known; but in fact nobody knew much or cared much about him, as he had been in the place but a short time. He was a very handsome youth, and was best liked, I thought, by the feminine moiety of the population. Before the close of that day, however, his name was hardly heard without an execration accompanying it.

For the present, at least, I determined to say nothing of what I had seen at Mrs. Clement's. I was very loth to speak of the thing, unless as an imperative duty; and I could not see it in that light, when I reflected upon the result, and saw that my testimony could only be cumulative in its effect, even if I could prove as much as Seaver could, instead of having nothing more within my ability than the mere suggestion of an additional

probability. And I had no doubt, too, that Mr. Spanner himself knew as much as Seaver—perhaps more—and would tell all he knew when the case came up for trial.

The beautiful girl whose life had been brought to so horrible and untimely an end, was the ward of Mr. Spanner, and had been an orphan from childhood. She was a step-daughter of one of his deceased sisters, had no relations, and was both a beauty and an heiress; and though not yet quite nineteen years of age, she had already had many admirers among the beaux of Brandon. The most favored of these, it was believed, was Richard Clement, the widow's son.

Richard was a very handsome young man, with very agreeable manners, and Mary had apparently been pleased with him from the commencement of their acquaintance. But he was poor, and it was hardly to be supposed that the guardian would be as well pleased with him as the ward. The fact is, the former opposed the young man's wishes very decidedly, and it was reported that he had succeeded in breaking off an engagement between them after it had lasted but a few days. It was also said that Richard and Mary had last parted in bitter anger, and that the young man had been heard to utter threats of vengeance, which were now remembered, most seriously to his disadvantage.

After breakfast I returned to Mrs. Clement's. My services there were much needed, for I found the unhappy woman in a worse condition than my sick friend. The officers of the law had just left the house with Richard in their custody. My profession had already brought me into contact with many forms of grief, and many phases of suffering; but affliction like that of this poor mother I had never beheld, never even had any adequate conception of. For many hours I despaired of her life. The terrible shock seemed to paralyze all her energies at once. A moral sirocco had swept over her, and had well-nigh dried up the fountains of life in its passage. For ten or twelve hours, during which I only left her long enough to examine the body of the murdered girl, the balance of mortality hung poised so equally that it seemed as if a feather's weight would have depressed it in either direction. I pitied her from my inmost soul, and watched over her with all the care and skill of which I was capable, till it became evident that her destiny was still to live and suffer, at least for a time.

It was faith in her son's innocence, and the hope of being useful to him, I verily believe, which enabled the stricken mother to recover in some degree from this terrible prostration. She

never doubted him for a single instant, and it grieved me to the heart that I was unable to acquiesce in her passionate assurances that it was not possible for Richard to be a murderer. I could not see how it was possible that he could be otherwise.

He was examined immediately after his arrest. The feelings of the people were now thoroughly aroused. Popular indignation ran high against the prisoner, and there was at one time imminent danger of his being "lynched." Mr. Spanner and others, however, addressed the crowd, and eventually succeeded in pacifying them, with the assurance that even-handed justice should be most rigidly administered, and the poor girl's death be brought home to the guilty one, if the utmost efforts of the authorities could do it.

Mr. Spanner gave his testimony, in substance, as I have already recorded it, with the addition of the important fact that the person he saw leaving the house, immediately after the murder, was Richard Clement. Seaver also swore positively to the statement he had made, and when he left the witness stand, there was probably not one of the spectators of the trial who did not firmly believe that the prisoner was guilty.

Nor did Clement's own account of the matter affect public opinion to any extent. When first apprehended, he positively denied that he had been out of his mother's house at all that night. But when he had heard the testimony of Mr. Spanner and Jack Seaver, he admitted the truth of what they said, and made the following statement:

He and Mary Lane, he said, had had a quarrel, and had parted in anger; but they soon afterwards met and made it up again. Believing that Mr. Spanner would never consent to their union, they resolved to elope. This resolution was to have been carried into effect the previous night, and in fact the discovery had already been made that Richard had hired a horse and carriage for some purpose. About half past two o'clock, he said, he went to Spanner's house, and, as had been previously arranged, ascended by a ladder to the window of Mary's room, and had a conference with her about their subsequent course. It was settled that he should return with the horse and buggy a little before day-break. In the meantime Mary was to lie down and try to get a little sleep. He would call for her at the proper time, the window being left up, and the ladder where it was till his return. The night, it may be remarked, was a very warm one.

Everything having been prepared, in the most quiet manner, Richard returned to Spanner's

house; but, to his utter consternation and disappointment, he found that the ladder had been removed, and that the whole house was in commotion. Concluding that his scheme had been discovered, and that measures had doubtless been taken to frustrate it, he went home to his mother's house, and retired to bed, much vexed and dissatisfied, but never so much as dreaming of the awful event which had actually taken place.

At the time of his arrest he was so utterly bewildered, so overwhelmed with grief and astonishment, that he hardly knew what he was saying or doing, and not wishing to make known the projected elopement, he at first denied having been out of the house during the night. He had hardly uttered the words before he repented having done so, but it was too late to mend the matter.

This was the substance of Richard Clement's story. It was universally believed to have been made up for the occasion—nobody had any confidence in it. The facts of the case were too palpable and too stubborn for contradiction; and amidst the hootings and execrations of the multitude, the young man was regularly committed to prison, to await his trial at the next term of the court, which was to sit in Brandon in the fall.

Of my own accord, I would hardly have thought of visiting him in his confinement. I could not doubt his criminality, and for such a monster of depravity I could feel but little compassion. The poor, heart-broken mother, however, I did pity, from the very bottom of my heart. Her whole soul was wrapped up in him, and should he suffer the extreme penalty of the law (as I verily believed he would), I felt assured that she would not survive the event a single hour. It was highly probable, indeed, that the moment of the rendition of the verdict of guilty would be her last. It was the importunate prayer of this much-afflicted woman that I should visit him. She believed the result would be that I would be convinced of his innocence, and that I would in that case try to do something for him.

"O, doctor," she would say, "save his mother on earth, and his God in heaven, the poor boy has not one single friend!"

It was true enough. The whole county in fact was thirsting for his blood, and would probably have it, should the jury fail to convict him. At last I consented to undertake what could not fail to be a miserably disagreeable job. I went to the jail, and had a long talk with the prisoner. I found him greatly altered by confinement, and

no doubt too by mental anguish; for Richard was one who would feel disgrace and remorse both very keenly. The damning circumstances, and more than all, the dying declaration of the murdered girl, made it impossible for me to believe that he was innocent; and if guilty, he must be a very monster of both crime and hypocrisy. But, in spite of it all, I could not help feeling interested in the fellow, and wishing that, for his mother's sake, he might in some way escape the dread consequences of such a crime.

As soon as I returned to my office, I wrote to Tom Walker, who was by long odds the first criminal lawyer in the State, and engaged him to defend Richard Clement, giving him *carte blanche* as to money matters—a license which I am glad to say he was far from abusing. He came to Brandon, spent several days in a thorough investigation of the affair, and then frankly confessed to me that he had little or no hope of saving his client. After that I had not a shadow of a doubt about the result. When Tom Walker despaired of a case, it must be desperate indeed. We resolved, however, to make a hard fight of it, to keep a sharp lookout for any technical blunder the commonwealth might chance to make, and above all, to change the venue, if possible, and secure a trial in some part of the State where the case had not been prejudged by public opinion.

Time wore on, and the fall term of our court commenced. Clement's trial would come on in a few days, and his prospects remained as gloomy as ever. On the second day of the term, I was called to see Mr. Spanner's aunt, an old lady who had officiated as housekeeper, since the death of his wife, ten or twelve years before. The case was a severe one, and I remained in the house all night, though it was not necessary to sit up. I wanted to be near my patient, however, and on that account I chose to sleep in the room where the murder had been committed, to the great astonishment of Mr. Spanner's household, among whom there was already current a story about a ghost haunting the chamber at midnight.

Hastily doffing my clothes, I threw myself upon the bed where poor Mary drew her last breath. I was very tired, and it was not long before I was in a tolerably sound sleep. Still, however, I could not help thinking of the terrible tragedy which had there been enacted, and my dreams were to some extent influenced by the thought, though there was nothing distinct and vivid, nothing that I could remember after I awoke.

Not long after midnight, I was suddenly roused, by something, I knew not what; and I

instantly became aware that there was somebody in the room. The moon was shining, and I soon distinguished the outlines of a white-robed figure moving stealthily towards me. When it came close to the bed, I saw that one of its hands was uplifted, and that there was something in it. It was not, however, till the dim figure bent over me, that I saw what this object was. It was a long, sharp-pointed, glittering knife; and at the very instant that I discovered what it was, it descended upon the bed, with all the force which the uplifted arm could direct it.

For the moment, I thought it was all over with me. The knife seemed to be aimed straight at my heart, and it was too late to make any effort to avoid it. Fortunately, however, I chanced to lie very near to the wall, and the knife, which was directed towards the centre of the bed, missed me, by two or three inches, and plunged up to the hilt in the bed-clothes. If I had not occupied this unusual position, I would unquestionably have been killed. The blow was given with sufficient force to have driven the keen-pointed weapon quite through my heart.

The stab was twice repeated, precisely in the same spot. I neither moved nor spoke. In fact, there was hardly time to do either, so rapidly were the blows given; and the suddenness of the act, coming upon me before I was fully awake, so filled me with astonishment, that I was, for a second or two, almost, if not altogether paralyzed.

After the last blow was given, the knife was slowly withdrawn, and the dim, white shape slowly withdrew from the bed. At first I thought the object of this nocturnal intruder was assassination, and perhaps robbery. But this stabbing so furiously at nothing but the air and the bedding, induced me to think that it must be a maniac who had accidentally wandered into the house from the asylum, some three or four miles from Brandon.

It was a man, a tall man, in his night gear, probably. That was all I could make out. He went away towards the nearest window, and I soon afterwards saw him fumbling at the cushion of an old easy-chair, which stood there. I wondered what he could be doing with it; but I soon saw that his purpose was to hide the knife. Presently I saw him, as I supposed, thrust it under the cushion.

After that, he came back to the bed again, and stood before it, for a few minutes, in a contemplative posture. This time I had a much better view of his face, and it was not long before I discovered, to my unutterable astonishment, that it was no other than Mr. Spanner himself. I

was upon the point of addressing him, when I made the additional discovery that he was fast asleep—a somnambulist—doubtless altogether unconscious of what he was doing. In a few minutes he left the room, and I heard him ascending to the garret. He remained there ten minutes, perhaps, and then I heard him come down and go to his own chamber, where he probably went to bed.

As soon as I heard him retire, I rose and struck a light. I then went to the old easy chair, and looked under the cushion, expecting to find the knife there. I was mistaken, however. Spanner had not put it under the cushion, but into it. I soon felt something hard inside of the cover, and from a small hole therein I eventually extracted a most murderous-looking bowie-knife, which Spanner had doubtless taken from the cushion as unconsciously as he had restored it. That this was the weapon with which the murder had been committed I could not doubt. It was nearly new, but the bright glittering blade, in many places, was blotched with dark spots of dried blood. It had evidently been thrust into the cushion, unwiped, just as it came from the heart of the victim.

And whose was the murderous hand that drew it forth? Who had hidden it in the cushion in the first place? The whole truth blazed upon my mind as vividly and as instantaneously as a flash of lightning. Spanner himself was the murderer, and he had taken advantage of certain specious appearances to fasten the guilt upon an innocent man, and thus divert all suspicion from himself. The motive of the deed I could only vaguely guess at; but that there was one, a powerful one, I felt fully assured. Time would develop it.

In the agitation and excitement immediately succeeding the act, he had probably thrust the knife into the cushion, and afterwards forgotten all about it, till, like that of Lady Macbeth, his mind, in sleep, had reverted to the crime and its attendant circumstances. Then he had unconsciously repossessed himself of the hidden weapon, and automatically rehearsed the bloody deed, on the spot where it was performed.

To prove all this, or any essential portion of it, and to satisfy others that poor Mary's dying declaration had no existence except in the brain which had hatched the murder, might be a very difficult task; perhaps impossible. Spanner was the most influential man in the county, and few would be willing to incur his enmity by instituting proceedings against him. But of those few, fortunately, Tom Walker was one. In his devotion to his client he feared neither man

nor devil, and nothing would please him better than to "take the bull by the horns," even such a one as Spanner.

That same morning, before breakfast, I saw him, and told him all that I had seen and all I had surmised. He was a man who seldom desponded, but in this case he had come very close to the borders of despair; his only hope being the forlorn one of Mr. Micawber, that "*something* would turn up." My story put altogether a new face on the matter. He went right to work, on this new scent, without even waiting for his breakfast, and cautioned me at the same time to mention what I had seen to no one.

The trial came on. I saw Walker, for a minute or two, as I entered the court-house. He was in excellent spirits.

"You have given up the idea of changing the venue?" said I, interrogatively.

"There is no need for it," he replied, rubbing his hands.

"Then you don't think Spanner will hang his man, I suppose?"

"All the '*spanners*' in the New York Fire Department couldn't do it."

Never, since Brandon was in existence, had such universal agitation been witnessed within its borders. On the second, which would probably be the last, day of the trial, the popular excitement culminated, and it was almost impossible to find even standing room within the court-house.

Poor Mrs. Clement's life seemed to be hanging by a single thread, and I could not forbear to whisper a word of comfort in her ear. I told her that something *had* "turned up," and that Walker now hoped for a verdict in her son's favor. I further told her that I now believed him to be innocent; and that piece of information seemed to delight her still more than the other. I feared afterwards that I might have gone too far; for Spanner's influence was fearful odds against us.

The evidence on the part of the prosecution was nearly identical with that brought forward at the preliminary examination. Spanner of course was the principal witness. He was not well, he said; and few doubted it, judging by his looks. I had noticed for some time that he looked pale and haggard; but that guilt or fear had anything to do with it I never dreamed. Ill as he looked, however, he gave his testimony in calm, unflinching accents.

After the examination of the principal witnesses, there were certainly not more than three or four men in the house who doubted the prisoner's guilt; and if the case had been given to the jury they would unquestionably have rendered a

verdict of guilty, without leaving the box. Nor did Dick's own story, as told by his lawyer, nor even the good character which he was proved to have previously maintained, materially diminish the bitter hostility which was so universally prevalent. Indignant faces scowled upon the prisoner from every quarter, and allusions to the gallows or something worse were repeatedly made in his hearing. Months of anguish, of mental torture of the severest character, had done their work upon poor Dick. He was but a wreck of his former self. I now knew how great and how unmerited his sufferings had been, and I could hardly look at him without a moist eye and a swelling heart.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day of the trial, Mr. Spanner was recalled by the prosecution, to make some addition to his testimony. This step was opposed by Walker, with the greatest apparent vehemence; but I knew very well that the wily strategist was himself the real author of it, and that it was an important part of his own system of operations. What the point actually was I have now forgotten; nor is it of any consequence to my readers. The evidence was given, and then Tom rose, very indignant indeed, and said that as the prosecution seemed determined to disregard all rules and precedents, he hoped that he should be allowed, in common fairness, to exercise his right of cross-examination without any interruption based upon mere technical quibbling.

With this exordium, he proceeded to ask Spanner a few questions as to the matter immediately under consideration, and then, with great severity of manner, said:

"Mr. Spanner, I wish you to notice particularly the fact that Robert Lawson and Brice Carpenter are both in the room, that their attention was specially called, a day or two ago, to certain matters in which you are jointly interested, and that I mean to examine them, as witnesses in this case, if I find it necessary to do so."

Spanner started, changed color; and looked round anxiously at the men just named to him. His manner betokened extreme agitation, which he was vainly striving to suppress.

"Now, sir," continued the lawyer, fixing Spanner with his keen gray eye, which seemed almost to bore him through, "I want you, on your sacred oath and honor, to say if it is not a fact that you have dissipated every dollar of poor Mary Lane's fortune?"

The prosecuting attorney started up, and with great vehemence objected to the question, as irrelevant and improper; loudly demanding to know what it could have to do with the case.

"It has just this much to do with it," replied Tom; "it will force this man to acknowledge, that whereas my client had no shadow of a motive for committing this murder, there is another who *had* inducements of the very strongest description."

"Mr. Walker," cried the other, all tremulous with excitement—"do you *dare*, before this court, accuse a man like Mr. Spanner of the crime of murder?"

"Before this court, and high heaven's, I DARE!" shouted Tom, in a voice of thunder.

The effect of this declaration upon the audience may be imagined. For some minutes the crowd surged to and fro, swayed by an excitement which nothing could control. As soon as order had in some measure been re-established, Walker, with some difficulty, obtained permission to ask such questions as he thought necessary.

Lawson and Carpenter were associated with Spanner in the management of Mary Lane's property, during her minority, which, at the period of her death, had very nearly been completed. However, Spanner's relations to the girl and her parents had been such that she was given up wholly to his care, and the above-named gentlemen, having entire confidence in his integrity, never would have thought of looking into the affair until the day of settlement finally arrived—a day which he hoped to put off forever. But a hint from Tom Walker had aroused the suspicions of Lawson and Carpenter, and had brought about a rapid investigation, very quietly conducted, without Spanner's being aware of it, but nevertheless sufficiently thorough for the object they all had in view.

Spanner saw at once that his villany in this respect had been detected, though he could not imagine how. Rather than have the whole story told by others, therefore, he admitted, to the astonishment of the spectators, that he had, by gambling, speculating, etc., etc., frittered away the whole of the fine estate committed to his care; his own property having already travelled in the same direction.

"You have no right to ask such questions!" shouted the public prosecutor, as Tom let fly his damning interrogatories at the sorely perplexed and plentifully perspiring Spanner.

"I have an indubitable right, sir, to defend my client from a false and unjust charge; and I mean to do it by showing that another committed the deed of which he is accused. Richard Clement loved Mary Lane as he did his own soul; and he would as soon have sunk both soul and body to perdition as have injured one hair of her beloved head.



"But how is it with Edward Spanner? I have already shown you, gentlemen of the jury, that he had the very strongest of motives for getting the poor girl out of the way; for he hoped thereby to conceal the embezzlement, and fraud, and perjury, the everlasting disgrace which hung, like the sword of Damocles, suspended over his head by a single hair. And but for the most extraordinary interposition of Providence, this dastardly hope would have been crowned with full fruition—poor Dick Clement would have gone to the gallows, and Spanner would have gone to Congress, as he fully expected, blithe and jocund, as if a two-fold blessing instead of a double murder were resting on his soul."

"Can it be possible," faltered Spanner, "can it be possible, Mr. Walker, that you really suspect—"

"Suspect? No, sir; I don't suspect, at all—I know you did it. And there's the bloody shirt you wore at the time, and there's the very knife with which you stabbed her, and *her heart's blood still crusted on the blade!*"

If the murdered girl had risen, like Banquo's ghost, before him, Spanner could not have been more deeply moved than he was at the sight of these gory relics. With terror and despair depicted on every lineament, he staggered back a moment, made a vain effort to recover himself, and finally fell to the floor, in strong convulsions.

Being near at hand, I went immediately to his assistance, and in a few minutes he was so far recovered as to be able to converse. He was thoroughly prostrated, unnerved, and conquered, by this terrible shock; and after I had given in my testimony as to the occurrences of the night recently passed beneath his roof, he made a voluntary confession of his crime to the court and jury with its attendant circumstances.

Finding that ruin and exposure were staring him in the face, he had conceived, and by slow degrees familiarized himself with the idea of putting poor Mary out of the way; and thus, becoming legally entitled to the property he had embezzled, he could never be forced to render any account of it to any one.

While he was still hesitating as to the ways and means of effecting his object, a tempting opportunity presented itself. He saw Richard Clement climb in at the window of Mary's room, and contrived to overhear them plotting an elopement. Richard withdrew, leaving the ladder at the window, where it was to remain till his return. After his departure, Spanner saw a man come out from behind a tree, and walk away after him. This man had no doubt seen and recognized Clement, who passed close behind the tree.

Now was the time to strike. He would kill the girl, and Richard would be hung for the murder. He stole to her room, found her sleeping, and stabbed her to the heart.

In the hurry and agitation of the moment, he thrust the bloody knife into the old chair-cushion, and then forgot all about it. He believed that he had bundled it up with his bloody shirt and other clothing, which he had thrown into a hole in the attic. The same night that he had unconsciously rehearsed the awful deed, he went to the garret and took the clothes out of the hole; and when he came to replace them, he did it so imperfectly that they were easily found by a servant whom Walker had bribed to make a search there. I had heard Spanner go up into the attic, in his sleep-walking excursion, and suspected that something connected with the murder had attracted him thither. Otherwise, no one would have been likely to search the garret closely; and the clothes, in any case, would hardly have been discovered if they had remained undisturbed in the position in which they had originally been placed.

By what legal process Richard Clement was set free I am unable to say. I suppose a *nolle prosequi* must have been entered. At all events, the case never went to the jury, for the people rose *en masse*, liberated the prisoner, and carried him bodily out of the court-house. Three minutes afterwards, I had him seated in my buggy, while I drove furiously down the main street of Brandon, followed by the frantic cheers of more than a thousand people. He was very still and very grave. Poor fellow, he was no doubt thinking of Mary Lane. In a few minutes more he was in his mother's arms.

Spanner was taken from the court-house to the jail, where he soon afterwards died. Some contend that he had taken a slow poison—and so he had, but it was the slow poison of a guilty conscience, which corroded his vitals as effectually as if it had been the subtlest *Aqua Tofana* ever manufactured.

#### HOW TO TAKE OUR MEALS.

The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, cachinnation and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion and health.

## The Florist.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth,  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;  
While from his ardent look the turgid Spring  
Averts her blushing face; and earth and skies,  
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves;

THOMSON.

### Sleeping Plants.

The sleep of plants, which was discovered by Linnaeus, is caused by the different influences of light and darkness, cold, heat and moisture. The common chickweed (*Stellaria media*), of which birds are so fond, furnishes a beautiful instance of the sleep of plants. Every night the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the shoot.—The flowers of the Marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*), which are very beautiful, do not open in hot weather until the evening; but, if the weather be cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime. Another variety of the same plant is called the four o'clock flower, from opening at that hour of the day.—The scarlet Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*), which is a plentiful weed in cornfields, is called poor man's weather-glass and shepherd's barometer, from the flowers always closing before rain; and should the weather be ever so bright, they always shut up at noon.—The flowers of a sort of convolvulus (*Ritica dena-nax*) are large and white, expanding only at sunset, and perfuming the air to a great distance with a fragrance resembling that of the finest cloves. It is a native of Bengal, where it rambles among the forests, and is called the Midnapore creeper.—The common goats-beard (*Tragopogon pretense*) grows in many parts of Britain, and is called go-to-bed-at-noon, from the fact of its flowers closing about that time.

### Mignonette in Tree-Form.

This favorite plant, in its native country, Barbary, is a shrub, and not an annual as with us; and, if preserved carefully through the winter, its stem will become in two or three years quite woody. In this state it is called the tree mignonette. The name, which is French for "the little darling," is supposed to have been given to it on account of its seeds having been first sent to England from Paris. When it is wished to obtain a plant of tree-mignonette, a healthy and vigorous plant should be placed in a pot by itself, and the blossom-buds should be taken off as fast as they appear. In autumn all the lower side-shoots should be cut off, so as to shape the plant in a miniature tree, and it should be transplanted into a larger pot, with fresh soil, formed of turfy loam broken small, but not sifted, and sand. It should then be removed to a greenhouse or warm room, and by being regularly watered every day, and kept tolerably warm, it will remain in a growing state all the winter, and by spring its stem will begin to appear woody. It should be treated in the same manner the following year, all the side branches being cut off as they appear, except those that are to form the head of the tree; and by the third spring it will have bark on its trunk, and be completely a shrub. It may now be suffered to flower, and its blossom, which will be delightfully fragrant, will continue to be produced every summer, for a great many years in succession.

### Charcoal for Flowers.

We have already, on a previous occasion, presented some facts in relation to the effect of charcoal on the colors of flowers. It is also useful in their preservation. One of the great inconveniences of low and moist ground is, the difficulty they present in cultivating flower-roots of every description. These are generally destroyed by a kind of mouldiness which attaches itself to the shoots below at different periods of their growth. It is easy to know when a plant has been thus attacked, for the stem assumes a dirty green color, approaching a yellow. The yellow soon supersedes the other, and the leaves change, and sometimes fall off. The only means of preventing this evil, which most commonly attacks a number of plants at the same time, is to place a layer of powdered charcoal over the parts where the roots are to be planted. The best kind of charcoal for this purpose is that which remains in dust after the large pieces have been taken away. When the earth has been prepared in the usual way for the reception of roots, about half an inch of the charcoal powder should be spread over the surface—the whole should then be lightly stirred together, in order that the charcoal shall be incorporated with the earth. We have tried many experiments to prove the efficacy of the remedy, and in no instance has there been a failure. Thus, in a bed of roots fifteen feet long by five wide, situated in a low, moist soil, two-thirds were prepared in the way above stated, while the remainder were left undefended. The result was, that in the latter portion the roots were lost; whilst in the other we never had finer plants. The powder should be preserved dry.

### Growing Camellias in Pots.

The camellia is a plant which requires abundance of water, and is yet soon killed by suffering stagnant moisture to remain about the roots. When grown in pots, there should be abundant drainage. The soil should be peat-earth and sand, which may be mixed with a little vegetable mould, if it is desired to have the plants of very luxuriant growth, and the plants should be potted high. The pots should not have saucers, or if they have, for the sake of cleanliness, the water should be carefully poured out of them immediately after the plants have been watered. The plants should be watered abundantly every day while their flower-buds are swelling; for, if this be neglected, the buds are very apt to drop off. When the flowers begin to expand, the watering is not of so much consequence, though it should be continued in moderate quantities; and abundance should be again given when the plants are making their young shoots. After they have done growing, watering once or twice a week will be sufficient till the flower-buds again begin to swell.

### Nelumbrium.

The Indian Lotus, or Sacred Bean of India. A stove aquatic, generally with white or pale pinkish flowers; rather difficult to flower in this country, as it requires abundance of heat and a great deal of room. Also, the seeds which are sent over from India rarely vegetate. The seeds should be sown in rich loamy soil, in the bottom of a large tub, which should be kept full of water while the plants are growing, but which may be allowed to become dry when the plants have faded. The plants are increased by dividing the roots or by seeds. There are two West Indian nelumbriums; one of which has pale blue flowers, and the other pale yellow flowers. It must be observed that the nelumbrium, or Italian water-lily, differs very essentially from the Egyptian water-lily, which flowers very readily in a stove aquarium.

## The Housewife.

### Lemon Sauce, white, for boiled Fowls.

Put the peel of a small lemon, cut very thin, into a pint of sweet rich cream, with a sprig of lemon, thyme and ten white peppercorns. Simmer it gently till it tastes well of the lemon; then strain it, and thicken it with a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed into a dessertspoonful of flour; boil it up; then pour the juice of the lemon strained into it, stirring well; dish the fowls, and then mix a little white gravy quite hot with the cream, but do not boil them together; add salt according to taste.

### French Polish.

To one pint of spirits of wine add a quarter of an ounce of gum copal, and a quarter of an ounce of gum arabic, and one ounce of shellac. Let the gums be well bruised, and sifted through a piece of muslin. Put the spirits and the gums together in a vessel that can be closely corked; place them near a warm stove, and frequently shake them; in two or three days they will be dissolved; strain the mixture through a piece of muslin, and keep it tightly corked for use.

### Lemon Sauce for Puddings.

Boll a fresh lemon skin in plenty of water until a straw will penetrate it; then cut it into slices, and each slice in quarters; put to them and the juice a teaspoon of sugar, and the same of butter, with a large teaspoonful of wheat flour worked into it; put all together into a stewpan, and stir in gradually half a pint of boiling water; keep it over the fire for ten minutes, stirring it all the time; then serve, with half a nutmeg grated over.

### Lemon Conserve.

Put half a pound of fresh butter into a saucepan; when softened to a cream, add one pound of powdered loaf sugar; then add the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and the whites of two beaten to a froth; the grated rinds of two lemons, dried for a few days in the sun, and the juice of three; stirring the whole over the fire until it is of the thickness of good cream. Be sure not to let it boil. This is excellent with griddle cakes.

### Mushroom Sauce.

Cut some mushrooms into pieces; press them in a cloth and mince them; do them up in a little melted butter; then add some good stock parsley and two cloves of garlic; skim and cook them over a moderate fire for half an hour; strain, take off the fat, and serve it very hot.

### Fresh Pork Sauce.

Cut two or three good sized onions into slices, and fry them lightly; then add a little broth, a few mushrooms chopped, a clove of garlic, vinegar and spice; let it boil half an hour, reduce to a proper consistence, skim and strain it.

### Garlic Sauce.

Take two cloves of garlic and pound them with a piece of fresh butter about the size of a nutmeg; roll it through a double hair sieve, and stir it into half a pint of melted butter, or beef gravy, or make it with garlic vinegar.

### Floating Island.

Beat the whites of six eggs and a tablespoonful of white powdered sugar, the same of currant jelly, to a stiff froth. Put a pint of cream into a deep dish, and pile the froth on lightly. It should not stand long.

### To clean Silk.

Take a quarter of a pound of soft soap, a teaspoonful of brandy, and a pint of gin; mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side. It will look as good as new, and the process will not injure silks of even the most delicate colors.

### Bottled Ginger Beer.

Take the bottles and nearly fill them with clear water, then add white sugar, two drachms; bicarbonate of soda, thirty-five grains; tincture or essence of ginger, two drachms; sulphuric acid, ten or twelve drops. Three to six drops of essence of lemon will improve this article. The acid must be added last, and the bottles immediately corked and wired.

### To remove Mosquitoes.

Everybody is interested to know how to drive away mosquitoes. Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits applied to the face and hands will prove an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

### Fattening Fowls.

The best food for fattening fowls is potatoes mixed with meal. Boll the potatoes and mash them fine while they are hot, and mix the meal with them just before it is presented. They fatten on this diet in less than half the time ordinarily required to bring them to the same condition of excellence on corn, or even meal itself.

### Lemon Custard Pie.

One cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and one lemon with outside grated in, two tablespoonfuls of flour; just before putting it in the oven add one cup of milk; then take the whites of the eggs, mixed with sufficient sugar to make it stiff, and spread over the pie; then set in the oven and let it crust over.

### Pound Cake Gingerbread.

Eggs, six in number; sugar, one pound; molasses, one pint; ginger-powder, a half teaspoonful; pearlsh, one ounce; butter, one pound; a little mace and nutmeg. Well mix, then beat in two pounds of flour.

### Short Gingerbread.

Sugar, five pounds; butter, three pounds; flour, nine pounds; eggs, twenty in number; cream, one-quarter of a pint; pearlsh, half a pound. Bake on tins, and mark it for cutting.

### Curd.

To a quart of milk put a large tablespoonful of rennet wine; let it stand till it turns; then set it on the ice till wanted. Serve with sugar and cream, and sweetmeats, if you choose.

### Egg Sauce.

Boil three eggs hard; cut them in small squares, and mix them in good butter sauce; make it very hot, and squeeze in some lemon-juice before you serve it.

### To keep Hops.

Hops lose all their fine flavor by exposure to the air and damp. They should be kept in a dry, close place, and lightly packed.

## Curious Matters.

### A curious Bird.

An agami, or trumpeter, has been brought from French Guiana, and placed in the Paris Zoological Gardens. He is to the poultry-yard what the dog is to the shepherd. He guards the fowls to the fields, watches them, checks their rambles, and brings them home in the evening; he presides over the food entrusted to his care, and will not permit the strong and full-grown to take their share before the young and feeble get theirs. The trumpeter is about the size of a pheasant, has long legs, a long neck, and a short drooping tail of twelve black feathers. It lives in flocks, can run like an ostrich, and when domesticated, is "a pattern of fondness and fidelity." "It is jealous of its master's caresses," and will attack a dog, if it comes near him. It will fight off any bird of prey that attacks the chickens.

### Fact for Naturalists.

One of the workmen employed at the new sewers, lately in course of construction in Upper Maudlin Street, Bristol, England, found, at a depth of about forty feet below the surface of the street, in the rock, a small marine-looking shell of about an inch and a half in circumference, of an oblong shape, and in a small entrance, scarcely half the length of the shell, was found a very small red crab alive! As soon as it was brought into the air it crawled a little farther into the shell, and shortly afterwards died. The crab appears to have been perfectly and proportionately formed, but exceedingly small. A precisely similar one was found just at the same time, but it was carelessly thrown away, and has not been found.

### Mice utilized by a Scotchman.

A man in Scotland has trained a couple of mice to spin cotton very successfully. The work is so constructed, that the common mouse is able to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting twine, and reeling from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. A half-penny worth of oatmeal serves one of these tread-wheel spinners for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 7s. 6d. per annum. Take off 5d. for food and 1s. for machinery, there will rise 6s. clear for every mouse per annum.

### An unpleasant Companion.

A man with a travelling menagerie, composed largely of snakes, not long since stopped at the Franklin House at Orange. Two weeks later a pedler put up at the same house, and was put to sleep in the same bed where the menagerie man had slept. After his departure in the morning, the chambermaid found one of the showman's snakes in the bed, with its head resting on the pillow where he had slept all night with the unconscious pedler. The snake's "mortal coil" was speedily shuffled off.

### Strange Fatality.

At Montreal an infant nine months old was killed in an extraordinary manner. The child was put to bed as usual, but upon the mother's subsequently going to the room, it was discovered suspended by the chin between the side of the bed and the chimney board. There was a small space left between the bed and the wall, and it seems that the child, having rolled off the bed, had been caught by the chin on one side, with the head resting against the fireboard on the other.

### A hard Dose.

A portion of the river Indus was infested by a large old crocodile, which had carried off two or three natives. His skin was so thick that no ball would penetrate it; some young artillery officers engineered his destruction in the following way—they killed a sheep, and in its body placed a bag filled with powder and other combustible matter, to which a long wire was attached, with detonating powder at the end. The crocodile seized the prey, and carried it to his hole. Time was allowed him to swallow the sheep, the wire was pulled, there was a great explosion, and up came the crocodile with his stomach blown open.

### Something like Premonition.

There was a curious circumstance connected with the case of John Ham, burnt to death at Dedham, by his clothes taking fire from his pipe, and who, we learn, was the brother of Mr. Ham, carpenter, of Moulsham. At the inquest a gentleman residing at Dedham stated to the coroner, that many years ago he had a dream of Ham's death by an event similar to that which had actually occurred; and that, knowing the man, he had felt it his duty to relate it to him, and caution him as to his mode of life, which he had frequently done; and that he only recently again reminded him of his dream.

### Extraordinary Epitaph.

The following curious specimen of sepulchral literature is copied from an old Scotch tombstone:

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,  
Who was a very extraordinary person;  
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,  
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat;  
He was slow  
At the battle of Waterloo;  
He was shot by a bullet,  
Plump through the gullet,  
It went in at his throat,  
And came out at the back of his coat.

### Singular Death.

L. H. Sargent, a young man nineteen years of age, and living at North Boscawen, N. H., met with his death, lately, while performing feats for amusement with a common iron bar. The act which caused his death was the attempt to leap over the bar, which was standing in a vertical position. Having placed his hands on the top of the fatal instrument, he gave a spring, but his hands slipped, and he was impaled upon the bar; he fell to the ground, exclaiming, "I am bleeding to death; I shall die." He lived about forty-five minutes.

### Odd.

Some years ago a fox was kept at the Talbot Inn, Shrewsbury, England, and employed in a wheel to turn the jack; but after while Reynard gave his keepers the slip, and regained his native fields. The very fox was afterwards pursued by the bounds, but running into the town, he sprung over a half-door which opened into the kitchen, jumped into his wheel, resumed his former occupation, and saved his life. This, though very amusing, is absolutely true.

### Barbarous Superstition.

The old superstitions of the Highlands have not yet died out. The other day an effigy made of elay, and stuck full of needles, pins, nails, etc., was found in a running brook in Badenoch. The effigy is supposed to represent some one hated by the designer, and the pins and needles are stuck into it in the belief that wherever they are fixed corresponding pains will be felt by the person against whom the charm is prepared.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### A SCENE IN 1815.

One of the New York papers indulges in a reminiscence of years long by. The writer says: Years ago, the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl Street. It was a place of resort for news and conversation, especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold, and at a late hour only Alderman Sebra and another gentleman was left with Father Lang, the genius of the place. The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak.

"He has great news!" exclaimed Mr. Lang.

Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly—"Peace! peace!"

The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say—

"An English sloop is below, with news of a treaty of peace!"

They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than he ever used before—and all hands rushed into Hanover Square, exclaiming—"Peace! peace!"

The windows flew up—for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of "Peace! peace!" spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to inquire about "free trade and sailors' rights." No one inquired whether the national honor even had been preserved. The matters by which the politicians had irritated the nation into the war, had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway, attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down a placard "To Let," which had been long posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after, there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain, yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of peace.

THE RACK.—Don't put human victims to the rack; you may treat hungry horses in that way.

### RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.

In Russia all publications, native or foreign—books, journals, or reviews—are alike submitted to censorship. The system is not, as in France, to suppress, but to expunge. Mr. S. Edwards says: "With a preparation of gutta percha and powdered glass, the censor will cleanse and purify the Times of a paragraph, or Punch of a joke, in so neat a manner that not a vestige of printers' ink shall remain, nor even the slightest trace of the process by which it has thus made to disappear. A journal which has thus been rubbed into propriety by the Moscow censorship has also a certain resemblance to an illustrated paper, but to one that is yet waiting for its illustrations. Can our readers imagine a proof of one of these sheets before the wood-blocks have been inserted in the 'form,' all type, except a few places where the engravings are to appear, and where for the present nothing but white paper is to be seen? Such is the exact appearance of an English newspaper after it has passed the hands of the Moscow censorship."

A FACT.—It is a well established fact that the presence of birds is necessary to successful husbandry and agriculture. But for our little feathered friends our crops and fruit would be all destroyed by worms and insects.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—Life, we are told, is a journey, and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.—We rather think that the most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

"HOW TO LIVE."—Many writers profess to teach people "how to live." Culprits on the scaffold would like to learn.

JUST SO.—Farmers may console themselves that there is far dirtier work than working in the dirt.

THE CHEAPEST OF LAWYERS.—Keeping one's own counsel.

## ORIGIN OF CHESS.

In a work recently published in Paris, by P. M. Quidard, entitled "Studies on French Proverbs, and Proverbial Expressions," and alluded to in Notes and Queries, of October 6, 1860, the following is given as the origin of the game of chess, under the head of "Doblar le comtes de l'Escaquier," or "Doubling the sum of the chess board." "The proverb is used to indicate progressive increase or extraordinary recurrence of events, good or evil. A Brahmin, or Indian philosopher, named Sissa, son of Dahir, devised a plan for the restoration of a prince to his sober senses, who had been carried beyond himself by the elevation of his position. The prince's rule extended over a wide district, situated on the mouth of the Ganges, and he had for some time held the sage advice of the priests and grandees of the country in supreme contempt. The Brahmin was fully aware that his teaching would only be profitable so far as that teaching seemed to emanate from the prince himself, and it could be concealed from him that he was receiving instruction from others. Acting upon that idea, he invented the game of chess, in which the king, although the most important of all the pieces, is powerless against his enemy, either in attack or defence, without the help of his subjects and soldiers. The new game soon became popular. The prince heard of it, and wished to learn it. Sissa was chosen to be his instructor; and, under pretence of explaining its rules to him, and showing him with what art it was necessary to move the pieces in defence of the king, he made him understand and appreciate many important truths, to which, until that time, he had refused to listen. The prince profited by the Brahmin's lessons, and modified his system of government. In his gratitude and appreciation of his instructor's service, he felt desirous to recompense the advice of one who had done him so much good, and condescended to leave the reward to his own selection. Brahmin asked for as many grains of wheat as could be made up by the squares of the chess board, taking them as follows: one for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on to the end of the sixty-fourth, doubling each number till the last was reached. The monarch was surprised at the modesty of the request, and granted it at once. But when the officers of the treasury had made their calculations, they soon discovered that the prince had made a promise which even the whole of his great wealth and vast dominions could not enable him to fulfil. Sissa knew this well, and embraced the opportunity of showing his sovereign

how necessary it is for a king to be on his guard against the interested motives of those who surround him, and how much he ought to fear that his intentions will be liable to abuse. This contributed to the popularity of the game. It was adopted by neighboring nations, and spread from India to Persia, in the sixteenth century of our Christian era, under circumstances which show plainly that it was considered pre-eminently adapted to contribute both to the amusement and the instruction of kings. The name of *schatren-gi* or *schatrak* was given to it, and signifies 'the king's game.' The words 'schah' in the Persian language, and 'scheik' in the Arabian, mean king, or lord. The check-mate is derived from the Persian 'schah mat'—the king is taken. It has been calculated by mathematicians that to contain the quantity of wheat mentioned above, it would require 16,384 towns, each furnished with 1024 granaries, in each of which there would be stored 174,762 measures of wheat, each measure composed of 32,768 grains."

**A VERY PARTICULAR MAN.**—Not long ago, on the coast of Africa, a captain was going to throw one of his crew, who was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says, "You aint a-going to bury me alive, are you?" "O," says the captain, "you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!"

**YANKEE NOBLEMEN.**—"Dear sir," lisped a great lady in a watered silk at the World's Fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States?" "Yes, mam," answered a full-fed Jonathan, who was showing off the beauties of a cream freezer, "and I'm one of them."

**GOOD.**—"Doctor," said Frederic Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think I write too much for my nervous system?" "No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie, "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

**FRIENDSHIP.**—True friendship increases as life's end approaches, just as the shadow lengthens every degree the sun declines toward setting.

**TRUE ENOUGH.**—Those who cry loudest, "Look out for deceit!" might for the most part be properly told in reply, "Look in for deceit."

**POWER.**—The world's master-spirits make the silence of their closets of more influence than the noise of senates and of camps.



## A BEAR STORY.

Many years ago a beautiful little cub bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnepiseogee, in New Hampshire, carried into town, and, after proper drilling, became the play-fellow of the boys of the village, and often accompanied them to the school-house. After passing a few months in civilized society, he made his escape into the woods, and after a few years was almost forgotten. The school-house, meantime, had fallen from the school-master's into the school-mistress's hands; and, instead of large boys learning to write and cypher, small boys and girls were taught in the same place knitting and spelling. One winter's day, after a mild fall of snow, the door had been left open by some urchin going out, when to the unspeakable horror of the spectacted dame and her fourscore hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire. Huddling over the benches as fast as they could, the children crowded about their school-mistress, who had fled to the farthest corner of the room; and there they stood, crying and pushing to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat snuffing and warming himself by the fire, showing great signs of satisfaction, but putting off his meal until he had warmed himself thoroughly. The screams of the children continued, but the school-house was far from any other habitation, and the bear did not seem at all embarrassed at the outcry. After sitting and turning himself for some time, Bruin got up upon his hind legs, and shoving to the door, began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets, and satchels that hung on several rows of pegs behind it. His memory had not deceived him, for they contained, as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before the holidays. Having satisfied himself with their cheese, bread, pies, doughnuts, and apples, Bruin smelt at the mistress's desk; but finding it locked, gave himself a shake of resignation, opened the door, and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the amiable creature was pursued and killed, very much to the regret of the town's people, when it was discovered, by some marks on his body, that it was their old friend and play-fellow.

**ODD REASON.**—A wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

**A FACT.**—The moment that anything assumes the shape of a duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

## THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

It is difficult to please all tastes, and even this celebrated statue has not escaped criticism. Perhaps the severest strictures that have been passed on it are those of Hazlitt: "If I might hazard a hypercriticism," says that bold writer, "I should say that it is a little too much like an exquisite marble doll. I should conjecture (for it is only a conjecture where familiarity has neutralized the capacity of judging) that there is a want of sentiment—of character, a balance of pretension, as well as of attitude, a good deal of insipidity, and an over-gentility. There is no expression of mental refinement, nor much of voluptuous blandishment. There is great softness, sweetness, symmetry, and timid grace—a faultless tameness, a negative perfection. The great objection to the Venus is, that the form has not the true feminine proportions, it is not sufficiently large in the lower limbs, but tapers too much to a point, so that it wants firmness and a sort of indolent repose (the proper attribute of woman) and seems as if the least thing would over-set it. In a word the Venus is a very beautiful toy, but not the Goddess of Love, or even Beauty. It is not the statue Pygmalion fell in love with, nor did any man ever wish or fancy his mistress to be like it. There is something beyond it both in imagination and nature."

**THE SURRENDERED GENERAL.**—After the capture of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, he was one day standing in the presence of General Washington with his head uncovered. The general politely said to him, "My lord, you had better be covered from the cold." His lordship, applying his hand to his head, replied, "It matters little, sir, what becomes of the head now."

**TOO NATURAL.**—An artist painted a cannon so naturally the other day, that when he finished the touchhole it "went off." A friend accounts for it by saying that it was taken off by the sheriff. This, however, may be nothing more or less than malice.

**VERY EXPRESSIVE.**—A late writer, in speaking of love, says it is made up of certain ingredients, which come to a head at the return of spring and early dandelions.

**DOWN EAST.**—The population of Nova Scotia is ascertained to be about 330,000. In 1851 it was 275,117—showing an increase of nearly 54,000.

**EXPENSIVE.**—The cost of keeping an army of 100,000 men in the field for one year, is estimated at \$106,678 000.

**THE GLORY OF LABOR.**

The world is coming rapidly to an understanding of the true position which its toiling millions occupy, or should occupy. Years ago the poet told us

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies."

And the true poet is always the poet of truth. But that which he proclaimed as the prerogative of labor was not its recognized condition at the time of its utterance. Not only did the great ones of earth deride the claims of that labor which made their greatness, not only did historians extol only the favorites of fortune, but men of toil themselves were divided against each other, and belittled each other's trades and callings, thus playing into the hands of those who kept the whole producing mass in subjection. It was in vain that rising along the course of centuries, here and there glorious representatives of toil stood up and vindicated the great doctrine of human equality. Their voices were soon hushed. But the heaven was fermenting. Truth cannot always be enthralled; it possesses a vitality and force to which error in vain lays claim.

After ages of successful tyranny, the great French revolution at the close of the last century burst upon the world like a gigantic thunderstorm, and shook the hoary institutions of the past to their foundations. We deplore, in common with all the friends of humanity, the sanguinary excesses which affixed so dark a stain on the pages of this period of convulsion. But it must be remembered that the "reign of terror" was the reign of a few individuals, not the rule of the people. Underlying, however, all the horrors of that period, was a fundamental idea—the idea of the equality of man, an idea, embracing of course, the right of the laborer to recompense and recognition. And it was because he was the supposed incarnation of that idea, that Napoleon I. was invested with dictatorial power, and could command all the blood and treasure he needed to extend and carry out his views. We will not say that he entirely justified the confidence reposed in him. He was not the true friend of labor in the highest sense, but he did much to advance its interests. He surrounded himself by men taken from all ranks and callings; he rewarded industry; he favored agriculture, manufactures and mechanics, and he laid broad and deep the foundations upon which the future millions of Europe will stand in their strength. Retarded by armed combinations and by divisions artfully fomented, the social revolution has yet moved forward in spite of momentary checks. If during one decade it lost ground,

it made up for it in the advance of another, as a staunch and swift steamship, though her wheels cannot always drive her against the tempest, yet ultimately conquers wind and wave, and arrives at her destined port.

Not only is labor now recognized as honorable, but all classes of laborers receive their share of recognition. There is not the jealousy between different trades which formerly existed. The man who forges the sword of the warrior does not set himself above the man who reeves the cordage of a gallant vessel through the block; nor does the man who toils with his hands deny the merit of labor to him who toils with his brains. Contempt is reserved only for him who leads a life of sloth and self-indulgence, employing inherited wealth for the gratification of his own desires, instead of employing it for the good of his fellows. Let those who doubt the progress of the world look around them, and see what honors and rewards are paid to labor, and contrast this state of things with that which existed a century ago. They will be satisfied that "the world moves," and that "revolutions never go backward." They will derive faith, that, through whatever toil, chaos and suffering, eternal truth will prevail at last. The progress may be slow, but it is sure and certain.

**VERY ROMANTIC.**—The ever-gentle Augustus, journeying through the republic of Vermont by stage some years since, found himself face to face with an indescribably charming young lady, arrayed in deep black. "You have lost a relation, I fear?" said the sympathetic Augustus. "No blood relation," said the lady in black, speaking cheerfully even as she wept, "he was my husband. That's all."

**POLITENESS.**—The forms of good breeding have been properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between China vases to prevent their being broken by collision.

**HYPOCRIST.**—A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

**CURIOUS PEOPLE.**—There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

**EXAMPLE.**—We profit more by the faults than by the successes of others.

**A HINT.**—He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

## MUSICAL HABITS.

Under the pretence of writing history, abundance of frivolous stories have at all times been recited; and we wish for no better specimens of them than the thousand and one tales, more or less false and ridiculous, which have been told about the means employed by great composers to nourish their genius. Who has not, hundreds of times, read, both in books and journals, that such or such a celebrated genius could only awaken his inspirations by indulging himself in such or such a manner? Generally speaking, the vulgar are exceedingly fond of these material explanations of a mystery which would otherwise completely confound them. When the boy Mozart had visited the various courts of Europe and had astonished everybody with his talents as a pianist, certain grave and learned pundits pretended to account for his marvellous power by saying that he owed it to an enchanted ring which he wore upon one of his fingers. This report passed from echo to echo, until it at length reached the ears of Mozart, who quietly threw aside his ring, but continued none the less to enchant and perplex his auditors. Breathless with admiration, they listened as though he still wore his *enchanted ring*.

To all who have been intimately acquainted with great artists, most of the observations made upon their musical habits will appear not a jot more exact than that which we have cited in reference to Mozart. Their discerning originators remind us of a traveller, who, arriving during the night at a foreign city, opened his window in the morning, and, seeing a red-haired woman and a roan-colored horse go past, gravely set it down in his veracious tablets that all the women were red-haired and all the horses roan-colored throughout the land. One of this class of profound observers having occasion to pay a morning visit to a celebrated composer, found him in his *robe de chambre*, hastily writing down a motivo which had occurred to him as he was dressing. By the fire was a warming-pot filled with water nearly boiling, whence the sagacious visitor did not fail to infer that the pot of water was placed there as the means of hastening and perfecting the inspirations of the man of genius, and he forthwith wrote off to a friend: "When N— composes he always has near him a pot of boiling water." Of course the ebullient fluid could have no connexion whatever with the trite operation of shaving the musician was then about to commence. Another of these observers frequently met a *maestro*, not less celebrated than prolific, in the Bois de Boulogne, and not unfrequently found him on horseback; ergo, his musical ideas came

from the horse—ergo, he rode to compose! On a warm spring day S— was seized with a fancy to have his piano taken to the edge of a park, opposite to a fine green meadow. The news soon spread through the neighborhood; chance allowed an "observer" to hear it, and to the end of all ages it will be said and repeated, that S— could not compose except in the open air, and in front of a green meadow. It should have been added, *except when he was resident in town, on rainy days, and during the winter season*. You may read in a popular and goodly volume, that L— always composed in bed, to which authentic intelligence you will do well to add, *when the weather was cold, and he had no wood to make a fire*. In another book, also a well-known and accredited production, we are informed that P— was fond of being surrounded with *cervelas* and smoking sausages, to which may be added, *when he was hungry and preparing to take his dejeuner*.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—Some years ago, a seaman by the name of Sherwood accidentally shot a shipmate on a Fourth of July, and was placed in the jail at Key West to await his trial. The main door had no lock or bolt, and Sherwood roamed abroad when he pleased, but made it a point of honor to sleep in his prison. His friends vainly urged him to go off, and the jailor finally getting tired of being bored, swore that he would have to go, for he could not feed him any longer, as he did not believe him guilty. Sherwood begged hard to remain, and promised to work for the jailor to pay his board. Upon these terms he was suffered to remain in prison, working daily for his keeper until his trial came on, and he was fairly hung. Here was an honest Key West criminal; he did not deem himself guilty, but was perfectly willing to be hung if the community desired it.

TRUE.—A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank ever yet established—one that receives deposits daily and yearly, with no costly machinery to manage it.

CHINESE MUSIC.—Some one says that the music of the Chinese is deliciously horrid; "like cats trying to sing base with sore throats."

ROTATION OF CROPS.—It is said that Siberia affords two crops a year—one of moss, and the other of icicles.

SOMEBODY SAYS.—Love makes one half of every man foolish, and the other half cunning.

**SELF-MADE SOLDIERS.**

Theoretical writers on the subject of war insist on a long and scientific training as the absolute pre-requisite of a great captain; and the governments of various countries have established, at enormous expense, military schools and academies to fit men thoroughly for the field. But it is a noteworthy fact that the most successful soldiers are those who have learned the art of war, not of professors of military science, but in the stern school of experience. Let us see how many of Napoleon's marshals were self-made soldiers. Angereau was a private in the French carbineers, and served in the ranks till the revolution of the empire developed his talents and raised him to fame and fortune. Bernadotte, afterwards king of Sweden, began as a private in the Royal Marine. Bessieres, Duke of Istria, marshal of the empire, colonel-general of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, was a volunteer in the ranks of the constitutional guard of Lewis XVI. at the age of twenty-three. Marshal Brune was a law-student, a man of letters and a printer, before he entered the ranks of the grenadiers as a common soldier. Gouvion St. Cyr, count, marshal and peer of France, was an artist and an actor, before he became a soldier. Jourdan enlisted in a regiment of infantry and came to America with Rochambeau. He acquired his military education in the ranks. Kellerman received no military education. Lanniers was apprenticed by his father to a dyer. He volunteered at Gers when France was threatened on all points by the rest of Europe in 1792. His brilliant courage and rare intrepidity caused him to be called the "French Ajax" by the soldiers of the *grande armée*. Lefebvre was destined for the church, but enlisted in the French guards. Massena served first as a midshipman and then as a common soldier. Of him Napoleon said: "Massena possessed rare courage and remarkable tenacity. His talent increased with the excess of danger. Vanquished, he was always ready to begin again, as if he had been the victor. He was a very superior man, who, by a special privilege, possessed under fire, one of the most essential qualities of the general of an army—the moral equipoise which seemed to spring from the very heart of peril."

Marshal Moncey was destined for the bar, but enlisted as a common soldier. Marshal Mortier began his career as a lieutenant of carbineers without any previous military training. Murat was the son of an innkeeper, and was destined for a priest, studied "the humanities" at Cahors, and was sent to Toulouse to study canon law. Endowed with very decided military tastes,

of an ardent character, singularly daring in his feats of horsemanship, his predilections did not tally at all with those of his parents; so when the regiment of the Chasseurs of the Ardennes passed through Toulouse, the splendor of the uniform tempted him, his military ardor swept him away, and he followed the colors and the kettle-drums. His merit was purely military, but he carried this merit to the highest degree. Brave to incredible temerity; singularly beautiful in uniform, adorning himself on the days of battle like an ancient knight, he seemed like one of the brilliant paladins escaped from the night of the middle ages, and thrown by some strange chance into the midst of the wars of the republic and the empire. To complete the resemblance, a throne was requisite as an appanage of the valiant knight, and this Napoleon, whose sister he married, bestowed on him. Michael Ney "the bravest of the brave," duke of Elchingen, prince of Moskowa, marshal of the empire, at the age of thirteen was a notary's clerk, but not liking the business, enlisted at eighteen in a regiment of hussars. Oudinot was destined for a mercantile life, but he enlisted at sixteen. Serrurier was not an educated soldier. Soult rose from the ranks. Suchet, at the age of twenty, enlisted as a volunteer in the Lyonnese national cavalry. Marshal Victor (Perrin) duke of Belluno and Peer of France, began his career as a volunteer in the 4th regiment of artillery, the same which, four years afterwards, Bonaparte entered as second lieutenant. Marshal Grouchy enlisted in the artillery when he was only fourteen. He made an excellent officer, notwithstanding his fatal mistake in the campaign of 1815. Here is a long list of brilliant names—men who acquired a knowledge of the dreadful trade of war on the battle-field itself, and who owed none of their imperishable fame to scholastic training.

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**A HINT.**—An editor thus logically nudges his delinquent subscribers: "We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do, and no doubt they owe you. If you'll pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you."

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**A RUSTIC IDEA.**—A countryman seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my word, if the sea was a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

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**MODESTY.**—It has been said that there are two classes of people that can afford to be modest; those who possess a vast amount of knowledge, and those who have but little.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Letters from Athens state that the Greeks are anxious to get rid of their Bavarian king.

A great Manchester (England) house states that they will supply "elastic steel shirt-collars, wristbands, and fronts, enamelled white."

The present population of Glasgow, including the suburbs of Patrick, Govan, Hillhead, Paisley-road, etc., amounts to four hundred and forty-six thousand three hundred and ninety-five.

A man named Brown, aged forty-one, residing at Dagenham, starved himself to death, a few days ago, under the delusion that God forbade him eating food and drinking beer.

It was elicited during the hearing of a case at Westminster, that of twenty-four gallons of milk which a cowkeeper agreed to supply to a London milkman every week, eight gallons were to be made up from the pump.

The number of children in the State of Indiana is reported by the Superintendent of Public Instruction at 512,572; school revenue for apportionment collected in counties, \$555,565 83. The amount distributed, \$553,557 76.

A society for the rescue of "fallen women" is actively and successfully engaged in London in reclaiming outcasts. Within the last year they have restored three hundred and fifty women to their friends in the country, where they are leading virtuous and happy lives.

Manchester, in England, is the greatest manufacturing city in the world. In its factories and founderies there is employed, daily, a motive steam power equal to that of 1,200,000 horses. This requires 30,000 tons of coal for raising steam, which amounts to 9,390,000 tons per annum.

During the first four months of the present year, the British importation of foreign breadstuffs amounted to ninety millions of dollars. In 1860, for the same period, there were but twenty-two millions five hundred thousand.

The census of England and Wales shows the population to be over 20,000,000, an increase of over 2,000,000 in ten years. The population of London is 2,800,000. The emigration from the United Kingdom in ten years is 2,200,000.

The plan for establishing a telegraphic line connecting Europe, through Siberia, with the Pacific Ocean, has been undertaken by the Russian Ministry of Marine. It is expected that the entire line, from St. Petersburg to the Pacific, will be completed in five years.

Louis Napoleon is said to be the only man born within the city of Paris, who has occupied the French throne within the recollection of authentic history. He was born within the Palace of the Tuileries, where Hortense was then on a visit to Josephine, on the 20th of April, 1808.

Rifled fire-arms were first introduced into England from Germany, about 1650, and the first patent was taken out for them in the latter country in 1635. So says a German scientific publication. Who thought that this "modern improvement" had existed for two and a quarter centuries?

A French marquis has lately died, leaving 150,000 francs to his groom, an honest fellow.

Statistics show more blind persons in Ireland than in any other country except Norway.

The freedom of the city of London has been presented to Mr. Cobden in a box of English oak and solid gold.

Lord Palmerston is very much broken in health; his attacks of gout are now more frequent and more fierce.

A Turin letter in a French legitimist journal says Ricasoli, the Italian Prime Minister, is a Protestant.

In the Presbyterian Synod of England an attempt has lately been made to prevent the use of organs in churches. The question is dividing the clergy.

Among the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household was the following: "That none toy with the maidens on pain of foupence."

A writer in the Illustrated London Times says that American children are much handsomer than English children and much more polite. They have greater confidence in their parents, which is the result of freedom of intercourse.

They pretend to say Louis Napoleon's weak side has at last been discovered, viz., fear of the sons of Louis Philippe. Leopold, of Belgium, tells Palmerston to play the Orleans dynasty against the reigning one when he desires to intimidate France.

As the workmen in the employ of the Westbury Iron Company were recently digging, they came upon a Roman well, in which were some beautiful specimens of pottery, and some coins seventy years after Christ, with other interesting relics.

The herring fisheries of Norway have produced the last year 700,000 tons. The Norwegian cod-fishery is on a large scale also. It employs 24,266 men and produces annually 18,000 tons. Large quantities of them are dried and salted for exportation.

The total land forces of France amount to 400,000 of all ranks, with 86,905 horses, and 5658 *enfants de troupe*, independently of the troops in French colonies (besides Algeria), whose numbers are not given, but whose cost is charged to the Navy and Colonial Budget, and of 2894 men, 663 horses in the Garde de Paris.

The first iron steamboat built upon the Thames was the Daylight, constructed by Ditchburn Mare, of Rotherhithe, in 1838. At the time Mr. Ditchburn undertook to substitute iron for wood in the construction of steam vessels, he was regarded by the profession as laboring under a mental hallucination.

A few years ago a German got out to Peru a few hives of bees, an insect formerly unknown there. The first year he obtained a plentiful supply of honey, but year by year it decreased, until now the bees will hardly collect any. And why? The climate is so equable that flowers can be had all the year round, and the sagacious insects having discovered this fact, have evidently lost the instinct of hoarding honey for a winter that never comes.

## Record of the Times.

A man took chloroform for fun, in Philadelphia, and died in earnest!

Surgeons now amputate a lung, as they used to do a finger or a limb.

A man in New York advertises a lost umbrella! Is the man deranged or crazy?

A man advertises in Poughkeepsie, "Wanted, a middle-aged woman to cook!" Gracious!

Prentice says the talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

There are sixty thousand German residents in London. There are rather more than that in St. Louis.

A land slide near Sonoma, California, has revealed a number of basaltic columns, resembling the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

Why is a youth like a church robbed of its Bibles and prayer-books? Because he is in a state of pew-pillage.

The Declaration of Independence was written in the parlor, on the second floor of the brick house at the northwest corner of Market and Seventh Streets, Philadelphia.

Type-setting is now to be done by machinery; a company has been formed in Boston for the purpose of working the new patents. A specimen machine will be sent to the London exhibition next year.

The pulpit of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle is quite unique. It is a capacious gallery, with a table, a desk, and "a sofa for the preacher's use." It is large enough to accommodate twenty or thirty people.

An Augusta, Me., editor (Pike), thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriots: "Some esteem it 'sweet and decorous' to die for one's country; others regard it as sweeter to live for one's country; and yet others hold it to be sweeter still to live upon one's country."

It is estimated that probably one man in every four throughout the human race is, more or less, a smoker of tobacco. M. Natalis Rondot calculates—a little hyperbolically—that there are at least a hundred millions of tobacco-smokers in China.

Leonard Chester, of Norwich, Conn., in inspecting an old secretary a few days since, found some secret drawers containing papers signed by John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, and other valuable relics of the Revolution.

The English census returns show the population of England and Wales to be 20,204,504, an increase of 2,165,576 during the last ten years. The population of London is 2,803,034, an increase of 440,798 since 1851. The emigration from the United Kingdom in ten years was 2,249,355.

The following inscription has been written by Walter Savage Landor for Garibaldi's house at Nice: "In this house was born Garibaldi, a brave and daring soldier, a prudent and sagacious general, a merciful conqueror, an unostentatious ruler, an honest man." The inscription is in Latin.

The Kings of Siam have presented to the Emperor of France a valuable collection of animals, for the most part rare and unknown in Europe.

A man in Frankfort, Ohio, was recently sentenced to the Penitentiary for twenty one years for robbing the mail of a check for \$258.47.

In the Russian navy there are two hundred and forty-three steamers, and seventy-one sailing vessels, carrying 3851 guns.

Do not trust to the discourse of the great, to the duration of a calm at sea, to the brilliancy of the day which flies, to the vigor of thy horse.

An effort is being made, in England, to abolish Sunday funerals. They say that they make too much noise.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

The great local sensation of Skowhegan, Me., at the present time, is furnished by the birth of a three legged chicken. Barnum's early arrival is looked for.

It ought to be generally known that any man may, on his hands and knees, safely traverse ice which would not nearly bear up his weight when on his feet.

The Egyptians first used stones and bricks to write on—afterwards a paper was made of papyrus, which was used 2000 years—next came parchment.

They who have disbelieved in virtue, because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun, because it is not always noon.

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

A lot of Circassian chiefs are figuring in Paris. It was thought at first they were destined for acrobatic exercise in the circus; but they are found to be a deputation to the emperor for protection of course, against Russia.

Although the number of miners has increased from 35,000, in 1853, to 108,000, at the close of the past year, the yield of gold in the Australian fields was \$60,000,000 in 1853, but in 1860, only \$40,000,000.

The lineal descendant of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and the representative of that once noble family which founded the colony of Maryland, has been for eight years an imprisoned debtor in London.

A man recently purchased a link of sausage, "long drawn out," and was nearly choked to death by a piece of brass collar, marked "Fido." How the collar got into the sausage, is the question.

They mean to raise tall students in Wisconsin. An exchange says, its Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high!

Man is like a snowball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in the dogdays; but kick him round, and he gathers strength at every revolution.



## Merry-Making.

To cure the toothache, let an omnibus run over your foot.

Dog-stealing in the second degree—hooking city-made sausages.

Laugh at no man for his pug nose—you can't tell what may turn up.

What pies do we refuse to eat, except when made into sausages? *Pup-pies.*

An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

When will a ship yield the largest crop? When she is a ground!

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

Whenever you drink, be sure you have your nose above water.

In the game of life men most frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

Above par—State stocks and spoiled boys. The latter are not only above par, but above grand-par and the whole family.

The great difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse is, that the one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Things are so linked together, that Dr. Francis said, a rise of 25 per cent. in logwood would ruin half the port wine dealers in the country.

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular northeaster.

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther telling me how they make ice crame?" "In truth, I can—don't they bake them in cowlid ovens, to be sure."

The following inscription was copied from a tombstone in New Orleans: "Sam Wright an Irishman, a gentleman, and honest man—shot by Sam Oke."

A gentleman having presented his church with the "Ten Commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

A wag up town, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be felt."

Counsellor, afterwards Chief Justice Bushe, being asked which of Mr. Power's company of actors he most admired, maliciously replied, "The prompter, for I heard the most and saw the least of him."

A Frenchman thinks the English language very tough. "Dare is look out," he says, "which is to put your head out and see; and look out, which is to haul in your head not for to see—just contrairie."

The Charlestown Advertiser says a lady called at an apothecary store a few days ago, and inquired if he had any tissue paper. The doctor's clerk replied in the negative. "Then," said the woman, "I'll take three cents worth of gin."

When is a ship like a book? When it is outward bound, of course.

Why is a butcher like a teacher of languages? Because he is a retailer of tongues.

It doesn't follow that Rome was built in the night because it wasn't built in a day.

Why is a "tom-and-jerry" like a man taking a second wife? Coz it's *re-wiving*.

When should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a bar made (barmaid).

When is a horse not a horse? When he is turned into a field.

It doesn't seem desirable to live an invalid; he who is "one foot in the grave" might as well be six.

A henpecked husband says that instead of himself and wife being one they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

"Silence that dreadful belle," as the man said to a loud-sneering miss in the Howard Athenæum.

The sweetest flowers ever scattered in an old bachelor's pathway, are the *two-lips* of a pretty girl.

"My dear," said Jenkins to his wife, "you must stop drinking. Your nose, already (all red) is quite conspicuous."

"Pray, sir," said a gentleman to a wag upon a wharf, "what is wood now?" "Why, trees cut down and chopped up."

McGraw, the famous painter, made a portrait of an old lady, so odd and comical that he died laughing at the conceit.

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought," that he was tied up, labelled, and sent off on the "train of ideas."

Don't rely for success upon empty praise. The swimmer upon the stream of life should be able to keep afloat without the aid of bladders.

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with the success that they lay boiled eggs.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe that there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

The man who harbors an evil thought, it is reported, has consented to let out a pier or two if a good price is offered.

To a lover there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

What is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? One faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

It is hard that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." We suspect, however, that *breathing* has something to do with it.

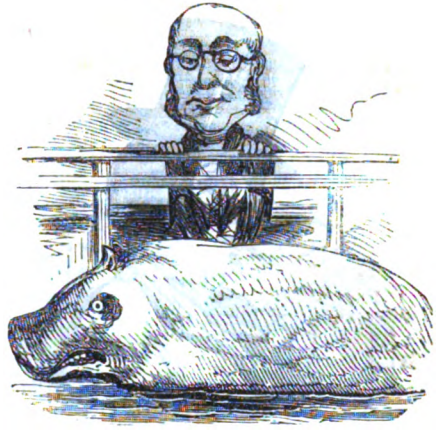
How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the after part of a vessel while sailing.

"I hope your uncle did not take umbrage at what I said." "I don't know what taking umbrage is, but he took snuff like old Sancho, arter you was gone."

# The Visitors to the Hippopotamus.



Came all the way from Lowell to see the critter. No great shakes after all!



The professor who regarded the animal from a scientific point of view.



The young gent who quoted poetry about the wonders of the animal kingdom.



The Beacon Street exquisites who said the creature was too fat, and smelt so!



Effect upon one of de fair sex, similarity of personal appearance. Faints dead away.



The restaurant keeper who came away full of the marvel, and perfectly satisfied.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
**THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.**



The young chap who got his money's worth by looking at the lady visitors.



The boy who tore a small hole in the tent to get a sight for nothing.



The fellow who declared it was nothing but an overgrown hog, and demanded his money back.



A correct likeness of the individual whose astonishment exceeded all bounds.



The man who stopped outside, and who wasn't going to be sold by any such stuff.



The man who frightened his wife into a fit by describing the animal when he got home.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 4.

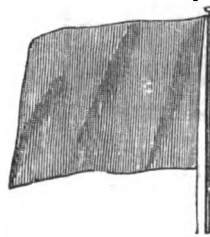
BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1861.

WHOLE No. 82.

## THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

In the following ten pages we give an elaborate flag-map, carefully drawn and engraved, representing a view of the various flags of the nations of the world. This view is invaluable for reference; and to render it complete, we publish herewith a key to the colors of the flags, these colors being invariably indicated by engravers in the direction of the lines of shading, or by the insertion of dots, as in the accompanying cuts. These flags, as emblems of nationality, are dear to the heart of every people. They are associated with all our peaceful displays and civic and military celebrations, and in time of danger, their display rallies every brave and stout heart. To an American, the casual sight of the stars and stripes in a foreign land causes a thrill of joy and pride that language can hardly picture, while a thousand glorious historical memories are evoked at the glittering constellation of its union, and the blood-red color that streams athwart its field. And we may doubtless believe the same feeling is insinctive in the breasts of every other people. The flag of a nation is always associated with patriotic emotions, and under its waving folds how many armies have marched to battle and victory, while others have cheerfully laid down their lives to maintain its honor, and found their graves in its defeat. In more peaceful times, this escutcheon of a nation's name and prestige waves over land and sea, and under its folds the commerce of one land adds its amount to the well-being and wealth of every other portion. Thus it rides on, the emblem of security and good faith, the object of interest and reverence, and its appearance is hailed with joy by all whose national character it represents. Though for a little time, it may be, our own national emblem, the stars and stripes, seems under a cloud, yet we may fully believe, it will flaunt triumphantly, and long, to generations yet to come, wave over a peaceful, united and happy people. We may ask, and reply :

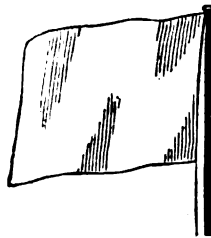
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream?  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



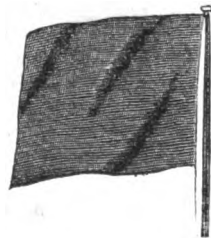
RED.



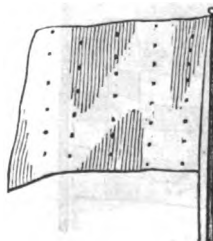
BLACK.



WHITE.



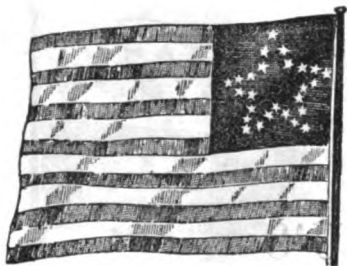
BLUE.



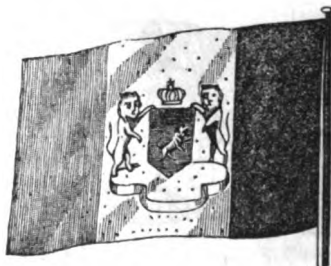
YELLOW.



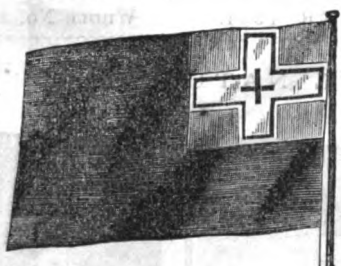
GREEN.



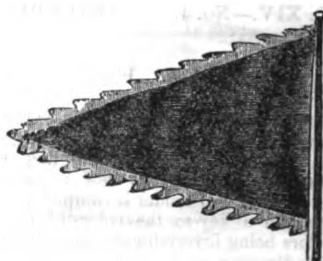
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



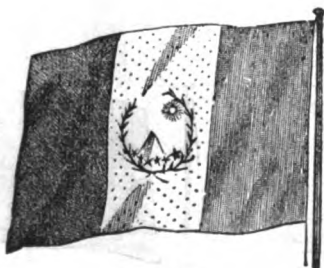
BELGIUM.



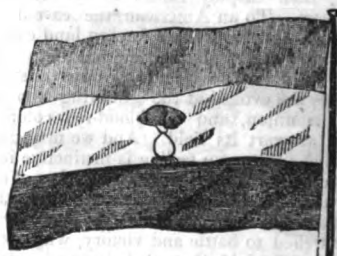
SARDINIA.



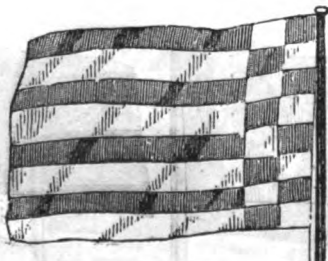
CHINA.



BOLIVIA.



PARAGUAY.

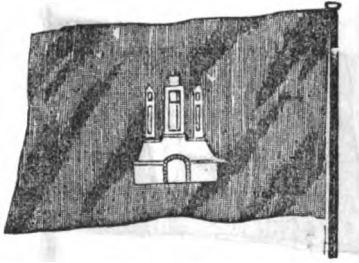


BREMEN.

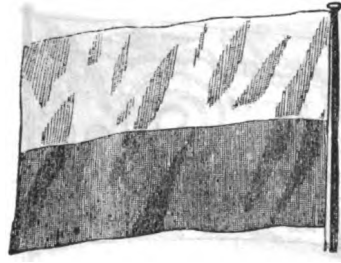


MECKLENBURG.

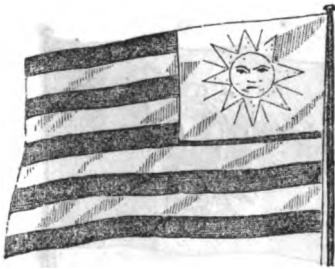




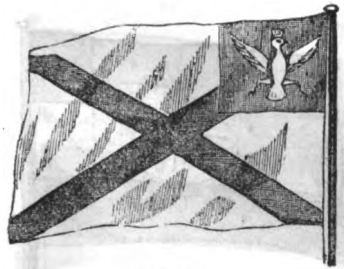
HAMBURG.



LUBECK.



URUGUAY.



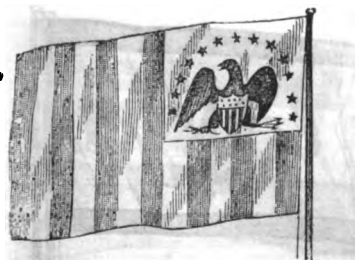
POLAND.



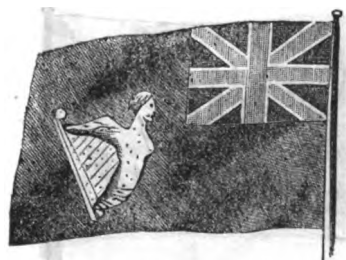
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PERU.



AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

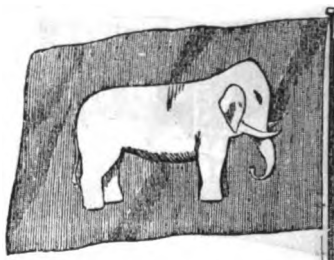


IRELAND.

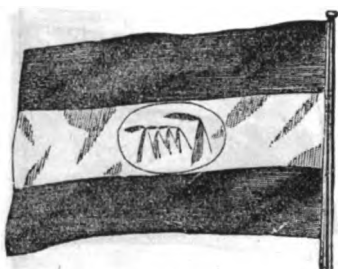




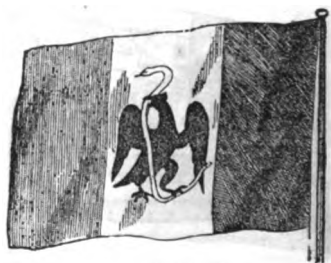
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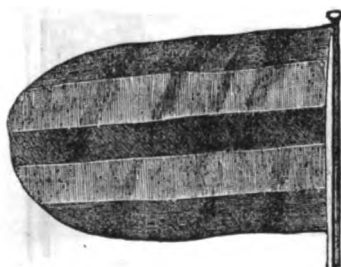
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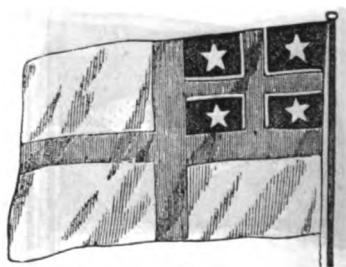
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MEXICO.



TUNIS.



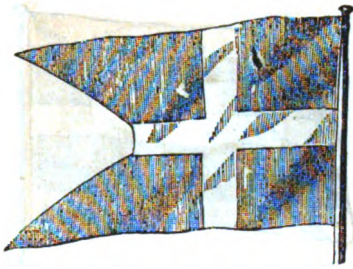
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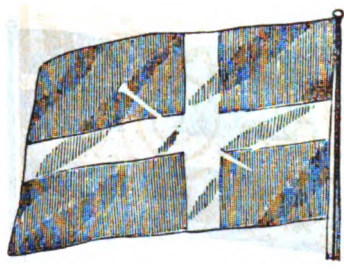
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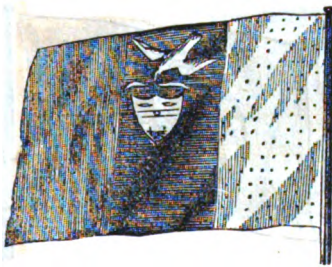
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DENMARK, MAN-OF-WAR.



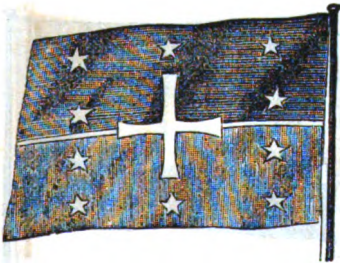
DENMARK, MERCHANT.



NEW GRENADA.



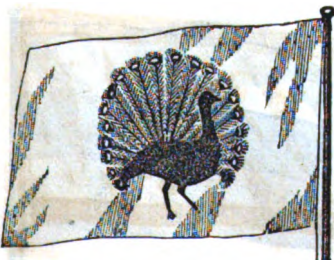
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DOMINICA.



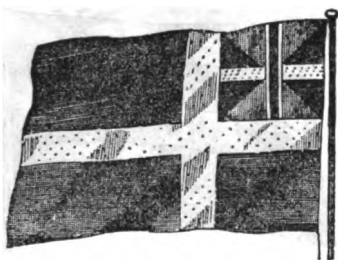
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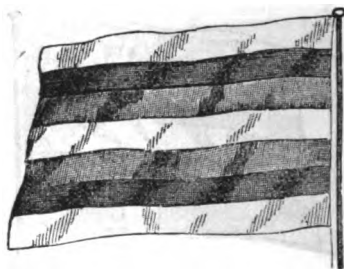
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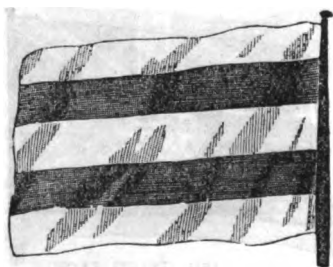
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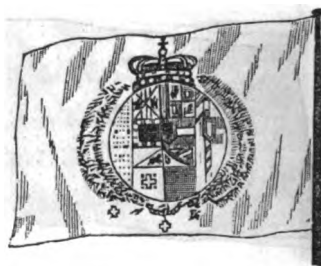
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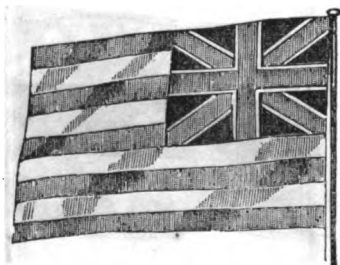
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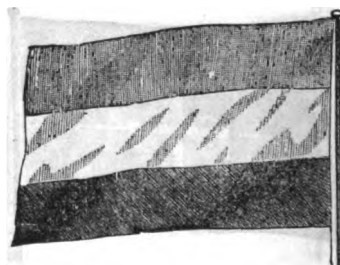
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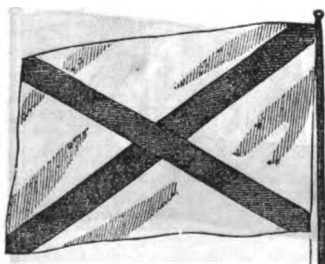
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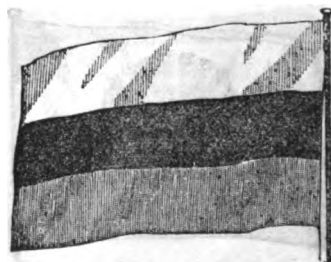
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HUNGARIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.



RUSSIAN, MAN-OF-WAR.



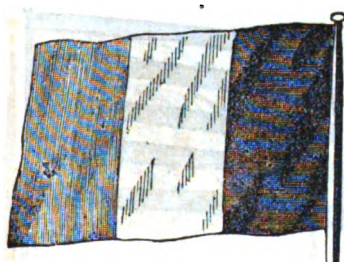
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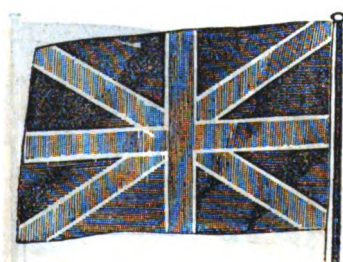
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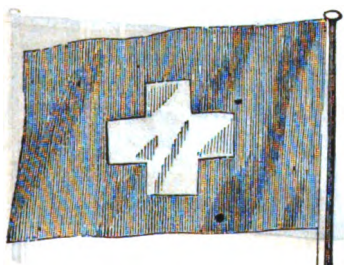
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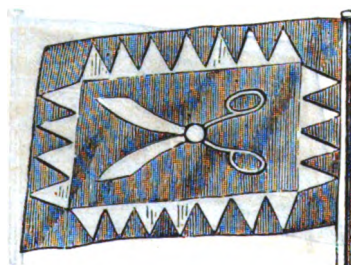
FRANCE.



ENGLISH UNION JACK.



SWITZERLAND.



MOROCCO.



HOLLAND.

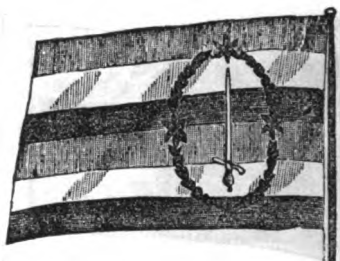


EGYPT.





VENICE.



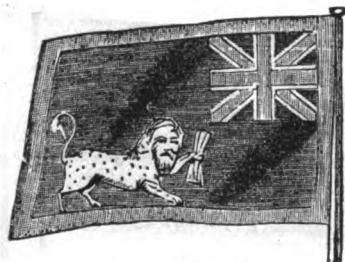
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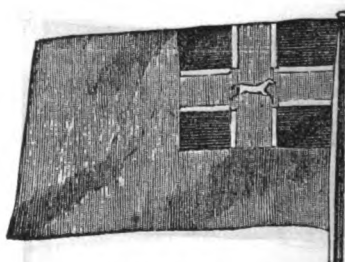
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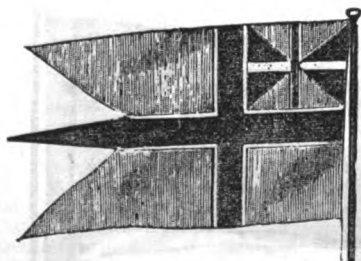
PORTUGAL, MERCHANT.



IONIAN REPUBLIC.



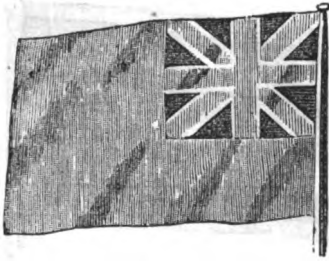
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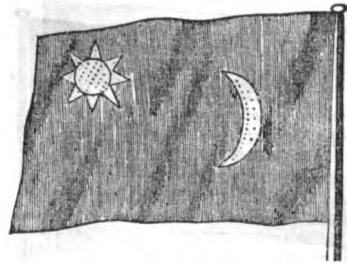
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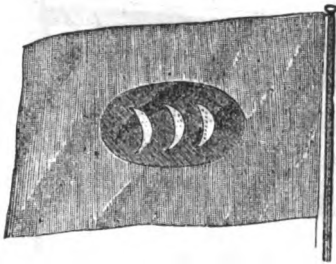
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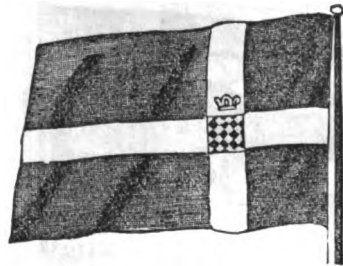
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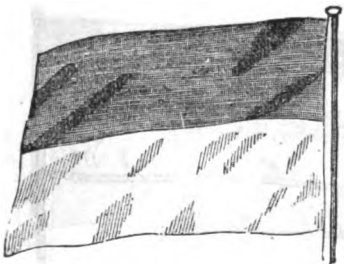
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TURKEY.



GREECE.



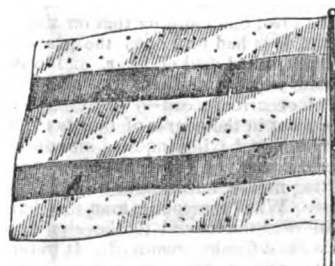
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TRIPOLI.

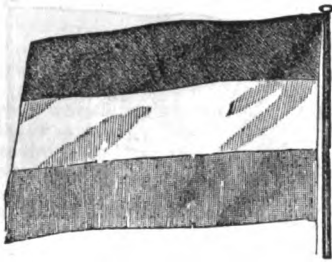


SPAIN, MAN-OF-WAR.

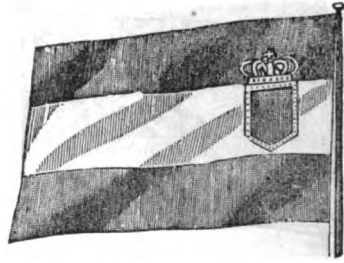


SPAIN, MERCHANT.

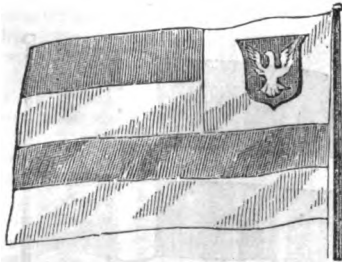




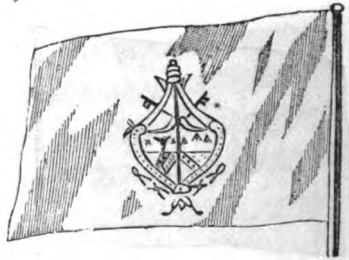
ITALIAN, REVOLUTIONARY.



AUSTRIA.



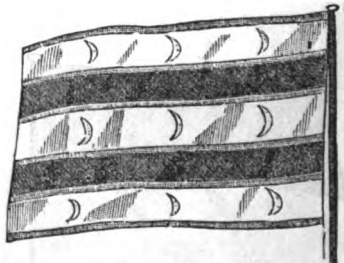
FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN.



PAPAL STANDARD.



TUSCANY.



PERSIA.

#### CANINE ATTACHMENT.

A circumstance very recently occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, which may be added to the many chapters recording the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters. A rumor spread through the town one morning that on the night previous the dog had torn open the grave of a young man who had died of fever, and was interred some weeks previous. So painful and shocking an occurrence caused great excitement in Portree; but in the course of the day Sheriff Frazer and others, having inquired into the truth of the case, found the facts not only to be of a less revolting nature, but fraught with the deepest interest. When the young man was buried, the dog followed the funeral to the churchyard, and was with difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin.

At Portree, as in many other parts of the Highlands, the people bury their dead in a very superficial manner, making only shallow graves. The dog had gnawed through the coffin, but the body of its dead master was untouched; and there the faithful animal was found eagerly looking into the grave. "I doubt," says our correspondent, "if there be on record a more striking instance of canine attachment; for you must bear in mind that four or five weeks had elapsed since the interment, and the churchyard is six miles from the house where poor Norman's father lives."—*Inverness Courier*.

The Future is the heaven where the Past is glorified. In the strong man's bosom each dead Past rises to a coronation day in the Future, more glorious than ever, transfigured with beauty and light.

## NEW ZEALAND AND OTHER SKETCHES.



A NEW ZEALAND PIROGUE.

are two sorts, one description calculated to carry from ten to twenty persons, belonging to private individuals, while the other boats, capable of containing from eighty to a hundred men, are reserved for battle, and belong to a whole tribe, which rarely has more than three or four of them. All these pirogues are alike in general form and in the details of their construction. They are built of an enormous trunk of *Kouti*, a very hard wood, hollowed out throughout its length. The prow is surmounted, as the engraving shows, by an ornament rising a couple of yards about the hull, and beautifully and elaborately carved. The small pirogues are burned out. The latter class have at stem and stern the most hideous human face imaginable, with a huge protruding tongue and sea shells inserted for eyes. The larger pirogues are covered with splendid carvings and floating fringes of plumes, which produces a very agreeable effect. Two families often own a pirogue in common, in which

On this and the following five pages we present our readers with some very unique sketches of life in New Zealand, New Caledonia, and other parts of the Eastern world. The first engraving represents a New Zealander's pirogue, one of the most curious craft that navigate the Australian waters. The industry of the New Zealanders is shown more in their pirogues than in any other object. They are long and narrow, and somewhat remind one of whale-boats. There

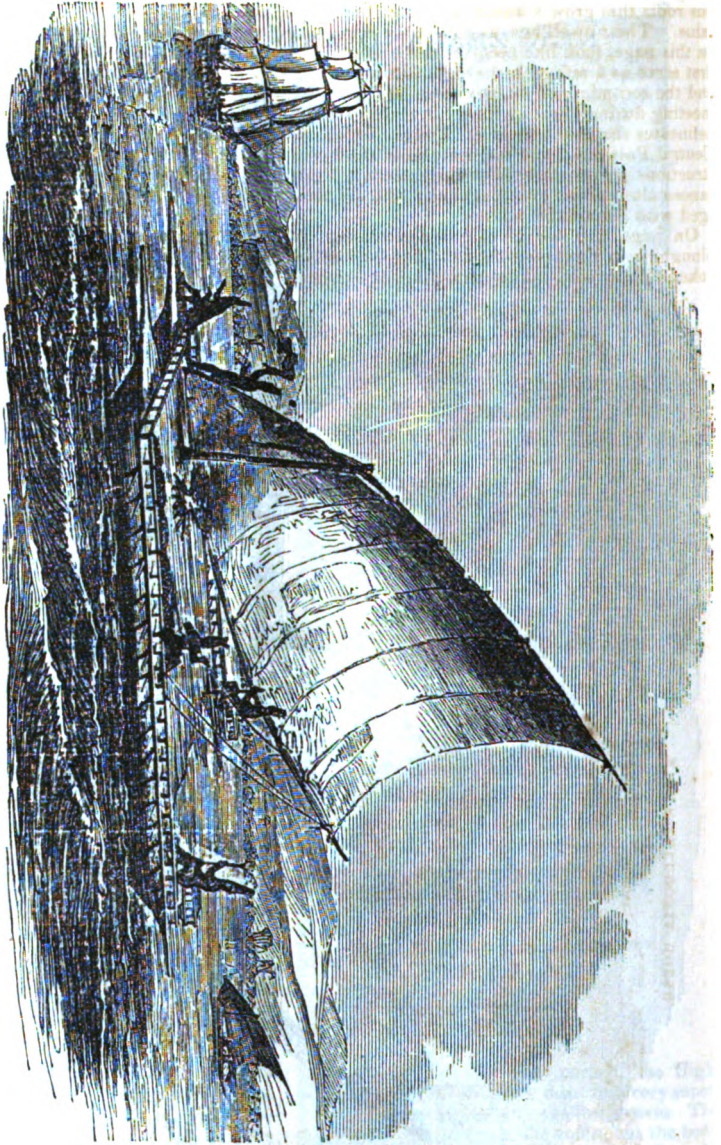
case the interior is divided by a trellice-work to prevent the mixture of the effects and merchandise belonging to the two families. The *pagayes* (oars) of the pirogues are small, light, and well made. The blade is of oval form, or rather resembles a broad leaf, pointed at the end and diminishing gradually to the handle. By means of these oars, the New Zealanders drive their pirogues with great speed. They are no great adepts in navigation, and can only sail before the



wind. The sail is a coarsely woven mat, raised on two sticks, which serve both as mast and yard, with two cords attached to the top of each. The boats are so well constructed that they move very rapidly before a stiff breeze. They are steered by two men, with paddles, seated at the poop. As soon as the New Zealanders make a landing, they draw their pirogues up on the shore, and sometimes drag them to a great distance inland to prevent their being stolen by their enemies.

Following next is a picture of a New Caledonia Pirogue. The construction of this craft will be best understood by a minute examination of our engraving. Two boats are decked over to within a few feet of the stern, leaving room for a couple of men to sit with their paddles on board. The huge fabric is driven by a vast lateen sail. The dwellings of the New Caledonians are shown in another engraving. The inhabitants of New Caledonia are very stupid. The full-blooded Caledonians are generally of a chocolate color, tall, lean and ill-proportioned. At first sight they are displeasing; their noses are flat, their mouths large, with thick lips, but their black eyes are often expressive. The lobes of their ears are pierced with large holes, and often dragged down to their shoulders by the weights they carry in them. These natives wear no other sort of garment but a short cloak made of straw

A NEW CALEDONIA PIROGUE.



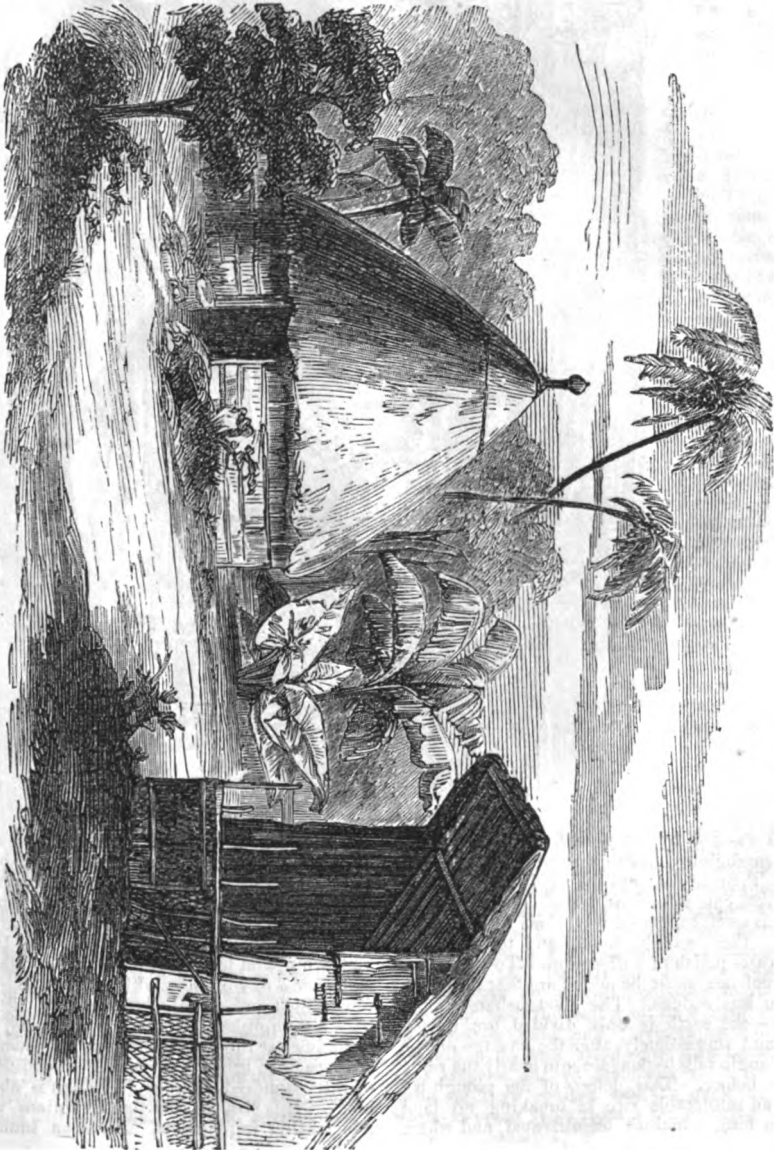
during the cold nights. Their beards are commonly silky and black, while their hair is crisp and reddish. The women are better formed than the men, but their faces are as ugly and often as stupid. Their dress consists of a sort of fringe made of the bark of a tree and encircling the waist. The New Caledonians appear inoffensive and hospitable; their extreme indolence, which deprives them of the simplest amusements, is probably the reason why some travellers have described them as perfect brutes. But they unite some good qualities to an ordinary intelligence. The natives of New Caledonia live almost en-

tirely on vegetables they raise and the mucilaginous roots that grow without culture in the mountains. Their dwellings, as seen in the engraving on this page, look like beehives and sheds. The first serve as a refuge in the night, and are closed, and the second, open on one side, are used for meeting during the day time. Another picture delineates the boat houses at Tonga Tabou, in Central Polynesia, and the neatness of these constructions proves the skill of the natives. Their canoes also exhibit great ingenuity, and are managed with remarkable address.

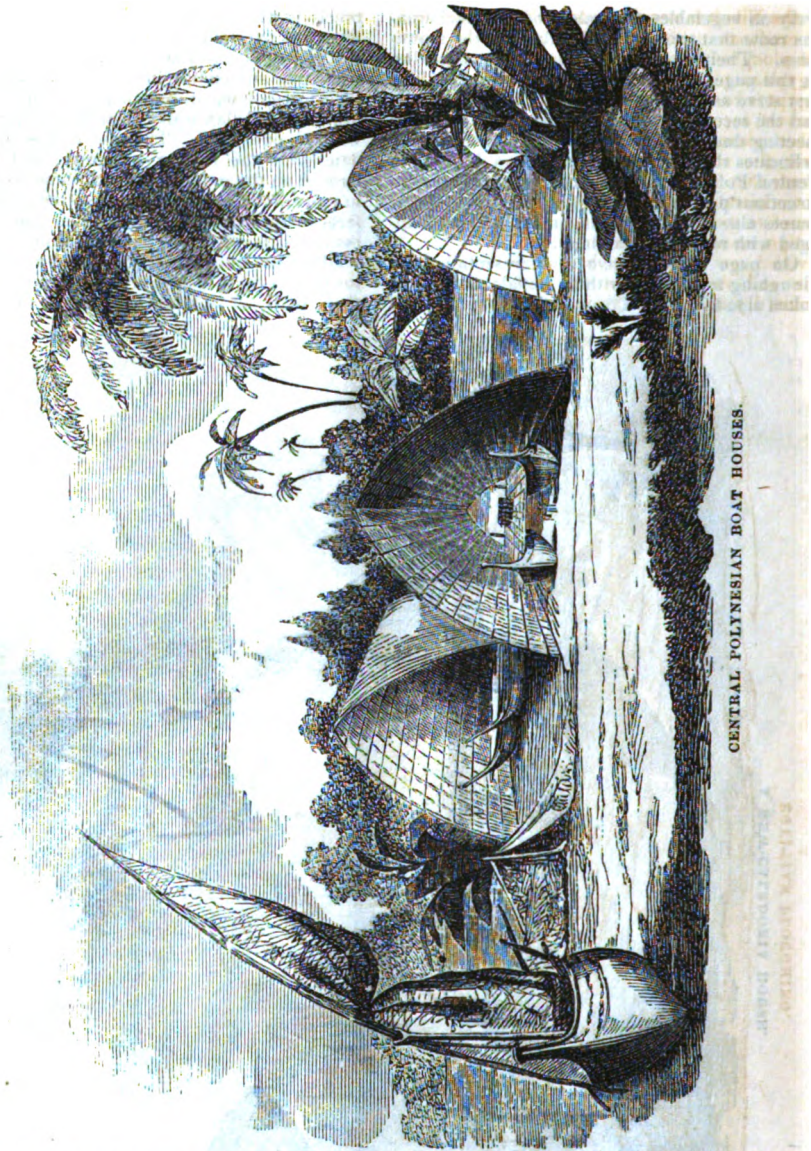
On page 319 we give a representation of ploughing in Egypt—with a buffalo and camel yoked side by side. The agriculture of Egypt is

precisely what it was in the days of its splendor, when the pyramids were built. The plough of the Fellah is called *maharrat*. The iron share, triangular and ending in a point, is fitted to a long piece of wood, rounded above and flat below. The Fellah walks near his plough, with a whip in one hand. The use of the *maharrat* dates from the highest antiquity, and is often figured on the monuments. Still the instrument, in spite of immemorial usage, presents great defects to the experienced eye. The yoke is so ill-contrived that it often chafes the animals so as to render them unfit for service; and animals used for ploughing in Egypt are easily recognized by their galls, or at least callosities. When the

A NEW-CALEDONIA HOUSE.







CENTRAL POLYNESIAN BOAT HOUSES.

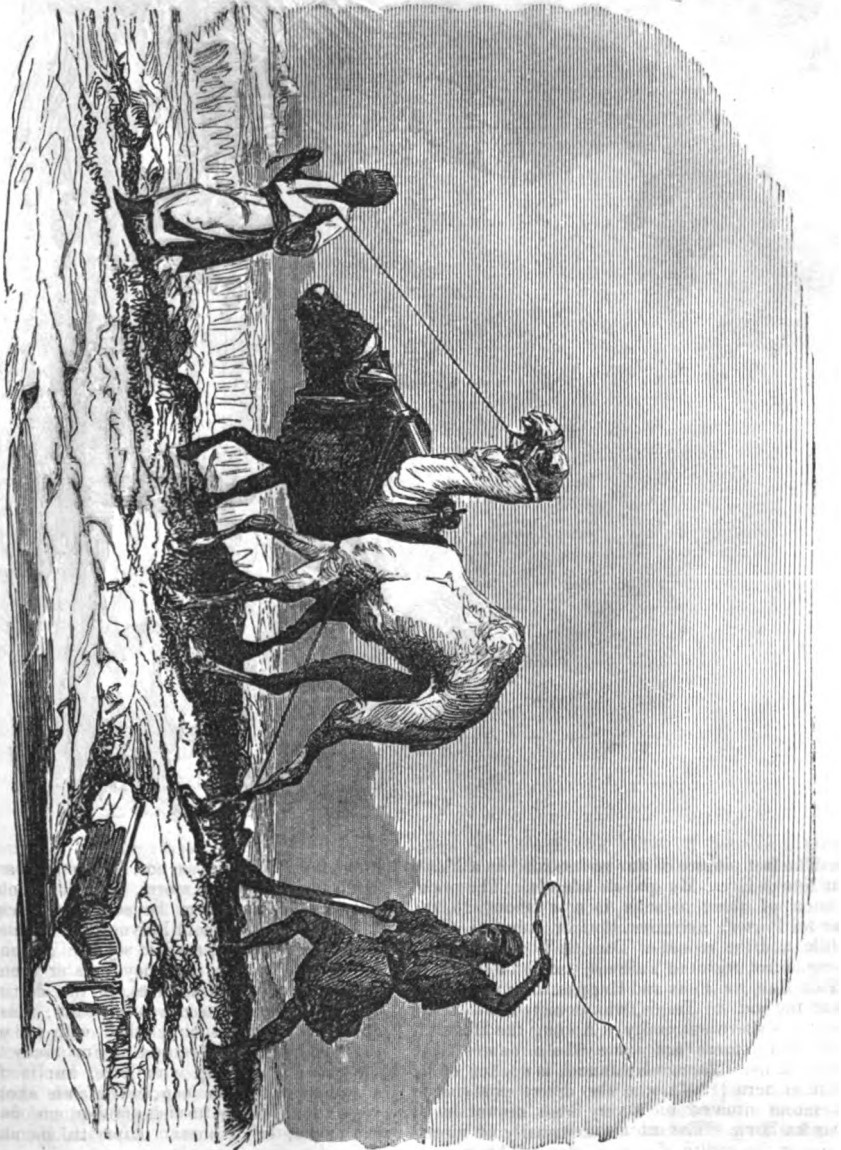
team is excited by whip and voice, the oxen make prodigious efforts, raise their heads and stretch their necks, and the rigid rope that confines them cuts into their flesh. Then the jugular veins swell immeasurably, their eyes become cloudy, their mouths foam, and too often the poor beasts perish of suffocation. To this grave inconvenience must be added another imperfection no less serious. The ploughshare is too narrow—the earth is only divided, not turned over, and immediately after the passage of the iron triangle falls back again into nearly the same state as before. This defect of the plough becomes an intolerable vice in breaking up land that has long remained uncultivated, and where

tenacious weeds are deeply rooted. The maharat is powerless, and yet the land must be subdued. In this emergency, a great number of ploughs are collected on the same spot, blows are showered on the animals, the oxen pull furiously, the ploughs slowly move forward, the laborers yell, whip, and jerk their defective implements, and after a day of most exhausting labor, with oxen killed and ploughs broken, very little has been accomplished. In certain *obadyehs*, it has sometimes required eighteen months, sometimes two years, to bring into cultivable condition two or three hundred *feddans* (a feddan is about an acre). It is strange that the Egyptians do not adopt better implements. After an inundation

of the Nile it is necessary to cultivate the soil, to eradicate noxious weeds. For lands which are ploughed before the inundation perhaps the Egyptian plough does well enough. Land in Egypt is rarely allowed to rest. After the grain harvest succeeds the culture of cotton or some other plant. The plough has then to be passed over the roots of the wheat or maize, and the weeds that have intruded themselves. It cannot penetrate deep enough, and the cotton will therefore grow poorly. It is the same with hemp, indigo, sesame, etc. After ploughing, the land is levelled, an essential operation in Egypt, for if the soil forms undulations, the culminating points dry up, and the grain fails, while if water

remains in the hollows, the plants rot. It is therefore of the highest importance to level the soil perfectly, and this the Egyptians do with remarkable regularity, using a drag made of the trunk of a palm drawn transversely over the field by two oxen, repeating the process till the whole area is perfectly level. In lands artificially irrigated, they use a plank a yard long with a handle; this plank is drawn by two men, while a third guides it by a handle. This instrument is called a *massouga*. Some other agricultural instruments, such as the hoe, resemble ours. Though the Egyptians have adopted the harrow, they have not yet consented to use the scythe or cradle. Children gather the grain with sickles.

EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.







A MORAI AT NOUKA-HIVA, MARQUESS ISLANDS.

The last picture of our series exhibits a Morai at Nouka-Hiva, Marquesas Islands. The population of these islands is now about 25,000. From Porter's narrative, that of Admiral d'Urville, and the report of Dupetit-Thouars, we are acquainted with the Taiouas, the inhabitants of Taio-Hae, the Feie and Happas, their neighbors, and the warlike Taipis, who occupy the districts of the eastern extremity. Among the Hekaikis or chiefs, there are some whose names have reached us. Tapege-Keatanoui is spoken of by Krusenstern (1804), who also describes a visit to a morai situated on a very high mountain at Nouka-Hiva. The morais are usually on mountains in the centre of the country. This was an

exception, for it was not far from the seaside. Each family has its morai, and the people do not usually let them be seen by foreigners. The morai, throughout Polynesia, is nothing but the place of tombs, the last sojourn of souls, for the natives suppose that they inhabit these columns, shrouded with leaves, of the destination of which Krusenstern was ignorant; thus they are sacred, and as such, clothed with white stuff, the ensign of gods—atouas. For many years the morai is kept up with care, but is finally abandoned to the caprices of an exuberant vegetation. They furnish another curious item in the chapter of human superstitions and the rites of a savage people.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**NEGLECT.**

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Beside a ruined wall  
 A graceful clinging vine  
 Trails in the dust—no careful hand  
 Has taught it how to climb.  
 The tender leaves are crushed,  
 And where the sunlight weaves  
 Its golden threads, the blossoms lie  
 Beneath the drifted leaves.

Beside the garden walks  
 Gay flowers burst into bloom;  
 While fairer buds with drooping lids  
 Lie palling in the gloom.  
 Within a tangled swamp  
 Of cedars briar o'errun,  
 A brook glides o'er the slimy stones,  
 Where shoots the slantwise sun.

And so our hearts and lives  
 Are clogged with rank decay,  
 Because we fail to find the good  
 By tearing weeds away.  
 Too often gaudy show  
 Blunts our diviner sight,  
 And so our sluggish souls reflect  
 But slantwise beams of light.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE BABY'S SHOE.

### A LITERALLY TRUE TALE OF PATAGONIA.

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

I PRESUME most of my readers have heard of Patagonia, and of the Straits of Magellan; but few, very few persons have really seen that coast, and land of utter desolation. Even among those "who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters," there are comparatively very few who know more regarding this far southern locality than that Cape Horn is situated at its southern extremity, and that it is a disagreeable spot for navigators and mariners to pass in consequence of the stormy weather which prevails over the greatest portion of the year, and the intense cold that is experienced, except on rare occasions, even during the summer season. Masters of vessels usually give Cape Horn a wide birth—steering far to the southward, where the wind is generally more steady, and where they are not so liable to be caught by heavy squalls off the highlands. It is but seldom that those who "double Cape Horn," as it is termed in nautical parlance, even sight the curved summit of the lofty rocks off Terra del Fuego, whence the appellation Cape Horn is derived, and those

see it only at a distance. At one period it was thought that ships bound to the Pacific Ocean would save time, and avoid tempestuous weather and rough seas, by going through the narrow straits of Magellan, and I believe some few ships did take this course; but it was soon discovered that the navigation through the straits was tedious and fraught with numerous perils, on account of the fogs and variable currents which therein prevail, and the practice was discontinued, and of late years, so much of the commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific is carried on by means of steamships, aided by the railroad across the Isthmus of Darien, that the voyages around the cape are much less frequently undertaken than they were a few years ago, and it is possible, in the course of time, may be almost altogether discontinued, even by whalers.

In the summer of 1845, H. M. ship *Beagle*, a government surveying schooner, which had been for years employed in the survey of the coast of Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan, came into the port of Valparaiso, short of both officers and crew, many of whom had died, while others had been invalided home. The lieutenant commander, Hall, was to replenish his crew by drafts from any man-of-war he could find in Valparaiso, and to obtain the services of a few officers as volunteers, until the *Beagle* was relieved by a ship sent out from England, and then on her way. He experienced no difficulty in either case. Sailors, and men-of-war men especially, are always ready for a change from the daily monotony of their lives—even though the change may promise to expose them to greater hardships, and there were plenty of young officers eagerly desirous of serving for a few months on board the surveying schooner.

The writer of this present article was one of the volunteers on that occasion; the summer had just begun—that is to say—it was the beginning of November, the summer season in the southern hemisphere—and it was not thought we should be called upon to suffer any very great hardships during the brief period our services would be required.

We sailed for Terra del Fuego, the large island southward of the American continent, between which and the mainland runs the far-famed Straits of Magellan. It is not my purpose to give a scientific, or even a geographical account of the cruise, which, except to a few, would be tedious and uninteresting. Suffice it to say that one day the *Beagle* came to anchor in a deep inlet, midway through the straits, and officers and men all left the vessel for a run on shore, leaving only a sufficient number on board to care

properly for the vessel. The Patagonian tribes are not numerous, neither are they such a gigantic race as the records of earlier mariners pretended. Lord Byron and Admiral Gambier reported on their return from Patagonia in the middle of the last century, that they had met with savages ten feet in height, and one of these navigators related how a chief who had been presented with a small mirror, was so astonished at seeing therein the reflection of his face, that he started with surprise, and knocked down, by the movement, twelve stout sailors, who chanced to be standing in a cluster near him! Still they are a tall, muscular people, perhaps on an average not less than six feet in stature, and consequently the tallest race of men in the world. We have frequently seen them, clad in their guanaco-skin mantles, and generally coming down to the shore on horseback—males and females; and have conversed with them by signs, and traded trifling articles with them for skins, and except that they are superior in stature, we found them to resemble in color and features the ordinary American Indian. But on the shore on which we had now landed, we saw no signs of inhabitants, and the soil appeared to be utterly unfit for the support of human beings. Desolate and gloomy as is the entire coast of Patagonia, this particular spot appeared to be the centre of the desolation of desolation! Gigantic rocks towered above our heads to the height of seven or eight hundred feet, overhanging the water, and threatening to fall at any moment and fill up the narrow channel of the strait. These rocks are full of dark, deep, black caverns, worn by the constant motion of the water, which rushed into them and receded with a terrific, howling, rushing sound, as if they were the veritable caves of Eolus—the abode of the winds—which were sent forth hence to do their mission, to desolate the sea-coast of distant shores, or to waft the sail of commerce to its destined haven. Huge seabirds, among the rest the gigantic albatross, had built their nests high up in the most inaccessible portions of these beetling cliffs, safe enough from the intrusion of their only enemy, man, and as nightfall approached they wended their way homewards from sea in thousands, darkening the atmosphere with the shadow of their huge wings, and screaming discordantly, and filling the air with horrible and deafening sounds, which were echoed and re-echoed among the rocks and cliffs, and repeated a thousand fold. Lazy, stately penguins marched solemnly to their nests in the rock, like a line of soldiers, after having spent the day in fishing on the reefs, and now and then a huge walrus, or some other species of seal, poked up

his tusked head at the mouth of the caves, with a frightful baying sound, appearing as if he were the demon guardian of the dark, gloomy abode. The spot was sublime in its fearful desolation. For a day or two—in the companionship of others—it was calculated to fill the mind with a not unpleasing feeling of awe; but to have resided here a month, a week, and alone, or with but one or two companions, without hope of rescue, we thought and said, would drive the unhappy creatures thus situated to insanity. We had wandered perhaps a mile from the shore, climbing gently all the way, occasionally discharging our fowling pieces at some incautious seabird, resting idly on the rocks, oftener, to listen to the terrific reverberations, as the noise of the report flew from rock to rock, from cavern to cavern, and seemed to roll along from peak to peak, echoing and re-echoing, until the atmosphere trembled with the concussions all around us; when suddenly, one of the party, somewhat in advance of his companions, uttered an ejaculation of surprise, which called us all to his side as quickly as possible. He held something in his hand.

“What is it? What prize have you discovered?” was asked, impatiently, by one and another.

He held aloft by its string a shoe—a tiny baby's shoe—such as might have been worn by an infant of two or three years old! Perhaps nothing else on earth could have occasioned such an outburst of exclamations of surprise and wonder, as the sight of such an object in such a place!

How came it there? we asked one another more by looks than words. Then, one by one each took the shoe in his hand, handling it reverentially, as if afraid it would disappear—as if each one doubted his own eyes. It was, indeed, a child's shoe—a dainty little piece of workmanship—made of puce-colored prunella—(I believe I am correct in the term)—the glossy, soft material from which such articles are manufactured. It was not much worn, but the color was a little decomposed by exposure. But—good God of heaven! what child of that tender age could have been brought to this desolate spot? Unfitted to be the abode of the severest anchorite the world ever saw. A spot on which Saint Kevin would have gone mad!

If a child had been here, a woman had been here too! That idea seemed naturally to follow by a logical conclusion. Not a savage Indian, inured to hardships; but a delicate lady—such as one might imagine to be the mother of a child who should wear such a shoe as that! For there was not one amongst us who had not possessed

the shoe with an individuality—and decided from its appearance that it had once been worn by a pretty little girl, with light hair and wondering blue eyes, just able to toddle alone, and to be proud of its elegant pedal coverings, and desirous of attracting the attention of every one it saw to them.

I recollect reading once, of the excitement caused amongst a party of rough gold diggers in California, in consequence of a woman's shoe having been found by one of the number. How they danced, and sung, and offered wonderful sums in gold dust to the lucky finder, to obtain possession of the coveted treasure. How it called up to the minds of those rough miners visions of home and absent yet dearly loved ones they might never meet again, but for whom they were toiling in the midst of privations and hardships in a far distant land. But, I venture to say, that woman's shoe never called up such yearning desires for home, such wonder as to its advent to this gloomy seat of desolation, such soulfelt pity for its once possessor, as did the finding of the infant's shoe on the desert shores of Patagonia.

"But where there is a shoe, there must be something else! Unless it dropped from the clouds!"

Such was the conclusion we all arrived at. Robinson Crusoe found the print of a naked foot in the sand, and surmised that some human creature, savage or civilized, was near him; but finding no further evidence, believed that Satan had set the stamp to torment him. But his satanic majesty surely could have no motive in placing an infant's shoe, of evident human manufacture, in this sterile, God-forsaken spot!

"Perhaps some unfortunate ship passing through the straits, had been wrecked here, and a passenger, or the captain's wife and child, might have been on board!"

"If so, where were they now? Where were the remnants of the wreck? What had become of those who had escaped and wandered here? Were they still living, or had they perished by starvation, or gone mad with despair, and hurled themselves into the dark waters of the strait, or had they, happily, been rescued by some passing vessel? Whoever they were, whatever had become of them, how came this infant's shoe to be left exposed in such a spot, and nothing else besides?"

A general search was resolved upon, though if any shipwrecked persons were living on the coast, they must have wandered far away, or they must have heard the report of the guns, and knowing that they were fired by civilized

beings, they would have joyfully made their appearance. For a long time the search resulted in finding no other evidences of humanity in this gloomy region. We were about to give up and to regard the mystery as inexplicable, when a prolonged shout from a sailor, who had ventured by himself to climb a slippery rock which had led him to a fissure on its opposite side, attracted our attention. We shouted in reply, and as quickly as possible made our way towards him. It was no easy task for a while, until we found that if we had gone a little further on, we should have come to a ledge of rock, over which we could have passed with comparative ease.

The sailor had discovered two skeletons! The bones were bleached as white as snow, but they were evidently male skeletons, and those of tall, large-framed men. A few—very few—shreds of coarse cloth and canvass were found near, adhering to the rocks. The clothing had been torn from the bodies of the sufferers by the carrion birds, doubtless, and the greater portion carried away by the wind, while the flesh had been picked clean from the bones, by the same vile creatures! This discovery urged us to proceed further, though from the appearance of the skeletons they must have lain thus exposed to the elements for years, at least.

In a short time our search was rewarded by the discovery of a cleft in the rocks, which might have served for a shelter from the inclemency of the weather. A few pieces of plank scattered around, satisfied us that human beings had once dwelt on the spot, and we entered the cavern. Hanging to the side of the rock within, were several articles of female attire, and a heavy, coarse, pilot jacket. Near these lay a sea-boat, very much worn. It was so dark within, that we could scarcely see, and night was coming on. We therefore returned to the ship, and the next morning renewed our search, provided with matches, lanterns and torches. We again visited the spot and entered the cavern. After striking a light we discovered several articles of cabin furniture, much broken and worn. A table stood at the far end, and on it lay, open at the gospel of Saint Matthew, a Bible of the description issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, printed in 1807. Several other books, an epitome of navigation, Johnson's Dictionary, Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and a child's primer—all old and worn, the latter printed in Liverpool, in 1806.

Stowed near by were three or four provision casks, marked T. S. K.—all empty! But on the opposite side was another cask still, containing several pieces of seal's blubber, perfectly hard

and dry. All this was sadly suggestive! A party of shipwrecked persons had evidently been here, and had resided here for a long time; or why were at least four casks of provisions, each capable of containing two hundred weight, found here—empty? How many in number had been the unfortunates, we as yet could not say. We had seen but two skeletons.

"Hillo, there!" was shouted by a lieutenant, who had quitted the cavern a few moments before. We answered the shout, and proceeded to the spot from whence it came.

He had lighted upon another cavern, or indentation in the rocks, which had been and still was partially boarded over by ship's timbers. Here there were signs of a greater attempt at comfort. A handsome Pembroke table occupied the centre, and on it lay a Church of England prayer-book, a volume of Cowper's poems, and a lady's work-box. Two glasses also stood on the table, and in a sea-chest were several articles of female clothing of a better quality than those in the other cave. The clothing was marked G. B. We looked at the imprint of the books. They were all of the same old date. All printed at the beginning of the century!

We felt satisfied that there must be other skeletons, unless all had died earlier than the two men whose remains had been found, and had been interred by them who left no one to perform the last sad office for themselves! A further search revealed an inner cavern, or rather an inner room, the rock answering for the sides, and the top carefully boarded over. Here was a smaller table, and three stools such as are sometimes used on board ship. In brackets on the wall hung a ship's musket, a cutlass, and a large spyglass, and in one corner was a bed of canvass (pieces of ship's sails), on which lay, in a crouching posture, a female skeleton, clothed in woollen garments, still perfectly whole; and scattered around were numerous trinkets, and smaller articles of clothing.

We quitted the cavern sick at heart, and proceeded to search yet further. Not far distant we found another indentation in the rock, in which were several pans and kettles, rusty and eaten with age and the action of the elements, and the base of the rock still showed marks of having been submitted to the action of fire. There was no wood on this desolate coast; but pieces of broken and charred furniture lying around, accounted for the scarcity of furniture in the caverns, and showed that one by one, everything except what was actually indispensable, had been burnt to supply warmth and fire for cooking purposes. Perhaps these last would have

gone too; but death stepped in, and rendered fire no longer necessary!

After consultation, it was resolved to gather together the three skeletons, and after finding a fitting spot—if such were possible—to inter them decently, and to remove the best preserved articles found, to the ship. The contents of the sea-chest were closely examined, in hopes of finding some better clue to the unfortunate victims' names, or that of the ship from which they came; but nothing was discovered, though the search brought to light a quantity of infant's clothing, and a child's rattle, and a necklace of coral beads. In the volume of Cowper's poems, was written on the fly leaf, "To Mary, from Jane Bruce, Christmas Day, 1804."

After a long search we discovered a small patch of shallow, sandy soil, on which we determined to dig the graves; but we found that already this spot had been chosen for a burying-ground. Some curious piles of stones and pieces of rock attracted our notice, and we found upon examination, that they had been thus placed as headstones over the graves of those of the unfortunate party who had died while there were still left others to bury them out of sight. All were marked with the initials of those who lay buried beneath, but at this distant date, I have forgotten the initials, though I noted them down at the time. Furthest of all, standing alone, was a smaller pile, more tastily disposed, and sheltered by the rocks from the rude winds. On the top was a heap of baby toys, arranged in order, and a vase of cut-glass—empty—but which had probably once contained some memento of the infant who lay beneath. For this was the tomb of the child whose little shoe had led to the sad discovery, and it had evidently died while the mother, whose skeleton we had found in the interior cavern, was still able to ornament the grave, and probably to come and weep over it every day.

We buried the two male skeletons in one shallow grave; that of the woman and mother side by side with that of the child, and there in that far distant spot, in that bleak, inhospitable, desolate region they will rest in peace, probably never again re-visited by human beings, till the graves of earth shall give up their dead!

The relics we had found were taken on board the *Beagle*, and the greater portion were carried to England by Lieutenant Commander Hall, but the child's shoe was purchased of the sailor who found it, by an officer, who said he should always keep it as a memento of the sad discovery of the fate of those hapless beings. Probably the shoe had fallen from the infant's foot while being carried in the arms of its father or mother,



or one of the crew, and had been left unheeded when it fell.

It is a sad thing to reflect upon—these poor creatures thus left to perish slowly on this desert coast, with no hope of rescue. A sad thing to reflect upon, the mother watching over the dying infant; then carrying it to its bleak, shallow grave, and weeping over it, as she arranged the rocks and the toys with which the babe had so often played. A sad thing to think of the party, watching day by day, hoping against hope, for the rescue that never came, and at last, when all their provision was gone, and nearly all their means of procuring warmth were expended, subsisting for a while on seal's blubber, until at last they died one by one of starvation and cold! But saddest of all must have been the fate of those who survived the rest. The poor woman who died alone in the cavern, crouching her limbs together for warmth, and the men, who had probably gone to take a last look to see if some ship were not coming, on board of which they might yet escape and be rescued from death, and falling to the earth in weakness ere they reached their rude shelter, and thus exposed to the cold, pitiless elements yielded up their breath! Several years after, I heard that Lieutenant Hall, on his return to England, had made diligent inquiry in hopes of learning the name of some ship that had sailed to that distant coast, and never since been heard of, that he might gain some clue to the names of those on board, and let their friends know their unhappy fate. But all that he could learn was that two ships—the *Laurel* and the *Sappho*, had sailed from Liverpool, both in 1809, for Valparaiso, and had never arrived there, and that the captains' names were Dobson and Williams. This was all. The owners of the ships were dead. Nobody knew anything of the crews or passengers. Perhaps their friends were all dead long ago, or those who still lived had been so young at the time, that they had forgotten them. A report was published in the newspapers, and it was surmised that one or both of those ships tried to pass through the Straits of Magellan, and had got on shore; that the crew and passengers had escaped to the rocks and carried thither such provisions and furniture as they could, and thus lived until their provisions were gone and they had died of starvation, and the vessel or vessels had been broken up or burnt by the natives for the sake of the iron, which the Patagonians have some simple, rude means of fashioning into weapons and other articles adapted to their own wants. They have abundance of iron amongst them which must have been procured in this way, but they will

never explain how they became possessed of it.

The Patagonian savages are not a cruel race, and it is likely that they never discovered the ship, until all belonging to her had died, or they would have rescued them and cared for them in their rude way, as they have often done to others in similar circumstances; and it is probable that when they did discover the wreck, finding no one on board, they had never taken the trouble to search the shore—a mile inland, where we had found the remains of the unfortunate passengers and crew.

#### THE NEST BUILDING APE.

Its head is bald and shining black, though that of its young is white. It differs from the gorilla in being smaller, milder, far more docile, less strong, and in the singular habit of building for itself a nest or shelter of leaves amid the higher branches of trees. I have watched, at different times, this ape retiring to its rest at night, and have seen it climb up to its house and seat itself comfortably on the projecting branch, with its head in the dome of the roof and its arm about the tree. The shelter is made of leaves compactly laid together, so as easily to shed rain. The branches are fastened to the trunk of the tree with vines, in which these forests greatly abound. The roof is generally from six to eight feet in its greatest diameter, and has the exact shape of an extended umbrella. There are mostly two of these shelters in adjoining trees, from which I concluded that male and female live together all the year. The young probably stay with the parents till old enough to build nests of their own. The ingenuity and intelligence shown in this contrivance always struck me as something quite marvellous. It is certainly something which the gorilla is not at all capable of.—*Natural History of Peru*.

#### INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

Professor Guyot of Princeton, New Jersey, has devoted his summer vacations, since 1840, to the study of the great Apalachian mountain system of North America. As the result of his explorations, it appears now clear that the highest part of the Apalachian range is in the conterminous regions of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. Of the White Mountains in New Hampshire the highest peaks are Mount Washington, 6278 feet, and Mount Adams, 5794 feet. In the southern part of the range just named, Professor Guyot has found twenty-eight peaks that overtop Mount Washington, besides thirty-seven others that overtop Mount Adams. Of the peaks that overtop Mount Washington, thirteen are in a line about nine miles long, forming part of the chain called the Black Mountains. The highest of these, Mitchell's Peak, is 6707 feet.

#### HOPE IN LOVE.

Flora's choice Buttons of a mingled dye  
Is hope—even in the depths of misery.—BROWN.



[ORIGINAL.]

## "THE LOVES OF THE POETS."

*Inscribed to a lady, on returning the columns of Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs."*

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

There was a time when earth was young,  
And fresh and fair the hearts of men;  
When answering chords responsive rang  
To strains of him who sweetly sung  
Of love, of hope, of faith—and when  
The name of poet was the sign  
Of intellect almost divine!

Ah, well we say, such times there were:  
Full sadly, that they are no more!  
Our sluggish blood denies to stir  
At poet-songs from days of yore.  
The age is brassen—dark the time;  
Nor minstrel's note, nor poet's rhyme,  
Soul-light from darkness can restore!

And dreaming thus, we think of those—  
The bards of earlier, brighter days  
(Lives flowing as the streamlet flows,  
So gently, in life's tranquil ways!)  
Who lived, and loved, and sang, like him  
Who fills life's goblet to the brim,  
And glories in its reddening rays!

O, hope we yet our hands may cull  
Some flowerets from our barren track;  
That music of the past may lull  
Our souls to poetry, and full  
Its strains melodious echo back;  
That Beauty still may haunt the earth,  
More witching from her second birth!

[ORIGINAL.]

## FENWICK HALL.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

BY F. A. SEDGLEY.

A SLIGHT summer shower was falling in the afternoon of a very lovely day. The sun did not even veil itself in clouds, but the golden-tinted drops came down brightly, as if turned from a golden ewer. A very young girl was running up the clean, trim gravel walk of a country garden, her pale blue dress deepened to a darker tint by the raindrops. A carriage was passing at the time; and a youthful face looked forth from the window, just as the young girl turned at the sound of the wheels.

The occupant of the carriage thought that this was the very loveliest face he had ever seen. It was neither pale nor delicate, but had a sunny flush and a brown hue, that told of out-of-door habits. One little tanned hand held a pitcher of water—doubtless dipped from the pretty stream

that ran close to the garden wall. The carriage stopped.

"Young lady, one draught from your pitcher, if you please," said a manly voice, rather loud, but pleasant in its tones. The girl stepped down to the gate, regardless of the plashing drops that wet her brown hair and glittered on her brown cheek, and held up the transparent glass pitcher. The water was cold as ice, and it took the young man a long time to drink it, he, all the while, gazing into the starry eyes before him.

"Mama says it is not good manners to look at anybody when you are drinking," said a childish voice, close to the carriage. The lesson was from a little girl, not more than five years old, evidently the sister of the pretty water-bearer. The gentleman blushed scarlet, and the young girl said, softly:

"Hush, Alice! you are transgressing good manners yourself, when you speak so to a stranger."

Just then, the rain poured down in torrents from a passing cloud; and the lady caught up the child and ran to the house, leaving the precious pitcher in the hands of the stranger. He was about to alight and return it, when an elderly gentleman in black, and looking like a clergyman, came down the walk, and invited him to stay until the storm was over.

It was too great a temptation to resist. The host pointed out to the servant the way to the stable, and, under a capacious umbrella, the guest was ushered to the door of a pretty English cottage, half-hidden by woodbine and honeysuckle. A sweet, pale woman was reading by the window. Two boys were apparently studying, at a desk at the farthest corner of the large room, and an aged couple, man and wife, sat together in quaint, old-fashioned arm-chairs, near a grate that held a few red coals, although it was summer time.

The stranger announced himself as Sir John Fenwick; and received in return, the information that his host was a clergyman, and an introduction to his aged parents, his wife and children. The rain continuing, Sir John was easily persuaded to remain to tea; and, on that day, was laid the foundation of a love between the young baronet and sweet Carrie Seymour, that ended in a speedy marriage. The honeymoon was spent in Paris—a new sphere for the young and inexperienced bride. The pair then retired to Fenwick Hall, where Carrie's good sense, fine education, amiable disposition and refined manners riveted the love which her beauty had awakened.

Sir John had two sisters, however, to whom

all these qualities did not compensate for the bride's want of wealth and family influence. They were invariably attempting to disparage her before her husband; and the invariable sweetness with which she received their slights and innuendoes, did not render them less bitter in their dislike of her. Unfortunately, they were likely to be permanent guests at Fenwick Hall, since they had arrived at an age in which their chances for marriage were perceptibly decreasing; Miss Fenwick being nearly forty and Miss Euphemia certainly thirty-five. They worshipped their brother, more because he was now the head of their house, than on account of any deep personal affection; for, of that, they seemed incapable.

They contrived to throw the only cloud over Carrie that ever had disturbed her happiness. When her son was born, they seemed coldly indifferent to the event; never noticing the little stranger, nor speaking of it in acknowledgment of its being the heir of Fenwick. Not all the winning sweetness of the boy, who inherited the disposition of his mother, could have any effect upon the two aunts, who sometimes administered severe reproofs, and sometimes ignored his existence altogether. In either case, he was always admonished by his mother to appear perfectly unconscious of any intention on their part to affront or mortify.

Carrie and her son had been absent for several days, visiting a friend; and, in the meantime, Miss Fenwick and her sister had left no stone unturned, to prejudice Sir John against his wife. Finding this a more difficult task than they had anticipated, they invented a story so horrible, that it changed the whole current of his feelings toward her. They both declared that Carrie had confessed to them that the child whom he had believed to be his own, was that of another; a foreigner, whom Carrie had known while in Paris.

Foolishly believing this story, not considering the utter improbability of a confession like this, Sir John's rage was beyond all bounds. He swore to expel her from his house, and that her son should be banished with her. So great was his grief and passion, so deep his mortification, that Miss Euphemia earnestly entreated her sister to undeceive him.

"Fool!" exclaimed the elder, "would you have me undo the only plot which has ever had effect upon him?"

"But your conscience, sister!" rejoined the younger.

"Bah! where were our consciences when we devised the tale? No, my dear, conscientious

sister, I see our advantage too well, to be turned aside from a scheme already so successful."

Euphemia, as the weaker spirit, yielded to the stronger; and Miss Fenwick took care that her brother should not be disabused of any impression he had received from her. Meantime, Lady Fenwick was journeying homeward in her own carriage; and anticipating, with joy, the moment that was to unite her to a husband whom she adored. Her son was now fifteen years old; a noble boy, of whom the family might well have been proud. They arrived at dusk, and were astonished at finding no one to receive them. There were lights in various parts of the house, but all was silent. The servants who accompanied them were forced to find a back entrance, and admitted their lady through a side door, of which they found a key.

Trembling lest her husband were ill, Lady Fenwick ascended the stairs that led to his room, followed by her son. She tried to open the door. It was locked; but in a moment, Sir John appeared. The affectionate wife sprang to his arms, forgetting her strange reception in the joy of seeing him. He thrust her from him, with a word, whose bitter reproach stung her to the soul. Was her husband intoxicated or insane? In her heart, she believed that one of these calamities had come to her happy home—for happy it had been, notwithstanding the treatment she had received from the sisters. So long as her husband's affections never wavered, she could bear all things calmly.

But what a web of evil she saw had been woven around her, when he sternly told her that she and her son must leave Fenwick Hall immediately—that only one night more, could they remain under a roof she had so dishonored. In vain she pleaded her innocence; he was inexorable, without giving her the poor compensation of letting her know who were her accusers.

Heart-broken, the poor banished wife wandered from the place where she had spent so many happy hours. She and her son lived in poverty and seclusion, for a year or two, in England: but hearing that one of her father's relatives was settled in America, she sent her son to him. Her parents were dead—all indeed, save the sister, Alice, and she was far away—a happier bride than Lady Fenwick; poor, but content. She knew that her mortal hours were nearly over; and she felt that she could not die unless she knew that her son was protected. He little dreamed how near she was to the end of her piteous grimace; and he tried to cheer her with bright hopes of the future, when he would return and carry her back to a pleasant home in the Western

world. Alas! she lingered but to read his first fond letter; and then, strangers' hands closed the eyes of the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Fenwick.

John Fenwick had found his relative, who was a Texan farmer. He was received kindly, and placed in a lawyer's office; his education rendering him a desirable student to the somewhat illiterate pettifogger, who was the only exponent of the law within a circuit of ten miles. Growing sick of a situation so little suited to him, he took the opportunity that offered him, of taking the editorship of a Western newspaper.

It is not to be supposed that John Fenwick rested quietly under the remembrance of his mother's wrongs and his own. To the British consul at Chicago he confided the story; a story full of absorbing interest, for the heir of Fenwick Hall was missing, and the inheritance was now without a master.

Lonely and unhappy had been the life led by the master of Fenwick, since the departure of his wife and son. Unknown to the sisters, he had endeavored to find their refuge; for often and often, his heart had refused to believe in the guilt he had so rashly taken upon trust. Often when the two evil women were holding high court in his domains, queening it over all, the thought came to him that perhaps the story was an invention of their own, for selfish purposes. As well could he credit this, as that his wife—she whom he had thought

"Chaste as the icicle  
That glitters on the top of Dian's temple,"

should have been false to him. Often he waked from troubled dreams, resolving to go to the end of the world, if need be, to find his injured victims—but some word from those who closely watched his moods, and knew well when he had been meditating such a step, would embitter the whole current of his thoughts anew.

Miss Fenwick died suddenly, and "made no sign." She had been the master-spirit in this iniquitous plot. Had it not been for her, Euphemia would have done rightly and atoned for her wickedness by confession. Now she was free, but she dreaded to encounter his just rage. So year after year went by, until, at last, she gathered courage to make the development.

It was too late. Already the lamp of life quivered in the socket, with Sir John. Already the golden bowl was breaking. When Euphemia crawled feebly to his bedside and, on her trembling knees, faltered out her confession, perhaps

it was fortunate for her that the dull ear could but faintly comprehend the truth.

"Who talks of Carrie and her child?" he asked, petulantly. "I am going now to fetch them home. Order the carriage, quick!" And with these words, he gave up the life that had been thus poisoned at the very root. Euphemia clasped the pale hands to her heart, and shrieked for one word of forgiveness from the lips that would utter it never again.

The desolate old woman went back to her apartment, but not to die. She was destined to wear on a feeble, sickly life, but joyfully to meet the reward of her late penitence. Months passed away, and then, on one of England's brightest, sunniest mornings, when the merry bells were announcing the return of the youthful Prince of Wales, John Fenwick quietly took his station at the Hall, amidst the glad smiles and tears of the rejoicing tenantry, who remembered his childhood and his mother's goodness, and had sympathized most truly with their wrongs. And thus it was, that the

"Dark was made light  
And the wrong made right."

The British consul had made known to the gallant young prince the story of John Fenwick—had introduced him to his royal highness; and the fleet that went to England with the prince, bore the new baronet also. It was worth all the trouble of the royal visitor to our shores, to have this one great wrong so speedily and effectually righted. God save the prince! and make his future reign a succession of noble deeds.

#### "PUT OUT."

A few nights since, a young gentleman of Hartford was returning home on the night express. Most of the passengers were sleeping; and, half awake and half asleep, he leaned back in his seat, and serenely contemplated a sputtering candle burning low in its socket, just over the heads of two young ladies peacefully slumbering in their seats. He gazed dreamily, and unconsciously sank into dreamland. Suddenly a flash of light startled him. He jumped from his seat to find that the last bit of the candle had dropped from its socket into the lap of one of the young ladies, and her light travelling dress was in flames. He grasped her dress very promptly and energetically—rather boldly for a stranger and an unmarried young gentleman—and instantly extinguished the flames. She awoke with a little scream and a great start; but did she thank him warmly for saving her from the flames? Not a bit of it. But, under a confused misapprehension of the facts, she seemed to have the idea that he had produced the conflagration. The young gentleman, seeing that both the lady and the fire were "put out," withdrew.

Every creature knoweth its capacity, running in the road of instinct.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY KEEPSAKES.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I take my "count of stock" to-day,  
The year is almost done;  
Just what I have I must bring out—  
My treasures one by one.

A letter full of faded flowers,  
A lock of soft brown hair,  
A knot of fringe from off a shawl  
That—some one used to wear.

A sleeve-button as white as pearl,  
A little shattered rose,  
That some one kissed in years gone by—  
(How cold the May wind blows!)

Two worsted stockings soft and white,  
And O, so very small;  
He used to wear them (miracle!)  
And he so big and tall!

His mother gave them me, one night,  
Bidding me keep them—till  
There were a pair of baby-feet  
The dainty things to fill!

A little slender ring of gold,  
Touched by a bit of pearl;  
I wore it when my heart was fresh—  
When I was but a girl.

(Was ever May so cold as this?  
I shudder through and through!)  
I used to say the ring was like  
A sunbeam tipped with dew.

A tiny pebble, dark and hard,  
Caught from a meadow brook;  
A pencil rough and poorly cut,  
And now a Christmas book,

With just one precious finger-print  
Stamped on its title-page;  
I'll close it up forevermore—  
Reason must come with age.

And this is all, my new-made lord!  
But no, I cannot lie;  
The portrait in my bo-om hide—  
O, pass *this* treasure by!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A CHANCE SHOT.

BY MAJOR F. C. HUNTER.

I HAVE been a traveller in my day. In the course of my peregrinations, I have encountered my share of adventure. The following narrative possesses at least the merit of truthfulness; and contributes toward the verity of the trite adage that truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction.

"Gott en himmel! Vot ish it?"

"Help, then! Ah, help!"

"Votsh ter matter?"

"Help! Don't, Jaque—don't! In God's name, don't murder me. I will—I will. You shall know all—"

A heavy fall succeeded this earnest supplication, and the door of a room somewhere below stairs was rudely thrust open, apparently, as the Dutchman in his broken language repeated the earnest inquiry:

"Votsh ter drubble?"

I had been journeying in the Western country several weeks, during the fall of 183—, and was now bound homeward "by stage," through Southern Ohio. The accommodations en route there for travellers at that period, were very indifferent, and a decent log shanty on the road, in which a meal or a comfortable night's lodging could be obtained, was the exception to the rule of vile "entertainment" accorded in that region to man or beast.

On this occasion, I was greatly fatigued—after having been jolted over a "corduroy" road upwards of fifteen long hours—and right glad was I to halt at the door of the cabin where the public wagon drew up, at a late hour, for the night. My single *compagnon-de-voage* was the Dutchman already alluded to, who was bound to Pittsburgh, and who had joined me only two days before.

We were ushered into the rude building in almost total darkness. Over the low doorway, appeared the somewhat dignified title of "Western Reserve Inn." It was the only habitation—public or private—then extant, for several miles distance, and a miserable hovel it proved. The jaded horses were tethered and turned loose to forage in the wood hard by, and after swallowing a cold corn-cake, a bit of jerked venison, and a draught of whiskey and water—the best fare afforded at the Western Reserve Inn—I rose to retire.

The landlord, or keeper of the house, was a forbidding looking wretch, with a huge, coarse beard, that covered the greater part of his face; tall, thick-set, and muscular, and of a most sulky and uncharitable demeanor. Matters had plainly gone awry with him, recently, in some way, and he was evidently in excessive ill humor at the result. I turned and inquired the direction to my lodging-room, and was pointed gruffly by the coarse inn-keeper, "Up there!"

I looked attentively toward the point indicated by the motion of the surly wretch to whom I addressed myself, but, for the life of me, I could discover no apparent means of egress from the low-walled apartment where we stood, and which

seemed to serve the quintuple purposes of reception room, parlor, business-office, supper-hall and bar-room.

"Up—where?" I asked.

"Up, whar," rejoined my dark-visaged host, in a sharp tone. "W'y, up stairs, o' course."

I looked again, and carefully, on all sides of the room—which, by the way, was but dimly lighted by the glimmer from a low-burning tallow candle—but I could see no stairs, no door, no opening whatever. Perplexed, I said, civilly:

"Which way?"

"Through the door, stupid!" responded my black-bearded host, again pointing across the apartment—"yender."

I seized my travelling bag, and crossing the room, I felt for "the door" which I could not see. As I passed my hand along the rough partition a moment afterwards, a sort of panel yielded to the pressure of my palm, and I discovered a very narrow opening, at the foot of a very narrow stairway, through which and over which I stumbled in the darkness, upward, to the only bed room in the Western Reserve Inn. Shortly afterwards, my Dutch travelling companion came up, blundering and scolding, over the same tortuous way; and stretching ourselves upon the rough floor, *malgre* the outrageous discomforts of the place, we were quickly in dreamland.

It might have been an hour afterwards, it might have been three hours—for, amid our heavy weariness, we certainly took no note of passing time—when I was startled by the shouting of my Dutch neighbor, who was floundering about the room, and earnestly demanding:

"Vot ish it?"

Then succeeded a brief but sharp struggle, and then the cry of a female voice for "help, help!"

Now, physically speaking, I am not a strong man; and, *certainly*, I am not a brave one. But, if there be any cause which can incite in me a display of the little measure of strength I possess, or which will excite a practical application of my lesser valor, it is the wall of a woman in jeopardy.

I should already have stated that during the discussion of our brief evening meal, just before retiring, a female came from without into the apartment where we sat. Sharp glances were exchanged between her and the inn-keeper, as she passed through the room, as if there was, or had been, a variance between them. I did not observe whither she went, but I could not fail to notice that she was unusually fair. She might have seen three or four-and-twenty summers, perhaps—but, in her time, she had evidently lived far more than this! There was in her air an unpleasant abandon, and a decided recklessness per-

vaded her whole appearance. Yet she was beautiful in form and classic in feature. She looked at the two strangers hurriedly as she passed, and disappeared, leaving an unhappy impression upon the mind of an observer—an impression intuitively coupled with the suspicion that one so fair, so graceful, so attractive, had been born and reared for higher and nobler purposes in life than such as appertained to her present position in that isolated hut—in that far-off wilderness—the surroundings of which all too plainly told their own sad tale, at least, to the vision of a cosmopolitan.

She was tall, with a fine carriage, and her face was exceedingly handsome. Her form was full and voluptuous, and her dark, piercing eye was ardently expressive. Her air was somewhat imperious, and she appeared like one whose will it would not be very easy or safe to thwart; and yet, though she was then visible but for a moment, the beholder would declare, at sight, that she was, or at an earlier period of life might have been, an exceedingly lovable and loving woman.

My Dutch fellow-lodger yelled, "*votsh ter matter?*" and the woman's cry for "help, then!" followed. I sprang from the floor, but all was close, pitchy darkness.

"What's the trouble?" I asked, quickly.

"Fore Gott, I dink its murder!" suggested my companion. "Vare's ter sheps?" and in our hurried groping to find the stairway, we stooped to feel for the opening, and coming into sudden contact—head to head—my Dutch friend sprawled face foremost down the crazy steps, as much to his own terror, as, under other circumstances, his unexpected exodus would have been to my merriment. Though he was evidently most desperately frightened, both by the fall as well as at the disturbance going on below, yet he was fortunately unhurt, and was already on his feet, as I sprang down the stairs, and stood, pistol in hand, beside him.

We had no idea of the location of the rooms below. We found the office, or general room, vacant, but through the crevices of the rough partition beyond, a faint light could be seen, and thither we instantly pushed our way. A swinging door gave way to pressure, and we bolted in to witness a fearful sight.

A straw bed occupied the further corner of this small apartment, a deal table stood near the wall upon one side, and two or three rough pine stools, overset in the melee, were scattered about. A frightful struggle had occurred there within a few minutes previous. A woman lay upon her side, covered with blood and wounds, and, as we rushed in, a loud curse from the lips of the rough-featured inn-keeper satisfied us that he was the

author of the evident murder that had been consummated!

The monster stood over the woman's prostrate body, madly brandishing in one hand a knife—as we entered—but, instantly, with the other he dashed down the candle, thus extinguishing the light, and rushed by us to the door. At this desperate moment, I turned the muzzle of my pistol upon the fleeing wretch—unconscious almost of the act—and fired, as he dashed out. A sharp exclamation escaped him, and we could distinctly hear that he staggered, limped away, across the larger room, to the outer door, whence he crept slowly away. The precise effect of this chance shot we had no means of determining, at the moment, but we were quickly satisfied that we were ridded of the presence of the villain who had so alarmed us, and who had so wilfully and brutally assaulted a defenceless woman.

"Town mit 'im!" shouted my Dutch friend, valiantly, after the discharge of my pistol. And as he heard the sharp cry of pain from the retreating ruffian's lips, he repeated—"Town mit ter teyfle's pird! Dat's ish vrow—eesh kilt 'er all der peeses! Zhoot 'im ag'in! Town mit ter prute!"

But the assailant had fled from the scene of his rashness and guilt.

"Strike a light, Von," I said, hurriedly, to my companion, as soon as I recovered breath.

"Vare be yer?" he answered, amid the blackness.

"Here, here. Find the candle, on the floor."

"I 'ave 'im," he responded. "Vare's ter madge?"

"Match? here," and I drew one from my pocket. And, in an instant afterwards, by the dull flare of the tallow candle, we commenced to examine the result of that frightful struggle which had just occurred, amid the night stillness, in that far-off, dreary log cabin!

The woman lay in a loose robe upon her side, her body resting across the rough bed, over the side of which, upon the rude floor (for there was no bedstead), her head reclined. Her fair white neck and bosom were bared, and there were discolored marks upon her throat, as if the attempt had been made to strangle her, in the midst of the conflict. Her neck and shoulders were disfigured with severe cuts, the rich dark massy hair hung dishevelled over her deadly pale face, and her left arm and both hands were gashed, as if she had defended her body, or grasped the knife, in her desperation, as it fell ruthlessly upon her form, inflicting the murderous wounds from which the blood oozed freely, saturating the bedding, or clotting in pools upon the floor.

"Mine Gott!" exclaimed my friend, as he turned the dim light upon the woman's prostrate form; mine Gott, vot a teyfle's imp ish dat vellow!"

"A fiend!" I muttered, in reply.

"He 'ish kilt 'er tead!" said Von.

"Is she gone—quite gone?" I queried, placing my hand upon her cold wrist.

"Coan?" responded Von, "Tead as dunder. Itah ish vrow."

"This is dreadful, indeed," I added.

"Zee, zee," continued Von, excitedly; "tere's no pleetin', now—und 'er 'artsh tun peatin', doo."

I looked again, and the fair form of that comely girl—the wife or companion of our cruel host—lay stark and cold at our feet!

What was to be done? Here were we, two strangers, leagues distant, for aught we knew, from any other habitation, in the midst of the wilderness—we two, alone—in that miserable cabin, with a freshly murdered human being! The murderer had escaped—whither? Peradventure, to relate his own coined version of the crime to his confederates, and with the design of returning, to accuse us—his temporary guests—of the commission of the fiendish act! My travelling companion was an illiterate lump of stupidity, with whom I had had but two days' acquaintance; and I was utterly at a loss as to what course to pursue to extricate myself from this dilemma.

Where was the driver, who deposited his passengers at this precious den? Were there other rooms, other persons at the inn? We believed not. The terrific struggle, the report of the pistol, would naturally have aroused other sleepers, had there been any in the house. Where could we go? What could we do? It lacked two hours to daybreak.

In the midst of these speculative thoughts, we suddenly heard the tramp of a horse's feet—faintly at first, then distinctly, as he approached, and passed the cabin. And then the retreating footfall grew fainter, as with sharpened pace the animal bore the rider away in the distance. The Dutchman looked wistfully in my face, and asked, mysteriously:

"Votsh ter pe tone?"

"Done? That's the question," I said.

"Yaw," he answered, mechanically.

"She certainly is dead," I continued.

"Ter vrow?"

"Yes, the woman, there."

"Yaw."

"How are we to get away, think you?"

"Ash ve goomed. Vare's ter triver?"

"Where is anybody? Where's the brute of



a landlord? This is a sharp corner for us, my friend," I said with emphasis, "a very sharp place?"

"Zharb goner?" responded Von, greatly alarmed at this expression, which he did not comprehend; "vot zhu gall zharb goner, eh?"

"Well, it strikes me very forcibly," I rejoined, "that we are in a sad fix; and the sooner we get out of this, the better for us."

"Vich vay?" asked the Dutchman, stoically.

"Bring the light," said I, beckoning my companion out of the room. And I carefully re-loaded and capped my two-barrelled Derringer.

"Now, Von," I added, "let's see if we can find our driver. And have a care as we go."

"Vot vor?"

"Lest we should be surprised, as we proceed. Keep a sharp lookout here, in this darkness; and, unless they mean us mischief, we shall find our Jehu in a trice—somewhere about."

"Yaw," said Von, and we sallied forth.

By dint of careful search we found a dilapidated lantern. Into this we placed the almost exhausted candle, and, pistol in hand, again I went forward into the open air, with my Dutch ally close at my heels.

In the rear of the cabin we discovered a rough shed. Under this shed was a sort of a bunk, in the corner. Within the bunk we found our Jehu stretched upon a buffalo-skin, and snoring like the last of the "seven sleepers." We aroused him with great difficulty, and only after administering sundry cuffs and buffets, varied with a friendly kick or two from the thick-soled shoe of my doughty companion—the latter being given with an unction such as might ordinarily have galvanized a dead man into consciousness. The driver turned lazily over, rubbed his eyes, and muttered: "Wot's the row?"

"Turn out!" I said, sharply, "and put to the horses. What infernal den is this you have brought us to?"

"Wot's the trouble?" said the man, roughly; getting out upon his feet. "Put to the 'osses? W'y it's darker 'n Tophet—'n we shan't go on these three hours, yit."

"Bring up your horses," I insisted.

"Ver gwoock, doo," chimed in the Dutchman, valiantly, "or vee'll zhooost pring 'em vor yer, and leave yer behind ter loog afder ter tead vooman."

"The wot!" roared Jehu, now wide awake.

"Ter vrow, in ter gabbin. Ter plack-pearded teyfle's kilt ish vrow, und rund away!"

"Wot d'ye say?" screamed the driver, turning to me for an explanation. "Has Jaque been a-beatin' the gal ag'in?"

"He has murdered the young woman," said I, "in the cabin, and run off. I winged the brute, as he fled. But, come, driver, hurry up the horses, and put us along, now."

"An' leave the gal yere?"

I really had not thought of this. But there was a world of feeling, of sympathy, of rebuke—in that homely sentence from the lips of the rough forest denizen before me, which put me to the blush, on a moment's reflection.

Still—what could we do with the poor girl's body? To the next nearest settlement, it was nine long miles—almost half a day's journey. Following the lead of the driver, however, we re-entered the cabin, and passed hurriedly to the room where the mutilated form of the girl lay in her gore.

The driver was greatly shocked at the frightful exhibition, and showered curses loud and deep upon the head of the murderous knave who had thus assaulted "the prettiest woman Ohio ever see," and whom he "had allers said was a heap too good for the 'nferral brute she'd lived with."

Red spots upon the floor of the large room, on the door sill, and out beyond—in the direction taken by the fugitive landlord—showed us clearly that the pistol ball had had its effect. At length we decided to harness up and go forward, and having given the proper information along the road, resolved to leave the matter to be adjusted, by those interested, in accordance with the laws of the rough country into which we had been thus inopportunately thrown.

Our Jehu sallied forth in search of his two horses. One only could be found. It was thus evident that the inn-keeper had escaped with the other, and that this was he whose retiring tramp we had heard, an hour previously, as he passed the door, and fled through the forest, beyond.

Here was a plight! The road was in a wretched condition, the wagon was a cumbrous affair, at best, and it could not be drawn through the miry sloughs by a single horse. Daylight began to break, at length, and finally, we determined to send the driver forward, with directions to return with assistance. Just as he was about to depart for the next stage-station, the Dutchman sprang out of the little room where he had been watching the supposed corpse, exclaiming, frantically:

"Fore Gott, she's alive!"

We hastened to the bedside of the unfortunate girl, and found that there were palpable signs of returning consciousness. A slight shudder, and a moan or two escaped her. The hands moved. The lips parted. The pulse beat, again. We procured vessels of cold water, threw aside the disordered hair, bathed the head and chest, and

stanching the wounds upon her shoulders and breast. Then we raised her upon the bed, and she breathed more freely.

The Dutchman proved a very useful man-nurse, and the driver also rendered valuable aid. Fresh litter was brought in, the lowly bed was made more comfortable. I parted the rich mass of hair on either side of the hotly throbbing forehead of the sufferer, and carefully laved her temples and wrists with cold water—and at sunrise she slowly opened her dark eyes, and spoke faintly and incoherently—but it was soon evident that she was much further from death's door than we had imagined, when she said :

"Where am I? where is *he*—Jaque? O, take me—take me home!"

From our own little store of linen we arranged bandages, and bound up her wounded hands and limbs, and then we dressed the cuts upon her chest—none of which were fatally severe. And at last our Jehu started for other aid, and returned with restoratives and little comforts needful for the patient's welfare. During the driver's absence, the woman improved slowly, and in the midst of her excitement and fears for the result, she hinted at the story of her wrongs, relating, but briefly, how she had been induced to forsake a happy home, and follow the fortunes of the man to whom she had so strangely become attached—how he had deceived her and abused her constant devotion—how he had gone on, for years, from bad to worse—drinking, gaming, forging, and counterfeiting at last—until suspicion attached to him, from without, and he, in his jealousy, charged *her* with his betrayal! And when she denied the heartless accusation, he assaulted her with a fury she had never before encountered at his hands, and attempted her life, which she did not doubt he now believed he had accomplished. At the close of the third day after the rencontre which so nearly proved fatal to this exceedingly fair but unfortunate being, we started eastward, leaving her in charge of a female nurse, who had been procured some sixteen miles away from the inn. The girl was able to take formal leave of us, and offered us the most earnest protestations of her eternal gratitude for what she was pleased to term our providential interference during the melee, and our subsequent efforts to save her life.

The sudden flight of the inn-keeper was quickly bruited along the route, and the woman soon afterwards disappeared, also, from the scene where she so narrowly escaped a violent death. Detectives arrived within a few days, and upon searching the cabin, a quantity of counterfeit money, and utensils for the manufacture of bogus

coin, were found on the premises. But neither the inn-keeper nor the woman was heard of again in that region, afterwards. Exaggerated accounts of the terrible assault went forth, magnified from mouth to mouth, until the tale was current and come to be believed that Jaque had murdered the girl and had fled to parts unknown.

Some four months after the above occurrence took place, business called me to Wheeling, Virginia. An important criminal trial was just then on the tapis, and curiosity prompted me to visit the court-room, during a half day's unexpected leisure. The cause in hearing was upon an indictment found against a gang of desperate counterfeiters; and when the prisoners were arraigned, I was startled upon recognizing among them the quondam proprietor of the Western Reserve Inn, who hobbled into the dock with his associates in crime, and answered to the name of Jaquith. There could be no mistake, I thought, though the beard was not so heavy as formerly, and the face was somewhat thinner, and more sallow, probably from confinement. His lameness was of recent date, but was permanent. *He carried a pistol-ball in his left limb, above the knee!* lodged there upon a certain night, a few months previously, while he was in the act of fleeing from the apartment where he had stricken down, amidst his jealousy, the woman whose life I had aided in saving, and whom he firmly believed for months had lain beneath the sod!

I was satisfied it was Jaque, and I knew all the circumstances of that shocking affair. I placed myself in communication with the prosecuting attorney, directly, and briefly recounted to him the details of my adventure with this wretch, not forgetting to relate the part which the unfortunate young woman had taken in the melee; when he suddenly interrupted me with the query: "Was this woman handsome?"

"Exceedingly fair," I said.

"And young?"

"Less than five-and-twenty."

"Dark hair and eyes?"

"Exactly. And superb in form," I added.

"It is the same," said the attorney.

"How the same?"

"She is here."

"Who?"

"The woman you describe!"

"Where?"

"In custody—arrested by the government, and held unwillingly as a witness against these men."

"Does she know them?"

"We are not sure of that, as to most of them; but she is not aware that Jaquith (or Jaque as you call him) is among them."

"When did you arrest her?"

"Two days ago, from information secretly obtained. But come, you shall see her."

I gladly availed myself of the attorney's invitation, and we hastened to the jailor's house, where the woman spoken of was "boarding" at the expense of the State.

My consternation may be conceived, upon confronting the girl, whom I instantly and unequivocally recognized, to find that she utterly repudiated all prior knowledge of or acquaintance with me, and with calm and apparently offended dignity declared that she had never, in any possible manner, had any connection whatever with the parties I alluded to, nor did she know aught of the fabulous tale I narrated in reference to any rencontre in which she was said to have participated!

I recovered my self-possession as quickly as possible after this unanticipated rebuff, but inasmuch as my personal veracity was at stake, I sought at once to retrieve myself in the good opinion of the district attorney, who, should I fail to substantiate my assertions, must very properly have set me down for a knave or a madman. I was certain there could be no mistake regarding the identity of either Jaque, or this woman. Yet both of them denied all knowledge of me, and the burthen of proof must rest upon me to confirm my statements. The woman was attired neatly in black, and her dress was fastened closely around the throat, concealing her shoulders and bust, entirely. Heavy hanging sleeves covered her well rounded arms, too, and upon her hands she wore open-work silk mitts, which hid any disfigurement—if any existed—there, also. After endeavoring in vain to extort from her, or to induce her to make any remark that might compromise her, I said:

"And do you not remember the Western Reserve Inn?"

"No, sir!" she replied, quickly.

"Nor Jaque—nor the assault—nor the pistol shot—nor the escape of the ruffian, after the merciless cutting up of his victim—"

"Neither—never!"

"Nor the wounds afterwards so carefully dressed by the stranger, there?"

"No!"

"Nor the parting—the tears of gratitude—"

"Nothing of the kind, and I am weary of this," she said, coolly rising, and turning away.

"Will you do me the favor—nay," I added, with feeling, "will you do me the justice, madam—to expose to this gentleman, here, the upper portion of your right arm?"

"No sir!" she answered, indignantly. "I will

do nothing of the kind. Am I accused of any thing?"

"Will you show the jailor's wife your left shoulder?"

"No, I will not," she insisted, vehemently. "Why should I, pray?"

"Will you oblige us, here, by simply removing the mitts which cover your hands?"

She declined, peremptorily.

"And you insist that you and I have never met before?"

"Never, until this hour!"

"We shall see, then," I answered. And we left the fair false creature to herself.

"She bears herself admirably," said the attorney, as we moved away from the jail.

"Yes," I replied. "She is acting her part cunningly, but it is not within the bounds of possibility that I am in error. I repeat it, the identity is unquestionable. You must contrive in some way to see those scars I have mentioned. If it is she, her hands bear marks of the cuts, her right arm, and the left breast and shoulder, each bear the remains of a slashed wound, inflicted as I have stated to you, with a knife in the murderous hand of this Jaque, alias Jaquith. If no such marks can be found on her person—it is only four months since the fray—why, then I'll yield, and will apologize for my mistake."

"Leave it to me," said the attorney. "She fights shy of you evidently for sinister purposes, and she enacts her part cleverly, as you say. Ere four and twenty hours pass, I will be satisfied. Meantime, I believe your assertions, implicitly, though the case is mysterious, verily."

I thanked the civil attorney, and we separated. That night, from some cause unexplained to me, this woman retired earlier than usual, and slept far more soundly than was her wont! An hour before midnight, four persons entered her cell—the jailer and his wife, the government attorney, and another. The imprisoned witness lay upon her pallet, firmly locked in the strong embrace of Somnus, dreaming haply of earlier and happier days, when the joys of youth and innocence and purity were hers, and ere the tempter had crossed her path—for she smiled amid her dream—smiled softly, sweetly, innocently as a babe!

The folds of her night-robe were cautiously loosed at the neck, by the hand of the jailor's wife—the wide flowing sleeve was turned carefully up over the right arm, and the deep, tell-tale scar stood out in bold relief upon the ivory limb and shoulder and neck—and my narrative was thus substantiated. She moved, turned aside her head, as if disturbed. The light was instantaneously extinguished, and the quartette

of witnesses to her falsity moved stealthily away, as they came, from the silent cell of the counterfeiter's paramour and victim!

No measure of entreaty or persuasion could induce this singular being to disclose the slightest fact, or to utter the first syllable that might tend to implicate the prisoners, and especially did she guard herself against criminating the scoundrel Jaquith, of whom she persistently denied all knowledge, past or present. The fact of his arrest had been studiously concealed from her, but her connection with him at the inn, and his abuse of her, having come to the knowledge of the government, induced the attorney to secure her, on the presumption that she would readily disclose certain circumstances bearing against the accused parties, which could not otherwise be arrived at. Jaquith and this woman had been arrested at different times, and far apart from each other. It did not appear that they had met from the moment when Jaque fled, and he left her for dead—which idea was thoroughly confirmed in his mind by the subsequent rumors he had heard regarding her fate. He firmly believed that *her* mouth was forever sealed; and no intimation had been given him that she was then in the city, held as witness against him, to appear at the proper moment.

I repeated to the attorney the admissions and hints made to me, regarding Jaque, by this woman, four months previously, when she feared that she was dying from the wounds inflicted by his hand—admissions which could come from no lips save his, or hers—hints which covered his secrets. But this was simply hearsay evidence, and it could not be availed of at second hands—or, at least, through me. It was necessary that what could be had should come direct. The woman was not aware of the position of affairs at all; and the attorney having exhausted all hope of wringing anything directly from the obdurate yet forgiving victim of Jaquith's perfidy, resolved at last to confront the counterfeiter and his mistress together, in open court, and trust to circumstances for the advantages he hoped to derive from this little plot.

The cause had been in progress three days. Jaque limped in and out of court—lamed as he was for life, by the pistol shot he encountered on the night of the fray at the inn—and while seated in the dock the wounded prisoner maintained a dogged and sullen indifference to the proceedings, save when a chance allusion was made during the reception of the evidence, to his previous career at the inn, or more especially to the long rumored murder of a woman, said to have been committed there on the night when he disappear-

ed from that spot. At these hints he became uneasy, gazed fitfully up and down the courtroom, or hid his face in his hands, but recovered himself again, until, at last, the government attorney briefly informed the court that he now proposed to introduce an important witness for the prosecution, one who had been purposely reserved up to this point in the case, and who would testify to a knowledge of the guilt of the accused parties, generally, but more particularly in reference to the part taken in the commission of the alleged crime by the man Jaquith, so called. The door of the ante-room was hereupon thrown open, and in a loud clear voice the prosecuting attorney called:

"Julia Moncrieff!"

At the utterance of this name, the prisoner Jaquith sprang wildly upon his feet, pale as death, and seemingly, for the instant, paralyzed, while his great dark eyes appeared almost bursting from their sockets, as he exclaimed, unconsciously, and desperately:

"Where!"

The sound of this single word, sent forth with frantic force from the lips of the stalwart prisoner, operated like an electrical shock upon the court and audience, as Julia Moncrieff entered the room, and looking upon him, in a startling shriek pronounced simply the word "Jaque!"

The cowering wretch thought her dead! He believed *he* had murdered her, with his own wicked hands! The terrible phantom before him was too much even for his iron nerves. He gasped for breath, and with a frightful glare upon what he deemed her apparition, he fell forward upon the rail, and sank heavily, senseless, upon the floor of the dock! His fellow-prisoners instantly raised him up, as the woman in a phrenzied manner rushed forward and threw herself upon his lifeless form, uttering the wildest of shrieks and lamentations.

"In God's name—don't!" she screamed—"don't, sirs—gentlemen—good gentlemen! don't hurt him—he is innocent! I—I do not—know him—no, it isn't Jaque. Spare me, good gentlemen, spare *him*! He never harmed me—never! Gentlemen—nev—"

The sheriff quickly contrived to interpose and set the frantic woman aside. He succeeded in obtaining comparative silence in the courtroom, but it was only momentary. The prisoner recovered himself, and rising to his feet, gazed an instant upon the woman before him, and shouted fiercely between his clenched teeth:

"It's false—false as —! She—she's a liar! I don't know her—didn't know her—never! didn't strike her—"

"Sit down!" shouted the sheriff.

"I didn't—s'help me God! never—never!"

"Sit down, sir!" commanded the judge

"Silence in the court," roared the sheriff.

But the woman continued to rave and plead and scream, while Jaque, either from fright and desperation, or, taking advantage of the unexpected uproar, for effect persisted in yelling at the bent of his lungs that she was a liar—that he never harmed her—never saw her—never knew her!

It was impossible to proceed, and the woman was forcibly borne away by the officers, raving with excitement. Order was finally restored. The district attorney apologized to the court for the extraordinary scene which had occurred, and of which he confessed himself to have been the surprised but unintentional cause—and, after a brief plea, left the case to the judgment of the jury. The trial closed. Jaquith, with three of his fellows in crime—found guilty—were sentenced to the State penitentiary each for a score of years. The woman was immediately released from further detention, and disappeared forthwith. I saw the unfortunate prisoners on their way to prison before I left the town. Manacled two-and-two together, the sheriff and his aids escorted the four counterfeiters to the carriage provided to convey them to their final quarters.

The whilom innkeeper hobbled slowly along, with a sadly crippled gait; and evidently in pain at each successive step, until he reached the vehicle in which he was borne away with his companions in crime. I subsequently met the surgeon of the prison, who informed me that he had discovered the pistol ball in his limb while attending Jaque, prior to his trial; and from its peculiar position it could not safely be extracted. He died, in prison, four years afterwards, and thus bore with him to his grave the unhappy memento of THE CHANCE SHOT!

#### SHARKS.

The negroes boast that they can swim the river without danger if only they have nothing red about them; and, in fact, all my men swam across without accident, first carefully concealing those parts of their scanty dress which might have the obnoxious color. They also offered to take me over on their backs; but this I refused, from a fear that the sharks might make an exception in my case to their general rule. These fish are here held sacred—which may have something to do with their harmlessness. The natives believe that if they should kill one there would be no safety from their attacks thereafter. It is certainly very singular that they should not attack men in the water, for on any other of the numerous points on the coast where they abound, a man would be instantly killed did he venture among them.—*African Explorations.*

#### CHILD'S LESSON.

Let the first word he lisps be "Washington." Hang on his neck, on that birthday, and that day of his death, at Mount Vernon, the medal of Congress, by its dark ribbon; tell him the story of the flag as it passes glittering along the road; bid him listen to that plain, old-fashioned stirring music of the Union; lead him, when school is out at evening, to the grave of his great-grandfather, the old soldier of the war; bid him, like Hannibal, at nine years old, lay the little hand on that Constitution, and swear reverently to observe it; lift him up, and lift yourself up, to the height of an American feeling; open to him and think for yourselves, on the relation of America to the States; show him upon the map the area to which she has extended herself; the climates that come into the number of her months; the silver path of her trade, wide as the world; tell him of her contributions to humanity, and her protests for free government; keep him with the glad and solemn feasts of her appointment; bury her great name in his heart, and into your hearts; contemplate habitually, lovingly, intelligently, this grand abstraction, the vast reality of good; and such an institution may do somewhat to transform this surpassing beauty into a national life, which shall last while sun and moon endure.—*Rufus Choate.*

#### FREDERICK THE SECOND.

He had been assisted in his musical relaxations at Potsdam by the daughter of a citizen, who, without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the prince, secluded as he was from all society, and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy, than he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace of course put an end to the concerts, and to her estimation in society. When Frederick came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney-coachman's wife, and with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension of very little less than thirty-five pounds a year.—*Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*

#### ANCIENT OATS.

A farmer near Alnwick having ploughed over an ancient encampment, recently noticed several heads of strange looking oats among his crop. Some of them were unusually tall and strong, with long branching stemlets, while others had globular heads resembling the seed of the onion. Mr. Binks collected no less than seventy-five varieties never seen in the district before. The place, as it has been conjectured, has been a cavalry camp, and the oats, which were, perhaps, ripened under other skies, after lying covered with the debris of the camps for probably fifteen hundred years, will again shoot into cereal beauty, and may add one or more permanent varieties to the stock of the English farmer.—*Leeds Mercury.*

## THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent  
On the rugged forest ground,  
And light our fire with the branches rent  
By winds from the beeches round.  
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,  
But a wilder is at hand,  
With hail of iron and rain of blood,  
To sweep and scathe the land!

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill,  
That startle the sleeping bird;  
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,  
And the step must fall unheard.  
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,  
In Ticonderoga's towers,  
And ere the sun rise twice again,  
The towers and the lake are ours!

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides  
Where the fireflies light the brake;  
A ruddier jolice the Briton hides  
In his fortress by the lake.  
Build high the fire till the panther leap  
From his lofty perch in fright,  
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,  
For the deeds of to-morrow night!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY GEORGIE C. LYMAN.

THERE were only three of us, mother, Linly, and myself, and therefore but two for me to part with. I was very glad there were so few when I said good-by and sprang into the coach which was to take me away from home—my dear, quiet, village home, that I had never left before in all my life. Linly laughed when he saw the tears in my eyes while I bade him farewell. For to me it seemed to be on the eve of a great journey, and the parting for a few months with my mother and brother a very serious and painful matter. So I choked, and flushed, and tried to hide my moist eyes as I turned away from him. His strong hand caught my shoulder, and we were face to face again.

"Willie, dear boy, don't go off with that look, or I shall die of nightmare, if I ever chance to dream of it," he cried. "Here, give me your hand; and now good-by again, and best wishes."

I glanced up into his brilliantly handsome face with a secret wish that he would kiss me as he had kissed me seven years before when he left home, but the desire was unexpressed, and after a few more parting words I sprang into the coach.

"Astor!" "St. Nicholas!" "Marlbrough!" "Have a coach, sir?" "Have a coach, sir?" I worked my way through the crowd upon the wharf, and entering a hack, gave the driver the address my mother had furnished me with, and was driven into the very heart of New York city.

Mrs. Fay, my boarding mistress, I liked from the first very much. She was a pale, care-worn, yet pleasant looking little woman, and met me with a cheerful friendliness that revived my spirits.

"You are not in the least like a new boarder to me, Mr. Morton," she said, taking a seat near the table where my late supper was served. "Your mother and I were school girls together, and have always been friends. She wrote me about you a week ago—her pet boy—O, you need not blush!—and I promised in answer to take very good care of you. I intend to do so, and shall begin in the morning by introducing you to Laura—that is my daughter, you know. You will be excellent company for each other, and I assure you, you will not have a chance to be homesick, Laura is so lively."

I replied somehow, and struggled hard to conceal the nervous dread which had seized upon me. A bashful, sensitive boy of nineteen that I was, my new friend's plan filled me with misery. Having had little or no social intercourse with women, excepting my mother, and entertaining a great natural admiration which partook largely of reverence for them, the idea of being thrown into the company of a lively young lady whom I imagined would have no sympathy with me, was startlingly painful.

All the long evening that I sat silent in the large parlor, where the boarders laughed and talked and lounged, I thought of "Laura." After I had been shown my room, I went to sleep and dreamed of a tall, handsome, dark-complexioned young lady, dressed in a black and crimson plaid silk, whom I imagined to be she. I thought she came sailing towards me, crying, in a high, sharp voice, "Mr. Morton, mama has given you into my care, and we must be very good friends,"—a speech which had the effect of scattering the last of my confused senses, rendering me dumb and perspiring. Waking with a gasp, I discovered it to be morning.

Through the day I was engaged with the business which had brought me to town, but in the evening I was most uncomfortably at leisure again. On entering the parlor after tea, I immediately retreated to a seat in a shadowy corner that Mrs. Fay might not observe my presence. There were several ladies in the room,



and nearly a dozen gentlemen, for Mrs. Fay's well-kept establishment was patronized by some fifteen or twenty persons. Sitting silent and unnoticed in my retreat, I cast a searching glance over the company, endeavoring to discover the gay Miss Laura, into whose charge my good landlady intended consigning me. My eyes rested at last on a young lady who was the centre of a merry group at a side table, and whose brilliant black eyes were more than once levelled in the direction of my out-of-the-way seat. "O dear!" I sighed, with a nervous thrill.

Just then the door opened silently, and a young girl with a bright round face shaded by drooping curls of a glossy nut-brown, softly entered the room and advanced to a seat not far from my corner. In passing, her dress touched me, the soft, dark folds sweeping across my hand. For a moment our eyes met, and hers were hazel, soft and clear. I watched her eagerly as she sat down in a low rocking-chair and commenced sewing. Presently a young man started up from a group about the fire and came to her side, and she greeted him with a smiling speech, which I could not hear. They chatted together all the evening, and I watched her in an earnest, absorbed way, that rendered me almost breathless.

I do not know whether the strange fascination which this young girl possessed was that of mind or person. I only know that I gazed and pleased myself in observing her. She was not remarkably beautiful or extraordinarily intellectual, but the sight of her face and motions had a strong charm for me. I know I thought of her immediately on reading these lines from the work of a modern author, long years after I parted with her: "The charms that go with the mere looks and sayings of some men and women are sayings and meanings also." And she was Laura Fay. I was presented to her the next morning by her mother.

We grew to be warm friends. I did not expect it would be so before or even for a few days after I met her, but ere long I discovered that I owed nearly all the pleasure of my daily life to her. I did not realize it then, but I have discovered since that I am indebted to her for much of the improvement which that winter's residence in New York worked in me. She was a true woman—not perfect, or above censure in many things, but full of delicacy, sweetness and tenderness. True, she was wilful and proud, often unreasonable in some trifling matters, but I do not think I liked her any the less for these imperfections of character. If she had had no faults, she would never have been to me all she afterwards became, for the earnest desire to help

each other in our weaknesses was our strongest band of sympathy.

O Laura—Laura Fay!—I lay down my pen and drop my face upon my hands! I am thinking of those old times—the early morning walks, the evening chats and confidences, the long days so full of innocent, youthful pleasure. I remember the birthday when I brought you a golden-breasted canary as my gift, and how you kissed me out of the fullness of your guileless little heart. That pure, warm kiss!—my quiet blood thrills in sudden swift courses through my veins at the recollection. It was the only time you ever kissed me, Laura, in all your life! And I am thinking, dear, that it would have been better, far better, if you had never known another love than that which swelled in your heart when you bestowed upon me that single caress.

One of my first impressions regarding Mrs. Fay on first meeting her was that the slight cough which then troubled her would prove fatal, but I was not prepared for the sudden failure of strength, and subsequent death, which occurred in the following spring. Laura was wild with grief.

"O, Willie, Willie!" she cried, clinging to me, "I never can live without my mother. I have neither father, sister nor brother, and she was everything to me. O, my mother—my mother!"

Almost as incapable of acting wisely as she was, in her passion of sorrow, I wrote home for advice. My mother thus replied,—“Bring my friend's child to me,” and I did as I was directed.

If I had never loved my mother before she took that poor child in her arms and kissed her wet eyes, I must have been an unnatural son; and if I did not love and reverence her inexpressibly afterwards, I must have been destitute of every spark of humanity. If it had not been for her—best of women!—I think that Laura would never have recovered from the shock of her mother's death. As it was, her changed appearance gave me anxiety and apprehension for months.

Linly was not at home when we arrived. So far I have said little of my brother's character. He was some eight years older than I, and a bad man. I can say it calmly now—knowing it—believing it. Until after Laura came among us, I regarded him as I might one of a race of superior beings. I thought him the perfection of manhood—my handsome, travelled brother Linly. I regarded his grace and accomplishments, many of which were learned abroad, as wonders which no one else could ever attain to, least of all myself. His was one of those natures which

is not capable of entertaining disinterested love. With all his show of pleasing and graceful, charming affability, he always calculated on gaining his own gratification. Looking back now, I can recall incidents which, seen without prejudices of relationship, illustrated this trait of his character, and I cannot fail to call him a thoroughly selfish, cool, calculating, unprincipled man.

After remaining at home for nearly three weeks, I was obliged to return to New York. I left Laura with my mother and brother. To the latter I said, the day before my departure :

"Teach poor little Laura to like you, Linly—she has so few friends now."

"I will," he said, glancing towards her where she sat on an ottoman with her head on my mother's knee.

I was pleased with his answer then. Afterwards when I remembered it, and the accompanying glance, a rush of indignant scorn, amounting almost to hatred, swept over my heart, destroying every vestige of affection for him.

I received letters from Laura every week and occasionally one from Linly. In reply I often spoke of my brother to Laura, and every time with praise. It was my desire that she should like him. But she always replied moderately—strangely so, I thought. It seemed marvellous to me how any one could help entertaining enthusiastic admiration for him.

But suddenly there came a change in Laura's letters—a change which I could not account for at first. It seemed to be a constant light-heartedness and the result of an exuberant flow of spirit. I read and re-read them wonderingly. Even in her most prosperous days I had never known her to seem so joyous. And the matter was a puzzle to me until I went home in the fall. There I soon found the solution to the mystery. Laura loved my brother, and to all appearances prosperously. When I made this discovery I was almost stunned for a moment. Although such a consequence would have occurred to most other people long before, the idea had never presented itself to me, and it did not please me. On the contrary, it gave me many hours' keen pain, for I loved Laura Fay.

There was a strange charm for me in watching them together—Laura and my brother,—she was so pretty with her rosebud face and swaying, vine-like hair, and gentle, clinging ways—he so gay, and stylish, and handsome, and withal so apparently happy in his new circumstances. He surprised me one day with tears in my eyes, after I had been observing them.

"What are you crying for, Will?" he said.

"Because I am envious, perhaps," I replied, so involuntarily that I did not realize how wide a significance might be attached to my words until I saw my brother's changing face. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, in a low, hurried voice :

"Willie, is it possible that you love her?"

Under his searching glance, that seemed to read my very soul, I could not retain my secret. I bowed my head, feeling the blood flow from my face and congeal like ice about my heart. Suddenly I glanced up at Linly, for the silence following my mute reply had lasted some moments, and he still stood before me. His face expressed something more than surprise and regret. I could not comprehend it then, but I know now that it was a momentary shadow of remorse.

"Don't be uneasy, dear Linly," I said, quietly. "You need fear no danger from me—there can be none."

"I am not thinking of that," he said.

There was another silence. Suddenly he struck his hands violently together, and his face flashed crimson.

"If you want Laura, win her if you can—she is nothing to me," he exclaimed, in a rapid tone, and then walked away to the other end of the room.

There was company present, or I should have sprung after him ; as it was, I leaned back in my seat, and shrank behind the window drapery, trembling with excitement.

That evening passed away like a dream. Gradually the company left the house, and when my mother and Laura had retired to their chambers I went into the back parlor where Linly was putting away some chessmen that had been used during the evening, and put my hand on his shoulder.

"What did you mean by what you said, Linly?" I asked, striving to be calm.

"Did I not express myself plainly?" he replied.

"But you cannot mean that Laura does not love you!" I exclaimed.

"No, O, no, I do not mean that," he answered, with a quick laugh ; and then, while I waited in great amazement, he repeated,—"*No, O, no!*"

He turned away from me, and sat down in a chair, with a strange smile upon his lips.

"Linly, for heaven's sake explain this mystery!" I exclaimed. "You do not mean" (for a sudden thought had occurred to me), "you cannot mean that you have been deceiving Laura?"

He laughed again, but I saw his hand tremble slightly as he tossed back the fair hair from his proud, exquisite face.

"I have only been revenging myself," he said, coldly. "She did not like me when she first came here; but she likes me now, and that is all I desire. Marry her if you want to—I do not intend to."

I stood silent a moment, trying to comprehend the man's villany. Then when I realized it, the strongest passion I had ever known seized me, and I cursed him—cursed him in the name of the fatherless, the motherless, and the helpless. I left him sitting silent and pale in his chair, a scornful smile frozen to his lips.

I did not retire at all that night. Just before sunrise I heard Laura go from her room and trip lightly down stairs to the garden. I sprang up and followed her. How I ever managed to tell her what I had decided to inform her of I never knew. I was so anxious for her I seemed to forget myself entirely—what I was saying and doing. At last she roused me to a realizing sense of my position by her sudden deathly whiteness. I knew then that she comprehended her situation. She made me go over my conversation with Linly word for word; I could not evade her—she would know every sentence we exchanged. When I had finished, she put her hand in mine, and said:

"Thank you, Willard. Do not fear for me—I am not so weak as you think."

I tried to keep her, and make her say more, but she left me and went into the house.

I might make a tragic ending to my narrative, and say that Laura Fay drowned herself or poisoned my brother, but truth compels me to say that she did nothing of the kind. That morning she met Linly alone and talked with him. What passed between them I never knew, but the expression of his face as seen by me after he left her, convinced me that he was doubtful of his triumph.

Laura never married, neither did Linly, but the time has come to him since when he would give more than he has ever known of happiness for the love of the woman who looks on him only with clear, cold eyes. Her heart is quite free of any affection for him. Its soil bore but one white blossom, when that died its season for bearing was past. All this happened five and twenty years ago. Neither have I ever married.

#### THE AMARANTH.

Immortal amaranth!—a flower which once,  
In paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,  
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
And flowers aloft, shading the tree of life.—MILTON.

#### BLACK BEAR OF AMERICA.

The bear is conscious of being a villain, and will never look a man in the face. This I have observed in the case of tame bears, and marked the change of expression in their little black, treacherous eye, about the size of a small marble, just before they were about to do something mischievous. In their quickness of temper, and in the suddenness with which the usually perfectly dull and unmeaning eye is lighted up with the most wicked expression imaginable—immediately followed by action—they put me much in mind of some of the monkey tribe. The strength of the bear is really prodigious, fully equal to that of ten men, as was once proved by a tame bear, in the province, hauling a barrel which had been smeared with molasses, and contained a little oatmeal, away from the united strength of the number of men mentioned, who held on to a rope passed round the barrel. The bear walked away with it as easily as possible. The same bear, having nearly killed a horse and scalped a boy, was afterwards destroyed by his owner. The way he tried to do for the horse was curious enough; he approached the horse which was loose on the road, from behind; the horse attempted to kick, the bear caught hold of his hind legs, just above the fetlock, with the quickness of lightning; the horse tried to kick again, and the bear with the greatest apparent ease, shoved his hind legs under him till the horse was fairly brought on his haunches, when the rascal at once jumped on his back, and, with one tremendous blow, buried his powerful claws into the muscle of the shoulder, and the horse, trembling, and in a profuse perspiration, rolled over and would have been killed, if the affair had not been witnessed, and the bear at this juncture driven away.—*Captain Hardy, in London Field.*

#### LEGAL ANECDOTE.

Legal readers will, perhaps, remember the dignified "look and mien" of the late Chief Justice Chase of Vermont, a man of great ability and marked characteristics. With his many noble qualities of head and heart, his old conferees at the bar and in the Senate had to recognize an irascible temper, that would sometimes break forth inordinately. Once, while presiding judge of one of the county courts, an appeal case from a justice of the peace came up before him, so small and contemptible in its origin that he was for tossing all the parties out of court without form of law. It appeared from the statement of plaintiff's counsel, that a turkey had trespassed upon the garden of a neighbor, and got shot for his hobbling and gobbling. The owner brought suit to recover damages of the neighbor who shot the turkey, and failing before the justice, appealed. The moment the counsel revealed the sum and substance of the case, the judge cried out, in great anger, "Mr. Clerk, strike that case from the docket!" Then turning toward the lawyer, exclaimed, with indignant emphasis, "Why do you come here with such a case? Why don't you refer your little dispute to some of your honest neighbors?" "May it please your honor," replied the lawyer, "we don't mean honest men shall have anything to do with it!" Trial progressed.—*Montpelier Watchman.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## FADING.

BY ELISA F. MORIARTY.

Sorrow's lines we daily trace  
 On our Lilla's gentle face;  
 While its shadow in her eyes,  
 And its voice in oft-breathed sighs,  
 Speak to us, as words may never,  
 Of the grief that liveth ever  
 In the heart so early blighted,  
 Whose young love to woe was plighted.

Hiding all our grief away,  
 As she droopeth day by day,  
 Fading lovely, fading slow,  
 From our arms—the grave we know  
 Soon will hold our darling treasure—  
 Now our sadness, e'er our pleasure;  
 Do we grieve that death is taking  
 One whose heart is breaking—breaking?

Once our child was blithe and gay;  
 Sorrow never crossed her way  
 Till she loved—alas! in vain:  
 And she never smiled again.  
 From her lips breathes no complaining  
 As the light of life is waning;  
 Heaven is the loved one taking,  
 Whose young heart is breaking—breaking.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PARDON.

## A TALE OF CROMWELL'S PROTECTORATE.

BY HOWARD LIVINGSTON.

A COLD spring night, in the year 1646, saw two women pacing the floor of a noble English mansion, with unequal steps, and faces that spoke of bitter anxiety. They were the widow and daughter of one who had been the stout and powerful adherent to the unhappy king, Charles I.; the friend of the king's chief counsellors, Archbishop Laud and Earl Stafford, whom he had seen put to a shameful death. This noble, the Lord Herbert, had lain down his own life also for the king, leaving his wife and an only son and daughter to the cold mercies of the world.

The ladies had not retired for the night—kept awake from anxiety for the son and brother, Arthur Herbert, who was gallantly fighting the rebels. Cromwell had attacked the troops of the king, and the forces already gathered to the Roundhead's assistance made it possible that he would conquer; although no loyal heart in England would admit even the possibility.

The widow of Lord Herbert was a woman scarcely beyond forty—still youthful looking, and with traces of the remarkable beauty that

had been hers when in her spring time. Her loveliness had been perpetuated in her child. Isabel Herbert was barely eighteen, and one of the loveliest beings that ever won a hero's heart. So thought Harry Lisle, at least, and it was for him that her thoughts dwelt so tremblingly upon the battle, as well as for her brother Arthur. Lady Herbert, too, had adopted Harry Lisle into her heart as a son; and only for this troublous time of civil war, he would have been Isabel's husband.

Arm-in-arm, the faded white hand of the mother clasped in the full rose tinted one of the girl, they continued to pace the hall; neither daring to give vent to the fears that attacked both. Silent sympathy was all they gave to each other. The chill, gray dawn broke upon the two worn faces. Older, far older, looked the widow than at the last sunset, and the maiden's cheek was pale and wan: almost as white as the dress she wore.

A servant, who had risen early, came in with a breakfast tray, but scarcely had they tasted food, when a loud noise of horses' hoofs and clattering steel was heard in the road. One after another followed in quick succession, as if the horsemen were flying from the foe. Isabel opened the shutters and gazed out upon the silvery mist of morning.

A single horseman approached. Could it be Harry Lisle? Alas, no! It was the uncouth costume of Cromwell's men, and her heart sank when she thought that the long blade at his side might have been wet with Harry Lisle's blood. She shrank away from the window, and then was recalled to it again by a sound of distress. The horse, frightened by some object, had reared, and the rider was just thrown directly over his head. A loud groan announced that he was not killed. The animal had stopped instantly, and now stood quietly above the fallen man.

Lady Herbert called a servant, to take the injured man, whoever he might be, into the house. Her kindness of heart would not permit her to allow even an enemy to lie helpless before her door. He was brought in and laid upon a long settle in the hall. Lady Herbert moved nearer where she could see the face. A hard, thoughtful face, a large, high forehead around which the hair was cropped closely, a clumsy figure with loose, easy costume, high boots that clattered with every movement, and a long sword reaching to his ankles—by all these, Lady Herbert distinguished the usurper, Cromwell.

"Are you hurt?" she said, her long fingers clasping themselves together nervously. "If so, you shall have help; if not, this house is not

the one to hold the enemy of my king. Isabel! some water and wine! Let us recover him in God's name. I would not that even a traitor should die near my hearthstone; though in good sooth, if he were out in the open air, I wouldn't think a gibbet too high a place for him."

"You will not let any one capture me, nor deliver me up to the unrighteous soldiers, lady?"

Lady Herbert smiled—a wan, sad smile, which partook partly of contempt.

"No, you are safe here, as long as you are obliged from your injuries to remain. The loyal subjects of King Charles do not offer shelter to such as you, and then betray them to death. Methinks that is Roundhead doctrine, not ours."

"Then, if the godless man now in command of the army opposed to those who are doing the Lord's service, should find me here, you would not let him take me?"

"Nay—but in the name of God, do not test my kindness longer than you can help. It irks me to feel that you are here. You look better; shall I order your horse now? Can you ride?"

"Mother! Isabel!" shouted a young, glad voice at the door. "We have come! Have you no welcome for me and Harry?"

She turned to see Arthur Herbert and Harry Lisle. In a moment her son was in her arms, while Isabel was clasped in those of her lover. But the next moment, Arthur saw the huge form stretched upon the settle, and darting forward, he cried:

"Mother! in God's name have you turned traitor, that you harbor this man? I little thought to see my father's hall a shelter for this arch hypocrite. Harry, let us hang him on yonder tree! It will do him good, and I am sure it will do us good!"

The burly form trembled perceptibly, and tried to raise itself. It succeeded, and stood upright upon its feet. Arthur made a plunge towards him, but his mother's hand was on his sword arm, and Isabel's arms were around him, begging him to desist.

"And why should I?" he said, looking around. "Fore God, Harry, I think my mother and sister are crazed. Harry, I say, keep the door! don't let the cur escape."

Cromwell had backed toward the door, drawing his long steel.

"Arthur—Harry!" said Lady Herbert, "the moment you touch this man you violate the pledge I have given him. I told him he should remain here in safety, for though he be."

"She is right, Arthur," said the lover of Isabel; "you have no right to falsify a pledge given under your mother's roof. In open and

honest warfare, had we met him, as I wish to God we had, rather than in this house, I would cut him to pieces. Here, I have no right, nor have you."

"Begone then, traitor! vile cur! haste, or the very servants will be at thy unwieldy carcase, with no more compunction than they would crush a snake."

The man to whom this complimentary speech was addressed, seemed about to speak, but Harry stopped him.

"No words!" he said; "nothing but the fact that you are in this house prevents me from taking thy life. God helping me, I will do it some day, but it shall be in open combat."

Cromwell turned away at this threat, and, mounting his horse with great difficulty, as if indeed he had been severely hurt, he departed.

Three years had gone by, in which the two young friends had stood, shoulder to shoulder, in all the dreary times which the Parliamentary General had brought upon fated England. Harry Lisle and Isabel Herbert had never yet been united save in heart. Such troublous times seemed ill suited with the gladness of a marriage day; and the young girl and her mother lived on, in faith and hope that a brighter morning would dawn. Alas! King Charles only came forth from his dreary prison, to go through with a shameful mock trial which brought his head to the block, and left England no longer a kingdom.

When the morning dawned that saw the battle of Worcester, the two friends were preparing for the field, and Lady Herbert and Isabel were standing by with eyes full of unshed tears, yet with an attempt at cheering and hopeful words. Upon Arthur Herbert's face dwelt an expression of mournful meaning. To none, save to Harry Lisle, had he confided the sad presentiment of coming death, which had haunted him every moment since the call to a new battle had been heard. Something had whispered to the brave and fearless soldier, that this field would be his dying bed.

Perhaps there is sometimes granted to mortals some mysterious glimpse into futurity, that suggests a prophecy of their own fate—some strange and mystic revelation to the soul, of the day and hour when spirit and body shall dissolve their union—

"The body to its place  
And the soul to Heaven's grace,  
And the rest in God's own time."

We know not how, or in what way, this thought wings its subtle influence into the mind—whether by the inexplicable voices of nature speaking to the outward sense, or the dimly understood communion with the spiritual world.

Whichever of these had operated upon the mind of the brave soldier, it had produced a strange effect. The unprotected state of his mother and sister struck deeper to his sense than ever before. Suddenly, even while they were buckling their armor on, he exclaimed :

"Harry ! Isabel ! before we go, let me see you made husband and wife. It is useless to protract the time longer. Nay, mother, do not oppose it—it is better thus, believe me."

Lady Herbert and Isabel pleaded the incongruity of a bridal morn with one so fraught with solicitude. Arthur overruled all their objections. Harry, he said, must be more truly his brother that day and through that battle, than ever before. And he enforced it so earnestly, Harry helping him, that poor Isabel wiped away her tears, and smoothed her bright brown hair ; and stood beside her own true lover, while the priest pronounced the solemn benediction that at the same moment united and parted the young and loving creatures. One kiss, and he was gone ! No pomp nor ceremony, no ringing out of marriage bells—not even a garland of bridal roses ! The saddest parting they had ever known—the one most fraught with solemn meaning.

When the day was done, Arthur Herbert's gallant heart lay still and cold, its noble blood poured out upon the battle-field, and Harry Lisle was marching between two Roundheads, to the Tower of London ! A guard of soldiers was on every side.

Months passed, and that gallant heart still beat within a prison. At last, the trial came and he was convicted of a devotion to his country, of bearing a true and loyal heart to his rightful king ! Of course, he was condemned to the same death to which his sovereign's kingly head was so soon afterwards brought—the block and the axe for the subject—the block and the axe for the monarch !

The morning of the sixteenth of December rose dim and gray over London, tinging all things with a dreary leaden hue. It was a fit morning to bring out a young and gallant soldier, and waste a life worth more than those of the "Lord Protector of England," and all his crop-sared judges and counsellors, then convened in Westminster Hall, where the oath of office was being administered to him.

When this grand procession, with the usurper at its head, passed out of the hall, their progress was impeded by some obstruction. Those behind fumed and fretted, and even the "saints," Cromwell's most godly ones, were digging their

elbows into each other's sides, impatient to get a glimpse of the beheading of the young "malignant."

They, who were the more fortunate in securing a forward position in the procession, saw that the obstacle to their progress was a woman. Not young—not beautiful *now*. The sorrows of the last few months had destroyed all traces of beauty in Lady Herbert. She was now only a pale, withered, wrinkled woman, clad in the deepest of mourning weeds. She was on her knees before the burly form clad in black velvet, that headed the train, and gazing upward, with all the energy of woe, into the coarse, broad face and hard eyes that belonged to that form.

They who dared press forward saw the Protector wince and shrink within himself, when the impassioned voice reminded him of the night when his troops were cut in pieces at Warnham Common—when, thrown from his horse, he received succor and shelter from a woman's hand—when that hand saved his life from the sword of her young son, who would fain have taken it at her very hearthstone, but spared it at her intercession and that of Harry Lisle, who was this day to die ; and but for whom the ceremony in this hall would never have been performed.

Cromwell passed his heavy hand over the massive brow that was already seamed over with the cares of state, and the anxious fears for his own safety that were ever haunting him. A moment he looked on that pale and worn face—then he ordered the soldiers to take her away. That order shut down the last ray of hope in her heart.

Back to Harry Lisle's prison—back to the walls of that gloomy Tower in which so many hopes have been buried. A solitary horseman passed her on the way, and troops of foot passengers rudely jostled the delicate drooping figure of her who had never trod the streets of London before.

She came in, faint and weary, to the outer vestibule. No one opposed her entrance now. She thought there was indeed no danger now to be apprehended by that long guard of soldiers, from a frail, weak woman ! She passed on to Harry's cell and sank upon the stone floor, without a word. They did not hear her—that loving group—Harry, weeping, but with a heavenly light upon his face, and the big tears plashing from Margaret's sweet eyes upon the cold marble. A soldier with a cropped head entered, and approaching Harry, struck off his fetters ! He was free ! The horseman who had passed her on the road brought his pardon signed by the Protector.



[ORIGINAL.]

ISAURE.

BY H. L. ABBEY.

At the tryst near the broken stile,  
Holding her hand in mine, I said:  
Not in the dells of shade I tread,  
Not in the full-blown daisy's smile,  
Not in the twilight calm and gray,  
I see the beauty that I adore;  
But in the summer of your eyes,  
Where the billows of soul arise,  
Gleaming upon their tender shore,  
I clasp the dreams of endless May.

Beauty dwelleth in soul alone—  
As fruit and frondage, spice and palm,  
Dwell but in fervent isles of balm—  
Yours to me is the central throne:  
Lesser glories bow down to thee;  
Here the lake, like a silver veil,  
Ripples between the fallow meads,  
Islanded oft with drooping reeds—  
But this is of the ships, that sail  
Brightly out to a beautiful sea.

Your soul is the beautiful sea,  
With coral isles of golden dreams,  
And many a mystic thought which seems,  
Like some shadowy cave to me,  
Leading down from a pearly vale.  
Here the moon in a downy cloud,  
Seems like a bee in an asphodel,  
Whose foamy petals sink and swell,  
Before each languid saphyr bowed,  
Trembling beneath its ornate mail.

And here the mellow lips of night  
Kiss the sweet foreheads of the leagues;  
While some melodious flight-bird weaves  
Its song along its trackless flight,  
Like life—a swallow-flight of time:  
But dreams were naught were thou not here:  
They are the rivers of the sea—  
The sapphire paths that lead to thee,  
Through lawny lands I hold most dear,  
By thy soul-beauty made sublime.

Isaure, as some cape of cloud  
Grows brighter with the birth of day,  
So all my fancies grow to May,  
Before thy purer presence bowed,  
Which seems a ceaseless dawn to me:  
And our lone hearts still float in dreams,  
Like leaves in odors rustling fair,  
Which drift along the rosy air,  
Like sprays of woodbine, down the streams  
That widen to the summer sea.

It is one of the besetting sins of young men to endeavor to get rid of work by seeking for easy and lazy employment. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from you the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth, and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE STEP-MOTHER'S SECRET.

## A STORY FROM TWO JOURNALS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

## CHAPTER I.

## ELEANOR LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

JAN. 10th, 1860.—Scarcely an hour ago I received a letter from my father in New York, containing orders to have the house arranged for the reception of himself and bride, next week. Perhaps it was very wrong, but I tore the letter into a hundred pieces and scattered them under my feet. But the passion was all gone in a moment, and I have been crying ever since. The pages of my journal are wet with my tears.

This news is so dreadful to me. For nearly six years I have been happy as papa's house-keeper, and enjoyed being a comfort to him, and taking mama's place in the household, and now a stranger is coming here to be installed in the highest place and nearest to papa, before Dora and me, and over the good old servants whom I have considered my particular care ever since I was fifteen, and who love me better than anybody else in the house. I have laid so many plans in the future for papa's pleasure, and have thought so much of the time when he will be feeble and gray-headed, and dependent on my care—how happy he will be with me after I am married—for I suppose I shall be sometime. Willis is so good and handsome, I know that I love him dearly. Now everything will be changed. Willis and I will have to live somewhere else after we are married; and papa will stay here with his new wife, and the old life with its associations and loves that we have cherished so in our little home will be all forgotten. Mama's picture will be banished from its place in the parlor; her old household ways, which I have carefully continued, will be abolished; there will be no more quiet Sunday evening talks about her; and papa will prefer the new to the old so completely as to choose the company of his wife before that of his children. I know it will be so. She will be first in his thoughts and affections—the children, relics of a time which will be seldom thought of and never talked about, will come second. The thought almost kills me. How can I bear to have a stranger between my dear father and me? We have always been so near to each other since mama died,—papa has always been so fond of me, petting me like a child, yet depending upon me and putting trust in me as if I were an ex-

perienced woman. O, dear—dear! How my heart aches—how desolate I am!

I wonder if Dora will like her. I almost hope not. I never shall. She will always be a stranger and an intruder to me. Dora is such a child, though, that the change will not be to her as it is to me, and she may even like it, and take kindly to the new wife—the bride—the step-mother. How strange it seems to think of having a step-mother! Can I ever call her *mother*? Never, never! I will not do sacrilege to the sweet, fair-faced woman whom I remember as I remember last year's lilies. Her face is too fresh in my memory for me to forget the name by which I called her.

I wonder how she will look. Will she be a pretty, young girl, or a proud, dashing belle, who has married my father for his money and fine house, or a hard, grave, elderly woman? Hardly the latter, I think—most likely the former. What a strange relationship then will be between her and me, if so! I am twenty-tomorrow. I wonder if papa will remember my birthday. Probably not; he will have other thoughts in profusion to occupy his mind. How wretched I am! I cannot write any more. My head aches with crying, and I can hardly see the paper for my tears.

## CHAPTER II.

### LAURA LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

JAN. 18th, 1860.—I arrived at my new home to-day with my husband. My husband! I have seen his children and his servants. The former have given me their delicate hands—the younger one kissed me—and the honest cook, housemaid and chambermaid have each in their turn curtsied and said, "God bless you, mum!" in their purest Irish. To all outside appearance my reception has been a fitting one, yet I can see a trial awaiting me. I saw it plainest in the proud, richly-tinted face of my husband's oldest daughter, and also in the quick, suspicious glances of those domestics who have been under that beautiful Miss Eleanor's care for the last six years, she tells me with her sweet manner and repellant eyes. Would not it have been better that they should have remained so? Heaven only knows.

How strange it seems to be married! What a world of wonders have occurred within the last fortnight! I cannot trust myself to think of them. And if I cannot trust myself to look back, dare I look forward? God help me! I wish I were dead.

I wonder what a stranger would think to see

that wish in my journal, and I a bride of two days. What would my husband think, and what would Miss Eleanor think? I half believe it would please her to see it. I wonder if she hates me—I almost believe she does. I know she considers me an intruder. How plainly I can see her standing in those wide, luxuriant rooms, giving orders to the servants, or smiling up in her father's face and talking so gracefully to him. He is very fond of her, and well he may be. She is like a young queen; and he tells me she has been an excellent daughter. It is evident the girl is not without character. Her eyes speak power, her mouth love, her carriage pride. Weak and wicked as I am, the thought of her making a stronghold of her heart against me overpowers me with fear, for I know she will never love me. I can see her strong prejudices in her cool eye even when she smiles on me. Father, be pitiful—guide me!

I ought to be happy, if human power and circumstances can make me so. My husband—good Paul Langdon—is touchingly tender of me, and seems to anticipate my wishes by magic. This place is like a palace—my chamber like the heart of a rose with its drooping drapery of pale pink silk, and subtle fragrance. My feet sink into velvet mooses and violets whenever I step; the light comes in softly through lace and satin. I have the rarest charms of out-door life in golden frames upon the walls. Everything that surrounds me is a wonder of beauty, even to the waxen face of my little step-daughter, Dora. How could I have kissed her innocent mouth!

Dare I think of where I was a fortnight ago? of *what* I was? Would not death have been more honorable for me than this? Would I not be better off with a still heart and conscience? and would not they—my husband and his children?

## CHAPTER III.

### ELEANOR LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

JAN. 20th.—They have come. I have met my father—I have seen his wife. How erroneous were my ideas of her appearance. I had thought to see a proud, beautiful young face look at me from my father's side when I met them in the hall, but instead I saw only a gentle, pale countenance, with soft blue eyes, and the saddest smile in the world. I gave her my hand—I thought for a moment I was going to love her, when suddenly I caught sight of my mother's picture. A sudden revulsion followed. I could not see the strange lady's pretty, timid ways and sweet sadness; I saw only my mother's dark

eyes looking earnestly at me with my extended hand, at Dora with her uplifted face, at my father so smiling and happy, at the excited old domestics whom she had trained and taught in their youth. I thought she believed me faithless to her memory, and I stepped back. The impression that she is near, shocked and distressed, has fastened upon me, and I cannot get rid of it for a moment.

I try very hard to be pleasant and respectful to my father's young wife; but it seems as if she knew I did not love her, her eyes are so wistful and sad when she looks at me. Papa says she hasn't a father or mother or any relatives in the world. I don't wonder that she is sad. If she were any one but my step-mother I should feel very tender towards her I think. She used to be a governess, she told me.

Dora and I are not to call her mother. This arrangement was made at her own request. She was too young to stand suitably in such a relationship to me, she said, and she had rather both Dora and I would call her "Laura." I like the name. Papa said he thought it prettier than any other in the world.

"Even Eleanor?" I whispered.

He smiled, but after a moment looked grave. An instant after he came to where I was standing alone, and said:

"My sensible little daughter isn't jealous, is she?"

He put his hand on my head and looked down earnestly at me. He seemed so happy, so cheerful, and sunny-hearted that I could not bear to check his joy even by my serious griefs, so I said, smiling:

"Wouldn't that be foolish, papa? And you call me sensible."

He smiled and nodded, and slipped a beautiful pearl bracelet on my arm, which, he said, was for my birthday, and then some one called him. But I have noticed since that he sometimes watches me, and often looks a little grave and anxious. I must be careful; I would not grieve my father for the world.

Everything appears very strange to me. The parlors do not seem like the same rooms. Not that there has been much alteration in their arrangements, for the old things are just as they were, even to mama's picture, and there are but few new additions, but the change is in the inmates. The house is full of visitors all the time, and everybody is in a whirl of excitement. We give a party or go to one every night. I never saw papa so exceedingly joyous in my life. His laugh can be heard all over the room it is so hearty; and he jests and makes merry

continually. Laura is very quiet and agreeable to all, but never gay and mirthful. I think she never laughs aloud. Sometimes I wonder if all this excitement and noisy happiness is not distasteful to her. I have seen her look for a moment as if she wanted to cry in the midst of a ball-room.

Last night I observed her turn very pale while at the piano at Mrs. DeFord's. Some one was telling about the Stacys of New York, and Mrs. DeFord asked if Aubrey Farley, Mrs. Stacy's brother, had not gone to Europe.

"No," said the gentleman who was turning over Laura's music; "his plan of going to England was as suddenly abandoned as formed. It was only a freak, I think. Aubrey is in Boston now; I met him yesterday at Dr. Parker's."

I happened to glance at Laura at that moment, and saw that her face grew suddenly as white as her dress; but she did not fail in her performance, and when she arose from the piano she had a most brilliant color. Her eyes were so bright as to appear unnatural. I spoke to papa about it awhile after, and he said that she was not well, and that he feared she was not strong enough to bear the excitement of so much party going. Since that night Laura has spent but one party evening, and then she did not dance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LAURA LANGDON'S JOURNAL.

FEB. 12th.—I am so weary—wearied of dissipation, of the sight of other people's happiness, of striving to disguise my wretchedness, and of living a lie. God only knows how I despise myself—a little child can make me drop my eyes. I shrink like a worm in Eleanor's presence, and blush in guilty shame when my husband looks anxiously at my pale cheeks and downcast eyes, which I cannot raise in his presence. Good Heavens! how long can I live in this way?

For the first month after my marriage I went into company constantly, professedly to please my husband, really that I should have no time to think. I strove to be entertained and interested, but the laugh died on my lips and I could not talk for the pain at my heart. Gradually I grew thin and wild-eyed, with hectic spots upon my cheeks, and then Paul grew anxious and begged me to stay at home and be careful of myself. He did not know why I consented so readily, and have scarcely left the house since except for a drive with him. At Mrs. DeFord's I heard that Aubrey Farley was in town. I cannot meet him, even as the wife of Paul Langdon.

*July 7th.*—It is a long time since I wrote here last, and much has happened. A little babe has been laid in my arms—a wee, dead son, with dark violet eyes, which never unclosed but once, thank God! Paul wept over me! O, my torment is worse than that of hell!

Lying on my couch with closed eyes I heard the nurse speak to my husband of the little life which she said had come into existence two months too soon.

"She is a delicate young lady. She'll never bear you strong sons, sir," I heard the honest woman say.

"God spare her life; it is all I ask," replied Paul.

*My life?*

They buried the child a week ago. Was it unnatural—I did not weep over it? I am strong enough to sit by the window to-day for the first time. Dora has been in to kiss me, and Eleanor brought me flowers and fruit—roses and peaches. How peerless she is in her pride and purity. Dear Eleanor, I love her for my husband's sake.

## CHAPTER V.

### ELEANOR'S JOURNAL.

*Aug. 20th.*—We are at Niagara—papa, Laura and I. We came here at papa's bidding, for Laura's health, which is very delicate. Willis is going to join us next week. I wonder if I really love Willis—that is, if I love him as I ought to love the man I marry. Of course I have a regard for him—I could not help having after having known him intimately so many years—but he is not in the least like my ideal. I never saw any one who was until last night. The gentleman I refer to is Mr. Aubrey Farley. I have heard of him before, but never saw him until last evening.

He is not handsome or showy, but brilliant, polished, elegant, and perfectly self-possessed. His chief charm lies in his coolness, I think. Every lady in the room was in love with him last night, but he never seemed to know it. His manner piqued me, and I enjoyed several rather saucy replies which I made to his questions during the half hour I chatted with him. Afterwards I danced with him. He dances very gracefully. He is a new arrival. Laura has not met him yet.

I am really anxious about Laura, she grows so delicate looking. Her pretty face is quite colorless, and her hands are like wax. I can see that papa is worried on her account. He hardly allows her out of his sight.

Looking back to the time when Laura first came to our house, I can see that I was not as kind to her as I might have been. I did not love her, and she needed love. I was suspicious and jealous of her, and very much prejudiced against her. I am glad to be able to say now that all ill will against her has died out, and I have grown to be very fond of her; not fond as I was of my mother, but affectionate, and careful of her comfort and wishes. A better founded dislike than mine could not have endured the gentle patience of her manner and the sight of her fragile, sorrowful face. Her conduct has been exemplary. She has always been kind to Dora, friendly to me, even when I was indifferent to her, affectionate and faithful to my father, and generous to the servants, who have grown to be very regardful of her wishes, although they used to watch my eye for permission to disregard them. The creatures knew intuitively that I was not friendly to the new mistress, and with dog-like faithfulness followed my lead. I am happy to be able to say that I never encouraged them in insubordination, though I can take no credit to myself as being too amiable to do so—I was only too proud.

*Aug. 21st.*—I have a very strange incident to record. Last evening while dancing with Mr. Farley he suddenly espied Laura sitting by a window, and asked me who she was. When I told him, I never saw a person so surprised in my life. He looked actually astonished—an excess of emotion which puzzled me greatly in a person of his manner.

"You are surprised at the peculiarity of the relationship between us, I presume," I said, "my step-mother is so young."

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily, and as soon as the figure was through left me.

About an hour afterwards I saw him talking with Laura, and they were both very pale. There certainly is a mystery in the matter—they have met before. I remember now that it was at his name she changed color at Mrs. DeFord's, last winter. Can it be possible that Mr. Farley is an old lover of my step-mother's?

## CHAPTER VI.

### LAURA'S JOURNAL.

*Aug. 21st.*—I am almost wild with fear and excitement. I saw Aubrey Farley last night. He came to me in the ball-room, after dancing with Eleanor. I saw him lead her to a seat and then cross the room and come directly towards me. I had not observed him in the crowd until then. I thought I should have fainted.

"Laura, keep a cool face; remember there are lookers on," he whispered.

The words gave me strength to endure the interview with outward calmness. Have I the courage even to *write* the audacious assurance which he gave me?—that he was in love with Eleanor and wished to marry her! He told me so—*me!*—with the ease he would have used in asking me to dance.

"How dare you, Aubrey Farley?" I cried, under my breath.

"Why not?" he asked, lifting his fine eyebrows.

"She is an angel—you a devil!" I replied, passionately.

He smiled, and requested me to speak less earnestly; we were attracting attention.

"Aubrey Farley, you shall never marry her," I said.

"How can you help it?" he asked.

A flood of words were on my lips, when I met his eye—his fine, calm, fiendish eye. My unspoken reply died before its birth. I felt my blood chill. Power I had, but it could be used only at my own expense. He smiled again.

"Mrs. Langdon," he said, with a light air which intensified the irony of his words, "take my friendly advice and remain quiet; you can do nothing better."

Then he turned and left me. The next moment he whirled by me in the waltz with Eleanor. O, good Heavens, help me!

Aug. 28th—Eleanor rode out with Aubrey Farley yesterday. He saw me at the window, and a triumphant smile displayed the gleam of his white teeth through his dark beard as he bowed to me. That smile was like a bullet through my heart.

What can I do? Shall I see Eleanor sacrificed to that wealthy, elegant knave through my cowardice? Heaven help me! But others must suffer the consequences of my confession. Shall it be made? Can I give the love of my husband its death blow by relating my sin and debasement? Is there no other alternative by which his dearest child can be saved? None—none!

## CHAPTER VII.

### ELEANOR'S JOURNAL.

SEPT. 28th.—It seems hardly possible that I can be the same girl who has written in this little journal so many times before. In one sense I am not the same; the events of the last month have changed me greatly. When I wrote last it was of my young step-mother and Aubrey Far-

ley. It is of them I must continue to write, although the task is a very sad one.

A fortnight after my last date Mr. Farley asked me to marry him. I was startled, yet dazzled and gratified by the proposal, for the man had always a singular charm for me, and I was half blinded to the true feelings of my heart towards him by his wit and pleasing manners. Bewildered and half frightened, I referred him to papa, and escaped from his graceful importunities. I went hurriedly to my room, which is the chamber over the apartment where papa usually sits, and tried to compose myself, that I might think calmly. The memory of Willis troubled me very much. True, I had never promised to marry him, but I could not help knowing that he loved me and expected sometime that I would be his wife. I had often been happy at the thought of such a prospect; but now it seemed, in comparison with the brilliant idea of marrying Aubrey Farley, an uninteresting, disagreeable plan. I gave a thought to Willis's feelings if he should hear that I was engaged to Mr. Farley, and it saddened me even in the midst of my exultant excitement. I felt sorrowful and half guilty, yet I was in that wild, dangerous state when I was eager to go forward while I half suspected that my next step would lead to ruin. While I paced the floor with restless thoughts and burning cheeks, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of people talking eagerly. I could hear my father's voice, also Laura's and Aubrey Farley's. I stood listening eagerly. The scene seemed to grow more exciting in the room below. Impelled by a powerful curiosity, and feeling instinctively that my interests were engaged, I sprang from my chamber and ran down stairs. I paused a moment in the hall, and then pushed open the door and entered unobserved.

"Paul, Paul!" I heard my young step-mother say as she stood facing my father, who was pale as ashes, while Aubrey Farley sat with his back towards me, "do not comfort yourself with that thought. Aubrey Farley is base and unprincipled, but he can threaten me with no falsity which can compare with the truth, but he cannot expose me without betraying his own crime. Only through concealment of my sin is his success possible. But for this my shame might have been his boast a hundred times."

"Your shame, Laura!"

"Heaven help you, Paul, my shame!"

As she spoke she fell on her knees at my father's feet.

"Go on, Laura," said Farley.

She turned her head and looked at him.

"You cannot intimidate me, Aubrey Farley. I have gone too far to retract now, even if I wished to do so. Come what may, now is the time for my confession, and made it must be. Paul, my kind, tender, generous husband, in marrying me you did not marry an honest woman. The babe that died a few months ago was Aubrey Farley's son—the creature who crouches at your feet was his victim. Now kill me with your scorn, trample on me, kill me, strike out my life, but never look on me again!"

My father was not looking at her; he sat like a statue, gazing in a stunned, senseless way at the floor. Still crouching at his feet, she continued:

"You will not dream of pitying me, Paul; the wrong which I did you was too cool and calculated an act. In perfect calmness I saved my reputation at your expense; but O, my husband, it was the terrible calmness of despair! I never intended you should know your disgrace; I thought to bear my dreadful sin in secret. I did not love you then—my love has been born since out of your goodness and kindness,—and I thought I might in a slight measure expiate the harm I did you in becoming your wife by devoting the remainder of my wretched life to you and yours. Tell me that I have not utterly failed in this hope, Paul, that I have been of some little service and comfort to you; give me this assurance if possible, and I will die content."

"You have been a good wife to me, Laura."

My father's voice came strange and broken from his lips.

"God bless you, Paul! That is all I ask. Aubrey Farley, you are betrayed, Eleanor is saved, and I am dying."

A stream of crimson blood flowed from her lips as she fell forward on the carpet. Aubrey Farley started to his feet, but I rushed by him and raised her up. My father never moved or spoke. Laura was dead. In the confusion that followed Farley left the house, and my father was removed to his room. I was alone in my distress and terror but for Willis, who came to my assistance and support. Dear Willis, how I had wronged him in intention!

Three days afterwards Laura was buried. How my heart aches at thought of her! Until to-day my father has kept his room and seen no one; but this morning he came slowly down into the parlor, and sitting down beside me, said:

"There is only you and I now, Nelly. Poor Laura!"

He is perfectly shattered, and appears like an old man, though hardly fifty. Ah, I can see the

time coming when he will be helpless and quite dependent on my care, which, please God, he shall always have.

The occurrences of the last nine months seem like a strange dream. We have returned home, and the house is just as it was in the old times. The only great difference is in papa, and nothing but great grief could have changed him as he is changed. He loved my young step-mother—he loves her memory now.

Willis and I are to be married next month, and all live here together with poor papa. Probably I write here for the last time as Eleanor Langdon. In a few weeks I shall be Mrs. Willis Raymond. I know that my betrothed husband was my only love and is my true one. More truly happy in realizing my blessings than I ever was before in my life, I close this little book with a heart filled with sadness for the past and hopefulness for the future.

#### A CENTURY'S CHANGE.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country round the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1769, the gallant and adventurous Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years after that time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick, of Prussia, was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago the United States was the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggles which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America; steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any which has elapsed since the creation.—*Chicago Journal*.

#### TIME.

Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
Man and his marvels pass away;  
And changing empires wane and wax,  
Are founded, flourish and decay.  
Rede-m mine hours, the space is brief,  
While in my glass the sand grains shiver,  
And measureless thy joy and grief,  
When "time and thee shall part forever!"  
SIR W. SCOTT.



[ORIGINAL.]  
 "A FRAGMENT."

BY EFFINGHAM T. HYATT.

The flowers I send an offering are—  
 They tell you of the love I bear;  
 For 'tis not like a meteor-star,  
 Which flashes through the summer air,  
 Then disappears—no more is seen,  
 We scarce remember it has been.  
 But even if they fade away  
 And wither like the giver's heart,  
 Perchance upon some future day,  
 Perchance when we are far apart,  
 You'll look between the forgotten leaf,  
 And see the flower that's buried there:  
 'Twill tell you of the donor's grief,  
 That love returned was not his share;  
 And fate had wound around his head  
 A wreath from sorrow's mystic shrine,  
 And o'er the heart that long is dead  
 No tear is dropped—"not even thine!"

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAID OF "THE BLUE DRAGON."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE first bright week of an English April had gemmed the earth with violets. The pink and white hawthorn buds were out, making the hedge rows one mass of pale, delicate beauty, and the sweet clover blossoms made the fields a wilderness of sweets. Afar off, London spires and towers were dimly seen; and one might almost fancy that he heard the roar and bustle of the great city itself. But, here, life was subdued into a calm tranquillity, that could breathe peace to any soul not utterly given up to despair.

Green lanes, thick with over-arching branches, already changing their tender spring green to a deeper tint, and full of the odor of primroses, invited the wayfarer to rest; and, in one of these, a sweet and lovely picture might have been seen, just as the sun had reached its meridian. Under the trees, a silver thread of water came coursing down, from some far-off mountain, "its quiet depth furrowing among the grass blades—then emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries," as Ruskin prettily describes them. Beside this stream, her white feet shining and bare, immersed in the water, sat a young girl, the image of health and rustic beauty. Fair and beautiful, with the soft blue eyes and the yellow hair, so much coveted at that period by English dames, a trim, neat figure, and a laughing, joyous, yet not over bold expression in her sweet face, she was singing in a low, soft voice,

that sweetest of the ballads of the English Minstrelsy, "Sir Patrick Spens:"

"The king sits in Dumferline town,  
 Drinking the blude-red wine;  
 O, where will I get a skeely skipper  
 To sail this new ship of mine?  
 O, up and spake an eideren knight,  
 Sat at the king's right knee;  
 Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailer  
 That ever sailed the sea."

The sweet voice never faltered through the long ballad of twenty-six stanzas, until it came to the last crowning heartbreak, when the terrible shipwreck has left no hope, and the minstrel sings:

"O, lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
 With their fans into their hands,  
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
 Come sailing to the strand."

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
 With their gowd kames in their hair,  
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves—  
 For them they'll ne'er see mair.  
 O, forty miles off Aberdeen  
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
 Wi' the Scotch lords at his feet."

Then, indeed, the pretty eyes overflowed for a while, but as suddenly cleared up, like the heavens after a shower.

"Ah, silly girl am I, to cry over these old songs; how do I know that such a man as Patrick Spens ever lived, save in the brain of some old lying romancer? I'll not worry nor fret myself about him; but just make my way up to London, as soon as these poor little feet will carry me."

And she wiped the wet, glistening ivory pedals with a wisp of grass, ran faster up the stream to fill a tiny cup which hung to her girdle, with sparkling water, and drew from her little bundle, a piece of coarse barley bread; and, after a brief repast, she bathed her face and hands, drying them with a little napkin in which her bread had been nicely rolled, and walked off merrily toward the dim, smoky city. She did not stop again until the twilight came on; and she was now a little weary and footsore. She lingered, wishfully, before a little wayside inn, beside which was a huge post, bearing its sign—a nondescript animal, painted blue, and the words underneath, "THE BLUE DRAGON."

Outside, upon a long bench, sat an elderly man, pipe in mouth. He gazed upon the pretty face before him, with a pleasant, good-humored smile, as he said:

"Where are you going at this time of day, my little maid? You see my sign? No one should pass a tavern after sundown."

"I should like much to stop and rest me, sir," she answered, in a voice that, as the landlord afterwards expressed it, took the heart right out

of him at once; "but I have no money, and I must be on my way to London, without delay."

The landlord's eyes opened wide.

"My poor, innocent dove! What will you do in London, without money? But perhaps you have friends there?"

"No, sir, none."

"Then come away to my wife. She will make you a cup of her best tea, and cut you a slice of the seed cake she is so famous for; and, money or no money, little one, you shall have a nice bed at the old Blue Dragon to-night."

Thus re-assured, the pretty Anne entered the house, where the fat, laughing dame made good the promises of her spouse. So pleasantly, indeed, did they get on together, that the landlord proposed that, unless the girl had any settled plans for London, she should remain with them, in place of the bar-maid who had left the Blue Dragon, lately.

Anne was delighted. In the short space of time since she had entered the house, she felt that she had almost found a father and mother; and she felt no disposition to quit them for the uncertainties of London. Thenceforth the little maiden was the favorite of all who drank the landlord's good ale; while toward all, her behaviour was so genuinely modest, yet good-humored and pleasant, that the old couple thought of her as of a daughter, rather than a serving-maid, and the guests were bewitched by her pretty ways. All this while, unknown to Anne, she had been watched carefully by one of the frequent guests of the Blue Dragon, with a view of transplanting her to his own home. The wealthy brewer, who always believed his old October was tasteless, unless he drank it at the inn to which he had previously sold it, was more convinced of the fact, when pretty Anne, in her neat blue gown and white apron, brought him the foaming tankard. His close observation seemed to have proved satisfactory; for, after three months' gazing, he found her quite alone, one forenoon, after all the beer drinkers had departed, and, gravely but kindly offered her a home in his house.

"For what purpose?" asked Anne, innocently enough, and thinking how good and pleasant he had always been to her, yet feeling that it would be ungrateful to leave the landlord and his dame, for another service.

"Ah, I almost dread to tell you *for what*!" said the brewer; "for I am sure I cannot expect you to say what I wish. But I suppose I may as well know my fate now as at any time. Will you come as my wife, little Anne?"

It was very sudden; and the little heart beat

quick at the thought of a child like herself becoming the mistress of a great house like the rich brewer's; but she modestly referred him to the landlord. He and his dame, she said, would know better than she did, what was proper. And they seconded the proposal, although sorry enough to miss the little sprightly damsel from her post. So, a wedding as grand and imposing as they could devise, was made for Anne, and she went home to her new abode, a rich and independent lady. No one sneered at her husband's choice. Anne was all that could be desired in a wife—sweet, gentle and lady-like, yet spirited and sensible.

This home, however, over which she had had shed such a light, was soon dark enough to her. The husband she had honored, respected, and truly loved, was taken away; and never was husband more sincerely mourned. The wealth he had left, seemed valueless in her eyes, since he could no longer share it with her; and, for a long time, the widow resisted every effort of her friends to draw her away from the spot so endeared by his memory. But when years had softened her grief, another suitor won her heart. She was still young—still beautiful. The golden locks were as perfect as ever, the smooth, unwrinkled cheek as soft and fair.

So thought a noble baronet, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, a man "whom the king delighted to honor;" holding high offices under the sovereign, and possessed of a fine estate from his ancestors. Others contested for the prize; but Anne was never caught by mere outside show, and she dismissed many gay gallants of the court, who would have gladly wedded the rich brewer's widow. Two such happy matches rarely fall to the lot of a woman. Her second was even happier than her first—for she had the bliss of possessing fair, beautiful, intelligent children.

One of the most promising young barristers of that day, the handsome and intelligent Edward Hyde, was one day waited on by a lady, who came to consult him upon her claims to an estate left her by a former husband, and which, in spite of his attested will in her favor, was contested by some of his relatives. The lady was Lady Aylesbury—whose beauty, almost unimpaired by time, was reflected in the person of the young lady who accompanied her—her own daughter, Frances Aylesbury. Frances possessed all the charms and native refinement of her mother; to which were added the benefits of a superior education, and free intercourse, from childhood, with the highest order of society.

Edward Hyde was poor. This did not prevent

his falling in love with the beautiful girl who so constantly came to his office with her mother; but it did prevent him from avowing it, until he had reason to suppose that she loved him; and he then sued to her father for her hand.

The fact that the young barrister was a near relative of the celebrated Sir Nicholas Hyde, and that, still further, he seemed destined to future eminence in the legal profession, determined Sir Thomas Aylesbury to overlook his want of fortune, and make the two lovers happy, by his free and untrammelled consent; and Edward Hyde became the husband of Frances Aylesbury.

Troublous times and turbulent men made merrie England a scene of amarchy. They who joined the standard of civil war raised by King Charles at Nottingham, were stigmatised as malignants. Pym, Hampden and Cromwell led the Roundheads. Sir Thomas Aylesbury stood by the king, as truly as did Archbishop Laud and Lord Stafford. When they were put to death, and the good knight's life was threatened, and Aylesbury Hall burned by the *real* malignants, he fled to Antwerp, after encountering unheard of hardships, and escaping, almost by a miracle. He died at Breda, at an advanced age, in the year 1657. All his property was left to his daughter Frances, the wife of Edward Hyde.

The final blow that cost King Charles his head, was at length struck. Cromwell, with his troops, had driven out the members of parliament, retaining only sixty, who were constituted *governors of the kingdom*. They tried and executed the poor old king, and appointed Cromwell Protector.

After the execution of Charles, Edward Hyde remained in the island of Jersey. Here he wrote his *History of the Rebellion*. And now, after many years of changes, Cromwell's death and the inability or disinclination of his son to keep up the succession, left the country for some time without a ruler. At last Charles was recalled to the throne, by the re-assembled parliament, after an exile of sixteen years.

Hyde, who was active in the restoration, was created Earl of Clarendon, and, in time, he became Lord Chancellor of England.

Who that looked back to the time when the little country maiden walked with the bundle of scanty clothing upon her head, on her way to London, could dream how fast and full would come the honors upon her path?

When James II. held his brief three years' reign upon the throne of England, his queen was the grandchild of that country maiden, whom he

had married when he was Duke of York, and she was Anne Hyde, Clarendon's daughter.

The love of Frances Aylesbury for her mother had induced her to name this daughter for her; little dreaming that she would one day mount the throne. And the good brewer, who felt perhaps that he was stooping from his pride of place, to wed the pretty bar-maid, could he have looked forward to the dignities showered upon his descendants, would not his honest face have gleamed up bright and cheerful, above his foaming tankard? Ah, well! The good man is a sovereign in his own right; and the brewer, according to this, was a king indeed. And he, who like Clarendon, is first honored and then banished from his country, might well desire rather to remain in his native obscurity than to climb that dizzy height from which the fall is so terrible.

#### LYCEUM ELOQUENCE.

Bill Smith, "a character," in more ways than one, and especially noted for his flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question: "Which is man's greatest safeguard?—the dog or the gun?" "Bill" espoused the cause of the dog; and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble animal, he demolished his adversaries, and "brought down the house," by the following brilliant passage: "Supposin' for a mome'ntary moment, Mr. President, that you, sir, was a travelling, and suppose, sir, that night was to overtake you, and you should have to encamp out in some dark howling wilderness! And in the black midnight, when you laid fast asleep in the arms of Metamorphoeus, b'ar, painter, or other venomous insect, was to spring upon you, what good would your *gun* do you then? But, Mr. President, your *dog* would have said to you by his forewarning lamentations: 'Take-keer! look out!—he's a comin'!' " Decision in favor of the "dog Watch!"—*Knickerbocker*.

#### A CURIOUS COLLECTION.

A young amateur archæologist named Forglais, has spent twelve years in forming a collection of objects found in the bed of the river by whose means Paris is always hoping to become a seaport; and in virtue of whose waters it has, from immemorial times, adopted a ship as its armorial bearings. Among the four thousand relics of all periods got together by M. Forglais, are rings, ivories, medals, Gallic and other coins, a beautiful Roman lance, a curious sword, believed to be that of Capeluche, weapons and implements and "curiosities" of every kind. The emperor visited this singular collection before leaving Fontainebleau, and expressed his wish that it should not be scattered, but should form part of the *muséum gatherum* of the Hotel de Cheny, devoted to the preservation of all manner of antiquities.—*Paris Letter New York Evening Post*.

The worst-hearted of enemies is often less to be dreaded, than the most kind-hearted of friends.

[ORIGINAL.]

## OUR SAVIOUR'S TABLE.

BY M. T. CALDER.

Our Saviour's table! it is spread—draw nigh—  
 With bread to strengthen, wine to vivify;  
 Not for the gross and sorry needs of flesh,  
 But holy cravings to revive, refresh.  
 The Prince of Peace, who ruled the wind and sea,  
 Has deigned to ask "in memory of me."  
 Who from the blessed privilege will stay?  
 The Master's summons, who will not obey?

Our Saviour's table!—shall we doubting say,  
 The weak and sinful are forbid the way?  
 And only those whose lovely lives can show  
 No hidden flaw or speck may safely go?  
 What, from physician turn away the sick!  
 Renewing light forbid the dying wick!  
 How doth the gracious summons speak to thee,  
 "Do this," he says, "in memory of me!"

Our Saviour's table!—in remembrance sweet,  
 Redeemer of the lost and sinful comes to greet  
 Each one whose heart with earnest trembling hope,  
 Seeks aid divine with mortal ills to cope.  
 O, rich the feast! O, grand the sacred love  
 That sanctifies the rite, and from above  
 Stoops down to meet with welcomes warm and dear,  
 The first dim yearnings of his children here!

The faint and weary heart, worn sad with care,  
 In tender arms is lifted upward there;  
 The trembling soul beset with doubts and fears,  
 Grows calm and steadfast as a voice it hears:  
 Which whispers peace as potent as of old,  
 When his calm mandate bade the tempest hold;  
 And the tried warrior knows the solemn bliss—  
 Reward of faithful service, Jesus' kiss.

Our Saviour's table!—there is room for all  
 Who earnest answer to his solemn call;  
 So only be the heart sincere, and lo,  
 Reviving grace and strength within it flow!  
 Here come, ye weak and weary, catch the hand  
 That leads from earthly ills to better land!  
 Accept the aid that shall remove your sin—  
 Into that upper chamber enter in!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TORY SPY.

## A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

It was a busy day in the old brown farmhouse of John Hunter, one glorious April morning, in that memorable year, in which the first blood of the American Revolution was spilt. The news of the battle of Lexington had reached the town of N—, the evening before, and stirred every patriot heart there to its very depths. Three stalwart sons of Mr. Hunter, James, Nathan, and George, had decided to take up

arms in defence of their down-trodden country. The three young men fired with youthful ardor, were busily occupied in cleaning their guns, and getting together what ammunition they possessed. Mrs. Hunter and her daughter Ruth, the finest maiden in all N—, with tearful eyes, yet brave hearts, were engaged in preparing their clothing.

The morning of their departure dawned bright and cloudless, and while the three brothers were making their final preparations, a comrade of theirs who was to accompany them, awaited them a short distance from the house. Ruth caught sight of him as he passed the window, and every particle of color left her face. That moment she became aware how deep was the love she bore Charles Wilson. She knew his sentiments with regard to her, but in a coquettish spirit had refused to understand any of his attentions, and now conscience-stricken at her conduct, she was filled with horror at the idea of his leaving her perhaps to die on the battle-field, without knowing her real feelings toward him. Summoning all her resolution, she made some trivial errand to pass where he stood.

"Good morning, Charles," said she, addressing him. "It seems that you, too, are going to leave us, for the battle-field?"

"Yes, our country now needs every arm which has the strength to carry a gun, and mine are at her service."

"But wot you come in until my brothers are ready to start?"

"No, I thank you. They will not care to have strangers intrude upon the scene of their leave-taking. I have had none of that painful duty to perform. There are no ties of kindred, to keep me from the post of duty. I have known the loneliness of an orphan's lot from early childhood, but it has never seemed so bitter as to-day; for I go forth, without one token of affection, or the consciousness that there is a person in the world who cares for my fate."

"I will make that assertion untrue, if you will accept this as a keepsake," at the same time cutting off and handing him one of the glossy curls that shaded her fair neck.

"Ruth, how can you trifle with me so? It would be too much joy to believe that your proffered gift was made in earnest."

"Charles Wilson, these are no times for trifling. I never was more earnest in my life. Forgive me for having concealed my feelings so long. Beneath all the indifference I have shown you, there was a depth of love, I was not aware of myself, until I saw you about to leave me. Go, Charles, and know that there is one heart entirely yours."

The forlorn hope of years had now become a certainty, and with speechless joy, Charles drew the unresisting Ruth to his heart, and the most tender leave-taking that day was outside the old farmhouse.

The last words were spoken, the last kiss of affection given, and as they stood upon the threshold ready to depart, each young man reverently uncovered his head, while the venerable father with lifted hand invoked the blessing of the God of battles to rest upon them.

Those left behind watched the retreating forms of those they loved, until they were lost in the distance, and then each with brave hearts went about their accustomed duties, as though nothing unusual had happened.

A few evenings after, as Ruth sat by the window, musing upon the probable fate of the absent ones, she was surprised at the entrance of Jasper Bartlett, the only son of Squire Bartlett, the lawyer of the village.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Ruth," said he, "I hope you are well, despite your sad face?"

"Quite well, I thank you, sir. I was not aware there was any sadness expressed upon my countenance."

"Perhaps not. But I thought so as I passed the window. It would not be strange if you were sad, at the foolish act that your brothers were guilty of the other day, in leaving a good home to be shot down perhaps, among a parcel of rebels."

"Instead of being a cause of sadness, I glory in the fact that they have gone to add their numbers to the patriot band that have determined to free our land from the yoke of oppression. I should have been ashamed of them, if they had not thought it a sacred duty to fight for liberty."

"Why, Ruth, how insanely you talk. What do you suppose this country is going to do, when her little army meets the trained legions of King George?"

"We shall see what they will do. If they are few, they are brave; it is only the cowards who remain behind."

"Well, well, you've a right to your own opinion about it as well as myself, but I didn't come here to-night to discuss the present affairs of the country, but on an entirely different errand. The fact is, I graduate this summer at old Harvard, and as I have chosen the profession of a doctor, I want to settle down respectably in life. And in order to do so, I must have a wife. I had rather make you the mistress of my home, and the bearer of my name, than any one else in the world. Say, Ruth, will you yield to my wishes, and become mine?"

"No, I thank you, sir. I beg to decline that honor."

"Not so fast, Ruth. Pray take a moment to consider. I can place you in a far higher sphere of society than you move in at present. Do you consider who it is you are refusing?"

"I believe I am not mistaken as to your identity. I think it is Jasper Bartlett, whom I am addressing."

"You are provokingly cool, Miss Ruth. It is not often a young lady refuses such an offer as I have made you, without a shadow of a reason."

"Then I suppose I am to infer that all who have refused you before, have had a reason? I have two myself, which I will state for your benefit. In the first place, I don't like you, and in the next place if I did, I wouldn't marry an enemy to my country, as all are who defend her oppressors, and denounce those who have taken up arms in her cause."

"Ruth Hunter, you shall rue the day you have said these words to me. I can find those of nobler birth than yourself, who will be proud to bear the name you scorn."

With these words, he strode haughtily from the room, leaving Ruth very much relieved to be freed from his presence. The weeks wore on, and the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, in which Ruth's three brother's and her lover were engaged, sent a thrill of pride through the hearts of the inmates of the farmhouse. Now and then, a few lines from the absent ones found their way thither, and the last letter told of a scarcity of powder in the patriot army, and ammunition of all kinds. The next morning after this news came, Mrs. Hunter called Isaac Hodgkins, their hired man, and desired him to get in readiness the utensils for making bullets.

"Now, Isaac," she said, "I want you to take all my pewter dishes down off of the dresser, and melt them up for bullets."

Isaac, with his long arms akimbo, stared a moment at his mistress, as though he doubted her sanity, and then burst forth:

"Now I declare, Miss Hunter, ef that ere don't beat all natur. To think heow you've scrubbed them things all your lifetime, and I've heerd ye say you thought more on 'em than anything else in the house, and here you are goin' to melt 'em up."

"Yes, Isaac, I value them higher than any of my other housekeeping treasures, but I don't think so much of them as I do of my suffering country. I give them cheerfully, and I hope every bullet made of them will tell in our favor."

"Well now, if ever I see the like," said Isaac, as Mrs. Hunter resolutely walked off, leaving him

to obey her orders. "If all the women in the country jest spunk up like her, I wouldn't give much for King George's chance of bringin' us to terms. I kinder hate to melt up the shinin' things, but here they go, and I hope every single one of these ere bollets will hit a pesky red coult."

The next day a large bag of bullets, concealed in another bag of corn which Isaac informed the tory neighbors he was taking to mill, found its way safely into the American camp, a much valued treasure, for Isaac did not fail to tell them at what a sacrifice they had been procured.

"Mother," said Ruth, one pleasant morning not long after, "now that the dew has dried from the grass, I am going over to see if there are any strawberries in our pasture. There were any quantity of blossoms, and I should think the fruit might be plenty."

"So I would, Ruth, and if you find enough, we will have strawberries and milk for dinner. For I shall be busy about my cheese all the forenoon, and that will be an easy dinner to get."

Ruth tripped gaily over the fields, and upon arriving at the pasture, she found the berries so much more abundant than she expected, that her dish was soon filled with the delicious fruit, and she was preparing to return home, when she saw through the bushes which separated the pasture from the adjoining field, two red-coated British soldiers. Not caring to encounter them, Ruth concealed herself more effectually in the bushes, and waited for them to pass on. They did not go out of hearing distance, however, for with the remark that they must rest awhile, the two worthies threw themselves upon the grass, and our heroine had the benefit of their conversation.

"How do you know, Jones, that this Bartlett you speak of isn't one of these cursed rebels, and that this story about the guns is all gammon?"

"Because I know better. I've had proof enough of his loyalty, he hates the rebels with a vengeance, I tell you. He says that he managed it so, that six of the last company of minute men that marched from here had to go minus heir guns, and that he has hid them in a hollow tree by the side of that great rock in the woods back of here."

"Well, I'm glad if it's true, for they'll be quite a pretty prize for us. We wont go after them until to-morrow night, but report ourselves at camp to-night, and get permission to be off again to-morrow. I own I like these expeditions around the country to see what we can spy, enough sight better than being moused up in camp all the time. And we get a mighty nice dinner out of the rascally rebels once in a while."

"That's a fact, Bill, and by the way, a good dinner to-day wouldn't be refused. Let us quarter ourselves at that old brown house yonder to-day, what say you?"

"With all my heart, Jones; and now for one, I'm going to camp down here, and take a nap."

"And I'll follow suit, only we must be careful not to sleep beyond dinner-time."

Having satisfied herself that the pair were really asleep, Ruth hastened home, with a determined, triumphant look upon her face, and beaming in her eye.

"So the missing guns, which have been a mystery so long, is explained," muttered Ruth as she flew along the field. "And it was Jasper Bartlett who managed the villanous business. How dared the rascal after that to offer me his hand?"

Ruth wisely forbore to say anything about having seen the British soldiers, and when they at length made their appearance, she feigned surprise.

"Well, old woman," said the spokesman of the party, laying his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of Mrs. Hunter; "we are going to dine here to-day, and as we are hungry as bears, you had better fly round and get dinner on the table as fast as possible."

"Take your hand off of my mother this instant," said Ruth, confronting the speaker with flushed face and flashing eye. "If you choose to thrust yourselves into a house unasked, the least you can do, is to behave in a civil manner to its mistress."

A consultation was immediately held in the pantry between mother and daughter, and it was agreed that not a strawberry should grace the table, but instead of them they would cut hasty-pudding in their milk. When all was ready, the family sat down, and great was the disgust of the guests at the bill of fare. Isaac, who had lingered to wash before dinner, now made his appearance, and as he was about to take his accustomed place, the two worthies opposite him vented their displeasure.

"Pretty customs you Yankees have, allowing your servants to eat at the same table with yourselves. The dinner is enough to disgust one, but the looks of that clod-hopper opposite are enough to give one a nausea."

"If you are not suited with your fare, or the persons at the table, you have the privilege of leaving," said Mr. Hunter, with dignity.

"O, you needn't think of getting rid of us so easily, we shall stay as long as we please. Haven't you got some cider in the house? If you have bring on some."



"Isaac," said Mr. Hunter, "wont you go down cellar, and draw two mugs of cider."

He was gone a few minutes, and then a mug of the sparkling liquid was set down by the plate of each guest.

An hour or two after dinner, Isaac came into the old kitchen convulsed with laughter. As that worthy generally wore a comical expression, and seldom indulged in hearty laughter, Ruth, who was busy clearing away the dinner dishes, asked him what was the matter.

"Well, you see, Miss Ruth, them British fellers seemed so squeamish at dinner, and couldn't relish nothin', I thought as how their stomachs might be out of order, and so I thought I'd give 'em a dose to cure 'em. You see, I kinder didn't feel well 'tother day, and I went and got a dose of ipecac of young Dr. Bartlett. But arter I'd bought it, I heard the pesky critter talk so agin our sogers, and make so much fun of 'em I vowed on the spot, that not a mite of his ipecac should go down my neck. Well, to-day, when them British fellers called out so sarcy arter some cider, I jest halved the dose, and put some in each mug. When I was comin' up jest now to grind my scythe, they were both out there in the field, pretty considerable sea-sick, I can tell you. I guess they wont come here to dinner again, in a hurry."

"That's a good one, Isaac. I think they needed a dose of something, for they were terribly insolent. I hope they will get well enough to leave the vicinity before night. And now, Isaac, I think I can trust you with a secret, and rely upon your aid, too; and as we are alone, I will tell you my plan. I was out in the strawberry pasture, this forenoon, and I overheard our visitors talking about some guns, which they said Jasper Bartlett had got away from our minute men and hid in a hollow tree. He described the place so nearly, I think I could find it easily. As soon as father and mother have gone to bed, I want you to go with me and find them? Will you go?"

"I guess I will go, by hokey—there, Miss Ruth, I forgot I promised you I wouldn't say that ere word agin, but it seems as though I couldn't keep from sayin' big words, when I hear what that nump of a Bartlett has been doin'. Yes, I'll go, and if I don't lug every one of them guns into a safe place afore I sleep, then my name aint Isaac Hodgkins."

Isaac and Ruth made their proposed expedition, and as she had thought, went directly to the hollow tree, where they found six guns. Isaac shouldered them all and returned home in triumph, and before long, through his shrewd

management, they all found their way to their original owners.

The months wore on, and news of alternate success and defeat in the American army was brought to the farmhouse, and many a tender epistle also from the absent ones gladdened the hearts of its inmates. And when the long winter evenings came, Ruth and her mother would draw the old oak lightstand near the hearth fire-place, and spend the time in knitting stockings for the soldiers, while Mr. Hunter, with the old family Bible upon his knee, would read aloud to them from the grand old Psalms of David, his voice trembling with emotion now and then as he came to such words as these, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

In a small cottage about a mile from the home of the Hunters lived Mrs. Brown, and her daughter Anna. The latter was a timid, blue-eyed maiden of seventeen, sweet-tempered and affectionate, the comfort of her widowed mother. But for a few months past a shadow had been resting upon her young heart. Jasper Bartlett had won her love, by a thousand nameless attentions, which spoke to her heart as audibly as though he told her with his lips. But for some unknown cause, he had ceased his visits at the cottage, and the pale face of Anna grew paler, and her step lighter as she moved about her household duties. There was only one subject which now had power to cause her blue eye to kindle, and her pale cheek to glow, and that was the cause of liberty. But few would suspect that beneath that frail exterior, there glowed such a patriotic heart as she possessed—a heart that would do or dare anything to help the sacred cause along. She could do but little, but she shared cheerfully the labors which the daughters of that day were proud to assume.

To while away a long winter evening she brought out a small trunk, in which were carefully stored her letters, many of which were from her schoolmates, and commenced reading them. While thus engaged, there came a knock at the outer door, and her mother ushered Jasper Bartlett into the room, and then retired.

"Anna, darling," said he, "I have been a sad truant, and am worthy of any punishment your fair hands shall see fit to inflict. But seriously, Anna, I have neglected you sadly, although you are dearer to me than any one else in the world. Can I hope to be forgiven?"

A glad light beamed in the blue eyes, and a murmured "Yes" came trembling from the lips.

"That's a darling; we are all right again

now. But what have you here, a pile of lover's letters?"

"O, no, only some notes I received from my schoolmates; I like to read them over once in a while."

Jasper carelessly turned them over, and finding one bearing the signature of Ruth Hunter, he watched his chance unperceived, and thrust it into his pocket, with a strange gleam in his eye.

"But you haven't told me, Jasper, what you have been about all this time," said Anna.

"O, a variety of things. I have found enough to keep me busy. These are exciting and busy times, you know."

"They are, indeed, and if you have been occupied in giving any assistance to help along the cause of our suffering country, I can forgive you more heartily for your long absence. I had thought perhaps you would put your profession to a patriotic use, and join the army as a surgeon."

"Ha, ha! that's a good one. *Me* joining the rebel army! When I do you will see white crows instead of black ones in yonder cornfield."

"But, Jasper, you don't mean to say that you do not sympathize with the army, even if you don't join them?"

"Yea I do. I would like to see every one of them meet a traitor's doom, which they richly deserve."

"Then, Jasper Bartlett, we can no longer be friends. I desire you will never enter this house again."

Anna had risen in her indignation, and stood with pale face, yet with flashing eyes, pointing to the door.

"Upon my word, Anna, you act the tragic heroine admirably. Come, no more of this nonsense. What do you care about this wretched war business? I want to talk about our marriage, a vastly more agreeable subject to me."

"I *do* care about this war business, as you term it, and as to marriage, that is the last subject upon which I wish to talk with you. I *have* loved you, Jasper, but it was when I thought you all that was true and noble, but now that I see you as a cowardly loyalist, the veil has fallen from my eyes. I wish nothing more to do with you, and you can leave me as soon as you please."

Jasper waited to hear no more, but seized his hat, slammed the door after him, and disappeared in the darkness.

"That dream is over," murmured Anna, as she placed the letters back in her trunk. "Fool that I was to grieve so over his neglect. O, if I

had known this sooner! I feel stronger and better now that it is settled forever. I have been deceived in him. Thank heaven, I have found it out in season!"

Gradually the health and bloom of former days returned to Anna Brown. She was one of those who had come out purified from her heart's trial, and her mother was deeply grateful at the change in her darling.

The company to which Charles Wilson belonged had been engaged in a skirmish, in which he was slightly wounded, and he was now staying at a hospitable farmhouse for his wound to heal. He was lying upon the couch, thinking how glad he should be to hear once more from Ruth, when one of the family entered, and gave a letter to him, in the well-known handwriting. He broke the seal and read these words:

"DEAR SIR,—This love affair of ours has gone about far enough now to end. You know I have the enviable reputation of being a flirt and a coquette, and I do not intend to give up my claim to these titles, until I have used my power a little while longer. Please to consider our engagement a good joke, and let it end. I hope you will serve your country well, and that we may still remain friends, at least, if we are never anything more to each other.

"RUTH HUNTER."

Paralyzed with astonishment and grief, Charles read again and again this cruel missive. He thought at first it could not be genuine, but there was the handwriting, unmistakably Ruth's. He struggled manfully with his grief, and resolving to write to her once again, and if an answer came confirming the decision he had just read, he would never again have faith in woman.

Ruth was returning home from a walk one evening a few months later, and her usually cheerful face wore a sad, pensive expression. All day a weight had been upon her spirits, and a vague presentiment of something evil about to happen, had haunted her. Tidings occasionally had reached the family from her brothers, but of late not a line had she received from Charles Wilson. What could it mean? As she entered the house, her father sat with the old Bible upon his knee, and the tears were falling fast upon its leaves, while her mother sat sobbing by his side.

"Why, what is the matter? What has happened?" exclaimed Ruth, as she sprang forward, and knelt by their sides.

"My daughter," said Mr. Hunter, in a broken voice, your youngest brother, George, is no more. He has fallen in battle, and fills a soldier's grave. It wrings our hearts with grief to think we shall never see him again; but he couldn't have died in a better cause."

"I know it, father; but my poor brother! it is so hard to realize the dreadful truth that I have seen him for the last time."

"It is a great blow to us all," said Mrs. Hunter, whose calm face had assumed its usual serenity; "but I must not murmur. Mine is not the only mother's heart in our country that is bleeding now. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

A long time the three stricken ones sat together in the twilight, talking of the lost one, and when the venerable father knelt that evening at the family altar, and prayed that God would sanctify this affliction to them all, a spirit of calm resignation seemed to settle upon their hearts.

But Ruth had another grief which preyed upon her heart, and she passed many a sleepless night, brooding over the cause of his long silence, and the probable fate of him she loved. Isaac still remained an inmate of the family, and his honest heart was grieved at the sadness of Ruth, and he was constantly on the alert to hear if possible some tidings that might cheer her.

One evening he was lounging in the bar-room of the village hotel, and perceiving Jasper Bartlett and one of his tory friends about to enter, he concealed himself, and awaited their approach. The landlord supplied them with a steaming bowl of punch, and then retired, and the two friends, after imbibing awhile, began to grow pleasantly confidential.

"Bartlett, do you really mean to assume a disguise and attempt to enter the American camp at Valley Forge as a spy for the British?"

"Certainly I do. And I shall start before another month. I shall go as a peddler, and I'll wager that I play my part so well that there won't be one of the men, even from N——, that will suspect me."

"I don't know about it. I call it risky business, and I shouldn't want to try it for one. You were speaking about the men from N——, have you ever heard anything from Charles Wilson?"

"I reckon I have, and I rather think he's heard from me, to his sorrow, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't mind if I tell you, but remember, don't you breathe it to a soul at your peril."

"O, don't fear me. Come, out with it, I'll keep mum."

"Well, you see, I rather took a fancy to Ruth Hunter, once on a time, and made her an offer of marriage, which she very saucily refused. I swore then I'd be revenged on her, and when I found out that Charles Wilson, whom I mortally

hated, was an accepted lover of hers, I thought I would have a double revenge. So I got hold of an old letter of hers, and from this managed to write one, imitating her handwriting exactly. Here is a copy of it, don't you think it decidedly cool?"

"I should think so. He probably felt very happy when he received the precious document."

"I expected he would answer it, and so I watched the post-office list, and managed to get it in my possession. You can judge of his feelings by reading it."

"He took it pretty well to heart, didn't he? Well, Bartlett, I must say you managed that affair pretty nicely. But what about the girl, how does it affect her?"

"She looks pretty gloomy over it, I reckon; but I guess her heart won't break. I'm going to lay siege to it again one of these days."

"That is, if you don't lose your head as a spy."

"O, pshaw! no fear of that. Come, Treadwell, take some more punch. I'm going to have another good dram, after reeling off this long yarn."

The extra dram, added to their previous potations, proved too much for the two friends, and after a while they both sunk into a drunken slumber. Isaac crept cautiously from his hiding-place, and securing the two letters which lay upon the table, stole out into the darkness.

A part of the road home lay through a piece of lonesome woods, and when he had fairly entered them, he gave vent to the joy with which he was almost bursting. He made a succession of most extraordinary leaps into the air, and finished by dancing the sailor's hornpipe in the most approved style. This last performance would have ended in triumph had he not struck his toe against a stump and fell sprawling among the brush. This somewhat cooled his ardor, and he made the best of his way home, but did not reach there until the rest of the family were in bed. Next morning he rose early, and having made the kitchen fire, he waited impatiently for Ruth, who presently made her appearance.

"O, Miss Ruth," he burst forth, "I've found it all out. That rascally Jasper Bartlett was at the bottom of the whole on it. Charles Wilson's all right."

"Why, Isaac, what do you mean?" gasped Ruth, turning pale, and grasping a chair near by to keep from falling.

"I overheard Bartlett last night telling another scamp as how he had been and forged a letter to Charles and signed your name to it, jest out of revenge to you both. And then he stole

Charles's answer out of the office, and that ere's the reason you haint heard nothing from him. The two fellers got so drunk they got asleep, and I got hold of the letters. Here they are."

Ruth seized the letters with tears of joy.

"Isaac, I can never thank you enough. But for you this dreadful mystery would have remained unsolved perhaps forever."

"There, there, Miss Ruth, I only did my duty, ye know, same as I ought to. But that ere Jasper Bartlett, I wish he'd git some of his pizen medicine down his neck sometime, for I don't think it does this airth any good to have such critters as him living on it."

Having thus spoken his mind, Isaac went out to the woodpile, and began to chop wood as if every blow he gave was aimed at the man whom he so much detested.

Ruth perused the forged letter and its answer with mingled feelings; but over all a deep joy was hers that after all Charles was true to her. Her course was now plain, and she hastened to lay the matter before her parents. They were greatly astonished, but could hardly make up their minds to accede to her plan.

"I do not think it prudent, my daughter, for you to go to the camp at Valley Forge in mid-winter yourself. Write and tell Charles about it all. I think this would be much the best way."

"I cannot agree with you, father, for the letter might be intercepted, as the others have been. No, I must go in person, that is the only way in which the mystery can be safely explained. Isaac shall be my escort. Pray, my dear parents, do not say no. I have set my heart upon doing this."

"Well, Ruth, we give our consent; and God bless and prosper you, and bring you back safely."

"Thank you, father, for the permission, and may your prayer be granted."

Ruth's preparations were soon completed, and next morning, in company with the trusty Isaac, she set out for the American camp, laden with many an article of comfort for the suffering troops.

It was one of the gloomiest days of that gloomy winter that Charles Wilson was sitting with a few of his comrades around a miserable camp fire, feeling an utter loneliness of heart, and almost a loathing of life. He was roused from a sad reverie by the announcement that a lady without desired to speak with him. He stepped out and confronted Ruth Hunter.

"Charles," she exclaimed, before he had time to speak, "you received a letter, heartless and cold, breaking our engagement. That letter was a gross forgery. I never wrote it, and I have

come all the way here to prove to you that I am still true to you."

With a cry of joy, Charles clasped the recovered one to his heart, while their tears mingled. Together they read over the letters, and Charles did not forget to give due credit to the faithful Isaac. The story soon got abroad in the camp, and a general wish was expressed that the reunited pair might be made one, then and there; so one bitter cold morning there was a wedding in camp, and the gray-haired chaplain performed the ceremony. The day after, a pedler appeared, and began to display his wares.

"What a pity you didn't come a day or two sooner," spoke up one of the men. "We might have bought something of you to adorn the newly-made bride."

"Well, I would, soger, if I'd once thought of such a thing as there going to be a bride here. But howsomever, wont ye buy anything now?"

"We haven't anything to buy with. It is just as much as we can do to get enough to eat now. I'll tell you when we'll buy of pedlers—when we get old England to acknowledge us an independent nation."

Isaac, who had been eyeing the pedler pretty keenly, now stepped forward, and laying his hand on his shoulder, exclaimed:

"Taint no use, Jasper Bartlett, for you to keep on that pedler's rig another minnit, for you are a pesky spy. Sogers, you jest haul that wig off of him, and I'll leave it to Charles Wilson and all the rest of the sogers from N——, if this aint our town doctor, who ought to be peddling physic instead of these ere things."

Before many minutes the pedler stood forth in his proper person, as a contemptible forger and a spy, and that night he was placed under guard to await his trial. The sentence of death was pronounced upon him, but he anticipated his execution, and ended his life by a dose of poison.

Ruth returned home a soldier's wife; and with renewed hope and courage, her husband gave his energies to the cause of liberty, and rose ere long to the rank of colonel. The long looked for day of triumph at length came, and returning from their toil and hardship in the camp and field, the absent ones were welcomed home, never again to leave it for a soldier's life. Ruth left the old homestead for a home of her own, and James Hunter brought in due time the pretty Anna Brown to fill her place as a daughter to the aged parents. Isaac continued faithful to his employers, and spent his days in their service, and he never was tired of telling the children of James and Ruth about the scenes of the Revolution, with which he had been so familiar.

[ORIGINAL.]  
 LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMAN.

We have journeyed on together,  
 Through dark storms and pleasant weather,  
 We have culled the flowers of joy;  
 Hand in hand we've trod life's pathway,  
 Seen Hope's blossom wither and decay—  
 Nought our friendship can destroy.

But we can no longer cheer each other,  
 You must tread one path, and I another,  
 We must part, my friend, to-day;  
 And, though miles of land between us  
 Lie, nothing earthly e'er can wean us  
 From each other—we'll be true alway!

[ORIGINAL.]  
 M A D !

BY KATE S. ERVING.

"We were two sisters of one race:  
 She was the fairest in the face:  
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree"

LOOKING up from my seat on the floor by the window, I caught sight of my face in the mirror. In the half dusky light I saw at first only a gleam of something white, with intense dark spots for eyes, and hair like a black encircling shadow. But gazing longer the features grew upon my sight—the low, broad forehead, the grave, heavy mouth—red as coral, the sullen eyes, gleaming from beneath wide lids, and half veiled by the sweep of inky, curved lashes, the square chin—dimpled, and the smooth, colorless cheeks.

Just above this, another face was reflected from the gilded frame upon the wall. No need of waiting to see those features plainly through want of light. Its crown of golden braids made its own illumination. There was brightness in the azure eyes, in the radiant forehead, in the smiling, scarlet mouth, and blossomy cheeks. Brightness gleamed from the little jewelled hand on which the dainty chin of the fair young face was poised, and broke like shadows of moonlight from the white, round throat, flashing with jewels.

"Shadow and sunlight—night and day," I said, and dropped my face into my folded arms upon the window ledge.

The rain came down heavily. The wind tossed a few drops upon my loose hair, falling in dark waves and coils over my bare arms. The rush of its falling sounded in my ears, and gave me a sense of great strength. I wondered if it would not beat the life quite out of anything which might be exposed to its pitiless pelting,

so that it would never feel again, but would lie forever cold and dead. Something warm and tender and sensitive: my heart, for instance. I would have given the world to have had my heart dead.

"Magdalen, Magdalen!"

Some one called me. I raised my head, and shaking back my hair, listened in the darkness. A little light step came pattering through the hall, the door unclosed and swung noiselessly to again, and then a slight figure dressed in white glided through the shadows towards me.

"What are you doing, Magdalen?" said its sweet voice.

"Thinking."

"And getting cold! Your hair is wet with rain. Do shut the window."

"No—my head aches."

"But you will be sick."

"Well."

"Please shut the window, Magdalen."

"I will not. Go back to bed, Alice."

The little white figure swept across the room and paused by the door.

"I came to tell you something, sister Magdalen."

"Not to-night. I do not want to talk. Go to bed."

The child came softly across the carpet again and knelt down by me. The little arms crept under my weight of falling hair and encircled my neck. The soft, warm cheek was pressed against my cold, white face.

"I am sixteen, to-day. Kiss me, Magdalen."

I put my hand under the pretty chin and raised the fair, innocent face. Then I kissed her mouth, the fresh little mouth which I knew Dudley Vane had kissed less than an hour before.

"Now good-night, child," I said, hurriedly unclasping her arms. "You must not stay here in your night-dress."

She brought a cloak and put about me, and then went out. And all that night I sat alone in the rainy darkness and thought.

—  
 "They were together and she fell,  
 Therefore revenge became me well.  
 O, the Earl was fair to see!"

"You are so busy all the time, Magdalen. You work from daylight to dark, incessantly. Why do you do so?"

She looked up from her dreaming in a shadowy corner and asked this question, while she watched me sewing swiftly.

"I prefer being busy, Alice."

"You do not have time to think."

"I do not want to think."

"You are very strange. O, I love to think. I should not be happy if I could not."

The little sigh of exquisite pleasure, the tender smile rippling across the pretty young face, the indolent falling back to pleasant dreams and memories:—these were the signs of her thoughts. Night solitude, the listening to falling rain, a white, desolate face, and a drooping head were the signs of mine. I did not choose to think. She did. Gradually the sunlight stole out of the room. Purple and golden shadows faded into twilight dusk. The moon came up.

"Come here and see the moon rise, Magdalen."

I crossed the room and stood beside my little sister at the window.

"Magdalen, don't you think moonlight much prettier than sunlight?" she said.

"Its influence is less healthy. It breeds ghostly dreams and longings.

"There is a dangerous stillness in the hour;  
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control;  
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor which is not repose."

The mellow voice recited the stanza close at my side. A handsome white hand was laid lightly upon my shoulder. I turned cold as ice.

"How pretty! Where did you learn that, Dudley?" said Alice.

"Perhaps Mr. Vane will favor us by reciting the whole poem from which his very applicable extract was taken," I said, haughtily.

He colored a little, but laughed.

"No, I never had any inclination to read the entire poem, and never did. I went through it rapidly and daintily, as a child in its Sunday clothes goes through a marsh, and snatches at the violets and roses. They were just as beautiful as though they had not grown in the mud, you know, Magdalen."

"I will not answer for your unsoiled hands and garments," I said, shaking my head—"Roses grow plenteously in safe places. Gather them there."

"O, I do," he returned lightly. "I gather them everywhere. I never lose an opportunity to pluck them."

"What do you do with them?"

"Sometimes they prove unsound, or wither, and I throw them by. Often they prick me with their thorns, until I lose all patience by day and all sleep by night. They are never lasting. But still I gather them, often breaking down the tree and leaving it to die, after I have robbed it."

"You are selfish—you are cruel, Dudley Vane!"

"True."

His haughty, handsome face! I stepped back into the shadows and watched it. They made a pretty picture. Alice, my sister, sitting on the low, broad window-sill, her fair face upraised to his, her curls falling in clusters over the whiteness of her bare shoulders and snowy dress, her little hands locked closely on her lap, Dudley Vane so tall and proud and graceful, standing near with the moonlight bathing his forehead, his brilliant face fixed thoughtfully on her. Both so blessed in all that makes life sweet. I stepped further back into the shadow. A moment more and I had stolen out of the room, and lay sobbing in the cool, rank grass of the garden. O, Alice, my pretty child sister, why did I leave you? O, Dudley Vane, my love never saved you from my revenge!

"She died! She went to burning flame;  
She mixed her ancient blood with shame.  
The wind is howling in turret and tree."

"O, Magdalen, Magdalen!"

She crouched on the floor at my feet—my poor, broken lily—the bloom of her youth washed pale with her tears, her sweet young lips a pitiful wreck. I put my hands on her bowed head.

"O, take me to your heart, Magdalen."

"I cannot, Alice; it would burn you like fire. It is hot with passion, and full of hate. I will kill him. Help me, Heaven!"

"O, Magdalen, I loved him!"

"Listen, child!—and I loved him. I love him now—so well that I will never rest till he lies dead of my great love."

"Sister, you frighten me! Your face is dreadful. O, Magdalen!"

I nursed her for three weeks, and then she died—my murdered child. Over her dead face I vowed revenge on her murderer, and henceforth my life was devoted to one end—to find the heart of Dudley Vane.

"I made a feast; I bade him come;  
I won his love; I brought him home,  
The wind is roaring in turret and tree."

We met at last—a year after the murder. I gave him my hand—the murderer. He was white as death, and trembled from head to foot.

"Dudley," I said, smiling, "I want to see you to-night. Will you come?"

"To see me?"

"Yes. I have something to tell you. I am to have a party to-night. Will you be among my guests?"



"I will, Magdalen, how is it that you meet me in this way after what has passed?"

"I am a woman, Dudley Vane, and a woman's love will do much."

His eyes flashed in his pale face.

"Magdalen, is it possible that you love me?"

"So well that I will never rest till I have found your heart!"

He almost crushed my hands in his grasp.

"My Cleopatra!"

"You will not fail me to-night?"

"By Heaven—no!"

I smiled in his burning face, and left him.

"As half asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabbed him through and through.  
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

I watched for his coming, my Antony. I met him with smiles. I led him on to his fate through all that was strong and ardent in his nature. I watched the blood quicken in his face, I saw his eyes flash—I feasted him, and intoxicated him with wine. I made music, and watched his hot pulses beat to the time.

Finally we were alone. I smiled in his passionate face and gave him my hand—only one; the other was hidden in the bosom of my loose, silken robe. I was not chary of caresses—my fingers toyed with the perfumed masses of his hair. His breath swept my cheek. Our lips met. My kisses pressed down the lids of his eloquent eyes. My hair swept downwards and enveloped us in shadowy light. Nearer and nearer we pressed. I was searching for his heart. I found it at last. He quivered and groaned.

I drew the dagger from his breast and held it up in the light, dripping with his red heart blood. It fell in crimson drops upon his upturned face, and splashed upon my bare arms. It made purple spots upon my silken robe. I wet my fingers in it and wrote my sister's name upon his forehead. It was pretty stuff to play with. I wondered how I would look in a dress dyed with it—that rich, beautiful crimson.

After a while some folks came in and shrieked and ran wild at the sight. Then they came and crowded around us, and took him out of my arms and carried him away. I did not object. I had played with him long enough. I was tired—very tired. I have been tired ever since. So I do nothing but sit in this little room where it is cool and quiet, and talk with the people who sometimes come to see me, fearing that I may be lonely. They are very good people, and often look rather sadly at me, whispering about my being "incurable." They think me ill, I suppose. But they are mistaken. I am only tired. O, so tired!

## THE DEBAUCH OF DEATH.

The scene lies in Chew's mansion in German-town, at the time of the battle of that place. Near a window in one of the front rooms stood a gallant band of British officers; some were young and handsome, others were veterans who had mowed their way through many a fight; all were begrimed with blood and the smoke of battle. While they were gazing from the window, a singular incident occurred. A young officer, standing in the midst of his comrades, felt something drop from the ceiling and trickle down his cheek. Another drop, another and another.

"It is blood!" cried his comrades, and a laugh went round.

The officer reached forth his hand, he held it under the falling stream and tasted it.

"Not blood, but wine," he shouted; "good old Madeira wine."

In a few moments the young officer had rushed up and ransacked the attic, and discovered under the eaves of a roof some three dozen bottles of old Madeira, placed there for safe keeping some score of years before the battle. Presently the group below were astonished by the vision of the ancient bottles, hung with cobwebs. In a moment the necks of several were struck off, and while the smoke poured from the window, now in the folds of darkness and then in lurid red by the glare of cannon, the group of officers poured the wine in an ancient goblet, and drank a loyal health to good King George. They drank and drank again until their eyes sparkled, and their lips grew wild with loyal words, and their thirst for blood—the blood of the rebels—was excited to madness. Again and again were the soldiers shot down at the window, until at last the officers stood exposed to the blaze of the Americans' fire flashing from the green lawn.

"Health to King George! Death to the rebels!"

The shout arose from the lips of a gray-headed veteran, and he fell to the floor a mangled corpse. The arm that raised the goblet was shattered by the musket ball, another pierced the brain. The goblet was seized by another hand; another fell—he had received his ball of death. Another fell wounded, another and another. The young officer who had discovered the wine alone remained. He seized the goblet, filled it brimming full of wine, and raised it to his lips. He touched the edge of the goblet, and a rifle shot pealed through the window, the warm blood spouted from the wound between his eyebrows, fell drop by drop into the wavelets of the wine. And then there was a wild shout, and a heavy body toppled to the floor; and so ended the debauch of death.—*Pennsylvanian*.

## OLD ROMANCE.

Doest thou not love the golden antique time,  
When knights and heroes, for a lady's love,  
Would spear the dragon?  
Or when Boccaccio's dames, now long ago,  
Lay laughing on the grass, hearing and telling  
Wild love adventures, witty, merry tales,  
That made the heart leap high? And yet even they  
Would sadden amidst their flowers, when that same story  
(Like a rose unfolded) was betrayed, which she—  
What love indeed was made of—when the world—  
Chance—falehood—danger tried its truth till death.  
And proved its hues unaltered. PACTON.

[ORIGINAL.]  
SHADOWS.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

'Tis well that each life has its shadow;  
The flower, long exposed to the ray  
Of the radiant sun of the summer,  
Will languish and wither away;  
But when the dim gloom of the evening  
Embraces each tendril and stem,  
There falls on the breast of the blossom  
A cooling and life-giving gem.

Thus, when we have lived in the brightness  
And sun of prosperity's hour,  
The soul is too weak to inherit  
One half of its God-given dower;  
But when the dark shades of misfortune  
Are gathering thick overhead,  
Upon the faint spirit the dewdrops  
Of trust and religion are shed.

All thanks be to thee, loving Father,  
For darkness as well as for cheer;  
'Tis only a form of thy mercy,  
The shades that envelop us here;  
No, not from adversity's darkness,  
From tempest or pall, would we flee;  
For the pathway encompassed with shadows  
Will lead us the soonest to Thee.

[ORIGINAL.]

COMING DOWN TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY MRS. S. C. RUSSELL.

Mrs. WESTON sat in her parlor considering what she should do. The last office girl in a succession of seven had just gone to the cars without washing up the breakfast dishes, and the pretty mistress was too much flurried to answer her husband's pleasant good-by, a circumstance which did not improve the day's business, for Mr. Weston was deeply in love with his charming young wife, and fretted more than he would have cared to acknowledge when things didn't go right with her.

The lady looked discontentedly round her pretty parlors. "Everything wants cleaning, and nobody to clean," she soliloquized. "There's all the coal that's been burned for a week unsifted—a great pile. There's a peck of stale bread in the closet, and a lot of heavy cake. What shall I do? If I go into the city and fag round all day to the offices, it will be no better. I pay the half dollar and their fare, they stay about a week, plague Edward and me to death, and leave everything as dirty as it can be. O, dear! we shall have to board in spite of ourselves.

A rap at the parlor door brought the lady to her feet, and smoothed out her face a little. The visitor, a sensible, middle aged woman, saw that something was wrong, and soon got the whole story.

"Now what shall I do, Mrs. Wood? Must I give up my pretty house and go to boarding again?"

"I don't think I should," replied the lady. "Did you really want my opinion?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"Because many people, dear, don't want the truth when they ask for it. Now if you will excuse me, I will tell you what I think."

"Tell me the truth. I shall like you all the better for it," the lady said.

"Well, then, dear, if I were in your place, I would try the work myself a little while. I did my work for several years after my marriage, indeed, until my children claimed all my time."

"You, Mrs. Wood?" exclaimed our heroine; "you, who was brought up so well?"

"It was because I was well brought up. My mother was a wise woman, and knew that her daughters could not always have their father's house to depend upon. My husband (excuse my telling the whole story) was a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year. Perhaps we were imprudent to marry without anything ahead, but we thought we should be about as well off as if we waited. We went into a house about as large as this, only not so pretty; and my husband thought I must have a servant. But I knew something of the cost of keeping one, and resolved to do without. It was rather hard sometimes, when I would have liked to have company or go from home, but I was rewarded by the comfort of my house. It has never been so orderly since those years."

"Well, of course you had a woman to scrub and wash and do all those things."

"No indeed; I did it all—washing, ironing, scrubbing, sifting coal, and all. My hands were not so white as yours, dear; but my husband said they were never so handsome to him, and he said a number of other things, too, which I won't repeat. I was never so healthy, never so happy as then; and more than all, I found more time for intellectual culture than many who kept one or two servants. Now, dear, have you a mind to try?"

"I think I will; but I don't know what Edward will say to it."

"He won't love you any the less for it. Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, if you will show me a little about making bread, for I don't know much about that. I

can make nice cake, and scallop oysters, and all those things. I wish I could make bread."

"You'll soon learn, with a little care," the visitor said, divesting herself of bonnet, shawl and gloves. "Have you a calico dress?" she asked Mrs. Weston. "That pretty wrapper won't look just right in the kitchen, I'm afraid."

The dress was changed, the loaf of bread was made, one of cake baked, and various other things done before the visitor left. Mrs. Weston felt quite proud of the praise she received for her readiness in learning, and went back to the kitchen with quite a light heart. She was really a tolerable cook, and very ready in all ways of making the best of things, when she chose to exert her talents; but she had married with the false notion that she must not perform any real labor, lest she should lose her refinement. It had been rather hard work to get all the services of the family out of incapable servants, and now that she had the experience of a woman of birth and position to encourage her, she rather liked the change from overseeing to working.

The first thing that met her eye on going back to the kitchen was the careless looking closet. "All my pretty china in such a condition!" she exclaimed, and began at once to take them from the shelves. There were two or three nice pieces missing, which didn't improve her desire for another girl, and she worked diligently until the shelves and drawers were clean, the dishes all washed and replaced, the silver rubbed, and the whole closet a model of neatness.

"There, that looks as it ought to always," she said to herself, as she closed the door. Then came the dining-room. The corners were full of dirt, and it must be swept. There were cobwebs to be brushed down, door-knobs to be rubbed, and spots to be wiped from the paint. Then the windows looked badly, and after a moment's hesitation at the magnitude of the attempt, she commenced upon them. When they were done, she was sufficiently repaid by their brilliancy, and the improved appearance of the room. "I'm getting to be quite a nice scrub," she exclaimed, laughing aloud in the flow of her spirits. "Now for the kitchen."

It was no trifling affair there, it had been so systematically neglected; but industrious, tidy fingers soon made quite a change in that also. Sweeping made room for dusting, that for washing the floor and sink and table. Then the stove looked badly, and though she had never polished one, she had seen it done, and made out very well for a first attempt. That great heap of coal had been staring her in the face all day. She certainly could not think of sifting coal.

It was quite too dirty work. But then Edward had looked rather gloomily at it the night before, and after all, whose business was it if she chose to try? Her hair was covered up, a great apron put before her, a huge pair of gloves put on, and after a deal of puffing, and many stoppages for breath, she had the whole heap finished. "That's bad enough at any rate," she said. "But one bod full wouldn't kill anybody. I'll see that it doesn't get ahead of me again."

It was almost time for the cars, and she had to hurry and dress in time to make tea and set the table. How proud she was of the clean cloth, the bright silver, the nice bread and cake. How she ran backward and forward from the stove, where a fire and steaming teakettle gave promise of something refreshing for the dining-room, all clean and cool and quite ready for the master. He came at length, with rather a weary look and an anxious expression on his forehead. For the first time it struck the wife,—“Why should he work so hard, and I sit idly all day, with a servant to wait upon me?” The first thing he looked at was the pile of cinders, and his face began to clear. “She’s got some one, certainly,” she heard him say. He came into the dining-room, where she was putting some forgotten thing on the table.

“Did you find a girl anywhere, dear?” he asked, sinking into a chair with a sigh of weariness.

“Yes; I’ve got one that’s willing, at any rate,” she said, bringing in the tea and putting chairs to the table.

“You don’t say that you’ve put your own hands to the plough, Alice?”

“Exactly so, sir. Now come and see how you like the new girl’s cookery.”

Mr. Weston could not sufficiently praise it, and that praise alone would have paid his wife for a hard day’s work. (I wish more gentlemen would praise the bread or the coffee as much as their consciences will admit. It’s a wonderful lightener of labor.) He had never tasted better bread; the tea was just the thing; and he had no idea that his wife possessed such an accomplishment as housekeeping. When they were seated comfortably in the parlor, he acknowledged that he had felt unhappy about the state of things at home, and began to feel that they should have to give up their house, much as he loved it. But if his wife was able to get along for a day or two when she was left, and could order servants, they need not go back to boarding again. He would try to go himself to an office the next day, or perhaps she had better close the house and go in.

Mrs. Weston had some new ideas about that, but she kept them all to herself, and merely said that she wanted a little resting spell before she had another girl in the house. The hint from her neighbor about beginning life with nothing laid up had been working all day. If they lived up to their income now, what would they do with a family, or in sickness? She began to feel a little uneasy about the matter, and resolved that she would ask her husband how much they spent whenever she could feel at liberty to put such a question.

She was so ambitious to have his breakfast ready in season that she couldn't sleep after daylight, and crept out while he was still asleep to build the fire and put the kitchen in order. One thing she gained by the early rising: the vision of that great star that watches the nights to sleep, and a taste of the peculiar, calm freshness that possesses the morning. That alone would have repaid for the lost nap, but the tender little scolding she got for being too industrious, the praise bestowed on the coffee, the steak, and breakfast cakes, were worth the whole day's work. He came back a second time, too, to tell her not to work too hard, and called her his precious wife, so that she hardly felt the weight of the dishes she washed. This day the pantries were ransacked and cleaned, the kitchen windows washed, and the chambers nicely swept and put in order. Mrs. Wood came in the course of the forenoon, prepared to assist in some cookery, and our heroine soon found that she could manage quite a pie with but little assistance.

When washing day came, her adviser thought it best to employ a woman, and for several weeks the same person came regularly to do the washing; but one day Mrs. Weston began to compute the expense of a washerwoman for ten years, and made up her mind that she would try and do it herself for a while. "If I should ever have children," said the little woman, blushing to herself, "that money would be nice to put at interest for them." It was wonderful how economical she was growing. Her husband made some strong objections to this, but withdrew them when she coaxed him to pay her the money that went to the washerwoman, and let her do what she chose with it. From that time she used to be up before daylight on Monday morning, and nobody's washing was flying out much sooner than hers. She was tired to be sure, and her hands had lost their delicacy, but there was a sense of being useful, a feeling of independence, a pride in her husband's praises, and a satisfaction in the thoroughly well performed work too, that were sweeter than all the pleasures of idleness.

Thus a whole year passed away, and Mrs. Weston sat down with her husband on the anniversary of the day when she commenced doing her own work, to take a retrospect. Judging by the first three months of their housekeeping, they would have lived just fifty dollars beyond their income, a contingency which Mr. Weston now confessed had given him no little trouble. As it was, they had lived three hundred dollars within the line, which amount he had an excellent chance to invest, with his wife's permission, he said, smiling, for he considered that hers. The house was uninjured, so that the landlord had made some improvements in the garden, because they were such good tenants. There were no dishes or housekeeping articles to be replaced, not so large a bill for clothing, for of course the lady mistress could not wear such a variety of silks when she stayed at home most of the time. Their table had been better served than that of the boarding-house where they had spent a year, their friends had been quite as well entertained, and if Mrs. Weston had read fewer novels, she had begun to cultivate a taste for reading of a higher order, and found time to read quite as much as she could digest. The change, too, had had a very beneficial effect upon her husband. He had thought that he could not wear clothing in the least defaced. Now that his wife, with Mrs. Wood's assistance, had learned to sponge pantaloons and coats until they were almost new again, he got double wear from them. The cigars and occasional ice cream were entirely given up to bring home a bouquet or a book to his wife, or to take her out to ride sometimes.

"And in short, my dear," Mr. Weston said, stooping his face down very close to his wife's, "I thought I was getting a woman, and I find I've married an angel."

Ladies whose husbands live upon a salary that may fail at any time, the moral of this belongs to you.

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#### SILKWORMS.

M. Eugene Bellicour, of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, received a packet of the wild silkworms' eggs of Japan. The rearing of the worms was confided to M. Vallee, who discovered, after many trials, that they fed greedily on the leaves of certain varieties of the oak. These leaves not being abundant in the garden, were brought thither by rail from the south. The cocoons obtained are very fine, and larger than those of the common silkworm. The new silk, although less valuable than that of the latter, is very superior to that which forms the material of the dress of millions in China. Hopes are entertained of naturalizing the Japanese worm in France.—*Cosmos*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AUGUST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Clad in her robes of green and gold,  
And midnight purple fold on fold,  
Midsummer's gracious queen  
Enters her kingdom blossom-crowned,  
And sheds her royal grace around  
With majesty serene.

She brings a wealth of deep blue skies,  
Rare sunsets flushed with crimson dyes,  
And odorous airs of balm;  
Voluptuous swells of melody,  
Bird diapasons wild and free,  
Break on the pulseless calm.

The springs are low, the tall grass dips  
Within the fount its thirsty lips,  
To drink with eager zest;  
And in the wood the shadows lie  
So still, the south wind's lang'rous sigh  
Scarce palpitates their rest.

At night a flood of silver mist  
Blends with the soft gloom, moonlight-kissed,  
And shrouds the distant bay  
In bridal veils so crystal white,  
They seem the work of some weird sprite,  
Wove from the beams of day!

August, thou priestess of the year!  
Sweet southron from a tropic sphere—  
Native of some far shore;  
Rich tones, and thrills, and breaths are thine,  
The souvenirs of lands divine  
Thy mantle hath swept o'er!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WIVES OF PHILIPPE AUGUSTE.

BY CHARLES E. HOWARD.

A FAIR, blue-eyed child was Isabella of Hainault, when she was married to Philippe Auguste, the princely boy of fifteen. His father, the old fighting monarch, Louis VII., wished to see his son crowned before his death, and to see him also united to Isabella. Both were accomplished, and then the old king died.

In seven years, Philippe went to Palestine, and already he was a widower. Perhaps the youth of twenty-two did not mourn greatly for his young wife. At least he found his consolation not long after his return from the Holy Land, where he had quarrelled with Richard Cœur de Lion, and broke off the alliance between the lat-

ter and Philippe's sister Alice. Very shortly after, he married the beautiful sister of the king of Denmark. The pomp and splendor of this marriage was even more pleasing to King Canute than to Philippe himself; and the coronation of his sister, which followed shortly after, completed his satisfaction.

Fairer even than Isabella of Hainault, the young queen, Ingeborge, proved, by her pure blonde beauty, her claim to her northern descent. It is said that the cold in climate are cold in blood; but not so with Ingeborge. She loved her husband passionately, and for a few weeks his life seemed bound up in hers. Well for both, had the mutual affection lasted longer.

The coronation day came. Never had Ingeborge looked more beautiful. The exquisite loveliness of her neck and arms, her complexion so pure and transparent, her form so statuesque and noble, all rendered her the most striking object in the gay pageant, even had not the ceremonial itself drawn all eyes toward her.

Just as the crown with its weight of precious jewels was being placed on her head, she looked up to meet the beloved eyes of Philippe, for reassurance and approbation. What must have been her surprise and anxiety, when, instead of bending upon her an answering look, he gazed on her face with an expression that struck terror to her heart. Philippe was pale and trembling at, she knew not what. Was it that she had done something unpardonably wrong and awkward, at a ceremony which concerned him so nearly? She was so terrified at the thought of mortifying or disappointing him by her behaviour, that she lost all self-possession, and tears filled her beautiful eyes. In vain she implored him, when the pageant was over, to tell her why he had bestowed such an earnest and disapproving look on her. He chose to keep it a mystery; but crowned his injustice by demanding of the pope a divorce in three months from the coronation. A divorce! Ingeborge did not even know what the word meant; and in her imperfect language, half French, half Danish, she could only inveigh against the wicked France, and threaten to appeal to the authority of the pope, when apprised of its true meaning by an interpreter. It was recommended to her to retire into her brother's territories, but this she absolutely refused, and took up her abode in the convent of Cisoing in Flanders. Here, in poverty and isolation from the world, she dwelt through a portion of the period in which Canute was demanding her rights of the pontiff. But after long suspense, remaining three years in that dreary spot, she was one day seized by an order of Philippe, and conveyed as

a state prisoner to the castle of Etampes. It was a bitter fate to that lonely and beautiful woman, formed to give and receive happiness, and to shed light upon a court.

In a bright, pleasant apartment in the Dalmatian palace, a young and beautiful girl was apparently awaiting some person, with a mixture of impatience and tenderness. She was walking the room, now stopping to inhale the scent of some sweet flowers that filled a vase upon the table, now drawing from her bosom a miniature, upon which she gazed lovingly, and now peeping through the richly embroidered curtains, to see if the object of her anxiety were near. At length steps were heard approaching her apartment. A favorite page appeared, bowed low to his young mistress, and saying, "Lady, the king has come," disappeared, giving place to the new-comer.

"Agnes, sweetest! you have waited long. I did not intend it—this delay. The hours have been weary indeed to me."

"And not less to me, my Philippe. Have you succeeded?"

"Almost, my love. There remains but one obstacle now, and that is the pope's consent to our marriage."

"But is it lawful, Philippe? No power on earth should make me wed even a king, if God and religion were not on my side. You would not risk it yourself, surely?"

"Be content, Agnes. My marriage with a woman I hate is, and must be, contrary to God's law. While my conscience and sense of right bids me separate myself from her, am I wrong in bringing another queen to the throne of France who is worthy the affection of my people, and whom I ardently love. Do not bring these trivial doubts to bear upon our union. It must and shall be!"

"But the unhappy queen—"

"Hush! I will not hear Ingeborge of Denmark called thus. I cannot live with an icicle like her. I must have warm, living, beating hearts about me like that of my own Agnes. Remember, sweetest, I have the divine right of kings to marry whom I please! Pope Celestine is disposed to favor me, and I doubt not that we may be united within a week."

These were welcome words—these specious glossings over of a wicked deed. Yet the young and unsophisticated girl knew not that she was doing wrong. Her father's glad consent, her royal lover's pleadings, and the anticipated approval of the pope—what could she need more? Kind and tender, with a pitying woman's heart within her bosom, she would have felt deeply for

the poor, lonely queen had she imagined she either wished or deserved pity. She was made to believe that she was both weary and unworthy of the love of Philippe Auguste.

And so when, in one short week, the Duke of Dalmatia and the king both announced to her that the marriage ceremony was to be performed that very day, Agnes de Meranie did not for a moment doubt that all was right and lawful, and that the pope's consent had been obtained. A prouder, happier, more unquestioning bride was never placed upon a throne.

If the pope did not consent, he at least passed over the matter, and nothing seemed to disturb the king's happiness with his new bride. If a thought was ever given to the unhappy queen pining within the gloomy walls of Etampes, he hushed the intruder into silence, and turned to the ever-glorious beauty of Agnes de Meranie.

Innocent III. was advanced to the pontificate of Rome, and was little disposed to pass over the flagrant sin of Philippe. He threatened even to excommunicate him, if he did not put away Agnes, and restore Ingeborge as queen. The scornful manner in which the king received this threat sealed his fate. He was excommunicated at once, and the clergy were forbidden to perform the church rites; but Philippe retorted by putting down the priests and seizing their revenues. The struggle between the two powers lasted long; but, with that strange and sudden resolution which marked all his actions, the king declared that he would settle the affair himself without interference.

In the lonely prison-house of Etampes the true queen of Philippe Auguste sat pondering, as was her wont, upon the mysterious event that had darkened her young life, and shut out from her the commonest blessings of the poorest of her rightful subjects. On this day all the features of the dreary past, through which she had loved and suffered still, came up to her with a terrible distinctness. A foreshadowing of a dim future seemed at times to be before her. She dwelt upon it until her nerves were so shaken that she started at every noise, like one expecting a visitor—hoping, fearing, trembling and weeping. This was something so much sadder than her usual moods, that she prayed to be delivered from it. With it was mingled a sensation like that which on her coronation day so startled and bewildered her. Again she saw, as if in a magic mirror, those earnest eyes bent upon her with a meaning so strange and unfathomable, that every involuntary recall of the look only confused and



perplexed her the more. Again she pondered upon the half-uttered report that had once come to her incredulous ears, that the kingly heart she had once possessed was given to another. She had known that he did not love *her*—that there was some terrible, unexplained mystery which she had no power to penetrate—her coronation hour had told her this—but that it was for love of a woman, she had never dreamed. O, not that way—not that way could she look! She could bear to be scorned, blamed, even despised and down-trodden; but to know that Philippe's head was to lie on the breast of another—to feel that the kisses, warm and passionate, such as he gave to her in the brief period of their happiness, were now to be another's, and she herself still his lawful wife! There was agony untold in this.

All these things she sat pondering in her lonely prison. Her sense were all alive, her nerves rung to every sound as if made of steel. The "cold-hearted dame," as Philippe had called her, was impressible and passionate enough to-day. She had grown so emaciated by confinement and sorrow, that she seemed in size but a mere child; but the thin, quivering nostril, the intense, earnest gaze, the sharp, glittering eyes told of a spirit that needed only to be aroused, to be terrible in its compensation for injuries received; and a woman's soul seemed to animate the frail, childlike form.

All at once she rushed to the iron steps, above which her one window looked out upon the long street beyond. It seemed miles in extent; for she had looked so seldom that the distances were magnified.

Down that long street a single horseman dashed on furiously. She watched him down to the courtyard, where she could no longer hear the sound. Perhaps he had stayed his course here. She came down sadly from the steps, thinking how unreal everything had become to her—how little was her interest in anything in the wide world.

She was leaning her cheek upon her hand, when something warm and living touched her shoulder. It was so strange to feel it, that she started as if a bullet had whizzed past her. Gracious Heaven! was Philippe dead, and had his spirit come back to atone for the injuries he had done?

A few furrows in the brow, a few white hairs telling more of sorrow than age; and when these had been studied for a moment, she knew that it was his living self. One instant she trembled, the next she had recovered the lost balance, and sat with a pale, but calm and untroubled face, as if awaiting a sentence she had ceased to fear.

There was a look of tenderness mingled with the half-sadness, half fierceness with which he regarded her. He took her in his strong arms, carried her down almost interminable stairs, and, arriving at the courtyard, he lifted her upon the same charger she had watched down the road, sprang up to his seat, and they were off and away.

That there were revelations untold before, mysteries unravelled and forgiveness asked and bestowed, no one could doubt. The world, into which the pair was about to make their advent, never knew; but one thing they *did* know, and that was, that Ingeborge sat upon the throne as queen the next day. Pale and thin, but with a more angelic beauty born of sadness than had been hers before, the courtiers thought that no human being ever surpassed their sovereign; but their flattery was of no account to her. She lived but in the suddenly restored and mysterious love of the king.

There was a sad scene in the palace a few weeks after the queen re-entered upon her sovereign duties. In one of the distant wings, where two or three apartments were thrown by means of folding doors into one, the queen sat by a sick bed. Life was ebbing fast from the beautiful being lying there before her. Tenderly as one would speak to an infant, she murmured a few words to the dying, and the wan face, with its one deep spot of hectic, lighted up with a smile. If angels ever hover around the deathbed of mortals, it would be such an hour as that, when human passions and jealousies are all passing away before the might of death. The pure white hands, that had known not guilt, clasped those that had sinned, partly unknowing that it was sin; and then the tender, melancholy eyes drooped, never to raise the lids again. For the last half hour those sweet eyes had wandered in search of one who, in his conscious guilt, had kept away from that scene. Strange that he should have sent the injured wife to catch the last sigh of Agnes de Meranie!

Over the still beautiful clay the queen dropped such tears as a sister might have shed. All that she had suffered, all her great and irreparable wrongs, were forgotten in the presence of death. And when all was over, and the pale image was wrapped in her last robes, she went back to speak words of peace and forgiveness to Philippe.

Force not a child to premature study. The footpaths may be soonest green in the spring, but afterwards they are but sere and yellow tracks through the blooming meadows.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"I shall not die as foolish lovers do:  
 A man's heart beats beneath this breast of mine;  
 This breast where—Curse on that fain-whispering,  
 'It might have been!' Ada, I will be true  
 Unto myself—the self that so loved thine."

FOR nearly three hours I have sat alone in the pleasant solitude of my room—my retreat, my den, where I always go to philosophize myself into good-humor when exasperated (I have no one to coax me into amiability), or to nurse my grievances, just as I may see fit. I come here when I am sad, also, and when I am tired, or have the headache. There are many people in the world who would stare to hear me speak of being sad and having the headache. They think me a rough, practical, old fellow, who probably considers heart troubles synonymous with indigestion, and romance a humbug which foolish young folks have a passion for. Well, such people are not as far wrong as they might be. I am a rough, practical old fellow. Rough, because I care so little for the gloss and gilding of things, and so much for the substantial worth of them, that my taste in this direction has become apparent in my manners. Though I might stop in the street to pick up a fallen child, or to say "good morning," to the little lame news-boy at the corner, of whom I always buy my dailies, I should very likely forget to raise my hat to the minister's wife, whom I might pass the next moment, and trudge stolidly by my most aristocratic patron's pretty daughter hesitating near a muddy crossing. Practical, because I believe in comfort before show, common sense before etiquette, thick shoes and rosy cheeks, red flannel shirts and broad chests. Old, because there are furrows in my still hale face, and silver streaks in my abundant hair. I am probably almost identical in character with a hundred other old bachelor residents of this city—men who have dozens of acquaintances, and a few friends, but no thorough confidants who know their whole histories. And rough, practical, and old as they may be, I give it as my opinion that not a dozen out of the hundred can show you all his possessions down to the smallest article, but will be obliged to display some trifle which you would wonder at his keeping, but which holds in its existence memories of a time when he was not designated as rough, practical, or old—a time of brightness, happiness and romance. Perhaps it will be a discolored ribbon which you glance at carelessly, terming it a "rag," or a few yellow-

tinted letters which you turn over disdainfully, wondering at the use of keeping such "rubbish." But wait till all has been seen, and then watch the "old bach," in his quaint, fussy way, replace the things he has brought forth for your inspection. Observe closely, and you will see that the ribbon and letters find a corner and are not thrown away as you would advise. You do not know, as I should know, that when you curled your lip at the ribbon—the pale, dim bit of silk—or so carelessly touched the faded letters—that the heart of the owner thrilled and quivered with a sharp pain, that did not die out directly, but subsided into a dull ache, which made him gentle and quiet-eyed for a long time after. I should know what an effort it cost him to show you those letters and that faded ribbon, and should understand the secret of his choosing to be alone that evening, and perhaps not going to bed all night, but sitting with his face on his hand, and his eyes looking absently into the fire till morning. You, meeting him in the street the next day, would see him the same quiet, prosy, old fellow he had always been to you; but I should see in his familiar face the shadow of a sad and tender past, and should yearn towards him as we yearn towards those whom we love. I should wish to clasp his hand warmly, and look earnestly into his grave face, till my glance penetrated through all barriers of individual reserve, and fell upon the Dead Sea waters of his heart, starting them into motion and brightness.

And the reason of my reading so well what is unintelligible and meaningless to you is, that I, too, have my faded letters, my knot of ribbon, and moreover a little, worn glove. Looking curiously at it, you would call it a child's glove, for it is small, and soiled with the juice of green leaves, as if the owner while wearing it had crushed in its tired little hand a bouquet of wild blossoms or grasses. But it is not a child's glove. It was worn only by a woman—the woman of my love.

Ada Kennady.

The name sounds strangely to me, and yet it is hers. The reason is because I never think of her as I think of others, and never speak of her. But sometimes I talk to her pictured face with its drooping hair, and clear, uplifted eyes, and sweet mouth—the mouth, ripe and pure, that I never touched with mine but once in all my life. And when I have said all that I ever say, namely: "I love you, darling." I put the face back into my heart and am silent again. So I never call her Ada.

"I am sorry that I promised you the story it causes me such acute pain to recall those past

events. It is like taking our dead from their graves where we have laid them to rest—O, so carefully and tenderly! and bringing them where the glaring light can fall on their pallid faces—the common light which falls on everything, you know—and it seems sacrilegious. But let me talk slowly, be patient when I linger, and I will try to please you.

If you had seen me when I was twenty-five, you would have called me a handsome man. I have no foolish vanity in saying it now, like that I felt when told of it then—some thirty years ago—but I tell you of it as a fact, that you may think of me while I talk, as what I was then not what I am now.

Before I was twenty-two I left home to commence practice as a physician, for which profession I had been preparing since my eighteenth year. During the next two years of steady application to study and gradually increasing practice, I did not visit my native place, but on the opening of the fourth spring, I conceived a sudden desire to see my parents, and with the impetuosity of a homesick child, I hastily gave my patients into the care of a professional friend and hurried home. With sight of the familiar faces, came back the old buoyancy of my spirits, long suppressed, and I revelled in a healthy, happy country life without check or care, until by an unfortunate leap whilst gunning, I sprained my ankle and became confined to the house. The sprain was a bad one, and my prospects of being confined to an easy-chair or lounge for three tedious weeks almost insufferable. During the first five days, I managed by the help of my books to pass away the time without complaining, but the sixth morning tantalized me into wretchedness with its sunny freshness, and I brought on a racking headache by my impatience.

But while in the height of my discomfort, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a strange voice in the adjoining room—the wide, old kitchen—and I held my breath to listen.

"Yes, it must be very tedious. I wonder if we have not some books at home which he would like to read. Is he fond of reading, Mrs. Thornton?"

These words uttered in a very sweet voice, I heard distinctly, and then came my mother's reply in the affirmative.

"Then I will come over this evening and bring some, or send Willy. Perhaps an occasional game of chess would amuse him, if he plays at chess. I am not a very good player, but—"

That was all I heard, for a sudden draught caused by opening a window in the kitchen, slammed to the door. A few moments after, a shadow flitted past the sunlighted windows, and glancing quickly up, I caught an instant's glimpse of Ada Kennady. Her face was drooped a little, and her sun-bonnet slightly concealed it; but I saw enough to convince me that it was young, and fair, and pure. The next instant she was out of sight.

She came that evening, my pretty, little neighbor, and I induced her to read to me. More an invalid than I had ever before acknowledged to be, I leaned back in my easy-chair, and listened to the sound of her clear voice, watched the movements of her red lips, and took in the meaning of the words she read through the expression of her mobile face. It was not a perfect face, but I liked to watch it. She was not a perfect woman, but I grew to love her.

I do not know how many days went by, while she sat before me with her white forehead and downcast, brown-lashed eyes, or how many evenings her white hand gleamed before me over the chess-board, before the thought of loving her occurred to me; but when it did come, I was clear-sighted enough to spare myself the mockery of caution. It was too late for that.

Then came serious thoughts, and painful glances into the future. At first, I was hopeful, but I soon learned that her eyes looked too steadily into mine to hold a secret in their clear depths. Her laugh was too light, and her manner too free and unconscious, for me to persist in entertaining fancies which were only delusions. She would sit within reach of my arm, and read aloud Miss Warlock's "Plighted," in her sweet, young voice, and then look up unmoved into my burning eyes, her glance clear, her cheek unchanging. One evening I snatched the book from her, and read:

"You never loved me. No, you never knew,  
You with youth's morning fresh upon your soul,  
What 'tis to love: slow, drop by drop, to pour  
Our life's whole essence, perfumed through and through,  
With all the best we have or can control  
For the fruition—cast it down before  
Your feet—then lift the goblet, dry forevermore."

When I had finished, I ought to have looked up into her eyes, but I could not. My boldness in using those passionate words—the perfect language of my soul—was realized in an instant of dizzy silence, during which my heart beat out of existence the seconds of the golden moment. When I looked up, I was alone.

I never thought of sleep that night, but sat till morning in my easy-chair, with wide-opened eyes and throbbing, active brain. It is a sad hour,

that in which a man wanders through the chambers of his heart and finds only darkness and desolation. He hears the echo of a light foot-step, and the sound of a musical voice, but he knows that it is *only* the echo and the sound. The owner of the fairy feet and singing lips will never dwell there; and though he may linger to gaze at her pictured face upon the walls, to start at echoes, and pursue shadows of flitting drapery, the realization of its loneliness will come at last, leaving him only his desolate tears and sobs to break the oppressive silence.

The next morning, I told my mother that I was going back to E—. I was quite strong, and there was no necessity for my staying more than another hour. Her surprise and expostulations did not move me, and after an early breakfast, I took the morning train for my place of business. I left no word for Ada, but that my patrons required my attendance.

For the next month I worked like a hound, giving myself little time for rest or sleep, and not a moment to think. I banished dreams, stifled my heart, and kept busy. Under this treatment, if my love had been an unreal and idle one, it would have died, and so spared me all further anxiety; but strong and beautiful it rose up in my heart and turned me sick with its reproaches, when on a morning of the fifth week, a little white note from Ada was handed me.

Was I well, and had I quite forgotten them? she asked—or was I so very, very busy? She had waited most impatiently for a letter from me. I must write, if only a few words, in memory of the many pleasant hours we had spent together. The country was beautiful in its summer holiday. Enclosed was a cluster of violets—my favorite flower. Remember her as my friend, etc.

Natural, easy and frank, as her manner had always been towards me. Her graceful familiarity made me hate her for a moment, and then I choked back the strong tide of mingled passions rising up within me, and prepared to reply to the note. I wrote slowly and laboredly, but when the letter was finished, it was what I had endeavored to make it—an expression of quiet, friendly feeling and interest. It might have been printed on hand-bills and posted up about the city, and all would have pronounced it a pattern of pretty propriety. But if I had written what was in my heart instead, they would have united in pronouncing me a madman.

That was the beginning of the summer's correspondence between Ada Kennady and myself. Every fortnight I received a letter from her, and every fortnight I wrote one, and the twelfth was

a slightly varied repetition of the first and second, all pattern letters, just such epistles as ought to pass between a young lady and gentleman who were on friendly terms, and residents of different places. And shadows of what they might have been as they were, I grew white and sick with despair, when I discovered of how much moment they were to me—how I hoped and waited and watched for their coming, then grew dizzy and tremulous over their receipt. Realizing my weakness, I sought to overcome it.

I concluded to write to Ada and tell her of my love. It was a harsh remedy, but I believed the only effectual one. It would place us both in our true positions towards each other, and however great the annoyance and shock to her, and the distress to me, I thought it better for both to suffer one pang than for me to live day after day a hypocritical life, that of her friendly, unimpassioned correspondent. When the ordeal was past—the letter written, and sufficient time elapsed for me to receive an answer—I could take up my burden with a freer heart for knowing that its existence was not a dead secret, and grow used to its weight in new paths.

And so I wrote to her. I told her simply that I loved her better than myself, and next to my duty and my God. If she could love me, I prayed her in Heaven's name to tell me so. If not, I assured her that no friendship, however true, pure and earnest, would be valued by me, and I preferred eternal silence between us, and prayed God to bless her.

I waited a fortnight for an answer. None came. Five years passed by, during which I rose rapidly in my profession. I grew to be popular, and was gradually becoming wealthy. People watched me as I drove my fine horses through the streets, entered my luxuriant house, or sat in places of honor among the proudest of my aristocratic patrons, and called me a prosperous man. And all this time I had never been home or seen a person from my native place.

But one day I came at last upon a resident of the old place, and he informed me among other news, that Ada Kennady was going to be married. I was surprised that the announcement did not shock me more, and grew vain-glorious. I thought that I had grown out of my love, and resolved with rash exultation to display my triumph. I would go home and see Ida married. Grave, self-possessed man of the world that I had become, I would go back and see my old love "with her primrose face," and prove my favorite theory, that where there is a will there is a way.

I went home in my splendid carriage. They

told me that Ada was married—had been married that morning. A little of my old weakness surprised me at the words, and I turned my face that my fond, old mother might not see how I failed in trying to smile. I could not speak for a moment, my lips were so cold and rigid, but I managed to ask a few questions at last, and then I concluded to call upon Ada, whom they informed me would leave home with her husband that afternoon. It was about one o'clock then. A desire to see her—more intense than I had felt before—came over me, and springing into my carriage I drove my proud, prancing horses through the familiar streets, and checked them before the garden-gate of Ada's home. Springing out, I walked up the path to the door where a child in a white dress met me, and led me into the parlor. The room was empty, and I saw no one but the little girl, though the house echoed with voices from the upper part. Gradually the sound came nearer, and at last I heard trooping steps upon the stairs, and the sound of gay words and exclamations. Above all, the child's voice rang,—“Ada, Ada! there's a gentleman in the parlor to see you; and O, he came in such a shiny carriage, with black horses!”

There was a moment's hush, and then the door was pushed open, and Ada came softly in. Her hesitating step paused a short distance from the entrance, and bowing slightly, she stood looking at me with inquiring eyes. She did not know me. I advanced towards her, and extended my hand.

“I came to see you married, Ada; but I find that I am too late,” I said.

She recognized my voice, and cried, “William Thornton!” while a little line of white settled about her lips.

The sound of her voice shocked me as if it had come from the lips of one whom I had buried. I felt myself growing confused and light-headed, but I sank back in my seat and tried hard to appear natural. She seated herself to talk with me, and I smiled and asked questions, and forgot them before she could reply. But I do not think my state of feeling was apparent, for her sweet face was continually grave and composed, and her manner free from surprise. I rose to go at last, and she rose also; but at that moment the house rang with the sharp voice of the penny-postman crying her name through the open door. She excused herself, and went out; and then I heard the postman telling her about a letter which had been lying in a post-office for years, and had just been forwarded.

“Postmarked at E——,” I heard Ada say, in

a low voice; and then she came back into the room, looking bewilderingly at the letter which she held in her hand. She commenced to tell me about it, but suddenly she stopped and changed color. I looked from her face to the letter. It was my own.

I did not speak nor move while she tore it open and read it, but watched her silently, and saw her face and lips grow white. She looked up at last, and our eyes met. She tried to say something about its being a long time ago, but her voice failed her. She trembled from head to foot. I do not know what wild demon possessed me, but the next moment I had said,—“Yes a long time ago, and forever!” and she was weeping in my arms. I could have died then, for I knew her tears were not those of pity. She loved me.

“Heaven help us both!”

I had caught the sobbing words from her lips, and they told her secret. Suddenly she sprang away from me, and I had reason enough left to know that I must not strive to detain her.

“You must leave me, William,” she said, lifting her ashen face to my sight.

“Yes,” I said, mechanically.

“And never, never in pity's name let me see your face again.”

“I never will,” I said, quietly.

“Now go.”

I saw that her strength was leaving her. I tried to speak my farewell words, but my lips moved soundlessly. One moment of magnetic silence, and then I caught her to my heart, kissed her once passionately, and fled. I have never seen her since.

You know now why the old bachelor doctor never was married, and also why he never will be married. His first love was his only love, and he will bear it to his grave.

#### INTELLIGENCE OF THE LARK.

A pair of larks had built their nest in a grass field, where they hatched a brood of young. Very soon after the young birds were out of their nest, the owner of the field was forced to set the mowers to work, the state of the weather forcing him to cut his grass sooner than usual. As the laborers approached the nest, the parent birds seemed to take alarm, and at last the mother laid herself flat upon the ground, with outspread wings and tail, while the male bird took one of her young out of the nest, and by dint of pulling and pushing got it on its mother's back. She then flew away with her young one over the fields, and soon returned for another. This time the father took his turn to carry one of the offspring, being assisted by the mother in getting it firmly on his back; and in this manner they carried off the whole brood before the mowers had reached their nest.—*Wood's Natural History.*

**BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!**

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break  
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's lad,  
 That shouts with his sister at play;  
 O, well for the sailor boy,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay.

The stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill;  
 But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break  
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never arise in me.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE BEY OF BULAC.**

BY C. MONTVILLE.

FROM the earliest historical periods, Egypt has been ruled with a rod of iron. The monuments of the Pharaohs are evidences of the immense labor imposed upon the people; and from Ramases the Great, to the present year of grace, the valley of the Nile has been one uninterrupted scene of human oppression.

But it was under the despotic sway of those monsters in the form of men, the Mamaluke Beys, that atrocities were perpetrated which have come down to our times, nowhere else paralleled in the annals of nations. During the existence of their sovereign authority, Egypt was cut up into about twenty-four districts, not unlike the ancient names of the Theban dynasties, over which an independent bey held a bloody control. It was almost impossible, for the long term of six hundred years, for a traveller to ascend or descend the Nile, without perilling his life, by running the gauntlet through the vigilant water guards, stationed at short intervals on either bank of the river.

Thus pent up in their own particular bey-lacs, neither owing allegiance to a superior, nor having a disposition to hold intercourse with their equals, above or below them, on the only highway in Egypt, the beys exercised the most savage displays of supreme selfishness, and glutted their vengeance on all who offered the slightest resistance to the most terrible exhibitions of di-

abolical wickedness that ever disgraced the annals of unrestrained humanity.

Among the whole of those four-and-twenty devils incarnate, at an epoch corresponding with the reign of Louis XIV. of France, Sadi Mala Muraddin, the Bey of Bulac, was pre-eminently distinguished for his prodigious size, the fiery character of his disposition, and above all, for an irritability of temper, impatience and reckless waywardness, rarely equalled, and never excelled. When his pleasures were the object of gratification, it seemed as though his very blood boiled, and wo to those who stood between him and the ready accomplishment of his awful designs.

Rome had its imperial monstrosities, but Nero, Caligula, and Tiberius, engaged in hellish orgies in a secret palace on the Island of Caprea, were mild as summer zephyrs, in comparison with the mad Bey of Bulac.

Such is the constitutional infirmity of man, when clothed with supreme command, he goes on from bad to worse in a career of despotic energy. A few examples only are to be found in the history of nations, where the sovereign, thus circumstanced, has become the kind, considerate father of the people. His purposes neither conduce to his own individual happiness, nor the welfare of his subjects. Despots are invariably cowards at heart, and stand in perpetual fear of a destiny as cruel and as summary as they mete out to others.

Neither country nor climate fashion the heart, although both unquestionably exert an influence on the passions, the instincts and propensities of all, in the regions where destiny has placed them. But where there is no law imposing specific duties on a ruler, and no constitutional restrictions or limitations to the exercise of unlimited power, a man who may have begun with feelings of responsibility, ordinarily ends with the maledictions of those who were so unfortunate as to be under his jurisdiction.

With the beys of Egypt, their will was the law. Nothing was written. Neither records nor precedents were quoted, nor was it at all calculated to better the condition of a sufferer under behest of Sadi Mala Muraddin, by a reference to a past transaction in which his excellency gave a different decision under analogous circumstances.

In a recess of the rocks in that low range of sandstone mountains, extending from the back ground of the modern capital of Egypt, Cairo, known under the name of *Mesr* to the Arabs, which stand between the vast desert of drifting sands and the magnificent Nile, resided a person of quiet, unobtrusive manners, who neither



mingled with society abroad, nor often saw visitors at his desolate home. When necessity compelled him to replenish the larder, he took a favorable wind, so as not to have the sand blow in his eyes, and slowly wended his way, satchel in hand, to Fostal, a flourishing town, the ruins of which are to be seen some six miles above Cairo, now a thriving city, the largest in modern Egypt, and the residence of the viceroy.

It is not certain who this recluse was. From the traditions which have accompanied the memory of the Bey of Bulac, it is supposed he was a Greek monk, who having escaped the destruction of one of the convents, which were formerly established in various parts of Egypt, and perhaps, the last survivor of a religious brotherhood, wantonly slaughtered, when the beys got possession of the country; it is only important to state the fact that he resided entirely alone. Still, that circumstance largely contributed, no doubt, to a celebrity he neither coveted nor desired. Even solitary as he was, the humble tenant of a cavern which might have been the lair of wild beasts, the Arabs came very frequently to gaze on him, because the impression was universal that he was a conjuror.

Sometimes he was surprised by groups of those subtle descendants of Ishmael, peering over a projecting crag, or stealthily crawling round a ragged point of rock, at the moment he was at his devotions, or while meditating on the glory of the heavens, at the mouth of his cheerless retreat. It was an evidence to them of his intimacy with the spirits of the air. Scarcely any event of moment occurred, adverse to their wishes, that was not ultimately considered to have been brought about by Anaxamos, the conjuror.

Ignorance is ordinarily in close alliance with superstition. Those who are without a knowledge of the first principles of natural philosophy, are the true believers in necromancy, genii and hobgoblins in general. No people are more sincere in their fear of phantoms of their own active imagination, than the natives of the Orient. Egypt has been renowned from the earliest antiquity for its expert psilli, or snake charmers; and the site of the town is pointed out to travellers, where Pharaoh sent for necromancers to confront Moses. Their representatives are still there, and the mysteries performed in open day in the streets of Cairo, are so very wonderful as to baffle solution.

Anaxamos availed himself of the reputation thus wafted abroad, for providing himself with food. When he predicted a new moon, or an eclipse, which were the result of a regular series of astronomical calculations, the astonished vis-

itor exclaimed, in the excitement of their admiration:

"Bismillah—God is great—Mahomet is his prophet; but wonderful is Anaxamos the conjuror!"

Such is the peculiar constitution of the mind, that it dwells with satisfaction on the images of its own creation. A confident believer in supernatural phenomena sees with unclouded vision sights which are unrecognized by others, and the slightest attempt to convince such persons of the fallacy of their judgment, only strengthens them in their opinions.

Anaxamos wholly disavowed any further insight into futurity than his ignorant visitors, but they could not be convinced that his declarations were true, so matters progressed from year to year, till he had a fame quite undeserved, and certainly unsought, for doing impossibilities. He could neither arrest the sun in his going down, nor blot out the stars, and yet it was triumphantly asserted that he could do both.

In the harem of the bey was a stubborn beauty, whose large, black, flashing eyes, fringed with silken lashes as soft as her smile was sweet, when she condescended to be gracious, who bid defiance to the threatened severity of her furious master, as she scorned the caresses he attempted to bestow, with an expectation of softening the haughtiness of her carriage.

Men, foaming with rage, spring like tigers at each other; but no man, however exasperated at the cold reserve of a woman, even when completely at his mercy, dares to crush her as he would one of his own sex. Her physical weakness is stronger than his muscles, and the delicacy of her form resists the rudest assaults of a barbarian.

The bey was too covetous of the charms of the lovely Norsedan, to sacrifice them to his wrath, and brute as he was, a lingering hope of finally winning over by forbearance, what he could not carry by force, gave her a respite from his hateful importunities, at the instant her mortal career seemed to be the most near its termination.

One of the confidential servants of Sadi Mala Muraddin, on his return from Meer, brought back extraordinary accounts of the amazing skill of the conjuror of Mokattim. He tamed zebras by a wave of the hand. Vultures dropped dead with their beaks in the carcase of a camel, if he but raised his eyes. But more surprising than all, he could subdue the temper of a woman.

This of course quite astonished the bey, and he had half a mind, from the representations of

Schemren, the slave, to send for the sorcerer. One objection only presented itself to his mind, and that was the difficulty of placing the obdurate creature under the incantations of the conjuror, without having her transcendent beauty beheld by a wretch whom he fully resolved to slay, as soon as she had been vanquished by the potency of his art.

Long and confidential interviews were frequent between the bey and the honest Schemren, in regard to this important matter. The slave was confident; the master doubted, but finally gave way to the brilliant representations and arguments of the good Schemren.

After suitable arrangements had been made, away he went with two camels, bearing the command of Sadi Mala Muraddin for the conjuror to repair at once to the abode of felicity, in the occupancy of his highness, the Bey of Bulac. Schemren was no ordinary servant. He was a Christian Greek, purchased in early boyhood. Although trained to all the usages and customs of the age in those times of blood and violence, he had never forgotten his origin, nor ceased to hope for deliverance from the bondage in which he was held.

Beneath a mild expression of subdued manhood, Schemren nursed a burning ambition for freedom. While he carefully concealed the aspirations of his bosom, no one was so obsequious, prompt or devoted to the bey as himself. Hence the confidence of Sadi in his slave was unlimited.

Anaxamos begged to be excused from the mission. He declared, most truly, he had power neither over spirits of the sky, nor monsters in the deep; and further, explained how the little knowledge he had was the result of patient study in books, written by wise men, and that he knew no more of the future than the bey, his master.

This, however was to no purpose. A command from the bey must be obeyed. With extreme reluctance, therefore, Anaxamos mounted the camel, rather to save himself from the disturbance that would follow a refusal, than with any fixed conception of what he was to do when he should arrive at Bulac.

As they were slowly walking the huge beasts that bore them through the sand, quite beyond the ken of any eyes but their own, Schemren astounded the anxious conjuror with the story of his birth, and the inquietude and horror of his condition. A slave to a perfect fiend, where tyranny knew no bounds but satiety.

"And now," continued the confessing companion du voyage, "this whole scheme of getting

you to Bulac has been a contrivance of my own, to regain my liberty, or perish in the attempt."

"Really," replied the conjuror, "according to your programme, it is of no consequence what becomes of me, provided you come off with a whole skin."

"Pardon me," resumed Schemren, "I have a double motive."

He then gave a succinct account of Norsedan's capture two months before—the only child of a Greek merchant.

"Then," said the conjuror, "we are countrymen, and must unite our forces for the common good of the whole."

This was gratifying intelligence to Schemren, and with unreserved confidence, they discussed the most feasible method of first rescuing the lovely prisoner from the harem, and securing both her and themselves from the spears and tortures of the bey.

When the camels came to a halt at the gate, a sentinel announced the happy event that the tamer of women had arrived. Sadi could hardly wait for the conjuror to bathe his feet and oil his tangled beard, so feverishly anxious was he to have the disdained Norsedan put under effectual treatment.

On being ushered into the presence of the all-dominating Sadi, who was seated on a crimson velvet cushion in the middle of a spacious apartment, nervously smoking a long amber pipe, jewelled at both extremities, Anaxamos saluted with the ease of a Turk, and the self-possession of a philosopher.

"Slave," bellowed the dignified smoker, "report has told me of your intimacy with Crastophan, the prince of devils."

At this Anaxamos again salaamed, modestly declaring himself misrepresented.

"My intercourse is wholly with good spirits, if any," he continued, "but with Crastophan, may it please your highness, or those in his service, I have neither acquaintance nor influence."

A scowl was seen gathering on the brow of the bey, as he snatched up the pipe.

"It is of no consequence whether you live with ghouls, Christians or devils, if you but do my bidding."

Anaxamos had no time for reflection. Had he refused to leave his obscure retreat in the rocks, he would inevitably have been dragged out, and in a tone of imperial haughtiness, commanded to work a miracle. He therefore actually made a virtue of necessity, and appeared to acquiesce in what it was hardly possible to avoid, to wit, a jaunt into the lion's mouth, the dreadful abode of Sadi Mala Muraddin.

"Begin," said the bey.

"But what does your highness expect me to do?" asked the calm, but truly amazed visitor, on finding himself so suddenly within the power of the arch demon.

"There is in the abode of felicity," continued the bey, "a stubborn beauty. Rubies have no brilliancy compared with her eyes. She shines by the splendor of her own charms, outvying the sun at the second hour of prayer."

Being a man of good breeding, although a recluse from the sinful world and its vain allurements, Anaxamos again salaamed, with an expression of unmoved curiosity at the words of the speaker.

"She neither worships Allah, bows at the holy name of the prophet, nor trembles in my presence," he continued. "It was but an hour since that she defied my power, and courts death rather than the protection of these strong arms. I bid you, therefore, to bridle that perverse spirit, bring down that towering pride to the level of her condition, and teach her by the resistless energy of your incantations, that I am lord of the beylic, the ruler of the people—a scourge of a thousand scorpions to those who resist my will."

Here was a dilemma. It was neck or nothing, thought the conjuror, when a sharp cymetar was flourished round his head by way of showing what might be expected, in case of non-compliance with the bey's imperative directions on the one hand, or a want of success in the undertaking for which he had been brought to Bulac, on the other.

"Let the undutiful woman be placed before me, your highness," said Anaxamos. "Perhaps she may be persuaded to obey the reasonable requirements of the fountain of benevolence, as your highness is represented to be by Schemren."

The sentence had hardly been finished, when the anger of Sadi began to boil at the presumption of the conjuror in requiring that the priceless peeress of the harem should be profaned by the eyes of a stranger, much less a professor of a black art.

"Were it not for thy services," ejaculated the bey, in a tempest of fury, for the storm was raging within, at the audacity of the request, "thy lean body should be food for the jackalls. Death to the wretch who even by accident first sees the incomparable Norsedan."

"Then, may it please your highness, it is quite impossible to attempt the revolution in her temper you desire."

"Off with the catiff's head in a twinkling," roared the bey, to a tall Ethiopian who stood in the door, leaning upon the staff of a spear.

He advanced, and raised it for a blow, but Anaxamos struck it aside with his staff, and at the same moment, Sadi himself sprang at him with the rage of a hungry wolf, but was as quickly thrown his whole length upon the floor, and the conjuror, with one foot on the savage breast of the autocrat, forbid him to stir at his peril, or even make a sound; and holding the keen point of the caught up spear over the palpitating heart of the bey, made him understand the penalty of disobedience.

Schemren entered just in season to witness the prostration of his master. "Follow me," were his words to the black, instead of raising a finger for Sadi. Both disappeared, leaving the tableau vivant as it was—a struggle for life or death.

No time was to be lost. The negro was locked up in the adjoining apartment, cautioned to keep wist as the dew that falls on the date leaves of Mecca, if he valued his throat. Schemren ordered the guards to stack their arms in the yard, and rush into the strong room where the bey kept his gold, to move the bags, which they did without hesitation, or a thought of its being otherwise than the wish of the bey. When fairly in, the bolts were sprung, and every soul of them thus deprived of rendering assistance to Sadi, or doing business on their own account, when the stratagem was discovered. Back he ran to the conjuror, who still fixed to the spot, like a lion holding his prey, neither relaxing the pressure, nor varying the direction of the awful weapon that would have pierced him with a death wound, had he moved a finger.

"Bring the irons," commanded the conjuror, "ay, and the manacles, and the chains; too that have rusted on skeletons, the victims of this monster's cruelty."

Schemren was quick on the foot, for there was an urgency. Not a sound had alarmed the establishment, nor had the least commotion been recognized by the few eunuchs about the premises, the only males not in durand. They were so feeble and spiritless, such is the degradation to which their misfortunes reduce these appendages of an Oriental domicile of distinction, nothing was to be feared from that source, even had they given the notes of alarm.

A few short minutes sufficed to secure the bey as strongly as his own ingeniously devised apparatus had often held others, to wait his fiat. He was next promenaded to the dungeon, so deep, so strong, too, that the groans of the dying whom he had many a time decreed to linger in torture till the last pulse ceased to beat, could neither call up a sentiment of sympathy in the

guards by their wailings, nor excite pity of the slaves in the passage-ways.

Anaxamos breathed freer. He was unexpectedly master in command. It is true there was a marvellous instinctive co-operation on the part of Schemren, although no pre-concerted scheme had been adjusted between them. A common sympathy, and an instantaneous recognition of the importance of securing the advantages which an impulse, only known to the law of self-preservation, had suddenly developed, ended in gaining their own liberty at the expense of their principal prisoner.

Great achievements are not unfrequently the result of accident. Heroes are made from small materials in countries where might is right. He who was a menial yesterday, in the East, may receive truculent homage to-day. It is the cast of a die, which there decides the game.

After vigilantly inspecting the gates without, and lowering the portcullis to prevent a surprisal from passers-by, the two sat down in council. The conjuror was fairly entitled to the honor of taking the lead, since his exploit in the castle was acknowledged by Schemren to be nothing else than legerdemain.

Having stationed the eunuchs, giving to each a specific order, keys in hand, they passed through a long, gloomy corridor, in the direction of the harem. When the heavy doors creaked upon their hinges, the concealed inmates stared with timid surprise at the sight of two men, having on no former occasion seen but one, and he their owner. Shrinking back into the folds of silk drapery suspended over the divan, from the cornices above, it was no easy undertaking to explain the altered condition of the fortress, for the strong residences of all the boys were constructed to withstand the assaults of an army.

Norsedan was not the only beauty. Her extraordinary resistance had magnified her charms in the frenzied eyes of the boy. Death she desired, and had vowed that death should be the victor when the struggle came. Of the fifty—the compliment of a boy's dignity, some were comely; others faded flowers, drooping for light and air; while a few of the last purchases were eminent types of female loveliness. Intellectual accomplishments weighed nothing in the harem. A voluptuous physique is the requirement. Body, and not mind, are the jewels in request by a Mahomedan lord. The self-righteous readers of the Koran feel themselves entitled to a monopoly of the best specimens of humanity in this world, which are to be multiplied a thousand fold in the paradise prepared for their enjoyment in the heaven of heavens.

Norsedan was the daughter of a Greek merchant of Alexandria, the idol of her father, and a tender plant, watered by the tears of a doting mother over the only remaining child in a family of seven. It was her custom to range freely near the water, just as the long shadows of Cleopatra's needle pointed out the evening glory of the setting sun. Other maidens of her age, under none of the restraints imposed on the Arab or Copt women, revelled in the freedom belonging to their race. It is true there were no blushing flowers in the dry sand that looks so bare and sterile on every side; but the play of the waves as they laved the shore, and occasionally dashed against the old piers, in their ruin, the memorials of a past commercial grandeur of the great port of Egypt, seduced them too far from home, and too late for their safety, at times, where women are more often stolen than the money of the rich.

On one of these joyfal excursions, just as the Nile boats were spreading their sails for Rosetta, half a dozen Nubians, stationed in ambush for the purpose, surprised the careless damsels, and made prisoners of five, at once. Quite a number of their companions fled in safety, carrying home the news of the kidnapping of the girls.

The mother survived the shock but a few weeks. Her last breath was a prayer to Heaven for her child, whose destiny was anticipated with all its agonizing circumstances.

Before the close of summer, the father fell a sacrifice to the plague, glad to leave a world which had not a remaining solace. His property, large for the age in which it was accumulated, was taken possession of by his brother, an honorable man, also a resident of the same city.

It is unnecessary to detail the incidents of a voyage up the Nile. The reis, or captain of the slow kamanga, was struck with the fascinations of Norsedan, a name he bestowed upon her, and when showing the damsels to those wishing to recruit their harems, invariably put her under the floor, till they had gone. He had concluded to keep her for his own share after the profits of the trip.

However, on reaching Bulac, as good or bad luck would have it, Norsedan was seen by a slave, who reported it to the bey—that the commander of the craft was undoubtedly smuggling female slaves past the castle, to avoid payment of the revenue in such cases exacted on all ascending boats.

Search being made, the weeping beauty was rudely produced, and as unceremoniously taken possession of, besides ordering the reis one hundred blows of the bastinado, for attempting to defraud the bey.

We here have a picture of the times of the Mameluke beys. Violence, and a perfect disregard of human rights, were the characteristics of the period when Mahomet Ali, the regenerator of Egypt, murdered those execrable monsters, in a body, in the citadel of Cairo, with the single exception of one, who leaping his horse over the parapet to the roof of a shed one hundred feet below, escaped, unhurt, to end his days peaceably, a few years after, in the interior of Algiers.

Anaxamos gave all the soldiers, one at a time, their freedom, under a promise that they would not disclose from whence they came. No two were permitted to leave together, and thus the power that might perhaps have unexpectedly concentrated, was subdivided, and therefore harmless.

From the plethoric bags in the treasury, each had twenty pieces of gold. This, of itself, was the best security for quiet deportment among strangers. If the piastres were shown, they would be apprehended for robbers, and secured again for slavery.

Next, all the arms not quite fitting for their own security, and not be overburdened with what could be of no service, were buried. He kept up such a show of vigilance, that no passing boat suspected the revolution, and not being hailed by an outpost, they rowed the harder to save the dues. Everything worked well for the project.

Camels were brought within the court and leisurely laden with provisions, water, and money, to the last para, together with swords and yataghans suspended from the saddle pins, even of those to be ridden by the women.

He was unwilling to make an exhibition of the matchlocks, then just beginning to be patronized by military aspirants, from a proper apprehension of the excitement an explosion might create, where every movement towards a successful escape depended on being perfectly still.

When the caravan was ready—the females of Grecian blood, in the panniers balancing each other—the bey was brought from the stronghold and placed in a large boat, divested of his rich attire. After cutting his beard close to his chin, still manacled, a reasonable quantity of preserved dates, a favorite article in Egypt, with onions and hard bread, he was pinioned to a middle seat. All the native females were also placed in the floating craft, charged to be noiseless if they loved life. Without oars, poles or a rudder, it was cast off to the mercy of a rapid current, which swept it directly out of sight, in the gathering darkness of the approaching night.

Having paraded the animals outside the gate towards the desert, and every living thing hereto-

fore attached to the establishment, from the master to a paroquet in a cage, put into the open air of freedom, with the single exception of the boat passengers, who were sent abroad against their will, Anaxamos locked every door, and then threw the ponderous keys into the Nile. Orders were then given to move forward, Schemren leading the way in the capacity of guide over the trackless waste of sand.

By avoiding intercourse with other caravans seen from time to time in the distance, and always encamping out of the common range of travel, at night, on the seventeenth day they arrived at the outskirts of ancient Hebron, in Palestine. Schemren was sent into the town for supplies, and the poor pilgrims, as they were taken to be, returning from Mecca, were permitted to proceed, unmolested, towards the east.

Their dress, male and female, and their perfect knowledge of the Arabic language, as well as the whole circle of religious ceremonials of the Mussulman inhabitants of Syria, most admirably deceived those who might have arrested their progress in a pool of blood, had their true condition been discovered.

Bearing further to the south of east, they finally came on to the great plain of Damascus, a bigoted home of the most orthodox of the Mahomedan believers. Although the oldest city on the globe which has always been in the uninterrupted occupancy of man, even further back in the annals of the earth than has been recorded by profane historians, the conjuror of Mokattim kept at a respectful distance from its inviting shade trees and towers. Again the stores are replenished, and by a gradual winding to the north of east, he struck off for the city of Smyrna, now, as at the date of this eventful sojourn, a focal point for trade, and the rendezvous of commercial caravans from the interior of Persia and the Egypto-Syrian merchants.

On reaching the latter place, which they did in safety, without experiencing any very remarkable incidents, they found rest and sympathy with the resident Greek families residing there. The camels were now sold, and Norsedan washed the black paint from her face, which had given her the fac-simile of an African negress through the desert, and perhaps saved her from insult and danger, too, had her extraordinary beauty been recognized.

Here were three persons, Greeks by birth, among strangers, rich in ready money, but that was a secret known only to themselves. Anaxamos made liberal backsheish to the drivers, and gave them permission to seek their fortunes wherever they chose.

Most opportunely, the uncle of Norsedan arrived soon after, bringing in safety the property which rightfully belonged to his niece. Unlike some uncles, it was rendered up with an expression of gratification that an opportunity so unexpectedly presented for relieving himself from the further responsibility of its care. His discovery was quite as extraordinary as any event in this narration. It was in the shoe bazaar, where Anaxamos stood waiting for Norsedan to try on a morocco boot, worn by the ladies there. The smallness of the foot attracted the attention of Telemachus, the uncle, who, looking on with admiration, while the unconscious beauty was looking for a good fit, discovered in her sweet smile, the lost relative, the beautiful Norsedan.

By intercourse with men of intelligence and superior position, Schemren, who was regarded like Anaxamos a man of leisure and wealth, improved both in person and mind. A few months changed him from the hesitating, cautious servant of a tyrant, to a man of thought and wisdom. He won the respect of the best people among the Smyrniots. Norsedan was by no means insensible to his merits, nor did she ever admit that it would have been possible to have regained her freedom without his efforts. To him she was indebted for life, honor and independence. Their happiness was made permanent shortly after this confession, as far as matrimony secures that boon. A wider field for benevolent action among their degraded countrymen was opened to them at Constantinople, where they finally established themselves in the Greek quarter, leading to the seven towers, where the ruins of their splendid mansion is still pointed out to strangers by Stamboul guides.

Anaxamos, who was of a contemplative character, remained single, and divided his time in the beloved labor of ministering to the relief of the poor, studying astronomy, and in devotional exercises. His home was always shared with the companions he had saved from the Bey of Bulac. A tall marble monolith marks his grave in the environs of the city, near the church he loved.

Schemren and Norsedan lived to old age, died in peace, and their descendants for several generations inherited their wealth, and, like rich Greeks, flourished on the income.

But the voyage of the bey down the stream ended tragically. So many frightened, helpless, unveiled females, unable to render their hand-cuffed lord the least amount of assistance, was a sight as singular as it was strange on that majestic river.

By early prayers, as the worshippers were approaching the mosque, they saw the kangia with

its precious freight, glide by close to the shore, at the mercy of the stream, just within the boundaries of the bey's most hostile foe, Solymen al Raschid, the butcher of the Nile.

Boats put out from all points, and the defenceless craft was brought to the steps leading up to the castle of the butcher bey. It was a long while before he could ascertain with any degree of certainty who the extraordinary voyagers were. Nor did he suspect till towards the close of the day, he had within his unrelaxing grasp, his deadliest enemy, the far famed Sadi Mala Muraddin.

He taunted him with a recital of his cruelties; pricked his sides with the barbed point of a spear, till the blood flowed in streamlets. As the panther plays with her helpless captive, enjoying the tortures inflicted by her sharp teeth and claws, the instrument of feline power, before crushing the bones for a meal, so Solymen al Raschid feasted on the pains he thus cruelly inflicted.

This was in the presence of those who had been the dearest objects of his solicitude in the harem of Bulac. When tired out, having fairly exhausted his ingenuity in devising keener sources of anguish, a thousand blows of the bastinado left him a mangled corpse, which was then thrown to the dogs.

"Thus," proclaimed Solymen al Raschid, "perish those who menace my domain, or insult the name I bear."

To this day, the deeds and the death of the Bey of Bulac are rehearsed in the mud cabins of the Fellahs, from the crumbling dwellings of Fostat, to the cataracts of the Nile.

#### THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

An antiquary states that a party of French soldiers, while visiting the catacombs recently, discovered a gallery hitherto unexplored, and which had altogether escaped the ravages of the barbarians of former days, and the profanations of tourists. The tombs and paintings found there belong to the first three centuries of the Christian era. In those recently discovered, many glasses have been found entire. They are made of two thicknesses of glass, of different degrees of fusibility. Between them are designs in gold, which have been so well defended by their transparent envelope, though made fifteen centuries ago, that they appear as distinct as when they left the workman's hand. The outer coat of glass is, however, rather oxydised in several places. An original bronze vase, found in the catacombs, is preserved in the Roman College. From the figures it presents, it must have belonged to the early ages of the church, and is supposed to have been used for baptism.—*London Times*.

Crimes shock us too much; vice too little.

## A BRACE OF MISTAKES.

It is not every case of assault and battery that has so fortunate a termination as that of — *versus* —, which came off on the curbstone a few days since, and was very near being made the subject of a protracted lawsuit. Within the last three months an old mouser whose physiognomy has been for many years familiar in public places, and especially at the theatres, where he is so well known that the doorkeepers mistake him for an editor and pass him in free, fell desperately in love with a sparkling eye and handsome waist at Marguire's. By perseverance our chevalier soon became acquainted with the object of his sudden flame, who was the daughter of a well-known politician, then absent at Sacramento — said politician being especially famous for his fighting qualities, and for his high Southern notions of family honor.

A couple of months having passed, during which the major had become a constant visitor, each visit having only riveted more firmly the bonds in which he was held, that adventurous person began to consider in what manner it was best to open his batteries, with a view to making a similar impression upon his enchantress. His first offering was a bouquet, but not being posted in the language of flowers, he got the thing all wrong to start with, and instead of a symbolical letter full of explanations of his passion, he managed by careless selection to present the lady with a floral offering conveying sentiments anything but complimentary to the recipient. He next tried the literary line, and sent her a handsome bound volume, which proved on inspection to be one of Peter Parley's familiar stories for children; and the major somehow or other saddled himself after that with the name of "Peter." But love is blind, and in this case the victim fully carried out the adage. At last he resolved upon a vigorous assault, such as no citadel could withstand; and accordingly proceeding to a bird fancier's, he there selected a costly songster, which he duly labelled and caused to be conveyed with a note to the residence of his adored. At the same time, the major observed a naturalist who appeared to be as much interested in the study of ornithology as himself, but he gave the subject no attention, little thinking to what results the rencontre would lead, until subsequent events brought the matter rather forcibly to mind.

The same evening the major dressed himself in his best; he was "gorgeously arrayed" in the choicest and newest of Parisian clothing, and was a perambulating casket of rare perfumes and cosmetics. His glass told him he was irresistible, and so he was—for a good, hearty laugh.

The major rang the bell and was invited in. He found his charmer alone in the parlor, but was somewhat chilled with his reception. He had resolved, however, upon breaking the ice, and accordingly began his important disclosure at once, without even the customary allusion to the weather.

Without opening her lips the lady retreated to a rear apartment, from which she soon emerged bearing a cage, over which was hastily thrown a handkerchief. The major's heart throbbed convulsively in his bosom. It was the critical moment of his life. In another moment he should

be on his knees before her—in another moment she should be enfolded in his embrace.

"Sir," said the lady, with more severity than the major had anticipated—(she was evidently disguising her feelings)—"I believe I am indebted to you for the gift of a valuable bird?"

"My dear Miss —" gasped the major, "I beg you wouldn't mention it."

"Accompanied," continued the lady, "by a note."

"I plead guilty," faltered the major, bashfully.

"Let me make sure that I am right, before proceeding further." And the lady proceeded to read from the note as follows:

"O, most adorable and fragrant of created beings—"

The major sighed and made a convulsive movement as if about to throw himself at her feet.

"Whose aggregate charms even the angels might envy."

The major gasped and sighed again.

"Behold in this accompanying gift a reflection of your charms. Your eyes, your voice, are here but feebly imitated. Accept the gift, and reward, if you will, the donor!"

The major got ready for his reward.

"And this note you confess to be yours?"

"Of course," replied the major, a little taken aback by the tone in which the inquiry was conveyed.

"And the present likewise?"

"Of course."

"Wretch!" cried the lady, at the same time removing the handkerchief, and disclosing, not a canary, but a parrot!

The major started to his feet, but before he had reached the sidewalk, the old politician, issuing from his lair in the back parlor, was after him with a cudgel.

And then and there occurred a struggle which outdid the famous personal conflicts of the days of Homer, a conflict from which the major narrowly escaped with his life.

All the result of a trifling mistake: the bird fancier had sent the purchase of the naturalist instead of that selected by the major.—*California Mirror*.

## QUEER CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The following singular means of curing habitual drunkenness is employed by a Russian physician, Dr. Schreiber, of Brzesze-Litewski: It consists in confining the drunkard in a room and furnishing him, at discretion, with brandy diluted with two-thirds of water; as much wine, beer, and coffee as he desires, but containing one third of brandy; all the food—the bread, meat, etc.—are steeped in brandy and water. The poor wight is continually drunk and *dort*. On the fifth day of this regimen he has an extreme disgust for brandy; he earnestly requests other diet, but his desires must not be yielded to, until the poor wretch no longer desires to eat or drink; he is then certainly cured of his penchant for drunkenness. He acquires such a disgust for brandy that he is made sick at the sight of it.—*Chemist*.

A cheerful heart is the richest of human treasures, for even gold shines more brightly in the smiles of the sun.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAME.

Three hundred years ago!

Hush, 'tis a solemn thought:

How much of misery, grief and joy

Three hundred years have brought.

How many changes, too, have passed,

More than we e'er can know;

But we can fancy what transpired

Three hundred years ago.

Where are the flowers that bloomed

In forest, mead and dell?

Where are the drops of dew which dwelt

Within each pearly cell?

The birds that sung so cheerily,

Chanted so mellow and low?

The streams that beamed, the springs that gleamed

Three hundred years ago?

The youth whose eye danced bright,

Whose brow with health was fair;

Whose laugh rang out with merry shout

'Neath clouds of waving hair?

And the gentle maid whose very smile

Was heaven to him below,

Whose heart was his, who dreamed of bliss,

Three hundred years ago?

The frail old man with eyes tear-dimmed,

And bowed and wearied form,

His hair once black as the air of night,

Bleached white by many a storm?

And where are the blue-eyed children who sat

In a merry, laughing row,

And listened with smiles to his simple tales

Three hundred years ago?

We ask, but there cometh no reply!

The mortal passes away;

The hand of Time writes on each brow

The signet of decay!

The rank grass waves o'er desolate graves,

The crops of the husbandman grow

O'er the cold forms of those who tasted life's woes

Three hundred years ago!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LITTLE GERMAN WAIF.

BY ESTELLE W. RAYMOND.

"I HAVE brought you a pretty German girl," said Captain Campbell, to his wife, a few hours after his arrival from a voyage. "She was fatherless, motherless, and friendless; and as I did not think the hotel where I stopped was just the place for a poor, innocent, yet ignorant girl

like her, and thinking too that you would fancy her, I asked her if she would like to come across the Atlantic with me. She had become already tired of her situation, unused as she was to being called hither and thither, by men who often, to their shame I speak it! made her cheeks tingle at their praise of her beauty. She longed to go away from them all; but as her father had been a sort of clerk there, and he and her mother had both died there, it was natural enough that the man and woman who kept the house should wish to retain their child in their service. Not that she had ever stayed in the house. Her father had boarded her out of it; but now that there was no one to pay her board, the people objected to having the care of her. There, Louise, I have told you a long story. When you see Lina, you will be able to judge whether you will wish to keep her. If not, I can find her a place easily, in Boston or its suburbs."

And the jolly, free-hearted sailor patted his fair, delicate wife upon the shoulder, as she leaned back with a thoughtful air, as if considering what answer she might make.

"Don't answer at all, dear, until you have seen her. Only I hope you will decide in Lina's favor."

"That is bright—telling me to do as I please, and yet expressing a wish that you know, being yours, I shall be sure to grant. Well, I will look at this German wonder. When will you fetch her on shore?"

"Now—immediately, if you will have her come. The poor child will be glad to see a woman's face, I think."

At five, therefore, he came back with Lina. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, rather tall for fifteen, and with a very quiet, good face and gentle manners. She had acquired English enough upon the voyage to make herself quite intelligible, and, altogether, Mrs. Campbell was quite pleased with her new acquisition. Lina proved an excellent assistant in the house, a careful and tender nurse when Mrs. Campbell was not well, as was very often the case, as she was of an extremely delicate constitution; and as the girl seemed most grateful, happy and content in her new home, the very kindest relations seemed to be established between them.

Captain Campbell went to sea and returned, and still Lina held her place in the family, loved and trusted, and happy as an orphan with new-found friends might be expected to be. If there were wild longings after the old home—dreams of fatherland which she could not suppress, she, at least, did not give utterance to them.

I scarcely know in what way to bring out up-

on the stage, another person, who seemed, although perfectly disconnected by any ties, with the Campbells, to have a certain unpleasant influence upon their affairs. Miss Angelica Thistlewood was a noted meddler, however, in all the affairs of the little town of Anchester; and from an old grudge which she owed to Captain Campbell's father, it may naturally be supposed that her rancor descended to his son. She was a sharp, thin-featured, lank woman, with a long, hooked nose, that seemed perpetually prying into the family concerns of her neighbors. Nothing escaped her. She had long aimed at being the autocrat of the little town in which she condescended to live, to the wonder of those who knew her ambitious tendencies. Perhaps she thought, like Cæsar, that it is better to be first in a village than second in a city. She had long sought to lord it over the Campbells, but the frank, open bearing of the captain, the delicate refinement of his wife, and the estimation in which both were held, kept her at bay. The fact, however, of their becoming so presumptuous as to keep a foreign servant, annoyed and fretted her. It was the drop too much, and the blood of Angelica Thistlewood boiled over at this innovation. Had it been only an Irish servant, she could have borne it; but being German, and of a poetical name, poor Lina was a standing type of the aristocratic tendencies of the Campbells, and, as such, could not be endured.

Yet, very gracious was Miss Thistlewood whenever she saw Lina. Question after question was poured in upon the unsophisticated little maiden; to all which she replied as correctly as her imperfect English would permit. Sometimes, indeed, Miss Thistlewood's inquiries were so subtle and artful, that Lina hesitated and stammered; upon which hesitation the lady would give her own interpretation, and certainly not that which would reflect the most credit upon the Campbells. So vague indeed were the conversations carried on by Miss Thistlewood and Lina, that it would have required some person more skilled in languages than either, to have reduced it to anything intelligible. However, their intercourse, like all earthly things, had an end; for one fine morning the neighborhood, Miss Thistlewood included, broke out into one universal cry of wonder and astonishment—Lina was gone!

Gone, absolutely gone—no one knew whither. Everybody appealed to everybody else for an opinion. Stream and brook and river—woods and mountains and hollows were drained and searched to no purpose. Darkly the fate of poor Lina Warner was hidden. The Campbells were

grieved and astonished. They had believed that no one could bribe Lina away from them; and they felt sure that she would never have left them of her own accord. Great indeed was the mystery, but it gave the Anchester gossips food for months, during which time several engagements were formed, one or two ministers left their pulpits, and seven persons died without having all their faults discussed at full length, because the people were so taken up with the strange disappearance of the poor German girl. Mrs. Campbell was constantly assailed with questions. What *did* she think had become of her? Had Lina ever appeared discontented? Did she think she had gone back to Germany? Had Mr. Campbell rebuked her in any way?

Patient Mrs. Campbell only repeated, that Lina was happy with her, and that she liked the girl. She hoped that it would one day be known what became of her. Some one must know how and when and where she had gone. Lina would never have left her house, had she not been induced by some bad and wicked person.

The same opinions were held by Captain Campbell; and he gave similar answers to all who spoke to him on the subject. The Anchesterians were fairly at their wits' ends. Miss Thistlewood settled down at last into an expressed belief that "Lina was either dead or insane;" and she listened to Mrs. Campbell's anxious conjectures as to her protegee's fate, with a droop of pious resignation on her hooked nose, that almost made the invalid lady consider her as a friend instead of the bitter enemy which she really was.

Attached to Captain Campbell's house was a large shed used for various purposes. This building seemed all at once to be the special object of curiosity. Little groups of twos and threes would stand around it and seem to be earnestly trying to peer through its sides. Some, more venturesome than others, would mount the roof; while a few dared to come as far as the door and look anxiously in.

"Look here, Alick," called Campbell, to his neighbor Austin, one day that the Anchesterian curiosity seemed to bloom out in an unusual luxuriance, "stand by me and count, if you can, the people who appear to notice the appearance of my shed. Is the architecture very extraordinary? or are there any symptoms of falling down? Really, I don't know what to make of it. I believe every person who has passed has stopped, but whether in admiration or disgust, I cannot make out."

Austin tried to laugh off the matter; but his heightened color and embarrassed countenance

only served to betray that there was something really noticeable.

"Come, my good fellow, if you know anything about it, pray let us have it. Surely, if my poor shed is in danger, I ought to know it, as well as the towns' folks.

"Well, then, Campbell, I did not mean to tell you anything so perfectly absurd; and, before doing so, I ought to beg your pardon; but they do say—"

"Out with it, man! Why, Austin, I believe you are actually shedding tears!"

"If I am, they are because I feel mad to think that a man's character in this cursed community is worth no more than a dog's. I have half a mind, Campbell, to let you go to somebody else to learn this ridiculous story. As to that, you can ask any boy in the street; they all know it."

"Know what?"

"The report that you have killed Lina and buried her under the floor of your shed! There, I have told you what makes me feel mean and contemptible to repeat."

Campbell's broad, open brow was clouded for a moment.

"By Heaven, Alick, I did not think that it was in the heart of any man, woman or child in Anchester, to raise a report so false, so devilish as this. Why, what do my town's people think of me, that I should murder an innocent girl like that? a child that I brought away from the very graves of her father and mother, and whom I treated on the voyage home as tenderly as if she had been my own daughter, or sister? Then, in my own house—why, Alick, you know in what consideration my wife and myself have both held her. True, she has worked for us. In her country, the daughters of rich men are taught all the arts of housekeeping. She is a perfect housewife, and took the greatest interest in our affairs. She would have been unhappy and homesick without them. She was our house-keeper, our friend. We can never supply her loss with any common servant."

"Campbell, you cannot for a moment suppose that any of your friends or any right-minded person who is even not your friend, believes this absurd and ridiculous story. Some foolish jest has given rise to it, and the story is perpetuated, unthinkingly, by those who feel and know it to be false. Do not think of it again. Let the rabble look at your shed. Perhaps they will come some day, and offer to lay a new floor."

Campbell actually dared not mention this to his wife. She had already suffered much on account of Lina's disappearance, and was nervous and depressed. He was ordered to sea, on a

long voyage. Now, for worlds would he have left her behind, to run the risk of any further annoyance; so he made arrangements for her to go with him.

"Watch my house, Alick," he said, as he wrung his friend's hand at parting. "If Lina should come back, take care of her for me, until I return to claim her."

Poor Mrs. Campbell found a grave in the sea. She grew worse and worse, notwithstanding the tender care bestowed upon her by the affectionate and almost heart-broken husband. To leave her there and return to his desolate home! O, how should he ever do that?

A short time after his return, he one day entered the office of a friend. After the usual salutations, his friend said, abruptly, "O, by the way, Campbell, did you not fetch a German girl home with you, on one of your voyages?"

"I did, indeed. I wish to Heaven that I had not!"

"Well," said his friend, apparently not heeding his last words. "I have a piece of good fortune for her. She has become the legatee of some property in her own country."

His eagerness was damped by the sorrow expressed in Campbell's countenance. He asked the reason, and Campbell related the story of her disappearance.

"But it was Lina Warner herself who told me that she came home with you. She referred me to you."

"Lina? where? when? Is she living now?"

"Living, and well, I trust. She is in Vermont, and I saw her scarce three weeks ago."

So great was the excitement of Campbell at this intelligence, that his friend was obliged to make him lie upon the sofa and take some restorative, before he could proceed with his story. When he recovered, Campbell said:

"You would not wonder that I am so agitated, if I told you that there have been dark hints that I murdered Lina."

He was eager to obtain her address, and in an hour he was in the cars travelling to Vermont. Surprise, confusion, gladness, mingled with shame, all possessed Lina at once, as she met Captain Campbell. He besought her to tell him her motives in leaving him, without resorting to any half confidence. He wanted to know the whole. Poor girl! while she confessed that she had done wrong, she declared that she was instigated to leave his house by Angelica Thistlewood!

Campbell sprang to his feet with an almost audible execration upon his lips. She said that Miss Thistlewood had haunted her everywhere.

When she went out, she would call her in and talk over the family affairs. Often she asked her if she were content to be with *such* people. When Lina answered in the affirmative, she would roll up her eyes and say that if she knew them better, she would not live with them a day. She succeeded at length in persuading Lina that Captain Campbell and his wife were enemies to her, and meditated evil against her.

"But where shall I go?" asked the poor girl.

"I have a cousin in Vermont who would like you, Lina, but you must go secretly, and do exactly as I direct you. Come to me this evening, and I will have you a good home soon."

Once having Lina's consent, she took care that she should not retract it. Lina lingered long that evening, unwilling to go; but Miss Thistlewood made a friendly call upon the Campbells that evening, and when Lina lighted her out, she whispered that she *must* come. She would wait for her at the back gate. And Lina went back, bade them good night, and went, as they supposed, to her room.

Miss Thistlewood carried her home in triumph. The long-hoped-for event of her life had happened—she had been able for once to foil the Campbells, and she rubbed her hooked nose with delight. Lina cried all night, but at four in the morning, she and Miss Thistlewood were riding off to a neighboring station, their faces hidden by thick veils. When the chaise returned, Lina was travelling as fast as the iron horse could carry her, to Vermont. Miss Thistlewood's cousin was prepared for her coming, and proved a kind friend to her. Years had passed away, and it was only by the accidental visit of Campbell to his friend's office that she was even discovered by one so eager to know what had become of her.

"Make yourself ready, Lina, you must go back to Anchester with me."

"No, indeed. I cannot bear to meet the people there."

"You *must* go back. Already they think that I have murdered you. You must be seen by every living person in the town." And Lina, shocked at this intelligence, was as eager to go as Campbell himself.

What a commotion it made! It passes my ability to describe it. Campbell's first act was to institute a suit against Miss Thistlewood. There was a trial; and but for a single flaw—a legal quibble merely—Miss Thistlewood would have followed that awful nose to a prison; but she is still the pest of Anchester.

As it was, there was a solid satisfaction to the whole court, in having the simple, straightfor-

ward statement of the girl herself, and of marking its effect upon Miss Thistlewood's spirits. The countenances of the spectators fully showed on which side was the sympathy. Lina's pleasant face may still be seen at Campbell's house, where she reigns as housekeeper. The floor of the shed remains intact; and if people stop now, it is to catch a glimpse of the fair-haired woman, and a glance from her still bright blue eyes.

#### TEA PARTIES IN CHINA.

Tea-parties are not confined in China to festive occasions. Tea is solemnly drunk on serious celebrations, with squibs to follow. Thus, for instance, at the funeral of a Buddhist priest, there is thought taken for the living as well as for the dead, for the appetites of mortals as well as for the gratification of the gods. The latter are presented with various sorts of food, save animal. It is placed on the altar, and is eaten at night by the deities, of course. While the ceremonies preliminary to the interment are proceeding, a servant enters the temple, and hands tea round to the reverend gentlemen who are officiating! The interment usually takes place in the morning, and it is numerously attended; but if, as the long procession is advancing, the hour of breakfast should happen to arrive, the corpse is suddenly dropped in the highway, the entire assembly rush to their respective homes, and not till they have consumed their tea and toast, or whatever materials go to the constituting of a Chinese *d-jjeuner*, do they return to carry the corpse to its final resting-place, and fire no end of squibs over it, in testimony of their affliction. Which done, more refreshment follows; and perhaps some of the mourners retire to Chinese taverns, where invited placards promise them "A cup of tea and a bird's nest for fourpence!"—*Dr. Doran's Table Traits.*

#### STEWED BEEF.

Housewives who are in the habit of using only steaks and roasts, make a great mistake. A capital dish may be made of the "chuck," as the butchers call it, or the neck, when well prepared. Select a piece of meat as large as the demand of your table may require, wash it well to remove all the blood or soil from the outside, have your dinner pot perfectly clean, salt and pepper the meat well, lay it in the bottom and cover it with water; stew it for two or three hours, or till it is thoroughly tender; add half an onion, a sprinkle of thyme or summer savory. If the meat is fat, let the water all stew out a half hour before it is put on the table, and when your meat is browned well on the lower side in the gravy, turn it over and brown the other side. When ready, take it up, add a little flour thickening to the gravy, or if you have a dredge box, shake the flour into the hot gravy and brown it, then add boiling water, and you will have a dish equal, and to my mind superior, to the common roast beef upon boarding-house tables. Care must be used to turn it; and equally necessary is the good judgment in having it thoroughly well cooked.—*Field Notes.*

## The Florist.

Know that the lilies have spread their bells  
O'er all the pools of our forest dells;  
Stilly and lightly their bases rest  
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast.  
Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw  
To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;  
And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,  
A golden star unto heaven looks up,  
As if seeking its kindred, where bright they lie,  
Set in the blue of the summer sky.

MRS. HEMANS.

### Ward Cases.

Those who have attempted to cultivate greenhouse plants in rooms have met with two serious drawbacks. One is the liability to become coated with dust, and the other is the dryness of the air, which is greatly increased by stove heat. For these reasons there are but few plants that will endure for a long time in common living rooms. To obviate these difficulties the ward case has been constructed. It consists essentially in covering the plants with glass. This protects them from dust, and by confining the moisture which is constantly exhaled by the leaves, gives them a humid atmosphere. It also assists materially in equalizing the temperature, and shielding from the effects of the sudden changes which may occur in the room. For these reasons the care of plants in these cases is much diminished.

### Watering Plants.

Do not water plants of any sort while the sun shines upon them. The best time is after sunset, as nature sends the dews—the rain can only fall when clouds obscure the sun. Use but little water at a time, but renew it daily, loosening the earth about the stem, so that it will not cake and become hard.

### Canary Bird Flower.

This pretty climber belongs to the same genus of plants as the common nasturtium, and receives its English name from the resemblance of its partly expanded blossoms to canary birds. If the seeds are planted early in spring, in a light rich soil, it will grow rapidly and bloom from midsummer till frosts.

### China Aster.

This is a very extensive genus, indigenous to America and Asia. The China aster is the most beautiful; flowers of almost every variety of color. It is found in nearly every flower-garden.

### Cardinal's Flower.

This is a native of North America. Its flowers are a bright scarlet. It grows by the side of rivers and ditches, and is a beautiful flower.

C. W.—The language of the Horse-chestnut blossom is *Luxury*. The Dahlia signifies in floral language, *Instability*.

### The Climbing Plants.

No class of plants are more useful in the hands of the skilful gardener than the climbers. They possess almost miraculous powers, transforming any unsightly outbuilding into an object of real beauty. No good gardener will have any bare board fences about his premises; all are wreathed and festooned, and made gay and graceful. Then for covering verandahs, what can equal this class of plants? They put to the blush all the expensive work of the architect and the builder, and make the poor man's cottage appear more elegant—possessing more of nature, more of quiet grace, than the palace of a prince. For this purpose the hardy varieties of grape are very useful.

### Herbaceous Perennials.

Herbaceous perennials, or plants that send up new stems and blossoms every year from permanently remaining roots, furnish the easiest means of beautifying a flower garden, as very little attention is needed for most of them, if hardy, except in keeping the ground clean and cultivated, and some are so vigorous as to flourish even in a neglected grass sod. In season, they begin to flower early, or immediately after such bulbous plants as the snowdrop, crocus, squill, etc., and by a good selection will give a profuse and brilliant supply of flowers till midsummer, and a few on till autumn.

### Roses.

The rose, to continue in successful bloom year after year, must be kept pruned, and be manured and cultivated. Without this care the bushes will become feeble, stunted, and enveloped in thick and half-dead brush, and the flowers will be few and imperfect. With proper management, on the contrary, the plants may be kept healthy, vigorous, and afford yearly a profusion of fully developed and beautiful flowers.

### Growing Taste for Flowers.

One has only to visit the vicinity of Boston, and compare the cottage grounds and surroundings with the appearance they presented but a very few years since, to realize the growing taste in floriculture. A few hours during the season, and an outlay of a mere trifle in money, will vastly beautify the humblest or most elegant homestead.

### Translucent Paint for Glass.

To give the glass of greenhouses, windows, etc., the same character as is possessed by ground glass, grind sugar of lead in oil. Dilute it greatly with spirits of turpentine, and put on with a brush very thinly, keeping the brush dry, or with but little on at a time.

### Restoring Flowers.

Two or three drops of saturated solution of camphor in alcohol, put in half an ounce of soft water, forms a mixture which will revive flowers that have begun to droop and wilt, and give them freshness for a long time.

## Curious Matters.

### The Fifth Generation.

At Ox Bow settlement, young master Ira A. Willard, a child of the fifth generation, has, we believe, three double, great-grand-parents and other living grand-parents and great-grand-parents to the number of ten, besides his own parents. Colonel Thomas Goss, one of the great-grand-parents, is only 81 years old, still robust—clears land, cuts timber, and in other ways meets the hardships of pioneer life. In one of our worst storms this winter he waded in snow and walked 17 miles in a day. He may live to see the sixth generation, and his descendants, who now number near 200, may yet number 500 before he departs from the scenes of earth.

### Monster Egg.

The captain of a vessel trading to Madagascar one day observed a native using a vase which much resembled an egg, and upon examination, it proved to be one. The native eventually produced some enormous fossil eggs, from the interior of the island, and some fossil bones of a bird. The largest of these eggs is equal in bulk to six ostrich eggs, or 148 eggs of the common hen, and will hold two gallons of water. M. St. Hilaire, who described these marvellous eggs and bones in a report to the French Academie des Sciences, proposed the name of *Epiornis* for the monster bird that laid the monster egg.

### The Pious Sergeant's Bible.

Three years ago, a pious sergeant in the British army was mortally wounded at the storming of Lucknow. His last words directed his Bible to be given to his mother. In it was found a scrap of paper containing these lines of Shakespeare, from "Henry V."

"Every subject's duty is the king's; but  
Every subject's soul is his own. Therefore  
Should every soldier in the wars do as  
Every sick man in his bed, work every  
Mote out of his conscience; and dying  
So, death is to him advantage; or not dying,  
The time was blessedly lost, wherein such  
Preparation was gained."

### A stunning Effect.

One day, lately, the lightning struck the dam at Byron Smith's grist mill at South Hadley, and glancing off, was diffused over the pond. Soon after, the fish that had been stunned rose to the surface of the water, and large pickerel, suckers, shiners and other fish were taken by hand in large quantities.

### The Compass Flower.

A little plant is found in the prairies of Texas called the "compass flower," which, under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the north.

### A natural Curiosity.

A correspondent of the Irasburg (Vt.) Standard describes a natural curiosity in the town of Glover, in that State, as follows:—"Upon the farm of C. C. Hardy, Esq., in Glover, stand two maple trees about eight feet apart, and each six or eight inches in diameter. At the height of seven feet they approach together, forming a complete arch; through which five men can walk side by side, and are there knit together solidly with no irregularity or confusion. From thence upward to the distance of nearly or quite fifty feet, they form but one solid, compact tree, with no unnatural seam, bur or rift."

### Curious Taste.

Lord Macaulay had a singular taste for walking through the deserted streets of the great metropolis in the hours when the citizens were fast asleep, and all was hushed. Those were the hours, he used to remark, for reflection and thought—when the utter loneliness, which is peculiar at midnight to great cities, steals over the meditating wayfarer, solitary apparently and alone in the world. Dr. Johnson possessed a similar taste, and Charles Dickens is singularly fond of old city streets and alleys, when they are emptied of the busy throng that fills them in the daytime.

### An erratic Clergyman.

The extraordinary conduct of an English divine attracts the attention of religious circles. The Rev. Mr. James, of North Riding, was found dressed in a drab wide-awake hat, with blue ribbons. He also broke in colts for the farmers, visited them (the farmers), and got drunk. The farmers were delighted to "make the parson drunk." He also stole money and got into Maidstone jail—then into St. Pancras workhouse. He is a native of Oxford, and was educated at the grammar school attached to Magdalen College.

### A fatal Prize.

The Cracow journals announce the death in that city of a man named Brikowski, who won the prize of 250,000 florins in the Austrian lottery last year. To obtain immediate possession of his fortune he paid a discount of 11,000 florins, but from the moment he got it in his possession he seems never to have enjoyed a moment's peace, so fearful was he that some robber would strip him of his unexpected wealth. He kept it in an iron chest, locked up in an arched vault, and visited it morning and night, to see that all was safe, till at last, from excitement and anxiety, he fell ill, and typhus fever supervening, death soon delivered him from all his troubles.

### Fatality.

George Perry, of Hopkinton, while fishing in Contoocook River, recently, was overtaken by a shower and took refuge under some trees. During the shower the trees were struck by lightning and he was instantly killed.

**Curious Discovery.**

A farmer named Foster lives in the township of Mersea, C. W., situated thirty miles from Windsor. A few days since, when out in the field ploughing with a yoke of oxen, there was one portion of the field that it was impossible for him to get his oxen to approach. Upon removing the leaves and other matter that had collected upon this particular spot, he discovered a natural spring, and he prosecuted the search still further by digging some feet below the surface, when it presented a boiling spring in every feature, with the single exception of its being of the temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit. This spring has been enclosed, and a pipe inserted in the top of the enclosure, from which arises a gas that burns as brilliantly as any coal gas, and that, too, continually.

**Queer Companions.**

A pretty little bantam was recently thrown into the cage of one of the tigers domiciled in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes. It was designed to sharpen his appetite for some blocks of meat which he had declined to eat. Not in the least alarmed by his terrible roars, bantam advanced with the most unsuspecting confidence to peck the food that was lying untasted before him, and, when she had satisfied her hunger, began to examine closely the claws of the monster. Far from being affronted at this familiar treatment, he appeared to be delighted with the new inmate of his cage; and when the keepers managed to take her away, he obstinately refused to taste any food, either living or dead, till she was put back again.

**A strange Feature in a Family.**

A family in Belgium was not long since observed to exhibit the striking peculiarity that every one of its females had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, while the males had only the ordinary number; and on inquiry, it was found that such had been the case through many generations, and at last a portrait of the ancestress of the family was found that had been painted two centuries before, in which the same peculiarity as to the hands was exhibited.

**A great Conflagration.**

The great fire in London in 1666 was a big thing. Four hundred and thirty-six acres of land were laid waste, St. Paul's, the Exchange, Guildhall, nearly a hundred churches, the city gates and halls, Slon College, the Custom House, two hundred streets, and 13,200 private houses, all burnt to ashes!

**African Cure.**

In Africa the small pox is cured without the aid of medicine in the following fashion. The patient is placed in a sheet and gently lowered into a stream of water, and afterwards left to dry in the sun. This process is repeated several times, and the cure is complete.

**Roman Remains at York.**

A few weeks ago it was announced that a portion of the walls of ancient Eboracum had been discovered, running parallel with the city walls, close to the east side of Monk Bar. This discovery induced the sons of William Gray, Esq., who occupies ground on the west side of the bar, to commence an exploration on their premises; and the result is, that several more Roman walls have been exposed to view, some running laterally, and others longitudinally, to the city walls. Mr. Gray is continuing the excavations; and, as the spot is supposed to have been the site of one of the gates of Roman York, further discoveries will probably reward his researches.

**A Methusaleh.**

Christina Mackintosh died on the 22d of April, at Ballachulish, near Inverness, at the great age of 106 years. She belonged to the Island of Skye, and was well known for upwards of half a century, on the west coast, as "Kirstan Sgiathanach," or Skye Kirsty, a sort of female gaberlunzie. She was a strong and healthy woman, and till within a month or two of her death had all her faculties in excellent preservation, and went about carrying a wallet of no ordinary dimensions. In the course of her many wanderings she had scraped together money sufficient to provide for all her wants during her last illness and defray the expenses of her funeral.

**Almost a Centenarian.**

There is now living in Newark a Mrs. Provost, who is 93 years old, and can see and work without glasses as well as a young woman. She has had nine children, of whom eight are living; forty-seven grandchildren, of whom forty-one are alive; sixty-two great grandchildren, of whom sixty are living; and seventeen great-great-grandchildren. The whole number of her descendants is one hundred and twenty-eight living.

**Ingenious Ruse.**

A communication from Rome states that the liberals had recourse to an ingenious ruse to cause the removal of a hymn to Pius IX., which was posted all over the city on the anniversary of his accession to the papal throne. During the night they employed persons to write on them "Victor Emanuel forever!" "Garibaldi forever!" and as soon as this was discovered, the gendarmes were ordered to remove the whole.

**Tolerably Hot.**

The great comet of 1843 approached the sun within about a seventh part of the sun's radius. Sir John Herschel calculates that at this distance the heat of the sun would be 47,032 times greater than it is at the earth, and at least 24½ times greater than the heat in the focus of Parker's great lens, which melted cornelian, agate and rock crystal.



## The Housewife.

### Economical Perfumes.

We give below a few simple recipes for ladies, by which they may manufacture their own perfumes, and have cheaper and better articles than what they usually purchase in the shops:—1. Alcohol, one pint; oil of bergamot, one ounce. 2. Alcohol, one pint; oil or essence of sandal wood, one ounce. 3. Alcohol, one pint; oil of French lavender, half an ounce; oil of bergamot, half an ounce; oil of cloves, one drachm. 4. Alcohol, one ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce. By adding four times as much alcohol to either of the above recipes, you will produce a very good Cologne water.

### Lemon Mince Pies.

Take a large lemon; squeeze the juice from it, and boil the outside till it becomes soft enough to beat to a mash; put to it three large apples, four ounces of suet, the same of sugar, and half a pound of currants; add the juice of the lemon, and some candied fruit, the same as for other pies. Make a short crust, and fill the patty-pans in the usual way.

### Cranberry Tart.

Wash the berries in a pan of water, rejecting all the bad ones; simmer them until they become soft and burst open; sweeten with half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; place it again over the fire till it comes to the boiling point; then place it on a thick under crust, and bake in a moderate oven.

### Fruit Cake.

Take one pint of light dough, one teacupful of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, a teaspoonful of saleratus, one pound of raisins, nutmeg or cinnamon to the taste; bake one hour. Let it stand and rise a little before being baked.

### To broil Ham.

Cut the pieces in thin slices; soak them in hot water fifteen or twenty minutes. Dry them in a cloth and lay them in a hot gridiron, and broil a few moments. Butter and season with a little pepper.

### Sponge Pudding.

Six eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of cream, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one quart of flour. Season with mace or lemon. Bake in a slow oven.

### Ducks.

These ought to lie over night in salt and water. They are then done the same as goose; onion is usually added to the stuffing, unless they are canvas back.

### For a Pain in the Ear.

Oil of sweet almonds, two drachms, and oil of amber, four drops. Apply four drops of this mixture, when in pain, to the part afflicted.

### To dress Beef Tongues.

To dress them, boil the tongue tender; it will take five hours; always dress them as they come out of the pickle, unless they have been very long there; then they may be soaked three or four hours in cold water, or, if they have been smoked and hung long, they should be softened by lying in water five or six hours; they should be brought to a boil gently, and then simmer until tender.

### To stew a Tongue.

Cut away the root of the tongue, but leave the fat underneath, and salt for seven days. Put it into a saucepan, and boil gently until tender, and it will peel easily. Put it into a stewpan, cover it with a rich gravy, into which put a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, one of soy, and half a spoonful of cayenne pepper. Stew in the gravy a few mushrooms, and serve them in the gravy.

### Beef Broth.

Take a leg of beef, and wash it clean; crack the bone in two or three parts; put it into the pot with a gallon of water; skim it well; then put two or three blades of mace in a little bundle of parsley, and a crust of bread; let it boil till the beef is quite tender; toast some bread, and cut it into dice; put them into a tureen; lay in the meat, and pour the soup over it.

### Chicken Broth.

Joint a chicken, wash the pieces, put them into a stewpan with three pints of water, and add two ounces of rice, two or three blades of mace, some white pepper whole, and a pinch of salt; let it come to a boil, skim frequently, simmer for three hours; boil for five minutes in the soup some vermicelli, and serve with it in the soup.

### Egg Balls for Soup.

Take the yolk of six hard boiled eggs and half a tablespoonful of flour; rub them smooth with the yolk of two raw eggs and a teaspoonful of salt; mix all well together; make it into balls, and drop them into the boiling soup a few minutes before taking it up.

### Beef Sausages.

To three pounds of beef, very lean, put one pound and a half of suet, and chop very finely; season with sage in powder, allspice, pepper and salt; have skins thoroughly cleaned, and force the meat into them.

### Egg Dumplings for Soup.

To a half pint of milk put two well-beaten eggs and as much wheat flour as will make a smooth, rather thick batter, free from lumps; drop this batter, a tablespoonful at a time, into boiling soup.

### Smoked Beef.

One quart of molasses, thick with salt; one table-spoonful of saltpetre. The meat to be well rubbed with this; then let it lie three weeks before smoking.

**How to cook a Ham.**

Never put a ham into a kettle of cold water, and be equally careful never to place one into boiling water. First let the water become lukewarm, then put the ham in. Let it simmer or boil lightly for four or five hours—five is better than four; then take it out and shave the rind off. Rub granulated sugar into the whole surface of the ham, so long as it can be made to receive it. Place the ham in a baking dish, with a bottle of champagne or prime cider. Baste occasionally with the juice, and let it bake an hour in a gentle heat. A slice from a nicely-cured ham, thus cooked, is enough to animate the ribs of death.

**To Fricassee a Fowl.**

Cut it in pieces, jointing it well, and boil it tender, with a slice or two of pork cut fine. When nearly done add half a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, to season it. When tender, turn off the water, and add half a pound of butter, or nearly that, and let it fry awhile. Then take out the chicken, and stir in two or three spoonfuls of flour, previously dissolved in cold water, and add the water from the chicken. Let it boil, and pour it upon the chicken on the platter. This makes a superior dish, and needs no vegetables but mashed potatoes.

**Rice Cakes.**

A correspondent of "Field Notes" gives the following:—While visiting the West India islands, I became very fond of rice, cooked after this fashion. They boil the rice in the usual manner, and let it cool, then add a little water or milk to it, making it about the consistency of common buckwheat cakes. Add to this a little salt and a handful of flour, and bake on a griddle as you would batter cakes and buckwheat. An egg will help some by making them bake quicker. Any dyspeptic can eat these rice cakes.

**Halibut, stewed.**

Put into a stewpan half a pint of fish broth, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and one of mushroom ketchup, two good sized onions cut in quarters, a bunch of sweet herbs; add a pint and a half of water, let it stew an hour and a quarter, strain it off clear, put it into the head and shoulders of a fine halibut and stew until tender; thicken with butter and flour, and serve.

**Roast Oysters.**

Large oysters not opened; a few minutes before they are wanted put them on a gridiron over a moderate fire. When done they will open; do not lose the liquor that is in the shell with the oyster; send them hot upon a napkin.

**Egg Pudding.**

Six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of flour; stir well together one pint of rich milk or cream and a little soda; bake in a pint basin one hour with a good fire. Butter and sugar seasoned with lemon is a nice sauce.

**Ice-Water Applications in Croup.**

Dr. McFarlane states that having employed this in "at least two hundred cases" of croup, he can confidently recommend it. Folds of linen or muslin, large enough to cover the whole throat and upper part of the sternum, just sufficiently wet to prevent dripping, should be covered with several thicknesses of dry flannel, the whole being secured by a small handkerchief. When great cold is wanted, two wet cloths should be alternately applied. When the treatment is commenced early, a few hours may suffice to subdue the disease; but in neglected cases several days may be required.

**Rump Steak, stewed.**

Cut a steak about an inch thick with a good bit of fat, fry it over a brisk fire, place it in the stewpan with the gravy, a little good stock, a little port wine, and some chopped mushrooms, stew gently; when tender put it into some good brown sauce, shake it gently about; dish it, and put scraped or grated horseradish on the top; if for oysters or mushrooms, see those sauces; season with salt, cayenne pepper and sugar.

**Beef Heart.**

Let it be thoroughly well cooked, and the skin removed. Wipe it daily with a clean cloth; stuff it with veal stuffing; roast two hours and a quarter. Make a brown gravy, as for hare, and serve with gravy and currant jelly. The most pleasant way to the palate of dressing this dish, is to roast the heart for rather less than two hours; let it get cold; cut it in pieces, and jug it the same as hare.

**Tomato Sauce, for hot or cold Meats.**

Put tomatoes when perfectly ripe into an earthen jar, and set it in an oven, when the bread is drawn, till they are quite soft; then separate the skin from the pulp, and mix this with vinegar, and a few cloves of pounded garlic, both of which must be proportioned to the quantity of fruit. Add salt to your taste. Keep the mixture in small, wide-mouthed bottles, well corked, and in a dry, cool place.

**Cream Pie.**

Three eggs, one cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, and one of cream of tartar; flour enough to make a thin batter. Bake in a round tin, having a rather quick oven. When the crust is cool slice it in two parts; spread the filling (which is the same for cream-cakes) on one of them, and place the other over it.

**Care of Canary Birds.**

The following is a simple method of protecting canary birds from the attacks of insects that infest them and the cages. By placing every night over the cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and in the morning may be seen by carefully examining the cloth. They may thus be soon removed, and then all that is necessary is to thoroughly clean and varnish the cage.

## Editor's Table.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

### FROGGING FROLICS.

The French court has opened new channels of amusement at Fontainebleau this summer. The ladies and gentlemen sit in a row on the banks of the *fosse*, at the bottom of the park, each armed with a long wand, at the end of which is attached a two-pronged fork. Servants beat the rushes at each end of the *fosse*, and frogs pass backward and forward beneath the wall. It is during their passage that they are caught between the prongs and the fork; and it requires no small dexterity, not so much in the catching as in the holding fast when caught, as if not drawn up with the greatest precaution, they are apt to get free. In the opposition of the angler to any such intention consists the great fun, and renders the amusement of frog-fishing one of the most noisy and exciting of all those sports which embellish country life in France. It is in this branch of the sport that the emperor takes the lead. The cunning man now and then watches till Madame Walewski, the best frog-catcher of all the ladies, is absorbed in bagging a more than usually difficult frog, and then deftly transfers the animal to his own prong. Such a contest engages the attention of the whole company. Large sums are lost and won by those who bet upon the first filled basket; but the emperor's backers are generally safe, while those who, relying upon Madame Walewski's clever harpooning, choose to venture a stake upon the number of frogs drawn from the water in any given time, are seldom wrong; but it is in the landing that she fails; and his majesty, who always insists on sitting next to the fair sportswoman—with whom the merry rivalry of skill gives additional interest to the sport—can now and then whisk away in a moment the prey she has harpooned with so much care and pains.

**EXPERIENCE.**—Half of time is day, and half is night; but more than half our conscious being is made up of dreams—and the dreams of the day outnumber those of the night.

**THE NEWSPAPER.**—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought.

### VEGETABLE TALLOW.

The Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office has received specimens of vegetable tallow known to botanists as *myristiba sebifera*. It comes from a nut about the size of a nutmeg, full of meat, which being melted becomes a yellowish tallow, excellent for candles. The plant is a native of Central and South America, and naturally attains a height of ten or twelve feet. It carries herbaceous flowers from July till September, and makes so profuse a secretion of oily matter, that this may be readily obtained from it, in the form of fat, by immersing it in boiling water. H. L. Clarke, Esq., United States minister at Guatemala, writes that he has no doubt that this article might be collected and exported at considerable profit. It grows in immense quantities in the southern departments, and in Verapéz. It is susceptible of such high purification as to resemble the finest sperm—is solid, and quite as transparent. A sample of this production, in the nut and in the tallow, is now among numerous collections at the Patent Office. The cultivation of it from the seed will be tried at the horticultural garden.

**RELIGIOUS.**—The growth of the Christian faith is rapid in Egypt. The American missionaries have in six months distributed 2000 francs' worth of Arabian Bibles along the valley of the Nile.

**"THAT ICE WON'T BEAR!"**—This is one of the latest quaint sayings which expresses so much and is so universally applicable to the shams and humbugs of the day. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the author.

**SMELLING.**—Wordsworth the poet had no sense of smell, and once only in his life the dormant power awakened; when smelling a bed of stocks, he declared it was like a vision of Paradise.

**KEEP COOL.**—Keep your temper in dispute. The cool hammer fashions the red hot iron to any shape needed.

**WATCHFULNESS.**—God often lets us stumble, to put us on our guard against a fall.

## THE TIMES.

"Watchman, what of the night?" This is the inquiry addressed to the guardian on the walls of Zion, by the over-anxious and restless tenant from his midnight couch. And the watchman is expected to be "posted up," and able to give us a satisfactory reply to this call for information. Even so does the public mind hold the newspaper press responsible for correct and timely information as to the times; and the question—what of the times? is urged with as much promptness and decision at the present day, as was that concerning the night in olden times. The well conducted newspaper press of to-day, has in fact taken the place and assumed the functions of the watchman of old; stands upon the high places of observation to behold and note the changes and mutations in the religious, moral and political world, and faithfully to report to the public the new aspects, and impending prospects, the causes for encouragement and alarm, that the times present and approaching future hold forth.

In the religious world of the present time, there is less of fanaticism, less of sectarian heat, less of the reckless spirit of proselytism than heretofore. The liberal sects of Christianity, as they are called, have established their peculiar religious tenets to a certain extent, and have gathered to their support a large, influential, and daily increasing body of professors; they have therefore to a great extent abandoned the rugged and unprofitable ground of sectarian controversy, their eagerness for proselytism, and have come to the wise determination to let their light so shine before men, that the superiority of their profession and practice may controvert the opposing arguments of adverse sects, and win new followers to their cause. Seeing the effect of this homœopathic principle of opposition, the straiter sects have in some measure been compelled to resort to milder and more efficient means for the maintenance of their hold upon the human mind. All this is well, and augurs happily for the approach of that day when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the young child shall play upon the hole of the cockatrice, unharmed.

Following as a consequence from the improved state of religious times, indicated above, the moral principle of man becomes more developed, is made to take a more prominent part in his estimate of a religious life, and thus the temporal comfort and welfare of man in his relations with his fellow-man are advancing. In former days, led on in the blindness of fanatical zeal, men denied the value of morality as an element of religion, and thus produced a most unpleasant

discord. Now morality is recognized as the result of a pure religious life, and harmony is restored.

In the political world, men are getting to think less of party, and more of the worth and fitness of men put up for office. This, too, is well, for there has been too much of party strife heretofore, and well-meaning men have too often called wrong right, because party supremacy seemed to require it. But on the other hand, *one idea men* in public policy are getting to be more numerous and of more consequence than heretofore, which is a bad omen for the peace and stability of the Union. Things are in a transition state in the political affairs of the United States, and the next twelve months will be fraught with much of good or evil to our beloved country. God preserve her!

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EFFECT OF TEA.—The general theory of chemists hitherto has been that tea lessens the waste of the body, and so sustains the bodily powers with less nourishment than is otherwise required. Dr. E. Smith, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, gave the result of some experiments he had made to ascertain the truth of this theory. He found that if there was an abundance of food in the system, and that especially, of the farinaceous fat kinds, tea is a powerful digestive agent, and by promoting the formation of food, it adds in nourishing the body; but with a deficiency of food it wastes the tissues of the body and lowers the vital powers.

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OXYGEN.—The best stimulant in the world is oxygen. The way to take it is by introducing it into the blood. This can be most readily done by taking large quantities of pure air into the lungs. Exercise promotes breathing; and breathing oxygenates the blood, and stimulates the brain to the highest activity.

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EXPRESSIVE.—Thackeray, when speaking of the comparative merits of American and English hotels, winds up with the confession, "America is the poor man's Paradise, England the rich man's Eden."

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BUNYAN.—Hez, on being told that Bunyan stands at the head of the allegorical writers, sagely remarked that he had always thought bunions were confined to the feet.

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STIRRING TIMES.—We are making history fast in these days. Old men will talk of these times to eager listeners among the coming generations.

**SPOILED CHILDREN.**

Those troublesome juveniles, burlesquely denominated by somebody as "angels upon earth," are described in a late London periodical, to the following effect. If any parent should recognize the resemblance of their own offspring in the sketch, they should immediately set about a reformation either in the nursery government or in the parental regime: "Another species of angel which we doubt not is known to most of our readers, will be found in mama's angel boy, or papa's angel girl; but if any be innocent of this knowledge, we strongly recommend him to remain so. Let no lady, with a decent gown on her back, suffer one of them to sit beside her at dessert, for the least to be expected is, that the angel will wipe its sticky fingers on her sleeve, while she will escape well if a whole glass of wine is not thrown over her lap into the bargain. These angels, too, take possession of every one's trinkets, no matter how valuable. They make a couch of a morning visitor's hat, stir the fire with his cane, put his eye-glass into their mouths, and will do their best to get possession of, and, of course, to break, his fifty guinea bouquet. Angels, too, have a monstrous knack of riding on a gentleman's knee, kicking his shins, and if very young, poking his eyes out with their abominable little fingers. Angels of this class make a point of handling everything within their reach, breaking china, oversetting ornaments worse than a monkey, and they kill or maim all sorts of pet animals that cannot defend themselves; they tread upon cat's tails, pull the feathers out of the canary's wings, take the gold fish out of the globe to see what makes them open their mouths, and then leave them to die on the carpet. For these and sundry other reasons, a wise person will cut without mercy all the sundry mamas who bring their angel children out a visiting with them; just as they do those pests of society who keep about them angels—angel dogs, angel macaws, and angel apes."

**FASHION OF THE HOUR.**—The autograph mania and the stamp fever have given place to the rage for collecting war envelopes. One collector in this city has 700 different kinds.

**FLIGHTY.**—A mule slipped with Kit Carson recently in Utah, and both went over a precipice 200 feet high; they alighted in a snow bank, and escaped unhurt.

**A HARD CASE.**—It seems a hard case that when a man dies, his better *half* is only entitled to one third.

**GOOD MANNERS.**

Many people who are very strict in their morality are as careless of their manners as if the courtesies of life were no more worthy of their attention than its frivolities. But they are sadly mistaken. The influence of manners, good or bad, is immense, especially on the immediate happiness of society. Indeed, politeness, suavity, cheerfulness, courtesy, gentleness, and all those nameless qualities which go to make up what we mean by "good manners," are to the weightier matters of life and character what oil is to machinery, making all go smooth and safe, whereas otherwise everything would go rough and wrong. The connection between manners and morals is closer than one is apt to imagine, and many a flagrant breach of the latter has been occasioned by inattention to the former. The formal courtesies of the bar and bench, unmeaning as they seem, are of the greatest importance in maintaining the good order and dignity of the courts. Considering that the very business of the forum is disputation, it is remarkable that any depth of hostility is seldom awakened between the combatants; and this is owing mainly to conventional forms of politeness. "My learned brother" is a much safer opening to a debate, even when the speaker is angry, than an exordium commencing with "The ignorant rascal who appears for the plaintiff in this suit." Gentle words favor gentle thoughts and actions, and *vice versa*.

**EAR FOR MUSIC.**—A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had an ear for music. "Wall," said the old lady, "I really don't know; wont you take a candle and look?"

**BOOTS OF A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.**—An advertisement says, "Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character."

**TRUE ENOUGH.**—Many a man is blackballed by those who are hardly fit to perform that operation on his boots.

**THE GAME OF LIFE.**—In the game of life men most frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

**MAKE THE BEST OF IT.**—Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

**IMPORTANT TO FLYING ARTILLERY.**—The art of gun-hurry.

## AMUSING MISTAKES.

Have you ever been in a printing-office? There are many curious things to be seen there. Perhaps we may describe some of them more particularly hereafter. You would be much interested to watch the *compositors*. They are the men who arrange the types. Each letter, and each punctuation mark, is cast on a separate piece of metal, about an inch long, and these are distributed in small boxes arranged in a frame called a case. One box is for the A's, another for B's, another for commas, and so on. The compositor holds in his left hand a small iron apparatus looking something like an open box with one side out, in which he sets the types, one by one, placing them in proper order to print the words of the written "copy" before him. It requires long practice for a man to set types quickly, and without making mistakes. Sometimes the changing of a single letter will alter the meaning of a whole sentence. Such errors are usually corrected before the paper is printed, but occasionally an amusing blunder is left. For instance, in printing the Bible once, the compositor in setting up the passage "All that a man hath will he give for his life," made it read, "All that a man hath will he give for his wife." The "proof-reader," whose work it is to look for and point out mistakes, found the error, and marked it, but the compositor overlooked it again. The proof-reader seeing the mistake a second time, wrote with his pencil on the margin of the paper, opposite the sentence, "That depends upon circumstances," after which the right letter was inserted. Not long since, a Hartford newspaper, noticing the death of an editor, said "He was a high-winded gentleman;" of course it should have read "high-minded." Another paper says, "the people of India live chiefly on mice," instead of rice. Shortly after an election, a newspaper of the defeated party intended to say, we are *linked* like a band of brothers," but the types were wrong, and said, "We are *licked*, etc." A Missouri paper informed its readers that the *wife* crop of Gasconade county, was 25,000 gals.; but before bachelors could profit by such a fine opportunity, the mistake was corrected by putting *wine* in place of wife.

QUERY.—What is the difference between a forty pound note and a wife at forty? One you can change for two twenties, and the other you can't.

COQUETRY.—A coquette is a rose-bush, from which every young bean plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

## FACTS FROM SCIENCE.

The vulgar and incorrect idea, that the vulture "scents the carrion from afar," so often reproduced by later poets, has no place in Bible poetry. It is the bird's keen eye that enables him to find his prey. Dawson says that the cattle introduced into the Falkland Islands have assumed three varieties of color, which appear to keep themselves distinct. In the same islands the common rabbit has split into two varieties, one of which has been described as a distinct species. In St. Helena and the Gallipagos the rat has passed into varieties very distinct from the common breeds. All these changes must have occurred within a few generations. In South America and Siberia wild horses have assumed a uniform chestnut or bay color. On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, where herds of wild horses have existed since early in the settlement of the country, they have degenerated to the level of Highland ponies. The Jew dispersed over all the world, but preserving his race almost unmixed, is fair or yellow in the north of Europe, of a dark complexion in the south of Europe, and in Malabar absolutely black. The Arab in like manner, is fair in the mountains of Yemon; black in Lower Mesopotamia and Nubia. The Magyars of Hungary and the Turks have, however, lost the characteristic Mongolian features of their ancestors and assumed those of Europeans. The Anglo-American can readily be distinguished from an Englishman.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.—A noted pill-maker advertises that a patient of his has "taken one of his pills every night, for four hundred and forty-nine nights, and been cured of his disease." So we should think! The man that could not be cured of *all* the "ills that flesh is heir to," by taking pills four hundred and forty-nine nights in succession, must have the stomach of an alligator and the constitution of a saw-mill.

STEAM AND TOBACCO.—A late German writer says that the people of the United States can blow up more steamboats, and chew more tobacco, than any other five nations in the world.

STIRRING THE FIRE.—A modern philosopher says, "to stir the fire perfectly requires the touch of a sculptor, the eye of an architect, and the wrist of a dentist."

PROSE AND POETRY.—Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

## TRAVELLERS.

A traveller has been defined as "a man who sells his own land to see other people's;" but in spite of the expense of going about the world and visiting other parts, and in spite of the recognized truth of the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," people will travel. Travellers may be divided into the following classes: those who travel for improvement, those who travel for amusement, those who travel for health, and those who travel for fashion's sake. Some of those who travel for improvement profit by it; most of those who go abroad for amusement are confoundedly bored; many lose their health in the pursuit of it; and those who travel for fashion's sake, had better stay at home. Nine-tenths of the travellers on the European continent, and nine-tenths of the travellers who come to our shores, are Englishmen and Englishwomen. You find English people on the prairies of the far West, on the frozen peaks of Iceland, on the Prater of Vienna, in the bazaars at Constantinople, on the dome of St. Peter's, at the gate of Canton, in short, wherever foot of man, camel, horse or mule has penetrated. And this fever of locomotion and sight-seeing is the more surprising in the Englishman, in the first place, because he is always boasting of his domestic character, and the comfort of his fireside; and, in the second place, because he is never in light marching order, his *impedimenta*, as the Romans admirably styled their baggage, are always of the most ponderous character; for the Englishman, unlike the Yankee and Frenchman, is no make-shift, and is perfectly wretched unless surrounded abroad with all those comforts of the *cuisine* and toilet to which he has been accustomed at home.

It is amusing to read the published travels of even refined and intelligent Englishmen, and observe how much their minds were occupied by the consideration of "creature comforts," and how a bad dinner would prejudice them against a city, or perhaps a country. Frenchmen make the best travellers in the world, unless, perhaps, we except our own countrymen. While the Englishman rigidly adheres to his own customs and habits, and is wretched if he cannot indulge the latter, the Frenchman takes things as they come, and makes it his boast to conform to the customs of those among whom his lot is cast for the time being. Thus a Frenchman of our acquaintance boasted of having eaten ants in Africa, and even confessed to cannibalism on the occasion of banqueting with an Ashantee monarch on the coast of Africa. Yet, like the Englishman, he has his predilections and prejudices; he would have preferred a simple *bouillon* to his dish

of ants, and a plate of *dindon aux truffes* to his slice of baked African, but he had too much *savoir vivre* to permit his taste to stand in the way of his getting along as comfortably as possible among his strange, uncouth associates.

Travelling now-a-days is divested of most of the inconveniences and annoyances which made it so formidable an undertaking in old times, or say even twenty or thirty years since; a journey at that time was an affair not to be undertaken without a shudder and a vast deal of careful preparation. There were visions of nine inside and six on the roof, a maiden lady and handboxes, a drunken driver, botting fill-horses, steep hills and crazy coach-springs. An upset and a run-a-way were about certain to happen. Now the worst to be anticipated is the bursting of a boiler, and the precipitation of a railroad train down an embankment.

It must be confessed that the romance of travelling is injured by its improved facilities. The fumes of smoke do not harmonize with the features of the Rhine, and crossing the Syrian deserts in an omnibus is a most prosaic method of proceeding. However, like Lydia Languish, we must put up with a little comfort after all!

A LIFE FOR A LOAF.—A soldier in Wellington's army stuck his bayonet into a loaf of bread which a woman was carrying from the oven, and proceeded to divide it among his comrades. The affair was reported to the "Iron Duke," who ordered the culprit to be immediately shot. No more loaves were stolen during that campaign.

SYMPATHY.—Sympathy! how barren and worthless existence without it! Without it the universe is but a dungeon around us. The soul thirsts to be known. Every man at times hungers and thirsts to be understood.

AUSTRALIA.—The Melbourne, Australia, Herald states that in less than a quarter of a century, Australia has increased from 170,000 to 530,000 persons, and in ten years has exported 23,000,000 ounces of gold.

VALUATION OF PORTLAND.—The valuation of Portland, recently made by the assessors, is \$14,345,000 real estate, and \$13,556,000 personal estate—an increase over last year of \$800,000.

MILITARY.—An Enfield rifle ball makes two hundred revolutions per second, after leaving the barrel.

A QUESTION.—Whether the "old wine" so much prized is older than older wine?



## THE SLAVERY OF FASHION.

The subject of slavery has been agitated in the papers and political assemblies, stirring up sympathies and passions throughout the civilized world—white slavery and black slavery, serfdom and vassalage, the slavery of the mines and the slavery of the factories—all these phases of thralldom have been commented and expatiated on. The theme has invaded literature and the drama; the universe is ringing with it. And yet the slavery of fashion has found no expounder, no antagonist, and no champion. Yet fashion rules the human race, as no czar or satrap ever rule. Its despotism is as deep in an autocracy as in a republic; its ukases are as potential in New York as in St. Petersburg. Men, women, children and infants in arms are subject to its sway. The strongest man and the weakest babe bow to its fiat. The rudest pagan and the most refined Christian acknowledge its power. Laws have been in vain enacted to control it; tailors and milliners laugh legislation to scorn, and barbers take even legislators by the nose. Fashion makes cripples of the Chinese women; bores the noses of the New Zealanders; covers the tawny hides of our Indians with red or yellow ochre; blackens the nails of the Orientals; and pinches the ribs of the western belles. Fashion dictates the cut of the robe in which the infant goes to the baptismal font, and the shape of the burial case in which the "last of earth" goes to his final resting-place.

At the dictate of fashion men commit every absurdity—and women, too—for both sexes are equally enslaved. Louis XIV., the "great monarch," at whose nod millions trembled, was as much the slave of this despotic potentate as the smallest *petit-maitre* who fluttered at Versailles. Could that same great monarch, the embodiment of the state, take an airing now in Washington Street or Broadway, with his full-bottomed wig, his laced *jabot*, his ruffled cuffs, his stiff, embroidered silk or velvet coat, his red-heeled shoes and gold-headed cane, every loafer would exclaim, "what a guy!" And yet that man, as gorgeously bedizened as a mountebank, thought himself the finest gentleman in Europe. Some centuries before him, his predecessors wore shoes with points three or four feet long and chained up to the knees. How ridiculous in our eyes looks the portrait of good Queen Bess, with her pointed stomacher, her high ruff and her curious head-dress. And the fashions of our day will look just as ridiculous in the eyes of our descendants a century, or perhaps less, hence.

But fashion does not concern herself with dress alone, though there her vagaries are most con-

spicuous and capricious. She meddles with our carriages, houses, furniture and diet. What a queer concern was a state carriage, some two hundred years ago, built of timber enough to make a modern shooting-box, with heavy, cumbersome wheels, all gilt and carved and painted; a ponderous load for four or six of those slow, long-tailed Flemish mares that used to be in fashion! We were about to point out the changes in furniture—but in furniture there is a limit to caprice—a regular revolution of the wheel of time brings uppermost, at certain periods, fashions of furniture that once flourished and fell, and are sure to come into vogue again. Just now, we are in a fever for the style of Louis XV.; those consumptive-legged tables, overloaded with tawdry ornaments and gilding, those little *buffets* and *commodes*, inlaid with Sevres porcelain, and those oval mirrors in which the Pompadours and Ninons were wont to contemplate their painted, patched and powdered charms. The elegant furniture borrowed from the forms affected by the Grecians, and their elegant imitators of the luxurious Italian cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, are quite out of date. Since Louis Napoleon has revived the pageant of the empire, an attempt has been made to revive the fashions of the first French empire—but modern women are hardly prepared to receive the tight-bodied gowns and the waists at a level with the arm-holes, worn by Josephine and the ladies of her court.

Galvanic attempts at revolution have been made and failed. Kossuth hats enjoyed but a spasmodic and brief existence. The Bloomer rebellion was a total failure, though able pens were enlisted in the cause of abbreviated skirts, and female pantaloons. Absolutism in fashion has carried the day, in spite of reformers; trailing skirts are imposed upon the females, and stove-pipe hats upon the males, while the latter are still enslaved to that monstrous abomination with two tails, called with bitter irony a dress-coat. Will the day ever arrive when fashion shall devise and sanction garments that bear some resemblance to the human form, instead of caricaturing it out of all likeness to anything mortal and lovable?

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THREE THINGS.—There are three things which should never be done in a hurry; threading a needle, shooting wild fowl, and getting married.

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OLD STYLE.—Among the officers of the revenue for Boston, in 1770, was an examiner of "remarkable incidents," with a salary of £300.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The Czar of Russia is declared to be very profligate in his private life.

It is said that there is not one machine shop in all Italy. Singular fact.

Wine, called Valerio, two thousand years old, has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii.

The consumption of claret has increased tenfold in England since the new treaty with France.

There are over one hundred and seventy-five miles of gas pipes laid down in London.

The population of London, as lately returned by the census takers, is 2,803,034. In 1851 it was 2,962,263.

A French schoolmaster has recently been punished with two months imprisonment for striking a child in his school.

Cotton growing has been commenced in the British colony of Queensland, Oceanica, with a good prospect of success.

On the Edinburgh and Glasgow railroad they have a starling or parrot at every station to call out the name of the place, it is said.

An Italian version of the prayer-book is in preparation by the society for promoting Christian knowledge for circulation in Italy.

Mr. Bright, M. P., recently said in the English House of Commons, "There is nothing in any country, depend upon it, so noxious as a great military hero."

One of the gayest and most attractive equipages in the *Boise de Bologne*, near Paris, is driven by an American, who made all his large fortune by selling patent medicines.

The house at Berlin in which the Baron Humboldt lived and died, has been completely repaired, and a marble slab placed on the front recording the fact that it was his residence.

It appears from Baring's London Circular, that the credit of the State of Massachusetts ranks higher in the European money market than that of any other State of the Union, and even higher than that of the United States.

A young woman recently fell dead while dancing at a ball in Birmingham, England. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that she died of apoplexy, arising in a great measure from tight lacing.

The British government is having cannon made of puddled steel, consolidated by being beaten with a steam hammer. They weigh 4 1-2 tons, and although only 6 1-2 inch bore, are intended for 100-pound shot.

In 1853, before the Russian war commenced, the national debt of England stood at a few thousands above seven hundred and sixty-nine millions; when it terminated it had risen to £808,108,722; since which period it has been decreased a few millions.

A ship built upon an entirely new plan, and pronounced by the patentee to be unsinkable, has been launched at Deptfordgreen. She is constructed with three decks, each being in itself a distinct ship, so that even if her bottom were destroyed, she would still float buoyantly.

There are over three hundred and twenty paper mills in operation in England.

Napoleon III. was nearly a year and a half in preparing his grand army for Italy.

It costs nearly \$30,000 annually to light the English House of Parliament with gas.

There is a lunatic asylum at Cork, Ireland, which will accommodate five hundred patients.

The bishop of Exeter has given £10,000 towards the foundation of a theological college for the West of England.

Louis Napoleon has bought the celebrated Campana collection of the Roman government for 4,300,000 francs.

According to the last census, the details of which have just been made up, the population of Spain is 15,688,000 souls.

It is calculated that there are from one thousand to fifteen hundred acres of strawberries within ten miles of London.

It has been decided by the Court of Queen's Bench that a marriage with the niece of a deceased wife's sister is illegal.

The Austrians have an odd way of increasing the circulation of newspapers. The police recently closed twenty-seven coffee-houses in Venice because they refused to take the *Verona Gazette*.

Mr. Bishop, a wealthy man of science, who had maintained for twenty-four years an observatory in the Regent's Park, London, at which various discoveries had been made, died recently.

There was a sale of some of Lord Byron's effects at Newstead Abbey, a little while ago. The bard's pipes, decanters, wine, snuff-boxes, musical instruments, his punch-bowl, etc., went off at high figures.

It is the practice in the British army for each soldier to frank his own letter by merely putting on the corner of the letter or envelope, "soldier's letter." This is respected by all the British post-offices.

The new Cunard steamer *Scotia*, the second largest steamer afloat, was launched recently at Glasgow. The *Scotia* is 760 tons larger than the *Persia*, and 1900 tons larger than any other steamer of the Cunard line.

The cork trade of Bordeaux, France, employs 75 workmen, and consumes annually 3,376,846 pounds of cork bark, producing 10,000,000 corks; besides this number, 90,000,000 corks are produced in the neighborhood, making a total of 100,000,000 of corks, worth \$781,665.

The remains of an ancient Irish crown and collar were found in a bog near Clenmacnoise, on the brink of the Shannon, by a countryman, who sold them. From their shape and construction, they are supposed to date from a very early period, perhaps as early as the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

The hospital of Milan, one of the richest in Europe, has received in twelve months, independently of all donations of smaller value, no less than six millions and a half of francs, the result of two bequests—the first of four millions from Count Calderara, and the second of two millions and a half from Baron Colls, who has just departed this life.

## Record of the Times.

Africa is three times as large as all Europe.

The springtime of life—our dancing days.

Nine cubic inches of water become ten when frozen.

There are computed to be fifty thousand clergymen in these United States.

Robert West drank a pint of whiskey in Baltimore, in fifteen minutes, and died at once.

There is a dog hospital in London where stray dogs are taken from the street and cared for. Its patrons include the best people in England.

California and Australia yield nearly \$100,000,000 of gold annually, the latter leading the former about \$10,000,000.

It is estimated that there are two hundred millions of dollars in the Savings Banks of the country.

Two deaths occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., in one week, caused by eating the ends of common friction matches.

Over half a million barrels of flour were received in Chicago from the 1st of January to the 1st of July this year.

A volume which has been missing from Harvard College Library sixty years has lately been returned.

A battery has been invented in Detroit which, with the aid of six men, will discharge three hundred and twenty balls per minute.

A short time ago, a census showed that Essex county had six hundred and ninety sheep and three thousand five hundred dogs, which was a very poor account for old Essex.

The manufacture of milk is as much an art as other manufactures, and to know how to produce the article with the smallest possible quantity of that which comes from the cow, is the grand desideratum.

It has been ascertained that in the quarter ending last midsummer, upward of one thousand persons were convicted in Great Britain of the offence of using false or unjust weights, scales or measures.

In London at the present time there is a mania for starting magazines, which no doubt will blow the proprietors sky-high before many months. Charles Mackay is to publish one entitled "The Robin Goodfellow."

Princess Alice and her young man will not be married till 1862. She will have a dowry of \$150,000, and an income of \$30,000 per year, enough with economy to get along very well with.

An Amesbury cat, a few days since, lost a litter of kittens that were suddenly launched into the Merrimac. Feeling lonely, she started on a tramp and returned with two young rabbits, which she has since nursed regularly.

The Freemasons in Canada propose to establish a Masonic Asylum, at a cost of \$20,000, for the relief of indigent Masons, their wives and families. So soon as the various lodges subscribe half the amount, the Grand Lodge will provide the remainder.

A boarding-house keeper boldly advertises, "Board for two gentlemen with gas!"

The hotel business in New York is exceedingly dull—nothing at all doing.

The new Sultan of Turkey abolishes the harem custom entirely at the palace.

The French emperor is just fifty-three years old, and in improving health, just now.

Edwin Booth has gone to London to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre.

A little wrong done to another is a great wrong done to ourselves.

Dry goods to the amount of \$100,000,000 have been imported into New York in one year.

Great Britain is making large additions to her efficient steam marine just now.

The horse railroad from Boston to Lynn proves a great convenience, and is successful.

The blush of true modesty is like the soul of a rose in the heart of a lily.

The new Sultan of Turkey is not yet quite twenty-one years of age; he promises well.

Thomas Osgood cut his throat after a drunken spree in New York. His death is a sad lesson.

The Philadelphia mint is now coining some \$400,000 daily, chiefly in double eagles.

There are four hundred acres of tobacco being raised in Hatfield, Mass., this season.

There are now nearly three hundred post-offices in California. Fast country.

Prince Edward's Island, British Provinces, has now a population of over eighty thousand.

\$200,000 worth of oil, it is stated, is annually used upon railroads in the United States.

The hunters catch superb wild horses in Winnebago county, Wisconsin.

A man in Milwaukee died lately from taking chloroform while undergoing surgical treatment.

A new expedition to the Arctic regions is about to be undertaken by Capt. W. Parker Snow, of England, in a vessel of forty-five tons.

The ancients in hauling the large stones to erect the pyramids, used to build inclined causeways on which they transported the huge blocks.

A field owned by William Scriptor, in Johnsbury, N. Y., near Lake George, has raised corn for fifty years without the aid of manure, ashes or plaster. According to Scriptor the seed has never been changed, and he has a fair crop every year.

In the New Hampshire Insane Asylum are six patients whose madness arises from love troubles; one from use of tobacco; one from extraction of teeth; one from worms; one from bad trades; five from death of near friends; three from hard work; and four from ungovernable appetites.

The Nebraska Legislature have offered a bounty of five cents per pound on each pound of merchantable brown sugar made from sugar cane raised in the territory in 1861 and 1862. The fertile soil and almost entire exemption from frost in Nebraska render the culture of the sorghum a success there.

## Merry-making.

The great labor of love—money-making.

Where is the centre of gravity? The letter V.

Don't carry your antipathy to royalty so far as to break the crown of your head.

When is a man thinner than a shingle? When he is a shaving.

When is a horse not a horse? When he is turned into a field.

When is a plant to be dreaded more than a mad dog? When it's madder.

Why are soldiers like clocks? Because their first duty is to mark the time.

When was B the first letter in the alphabet? In the days of No A (Noah).

Why is a certain Jewish feast like a bridge? Because it is a passover.

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tidy.

Any merchant may make his house a custom-house by attention to his duties.

When do two and two not make four? When they are beside each other (22).

An arch young lady should be an archer, for she can lead her beau as she pleases.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

What is the difference between a polite man and a dog? The polite man bows, and the dog bow-wows.

You know mock-modesty as you do mock-turtle—from its being the product of a calf's head.

Why should poor people be opposed to the selling of yeast? Because it occasions a rise in flour.

"My son, you must start up from this lethargy." "Would you have me an upstart, dear father?"

What is that which never asks any questions, but it requires very many answers? The street door.

Winchell says the people in Alabama are so hard run for eggs that they have to set their turkeys on Carolina potatoes.

A hen fancier lately procured a picture of a favorite fowl, which was so natural that it laid on his table for several weeks.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

A western editor cautions his readers against kissing short girls, because the habit has made him round shouldered.

"I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, sir," said John.

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he wont. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

A genius "out West" is raising four legged Shanghaes.

That is my impression, as the typo said when he kissed the young lady.

The daughters of the regiment: May they never get out of their teens—i. e., canteens.

A "ladies' shoemaker" advertises himself as one of the luminaries of "the sole her system."

Why is an African like a magician? Because he is a negro man, sir (necromancer).

An affecting sight—to see a young man swapping kisses with a pretty girl.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

A literary gentleman at a great fire, exclaimed, "Dickens, Howitt Burns!"

The man who shot Time on the wing has renewed his age.

It is feared that the soldier who says he got a furlong for a week may be troubled with barley-corns.

79th joke: The commander-in-chief's proclamation extends not only from Pole to Pole, but from Scott to Scott!

Raymond, of the Syracuse Chronicle, heads an editorial, "The Frying Editor to the Stawing Public." What a fiery dog!

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they can leave out their summer clothing.

A young lady in Brandon, Conn., says if any young man who wishes to embrace an opportunity will come to Brandon, he may do better.

Miss Dubois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was young as ever she was.

"Will you take a pinch?" said an acquaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fishmonger. "No, I thank you," replied the latter, "I have just had one from a lobster."

An exchange gives the substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation:—"Death by hanging—round a rum shop!"

An epicure is said to have complained of a haunch of venison, as being too much for one, yet not enough for two. Bonaparte thought the same of the world.

A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed torrents of tears. "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeeling punster, "she must have had a cataract in each eye."

"Well, Jeems," said Zeb, "I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it electrified me." "No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a gal-vanic battery."

"Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball." "Of a ball, madam! Why, so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

"O, my dear sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three altogether when I commenced, I'm sure to be right next time!"

# THE HOME GUARD.



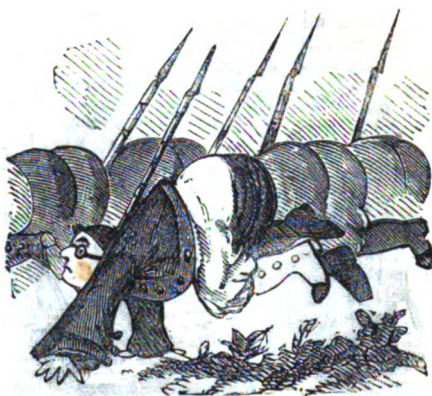
Jones feels patriotic, and joins the Home Guard. His first appearance in public.



Jones in the "double quick." He finds it rather warm work.



Skirmishing movement, No. 1.—armed to the teeth.



Skirmishing movement, No. 2.—a la Leap Frog.



Day very hot—Jones is sun-struck.



By the application of the usual remedies, he revives.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



The city very generously provides a collation, which Jones very much enjoys.



The ladies present the company with a splendid flag.



They gratify their friends with a dress parade in the presence of the governor and staff.



Grand charge; and fearful result, owing to the excitement of a soldier, who imagines Jones a Simon Pure enemy.



The wound proves dangerous—Jones in a critical position.



Jones recovers, and receives the congratulations of friends.

# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 5.

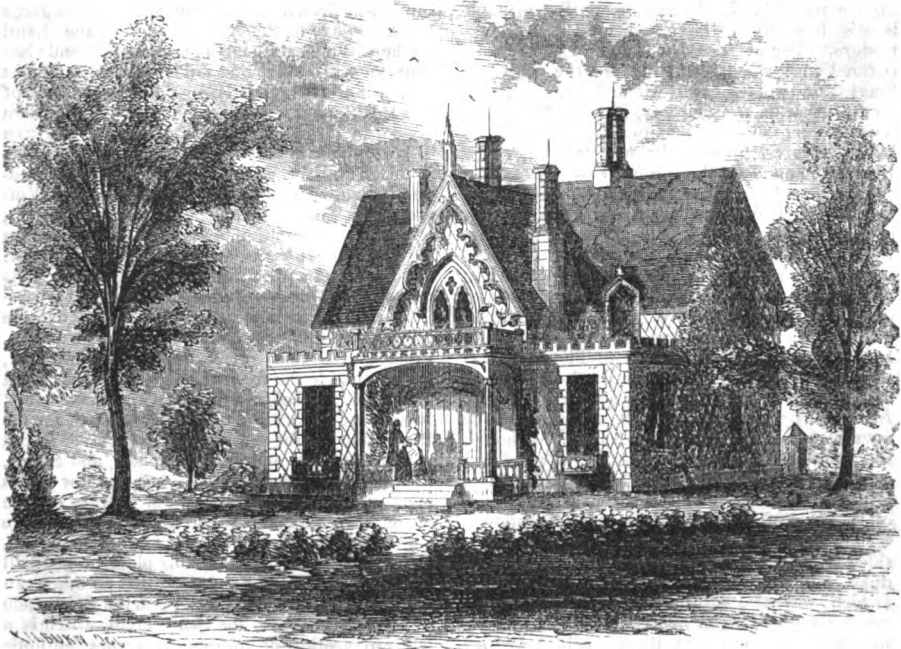
BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1861.

WHOLE No. 83.

## GLIMPSES AT MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

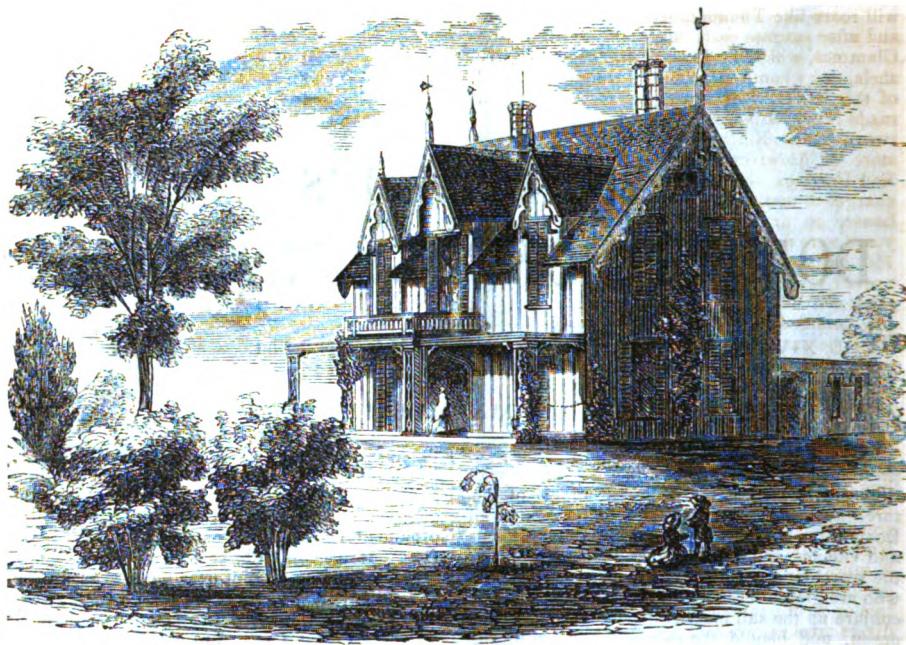
MASSACHUSETTS BAY has many scenes of prominent interest. Dotted here and there with islands, its course is marked with much of picturesque beauty. In the immediate vicinity of Boston, the coast is bordered by thriving towns and villages, and furnishes many a retreat during the scorching season to the denizens of city life, who are glad to escape the sweltering heat, and conjure up the salt breeze that sweeps in from the ocean, and behold the rollers coming in on the smooth beach sand, or dashed to shivers on the frowning rocks. Thanks to our artist, we are enabled to present our readers with a series of faithful sketches showing various localities in and about Swampscot. The first of our engrav-

ings gives a view of the residence of Mr. Mudge, at Swampscot. It is a very tasteful dwelling, situated on a rise of ground, is built substantially of stone, and has a fine lawn and many beautiful ornamental trees. The residence of Mr. J. D. Bates forms the subject of our second sketch. It is situated on a point near the Ocean House, and the grounds surrounding it are very extensive, and cultivated and ornamented with great taste. Following next in order, we give a view of Egg Rock, Nahant, as seen from Phillips Beach. We see the famed Nahant Hotel looming up like a fortress, while the outline of the strange isolated rock is admirably true to nature. A peculiar interest attaches itself to the Hotel,



RESIDENCE OF MR. MUDGE, LYNN, NEAR SWAMPSCOT.





RESIDENCE OF J. D. BATES, ESQ., SWAMPSCOT.

as it no longer will greet the tourist's eye, it having been recently destroyed by fire. Egg Rock is nearly three miles from Nahant, and though apparently of limited extent, it contains three acres of land. It belongs to Salem, and is said formerly to have been used as a sheep pasture. The peninsula of Nahant was formerly covered with woods, which were the haunt of foxes and wolves, and we find by the Lynn records, that on training day, in 1662. "Captain Turner went with his company to Nahant to hunt the wolves by which it was infested." In 1629, Nahant was the property of an Indian chief, who was called by the English, Duke William or Black Will, and whose father, a sachem of Swampscot, died before the arrival of the English. This gentleman having a turn for land speculation, sold his property several times to different individuals, and the peninsula was used to pasture sheep and swine, though the wolves annoyed the sheep owners more or less. In 1630, Black Will sold Nahant to Thomas Dexter, an enterprising man who lived on the west bank of the Saugus River, for a suit of clothes. Afterwards Dexter brought a suit against the town of Lynn for occupying Nahant. Though it appeared on the trial that the Indian chief had actually sold the peninsula to Mr. Dexter, yet he failed to show that he had ever held possession of it. One of the witnesses testified as follows: "1630. William Witter was a farmer, and resided at Swampscot. He says: 'Blacke will, or duke william, so called, came to my house (which was two or three miles from Nahant), when Thomas Dexter had bought Nahant for a suit of clothes, the said Blacke will Asked me what I would give him for the Land my house

stood vpon, it being his land, and his ffather's wigwame stood their abouts, James Sagomore and John, and the Sagomore of Agawame, and diuers more, And George Sagomore, being a youth was present, all of them acknowledging Blacke will to be the Right owner of the Land my house stood on, and Sagomore Hill and Nahant was all his;' and adds 'that he bought Nahant and Sagomer Hill and Swamscoats of Black William for two pebble stones.'" William Wood, in "New England's Prospect," written in 1633, gives a very graphic and particular account of Nahant, as follows: "The next plantation is Saugus, sixe miles Northeast from Winnesimmet. This Towne is pleasant for situation, seated at the bottom of a Bay, which is made on the one side with the surrounding shore, and on the other side with a long sandy Beach. This sandy Beach is two miles long, at the end whereof is a necke of land called Nahant. It is sixe miles in circumference, well wooded with Oakes, Pines, and Cedars. It is beside well watered, having, beside the fresh Springs, a great Pond in the middle, before which is a spacious Marsh. In this necke is a store of good ground, fit for the Plow; but for the present it is only used to put young Cattle in, and weather goates, and Swine, to secure them from the Woolues; a few posts and rayles, from the low water markes to the shore, keepest out the Woolves and keepest in the Cattle. One Black William, an Indian Duke, out of his generosity, gave this place in generall to this plantation of Saugus, so that no other can appropriate it to himselfe. Vpon the South side of the sandy Beach, the Sea beateeth, which is a true prognostication to presage stormes and foule weather, and the breaking up of the Frost. For

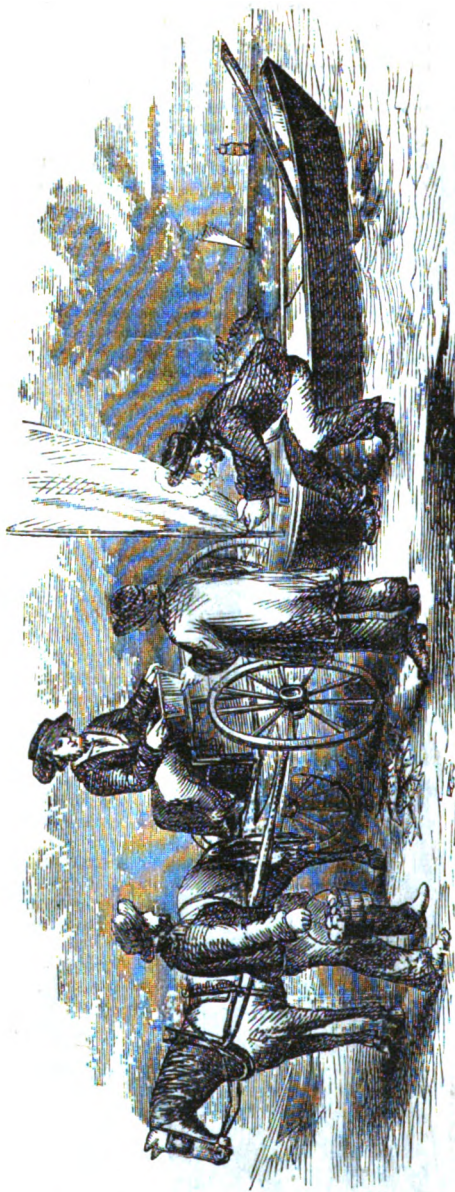
when a storme hath beene, or is likely to be, it will roare like Thunder, being heard sixe miles; and after stormes casts up great stores of great Clammes, which the Indians, taking out of their shels, carry home in baskets. On the North side of this Bay is two great Marshes, which are made two by a pleassante river which runnes between them. Northward up this river goes great store of Alewives, of which they make good Red Herrings; insomuch that they have been at charges to make them a wayre, and a Herring house, to dry these Herrings in; in the last years were dried some 4 or 5 Lasts [about 150 barrels] for an experiment, which proved very good; this is like to prove a great enrichment to the land (being a staple commoditie in other Countries), for there be such innumerable companies in every river, that I have seen ten thousand taken in two hourse, by two men, without any weire at all, saving a few stones to stone their passage up the river. There likewise come store of Basse, which the Indians and English catch with hooke and line, some fifty or three score at a tide. At the mouth of this river runnes up a great creeke into that great Marsh, which is called Rumny Marsh, which is 4 miles long, and 2 miles broad, halfe of it being Marsh ground, and halfe upland grasse, without tree or bush; this Marsh is crossed with divers creekes, wherein lye great store of Geese and Duckes. There be convenient ponds for the planting of Duck coyes. Here is likewise belonging to this place, divers fresh meadowes, which afforde good grasse; and four spacious ponds, like little lakes, wherein is store of fresa fish, within a mile of the town; out of which runnes a curious fresh brooke, that is seldom frozen by reason of the warmnesse of the water; upon this stream is built a water Milne, and up this river come smelts and frost fish, much bigger than a Gudgeon. For wood there is no want, there being store of good Onkes, Wallnut, Cedar, Ashe, Elm. The ground is very good, in many places without trees, and fit for the plough. In this place is more English tillage than in all New England and Virginia besides, which proved as well as could be expected, the Corn being very good, especially the Barley, Rye and Oates. The land affordeth to the inhabitants as many varieties as any place else, and the sea more; the Basse continuing from the middle of April to Michaelmas (29th Sept.), which stayes not half that time in the Bay (Boston Harbor); besides, here is a great deal of Rock Cod and Macrill, from one end of the Sandie beach to the other, which the inhabitants have gathered up in wheelbarrowes. The bay which lyeth before the Towne, at a low spring tide, will be all flats for two miles together, upon which is great store of Muscle bankes, and Clam bankes, and Lobsters, among the rocks and grassie holes. These flattes make it unnavigable for shippes; yet, at high water, great Boates, Loiters, and Pinnaces, of 20 and 30 tun, may saile up the Plantation; but they neede have a skillful Pilote, because of

many dangerous rockes, and foaming breakers, that lye at the mouth of the Bay. The very aspect of the place is fortification enough to keep off an unknown enemy; yet it may be fortified at litle charge, being but few landing-places thereabout, and those obscure." Ill luck seems to have attended both the seller and purchaser of Nahant, for in 1633 Dexter was ordered to be "set in the billbowes, disfranchised and fined X.£. for speaking reproachful and seditious words against the government here established," and in the same year, Black Will was hung at Ric-

EGG ROCK AND NAHANT—FROM PHILLIPS BEACH.







CHARACTERISTIC SCENE, PHILLIPS BEACH.

man's Island, Scarborough, Me., "in revenge for the murder of Walter Bagnall, who was killed by the Indians on the 3d of October, 1631." It does not appear that Black William had any part in the murder, and if he had, Governor Winthrop says that Bagnall was "a wicked fellow, and had much wronged the Indians." In 1660, three acres of Nahant were sold for £6. Land has risen considerably since. In the great snow storm of 1717, a great number of deer came from the woods for food, and some fled to Nahant, and being chased by the wolves, leaped

into the sea and were drowned. Before 1800 there were only three houses at Nahant.

In another engraving we give a characteristic scene—a fish-dealer bargaining for mackerel; one fisherman busy with his sail, and another arriving with a bucket of clams for bait. Next in order comes a view of Squaw Rock, Squantum. This locality is as well known as any point on our coast. It projects into the sea between Dorchester and Quincy Bay, and is in a part of the town of Quincy, called Squantum. It is a bold, rocky promontory, the profile of which stands forth in bold relief, as our engraving shows. The neighborhood of this rock is a place of great resort, during the warm season, to parties piscatorially and socially inclined, and showing a joyous scene of sport, as it is looked down upon. The "oldest inhabitant," as well as the youngest, is familiar with its features. The whole line of the New England coast abounds in spots possessing similar attractions, and each one can reckon its hundreds of admirers, who make their annual pilgrimage to the shrine during the summer season, carrying away memories of pleasure which endure till the next visit. There is not a rocky headland, nor a silent cove, that is not prolific of pleasant or inspiring associations. And yet there are many unexplored localities, which will doubtless become treasures to a future and more crowded population.

Our series close with a fine representation of the favorite Nahant boat, "Nelly Baker." She is an admirably built boat, of elegant model, strong, substantial, seaworthy and fast, and attracts much attention among the other craft in our waters, as she shoots along like a star and leads them all. The frequent rough water which the Nahant boat has to encounter in the course of the season renders such a craft as this indispensable to the comfort of boarders and visitors at Nahant. The Nelly Baker was built at Greenport, New York, in 1854, by Mr. Samuel Sneden, for the Nahant Steamboat Company, Francis S. Newhall, president. She is 146 feet 11 inches in length, 25 feet 10 inches in breadth, 8 feet 6 inches in depth, and of 303 71-95ths tons burthen. She is, in all respects, staunch, seaworthy, and in good condition, having suitable means of escape in case of accident, from the lower to the upper deck. She is provided with one low pressure boiler, 22 feet long, and 8 feet in diameter, constructed of the best quality of American iron in the best manner. Her engine is low pressure, 32 inches in diameter in the cylinder, and ten feet stroke. She has two forcing pumps, and two hundred feet of hose, twenty fire buckets, a life-boat and one hundred life-preservers, which are suspended over the main-gangway. It will thus be seen that she is every way fitted for the service she has to perform. A trip to Nahant and back in the Nelly Baker is one of the most refreshing excursions that can be taken, and during the warm season is eagerly availed by large numbers of our citizens, who seek relief from the heated life of the city.

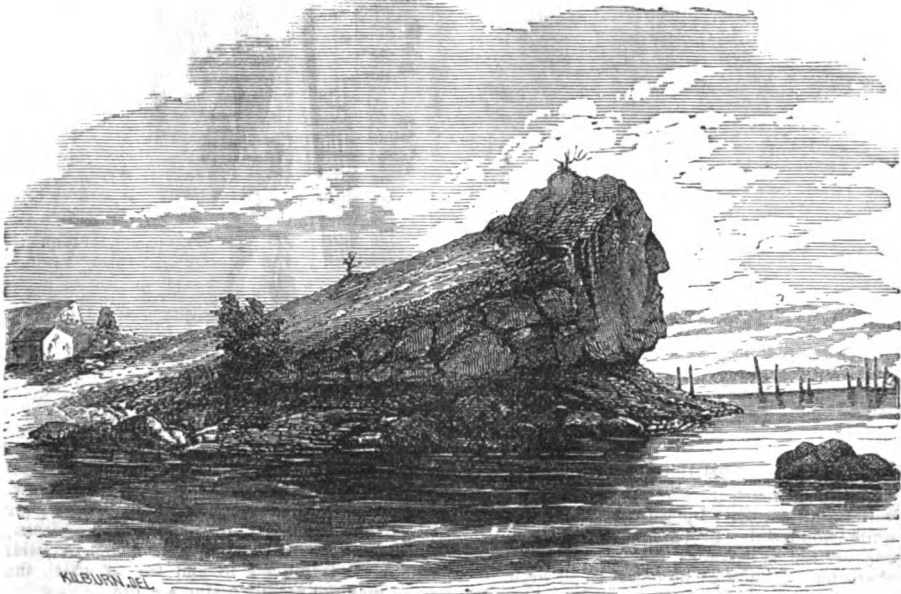
## THE NERVES OF LONDON.

Subterranean London will ere long be as busy a scene of jostling humanity as are now its crowded streets. Railroads have begun by steady sap to invade the domain of sewers—a domain in itself as intricate, as vast, and as unceasingly growing as the system of thoroughfares beneath which they burrow. But this is not enough. Gas, water, drainage, locomotion, do not supply all the needs of so enormous a community; for, in proportion as new districts are absorbed and become part of this huge human coral reef, does the demand grow imperative for a more and ever more artificial organization of the means whereby intercommunication between every part of such a metropolis may be maintained and quickened. And so, ground and under-ground being already occupied by the complex arrangements for supplying the physical requirements and gratifying the locomotive impulses of three millions of citizens, it is left to the air to become the medium for transmitting the more subtle element of their thoughts. Already men begin to look up and wonder at the cobweb of wires that is being spun over their heads, along and athwart streets and squares. With something like awe one sees—besides the long graceful catenaries of the two or three scarce visible lines that have hitherto traversed the sky and betokened the old-established high-roads of electric thought—new groups of long dark cables, looped at intervals to strained wires that support them, and looking like the first radical “spinners” constructed by the spider to carry the finer and continuous tissue of his web. Already, as their long lines shoot, week by week, from street to street, these aerial cables are visibly triangulating London, and it will soon be every one’s business to discover to which of several electric districts his street and

house belong. The fact is, these cables are to bear to a system of telegraphy much the same relation as the main pipes of the water and gas companies bear to our domestic supplies of the liquid which Londoners are content to drink, and of that foul, gaseous mixture which they as cheerfully pay for as if it were the purest light producer that could be laid on to their dwellings. We are, in short, henceforward to have our telegrams “laid on.” It will soon be the fault of every householder if he allows prejudices to prevent his transacting business from his domestic snugery, from his breakfast-table, nay, even from his bed.

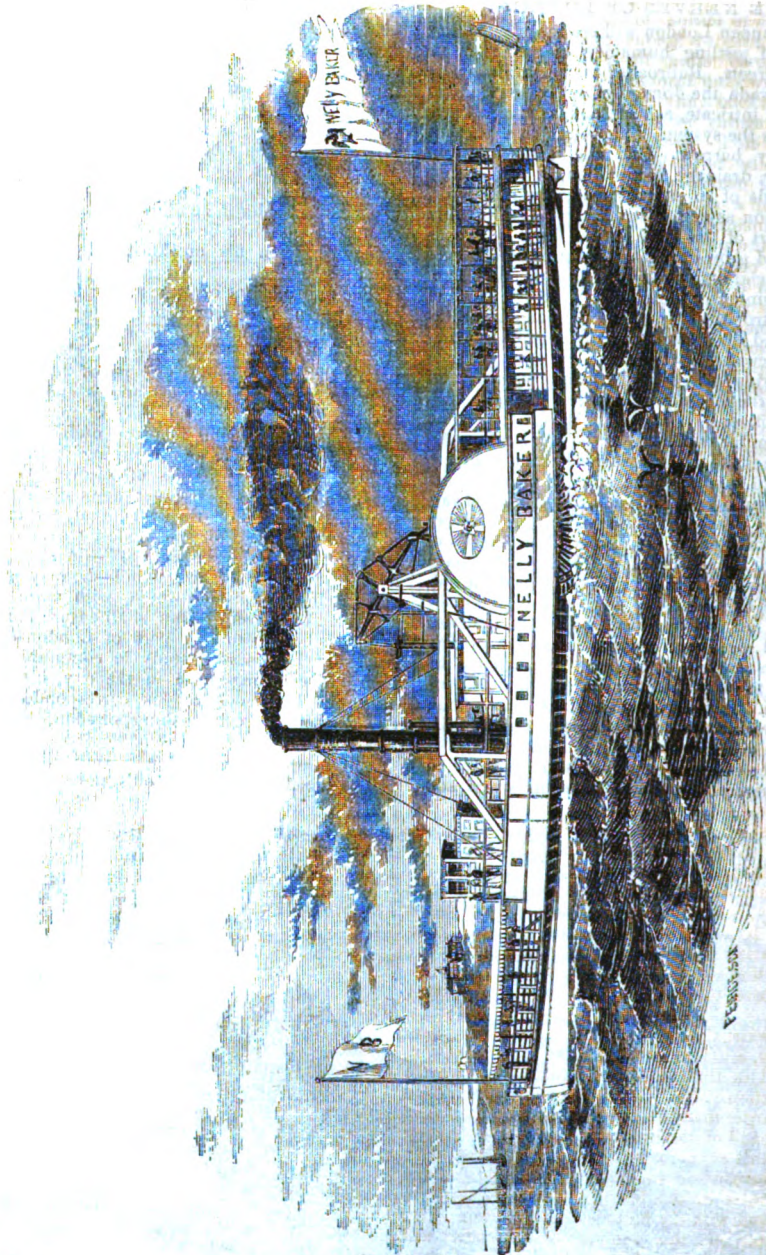
The maledictions of an æsthetic few will certainly pursue Professor Wheatstone and the host of telegraphic inventors. For it is difficult to see the sky-line of every great thoroughfare barred by long, heavy sweeps of black rope crossing them at all uncouth angles, and marring the effect of the vertical lines of many a fine façade, without feeling that the useful and the beautiful are in some way diverging further and further with the progress of science. On the other hand, what pleasanter news could reach the “business man” than this, that, by means of these ropes, and for the modest “sum of £4 per wire per mile per annum”—in short, for about the amount of his gas bill—he may secure to himself the talisman which, with more than the speed of Efreot or Jinn, shall ensure the carrying his behests to any part of London—nay, even put his private study in communication with his counting-house in the city, his warehouse in Liverpool, or his correspondents in Glasgow, in Paris, Petersburg, or soon, perhaps, in Peking.—*Saturday Review.*

The broad sunshine is God’s smile on nature.



SQUAW ROCK, AT SQUANTUM.





THE NAHANT STEAMER, "NELLY BAKER"

**ICEBERGS.**

As we approach the bergs they assume a great variety of forms. Indeed, their changes are quite wonderful. In passing around a single one we see as good as ten, so protean is its character. I know of no object in all nature so marvellously sensitive to a steady gaze. Sit motionless and look at one, and fixtured as it appears, it has its changes then. It marks with

unerring faithfulness every condition of atmosphere, and every amount of light and shadow. Thus manifold complexions tremble over it, for which the careless observer may see no reason, and many shapes, heights and distances swell and shrink it, move it to and fro, of which the mind may not readily assign a cause.

The large iceberg for which we bore away this morning resembled, at one moment a cluster of

Chinese buildings, then a Gothic cathedral, early style. It was curious to see how all that mimicry of a grand religious pile was soon transmuted into something like the Coliseum, its vast interior now a delicate blue and then a greenish white. It was only necessary to run on half a mile to find this icy theatre split asunder. An age of ruin appeared to have passed over it, leaving only the two extremes—the inner cliffs of one a glistening white, of the other a blue, soft and airy as the July heavens.

In the neighborhood were numbers of block-like bergs, which, when thrown together by our perpetual change of position, resembled the ruins of a marble city. The play of the light and shadows among its inequalities was charming in the extreme. In the outskirts of this Palmyra of the waves lay a berg closely resembling a huge ship of war, with the stern submerged, over which the surf was breaking finely, while the stem, sixty or seventy feet aloft, with what the fancy easily shaped into a majestic figure-head, looked with fixed serenity over the distant waters. As we ran athwart the bow it changed instantly into the appearance of some gigantic sculpture, with broad surfaces as smooth as polished ivory, and with salient points cut with wonderful perfection. The dashing of the waves sounded like the dashing at the foot of rocky cliffs, indicative of the mass of ice below the surface.—*After Icebergs with a Painter.*

#### WOMAN'S DRESS.

A healthy dress permits every organ in the body to perform its functions untrammelled. The fashionable style does not allow this free action of the vital parts, and hence the present feeble, crippled condition of the women of America. This evil, together with other physiological errors, is doing much to shorten the lives of our women, and compromise the health and life of the whole American race. To avert these sad results, and to improve the health of our women generally, it is proposed that the following style of dress be adopted. The dress has been worn by the writer nearly nine years, and she is happy to say that it has saved her from a consumptive's grave, to which she was slowly but surely tending.

The waist should be several inches longer than the body, a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action. The bands of the skirt should be much larger than the body, buttons to be placed on the band of the inside skirt, just as they are on a man's pants for suspenders, and the same elastic suspenders worn, crossing behind. Make button-holes in the bands of the other skirts to correspond with the buttons on the inside skirt, and button on; thus one pair of suspenders will carry three or more skirts. This style of dress is attended by no discomfort to the wearer, and allows full action to every organ of the body; at the same time it is sufficiently fashionable to escape observation. Of course corsets should never be worn. And with the skirt supported as above described, there is no apology for wearing them.

Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline

which the greatest artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, as advised above, there will be no need of whalebones to keep it down. God knew what he was doing when he made the human body, and made it just right in every way; and we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.—*Lewis's New Gymnastics.*

#### CAFE INCIDENTS.

I have already spoken of the Cafe Procope, and here I will only add an anecdote illustrative of the scenes that sometimes occurred there, and of the national character generally in the reign of Louis XV. One afternoon that M. de Saint Foix was seated at his usual table, an officer of the king's body guard entered, sat down, and ordered "a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll," adding, "It will serve me for a dinner." At this Saint Foix remarked, aloud, that "a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, was a confoundedly poor dinner." The officer remonstrated; Saint Foix reiterated his remark, and again and again declared that nothing the gallant officer could say to the contrary would convince him that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, was not a confoundedly poor dinner. Thereupon a challenge was given and accepted, and the whole of the persons present adjourned as spectators of a fight, which ended by Saint Foix receiving a wound in the arm. "That is all very well," said the wounded combatant; "but I call you to witness, gentlemen, that I am still profoundly convinced that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner!" At this moment the principals were arrested, and carried before the Duke de Noailles, in whose presence Saint Foix, without waiting to be questioned, said: "Monseigneur, I had not the slightest intention of offending the gallant officer, who, I doubt not, is an honorable man; but your excellency can never prevent my asserting, that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner. "Why, so it is," said the duke. "Then I am not in the wrong," remarked Saint Foix; "and a cup of coffee—" At these words magistrates, delinquents, and auditory, burst into a roar of laughter, and the antagonists became friends. It was a more bloodless issue than that which occurred to Michel Lepelletier, in later years, at the Cafe Fevrier. He was seated at dinner there, when an *ex garde-du-corps*, named Paris, approached him, inquired if he were the Lepelletier who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and, receiving an affirmative reply, drew forth a dagger, and swiftly slew him on the spot.—*Dr. Doran's Table Traits.*

No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us from heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.—*Vilette.*



## SCENES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.



BRUNN, AND THE FORTRESS OF SPIELBERG.

We present our readers on this and the following pages with a series of faithful views of remarkable places in the old world, engraved in a style of great elegance. "No pent up Uica contracts our powers," and we feel at liberty to range over the world in quest of subjects, knowing well that our travelled readers will thank us for reviving their reminiscences of interesting places they have visited, while those who perhaps never think of going abroad, are glad to see the wonders of the world brought before their eyes, without the trouble, danger and expense of trans-atlantic travel. The first picture of this

set shows us a general view of the city of Brunn, a fortified place of the Austrian empire, the capital of the governments of Moravia and Silesia, and situated on a declivity at the confluence of the Schwarza and Zwitzawa, 70 miles north-northeast of Vienna, 116 miles southwest of Prague, and connected with both cities by railroad. It contains about 45,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Roman Catholics. It is quite a picturesque old place, as our engraving shows. In the foreground we see the decaying statue of some old bishop or saint, and a crumbling bridge crossing the narrow stream, with



loaded wâgons passing into the plain beyond. Beyond the profile of the city, with its half-oriental spires and domes, we behold an eminence, crowned by a massive pile of buildings. That eminence is the fortress of Spielberg, erected for the defence of the place, but converted into a state prison, where some of the noblest spirits of the age, including Silvio Pellico, the author of "My Prisons," have languished, the victims of political despotism—men guilty of the deadly sin of cherishing liberal ideas. The streets in Brunn are narrow and crooked, but they are well paved and lighted. Among its many fine buildings are the cathedral, St Jacob's, and several other fine churches, the *landhaus*, the bar-

racks, the city hall, the theatre, and several princely palaces. There are a large park and a public garden, well laid out and planted with trees, flowers and shrubbery, and containing a statue of the Emperor Francis I. Brunn is the seat for the chief military and legal courts and authorities for Moravia and Austrian Silesia; of a bishop's see, and a Protestant consistory. Like nearly all the cities of Germany it has ample provisions for education. It has a philosophical institute, theological, diocesan, and normal schools, a royal gymnasium, provincial, agricultural and historical societies, a museum, botanic garden and public. Here also is a provincial bank, with a large capital. Its manufac-

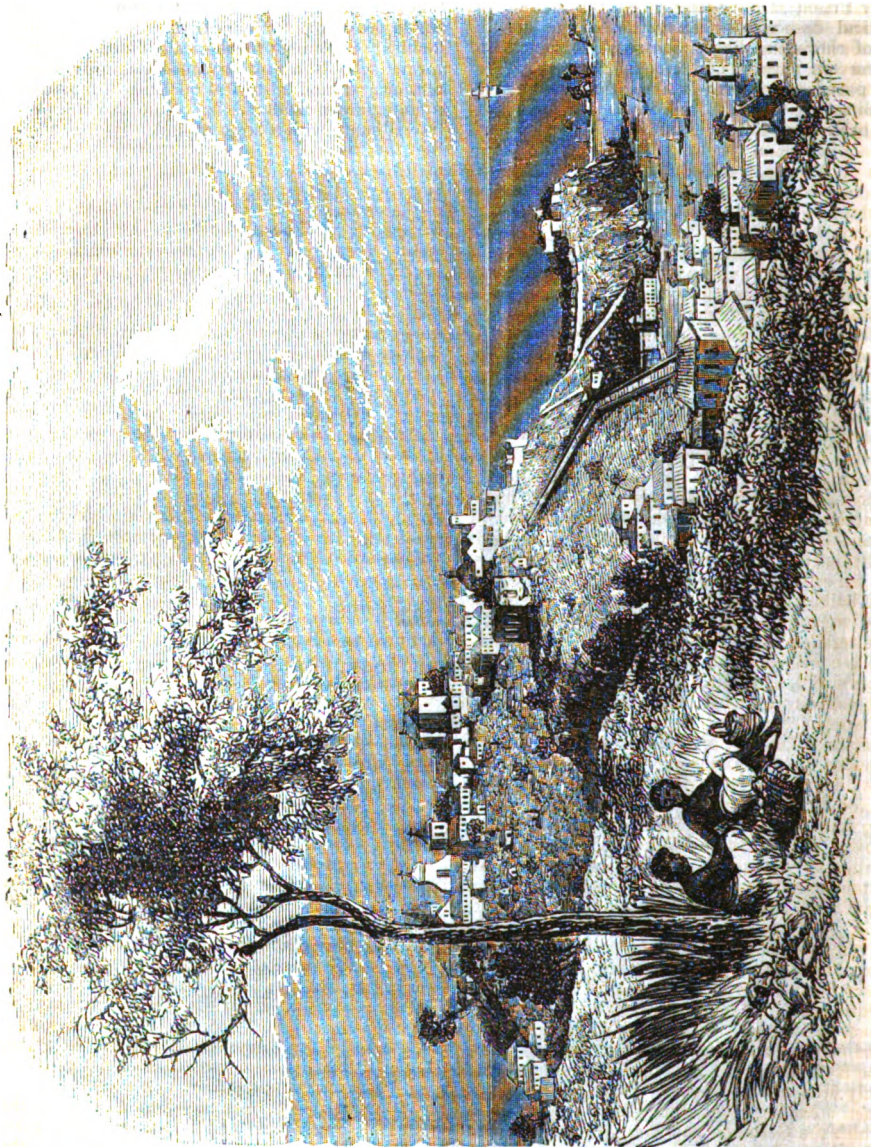


VIEW OF THE CITY OF DRESDEN.



tures of woolen goods are the most extensive in the Austrian dominions. Cotton goods, silk, glass, soap, tobacco and machinery are also extensively manufactured here. Its tanneries and leather factories are very important. It is the centre of a large trade between Bohemia and Austria, and the countries north and east of the

In 1550 the plague swept off 4000 of its inhabitants, and the memory of this scourge and of its victims is perpetuated by a column erected in the great square. In December, 1805, Napoleon established his headquarters here, previous to his brilliant victory of Austerlitz, and in 1800 the chief defences of Fort Spielberg were destroyed



ST. PAUL DE LOAND.

Carpathian mountains. It is connected by railroads with Vienna, Breslau, Prague and Pesh. The condition and character of some of its buildings attest the antiquity of the city. Its citadel was blockaded by the Hungarians in 947, and the town itself besieged by the Swedes in 1645, and the Prussians in 1742. It has often been destroyed by fire, and as often risen from its ashes.

by the French. Spielberg and Silvio Pellico are names henceforth inseparable. But for the captivity of Pellico, the rock of Moravia would have remained what in reality it is, a dark and severe state prison; but, after all, like other establishments of the same kind, the *Mie Prigione* (my prison) suddenly drew it from its obscurity and gave it a European renown. The author of

*Mie Prigione* is dark in his descriptions; as he sketches a portrait in a few strokes of a pencil—and this portrait is not the less deeply graven in the memory—so he devotes but a few lines to informing us that this prison was his dwelling, and came near being his tomb. Few travellers have visited Spielberg, for the Austrian government rarely grants them permission to do so, and those who obtain the necessary authority do not always make up their minds—particularly if they are Germans, and in any way connected with Austria—to reveal to the public what they have seen. We have, therefore, been fortunate in discovering a description of Spielberg, written by a Frenchman, M. Remacle, inspector of prisons in France, published in the *Memoires de l'Academie du Gard*, and translated into German in the *Conversations-Blatt*. The fortress is situated on a hill about 800 feet in height. The ordinary prisoners are criminals of the arch-duchy of Austria, Moravia and Bohemia, whose term of incarceration is more than ten years. The customary road by which the prison is reached, is from the city side. At a hundred and fifty paces from the first gate is found a guard-house, which furnishes sentinels for the mountains; then an enclosure of palisades and a second guard-house. By a steep ascent you reach a stairway with a door at either extremity; and having mounted the last step, you are in front of the prison, with a rampart on the right and left, a post and the director's quarters. The prison contains individuals of both sexes. When M. Remacle visited it, it contained 375 individuals, distributed through six quarters, each composed of ten cells of unequal size. Besides this there are buildings devoted to hospitals, store-houses and workshops. The traveller measured one of the smallest cells, similar to that in which Silvio Pellico was confined, before he was placed with Maroncelli, and found it about 12 by 18 feet. The furniture was as follows—a camp bed, with a woolen covering, a straw mattress, a few shelves at the foot of the bed, a pitcher, and a wooden basin. The window, about six feet from the floor, was guarded by strong iron bars. Since it was decided to warm the dungeon during half the year, the cells have each received a stove. It is to Silvio Pellico and the profound sympathy the recital of his sufferings caused throughout Europe, that the present prisoners of Spielberg owe the amelioration of their condition. We know how very small was the portion of the nourishment allotted daily to each prisoner at the period of the captivity and the protracted sufferings of the author of *Mie Prigione*. During the first year Pellico suffered all the torments of hunger. Poor Oroboni, with his frail and delicate organization, fell a victim to it. If the food meted out with such parsimony had only been eatable—but its very smell excited disgust. Among other things was a preparation which the Germans call *brennesuppe*, consisting of flour and lard fried. "It was nauseous," says Maroncelli, the companion of Silvio Pellico. At Spielberg they made a large potfull of this every six months, and every morning took out the necessary quantity. This wretched trash was afterwards thinned with boiling water. Maroncelli tells us that his friend could not swallow this mixture. He put aside the slices of rye bread which swam in it and kept them for his

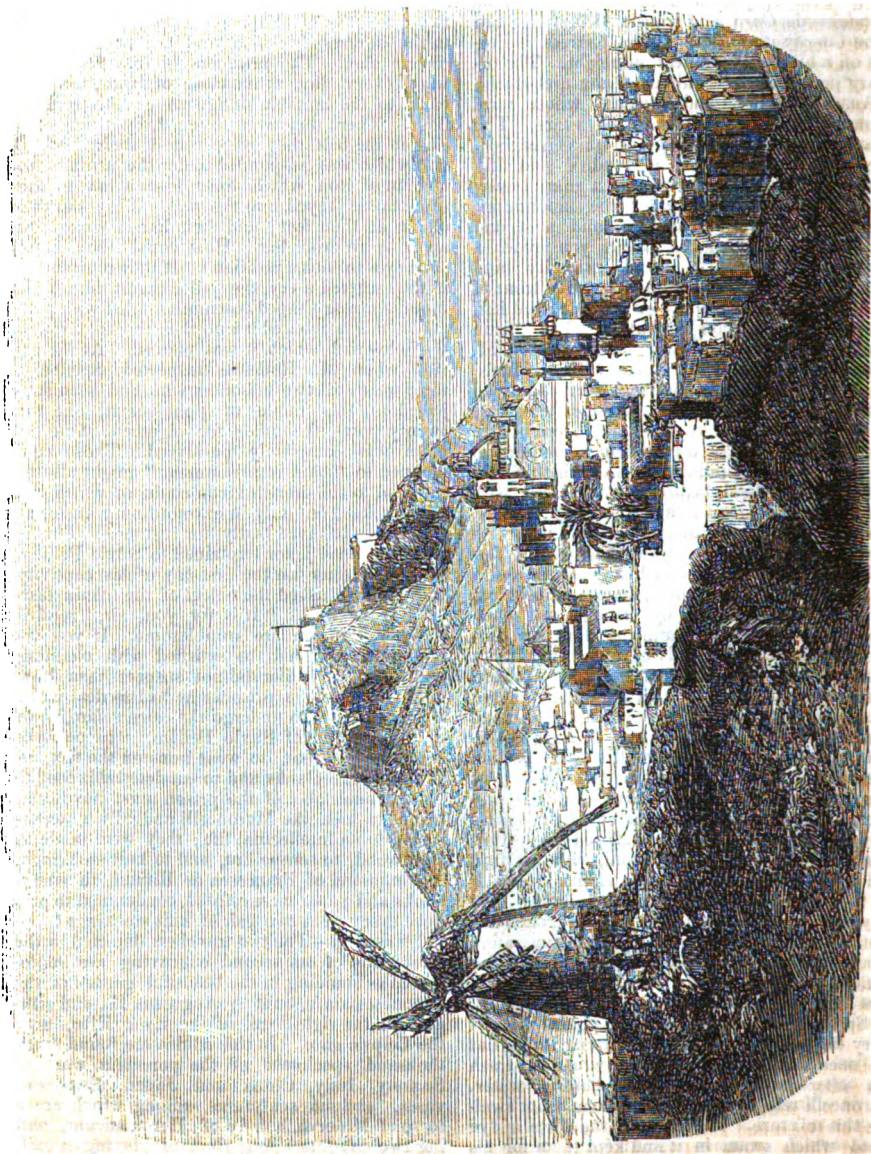
dinner, after drying them in the sun. Since the time of Pellico and Maroncelli, the alimentary diet of the prison of Spielberg is said to have been improved. The prisoners now receive meat on Sunday, and vegetables on week days, and their allowance of bread has been increased half a pound daily. But, alas, why have not the other prisoners of the Austrian monarchy had their Silvio Pellicos? These measures of humanity have been restricted exclusively to Spielberg. "In most of the prisons of Austria," says M. Remacle, "I have seen the prisoners dying of consumption for want of sufficient nourishment." It is also due to Silvio Pellico that the penalty of *carcere durissimo* has been abolished. There were formerly at Spielberg two categories of prisoners; a part condemned to the *carceres durissimo*, and the others to the *carcere duro*. The prisoners of the first class were, every day, at the close of labor, brought back to the horrible dungeons on the ground floor. There they were fastened, by means of a ring in the belt they wore round their bodies, and which was suspended under the armpits, to a chain of iron which hung from a bar of the same metal keyed into the wall. They had two chains on their feet; and their hands were kept apart by an iron bar. How could they close their eyes in such a position? If they murmured, if they uttered a cry, the jailor thrust into their mouths a pear-shaped instrument filled with pepper, which insinuated it into their throats through the holes with which it was pierced. At the period when M. Remacle inspected Spielberg, there were still two prisoners who had been subjected to this mode of punishment, one for twenty years, the other for eighteen. One of them was completely paralyzed. Those condemned to "hard imprisonment" might also be fastened to the dreadful iron chain of which we have spoken, but only in extraordinary cases, as when they behaved badly, for instance. This is what the head jailor explained to Silvio Pellico, when the latter, on the first day of his captivity at Spielberg, asked the object of the chain fastened to the wall. "It is for you, sir," replied Schiller, "if you are troublesome. If you are reasonable, we shall be satisfied with chaining your feet." Schiller did not suspect then how mild and gentle a prisoner he had to deal with. But ordinarily, to undergo the *carcere duro*, is to use the words of Silvio Pellico, "to perform compulsory labor, to wear irons on the feet, to sleep on bare planks and to eat detestable food." The manual labor of the prison must have been insipid to men like Maroncelli and Silvio, accustomed to an intellectual life; they were made to split wood, to scrape lint, and to knit stockings. The minstrel of Francesca de Rimini, to whom books and paper were refused, condemned to produce every week two pair of knit stockings!

DRESDEN.—The two travellers depicted in the foreground of our second engraving are represented as standing in the beautiful garden of the Japanese palace, built by Augustus II., and situated on the right bank of the river Elbe, near the Leipzig gate. In this edifice are found sixty thousand specimens of the porcelain ware of Saxony, Italy, China and Japan, Etruscan vases, antique sculptures, among which are a torso of Minerva, a lady of Herculaneum, and her two daughters, four Romans playing at ball,



a faun pouring out wine, a head of Niobe, a library containing about two thousand volumes of the early days of printing, a manuscript treatise of Albert Durer on the proportions of the human body, and nineteen volumes of portraits of princes and princesses of the seventeenth century. One of the two travellers extends his arm in the direction of the quay of the right bank, on which are grouped some of the finest buildings of Dresden. He seems to point out at first the custom-house, a very large and plain building. Afterwards we behold, in succession, the Catholic church, renowned for its excellent music; the king's palace and its tower, which hide from view the palace of the princes. The

theatre, an elegant edifice near the church, is masqued by the buildings on the quay. Above the travellers is an elegant bridge over the Elbe, 1800 feet long. At its extremity, on the right bank, is the opening of the square, where stands the equestrian statue of Augustus II., constructed of hammered copper. This is in the new town. Behind the bridge we perceive the dome of the church of Our Lady, which resisted the bombs of Frederick the Great, in 1760. In this church is an organ with 6000 pipes, the masterpiece of Silbermann. The splendid museum of paintings is in this direction, but its buildings are not high enough to surmount the dense masses of architecture which separate it from the quay. The



ALICANTE.

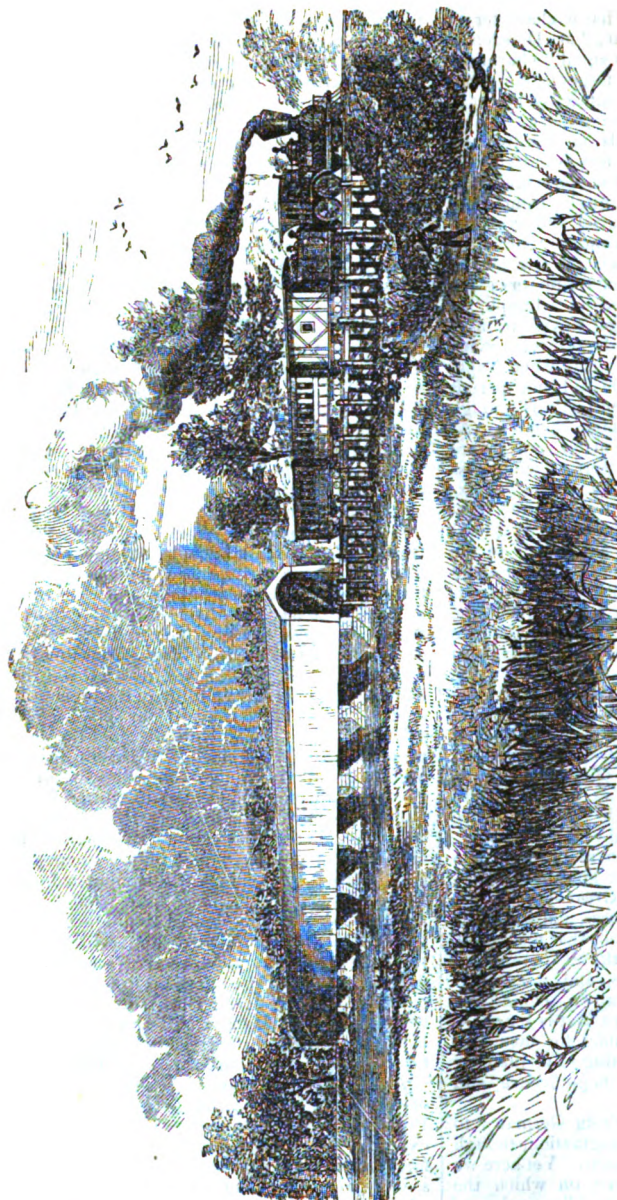
whole of this part of the city has a character of elegance seductive to the artist; but Dresden is not deficient in other aspects equally charming. He who has seen it can never forget it, nor recall it without regret. The most attractive object to strangers of taste is the picture gallery. Prime remarks of it, in his "Travels in Europe and the East:" "The picture gallery is indeed worthy to be compared with any at Paris and Florence; a collection that was brought from Italy originally, and has been improved and enriched by the most costly purchases from the time of the Reformation. When Frederick the Great bombarded the city, he gave orders to preserve the gallery; and when he entered in triumph, he asked permission as a stranger to visit it, as if the laws of art had a right to be respected when the city itself was at his feet. And when Napoleon was master of Saxony, he did not permit one of these pictures to be taken to Paris, though he robbed other galleries without remorse. At the door a servant stood to clean our boots before we were allowed to enter. A perfect wilderness of beauty opened on us as we entered.—The extraordinary collection of curiosities in the Historical Museum, at Dresden, has scarcely a rival in Europe. Old armor, more even than in the Tower of London, implements of the chase and tournament, and relics of days long gone by, are here arrayed, to give a fairer view of the manners and customs of those old times than we could gather from books. But the most curious of all the sights of Dresden is the Green Vaults, where the treasures of the Saxon princes are preserved, the accumulated hoards of ages, said to be the 'richest which any European monarch at this time possesses.' Gold, silver, and precious stones, wrought in every form of beauty, and exceeding in splendor the treasures of the eastern monarchs, are here arranged in eight successive chambers; and the bare recital of the more magnificent articles would consume more space than I can give. One of them, of gold enamelled, representing the court of the Great Mogul, has one hundred and thirty-two figures, and was made at a cost of \$60,000. Diamonds that would pay off the national debt are sparkling here, with rubies, emeralds and sapphires, and the Saxon regalia, sword, sceptre and crown, chain and collars, and the largest sardonyx that is known—a heap of precious things, baubles for men and women to look at, but suggesting to us the folly of such symbols of royal magnificence and power."

**ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.**—From Germany to Africa is but a step for the imagination, though a long and weary journey in point. Yet here we are at the foot of the eminence on which the town is built, gazing on the crumbling ruins of rich Portuguese structures around on the broad ocean that extends to meet the sky in the distance. A couple of negroes reclining at the foot of the tree in the foreground serves to locate the spirited and striking scene. The first establishments of European commerce on the western coast of Africa were founded by Norman navigators. By 1364, some persons from Dieppe had established themselves on the coast which extends south from the Cape de Verde islands. Two of the points they occupied yet bear the names of Great and Little Dieppe, while a third is called Little Paris. The misfortunes which

fell upon France, a short time afterwards, injured the prosperity of these establishments. They ceased to be visited by ships, which, in the beginning carried on an important trade in gold, ivory and pepper. About half a century afterwards, in the reign of John II., the Portuguese resolved to make some explorations beyond the Cape de Verdes. A vessel sent from Lisbon reached the Gulf of Guinea during the rainy season. The maladies it occasioned forced them to return to Portugal, but the chances of navigation having carried them towards the south, they discovered, on the 23d of December, 1405, the eve of St. Thomas's Day, an island, which was named St. Thomé. This discovery gave rise to new expeditions, and soon after the entire coast Guinea, of Congo and Angola were explored, the most favorable points were occupied, and, about 1578, St. Paul de Loanda (San Paulo de Assumcao de Loanda) was founded. It became the capital of the Province of Angola, and of all the Portuguese possessions in these regions. The seat of a government and of a bishopric, the centre of affairs south of the equator, it soon became a flourishing place; but it was especially towards the end of the last century that it reached a truly remarkable height of prosperity. The slave trade was the principal element of its fortune, and since the prohibition of this traffic, its commerce has been reduced to the export of certain products, among which orchilla, a species of lichen or moss used in dyeing, occupies the principal place. Vessels are rare in the bay, and there is only here and there a warehouse or shop. Ruins have usurped the place of the splendid houses built with the gold the negro-traders so readily obtained. Negresses in rags occupy the richly-wrought balconies where the Portuguese Creole ladies used to glitter in diamonds, and display their coquetish undress, the only costume that the climate permitted. The animation of the streets and public squares has given place to the sadness of a depopulated town. Portugal seems to give itself little trouble about a possession which has ceased to produce any return. The few employees and soldiers sent thither from time to time receive scarcely any pay, and are compelled to resort to some trade or occupation for support. Still, the government keeps up at some distance in the interior an establishment devoted to the reception of persons sentenced to transportation for political offences.

**ALICANTE.**—Our last engraving shows a view of this pretty Spanish town, the capital of the Province of Valencia, situated at the head of an extensive bay. The picturesque windmill in the foreground, a frequent characteristic of Spanish scenery, reminds one of one of the most ludicrous adventures of Don Quixote. The building on the bold hill that rises in the background is the castle. In the centre of the picture, the city displays its picturesque architecture; while here and there a palm-tree indicates the fertility of its garden soil. Alicante enjoys a good deal of commerce, which might be readily increased if there were better modes of communication with the interior. Its exports consist principally of wine, almonds, figs, barilla, olives, olive oil, brandy, salt, wool, silk and linen. Steamboat lines, recently established, connect it with Cadiz, Barcelona, Port Vendres and Marseilles. The population is about 19,000.





#### RAILROAD BRIDGE, ROCK RIVER.

This bridge, on the line of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, is near Colona, Illinois, eleven miles east of Rock Island and 170 west from Chicago. The structure it represents was erected by Messrs. Stone & Boomer, bridge builders for the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company. It is about 1300 feet in length, and rests on nine stone piers, covered the entire length. This is really a magnificent work, and, with others of its kind, illustrate the remarkable rapidity with which useful science has advanced

among us. Nothing can check its career. The greatest physical obstructions no longer daunt the energies of civil engineers when backed by capital—the sinews of peace as well as war. Roads are either carried over mountains, or conducted in tunnels through their bases; mighty rivers are spanned by arches, which defy the power of storms and the hand of time; states the most remote from each other are brought into immediate communion as it were, and art, in thus triumphing over nature, accomplishes more than a mere physical victory, the iron bands that bind remote parts of the continent together, also link our citizens in ties of amity and friendship.

#### RAILROAD BRIDGE, LASALLE, ILL.

The view on the next page gives an accurate presentation of the bridge and viaduct over the Illinois River at LaSalle, ninety miles west of Chicago. It is a noble piece of workmanship, twenty-five hundred feet in length and constructed to admit of the passage both of railroad trains and ordinary carriages. It is furnished with a draw, which, however, is seldom required, since steamboats rarely ascend higher than LaSalle. It was built by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which has now more than seven hundred miles of road in operation. The Chicago and Rock Island road and the canal connecting the Illinois River and Lake Michigan pass under this bridge, but are not visible in our sketch. Not many years ago the country now intersected by these lines of communication was unsettled and uncivilized. The traveller who penetrated into those then remote wildernesses, might indeed admire nature in her uncultivated luxuriance, but he saw no traces of the hand of man. Now, the works achieved by human skill receive a large share of his attention, and he beholds with wonder what the energy of the Anglo Saxon race has achieved in a few years. To those who would appreciate intelligent labor and perseverance, and know to what results they conduct, we



would say, go to the great West, and study its progress. The whole country will soon be covered with an iron web-work of railroads, wherever navigable rivers do not afford sufficient natural means of intercommunication. The necessities of the age demand rapid and constant interchange in the business and socialities of life.

#### TERRIERS.

There are two varieties of the common Scotch terrier. One, which stands rather high on his legs, is usually of a sandy-red color, and very strongly made; he stands about eighteen or twenty inches in height, and is commonly called the "Highland terrier." The other is lower, long-backed and short legged; hair more wiry, but not so long as in the former; mouth also not so broad, and muzzle longer. This latter variety is the dog celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, as the Pepper and Mustard, or Dandie Dinmont breed. The Skye Terrier, so called from its being found in greatest perfection in the Western Isles of Scotland, and the Isle of Skye in particular, somewhat resembles the preceding, but is even longer in the body, lower on the legs, and is covered with very long, but not coarse hair; its ears are erect, and tufted at the extremities. All the Scotch terriers are "varmint" in the extreme, being equalled by no other dog in the ardor with which they hunt and destroy the rat, cat, weasel—in short, everything that has fight in it; and, lacking other game, they will gladly and fiercely engage in combat with each other. The English terrier is a light, active and graceful little dog, usually of a black and tan color—and those of this tint are the best—but sometimes white. If black and tan, they should not present a speck of white; and if white, they should be entirely of that color. He is, in combat as game as the Scotch, but less hardy in enduring cold or constant immersion in water. It appears most probable that the rough or Scotch breed was the primitive stock, and that the smooth or English varieties are the result of artificial culture.—*Ohio Farmer.*

VIADUCT ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, AT LASALLE, ILLINOIS.



## HARD NUTS TO CRACK.

Here is a fresh topic. Is a man answerable for what he does in the confusion of awaking out of a sleep? Bernard Schedmazig, suddenly awaking at night, thought he saw a frightful phantom, challenged it twice, and getting no answer, struck into it with his hatchet. Then he found that he had killed his wife. Two men out of doors at night, in a place infested by robbers, agreed that one should watch while the other slept. The one who slept dreamed of an attack, and starting up, shot his friend in the heart. A pedler, asleep on the road rudely awakened by a passer-by, ran him through with a sword stick.

Is it lawful for anybody to wake up without instantly having all his wits about him, and to do what he may in that interval of imperfect apprehension? And again, how is it with the somnambulist? A simple and innocent Carthusian monk was, when he walked in his sleep, a thief, and plunderer of the dead. A pious clergyman once, as a sleep-walker, robbed his own church. Another person could not sleep without watchers by his bed, because, tame and harmless when awake, he was liable when asleep, to somnambulism, with a mania for suicide. He got loose one night, and hanged himself by the foot. A monk, late one evening, was seen to enter, with fixed eyes, frowning brow, and knife in hand, the chamber of the prior of his convent. He felt the empty bed, as if to see if the prior was there, and stabbed into it three times, then retiring with an air of satisfaction. Questioned the next day, he said, that having dreamed that the prior had murdered his mother, and that her spirit had come to him crying for vengeance, he had run to stab the assassin, and when he awoke, covered with perspiration, he rejoiced to find it was a dream.

We pass over the innumerable riddles that arise out of the question of insanity, or sanity. It is not every madman who is as clearly in delusion as the man who thought he must keep his head and heart together, and so serve the Lord by throwing himself head over ears over every stile or gate he came to; "but that all depended on its being done with precision and decision."

As to persons found dead by violence, questions arise that test the doctors' skill. The late Doctor James Reid was called to a room where a man and his wife lay with their throats cut. The woman was in a pool of blood on the floor by the bedside, with her throat cut from ear to ear. The husband was in bed with the windpipe cut, but no great vessel was divided, and he still lived. He said that in the middle of the night he was aroused from his sleep by receiving a wound in his throat by his wife's hand. The shock and the loss of blood had prevented him from giving the alarm. The man's manner excited suspicion, and the doctor, turning up the bed-clothes, found—the sole of his foot was covered with dry blood.

Sometimes there is a riddle of apparent death to solve. John Howard testifies that prisoners supposed to be dead of jail fever, on being brought out of jail, now and then returned to life, when the bodies were washed with cold water. An infant daughter of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American Congress, had

small-pox, and was kept in a warm room, with windows and doors carefully closed. She was laid out as dead, and then the window being thrown open, the draught of fresh cool air over the supposed corpse, revived it, and the child regained its health. These long, deathlike faints were not uncommon in Sydenham's time, when the stifling system of treating diseases attended with eruption and small pox, was in vogue.

There is at least one strange case minutely described and authenticated—that of Hon. Colonel Townshend—in which apparent death could be produced at will. Doctor Cheyne writes thus of the colonel's exhibition of his power: "He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed in himself, which was, that composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. We all three felt his pulse first. It was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Doctor Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink rapidly, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Doctor Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, or Mr. Skrine discern the least soil of breath on the bright mirror which he held to his mouth. As we were going away—thinking him dead—we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly." The colonel tasked the doctors with this great medical riddle in the morning, and exhibited his mysterious power probably to excess; for he was a true dead man in the evening, having no disease found in him except one of the kidneys, for which he had long been under treatment.—*All the Year Round*.

## A STRANGE STORY.

From Zara (Dalmatia) we hear of the death of another Louis the Seventeenth, in the following terms:—"A man named Trevisan, a watch-maker by trade, died at Zara, a few days ago, at the age of seventy-four. When the cholera was raging at Zara, in 1836, this individual apprehending an attack of the disease, confided a strange secret to a lady in whose house he lived, which, since his death, she has communicated to the authorities. This secret is, that Trevisan was no other than Louis the Seventeenth. After escaping from the cruel hands of the cobbler, Simon, he went to London, thence to Scotland, and subsequently to Padua, where a married couple, named Trevisan, gave him a document, stating that he was born in the year 1787, but that the names of his parents are not mentioned in it. On his deathbed Trevisan made a similar statement to his physician. The authorities, in consequence of this information, caused a photographic portrait of the deceased to be taken, and an inquiry is to be made as to the truth of the facts alleged.—*Paris Pays*.

God is better lodged in the heart, than in great edifices.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IS HEAVEN AFAR?

BY E. B. ROBINSON.

Is heaven afar?—my darling has gone  
Out on the journey alone, all alone;  
I caught her last smile mid the gathering gloom,  
In the valley of shadows that circles the tomb.

I sat by her side with her hand clasped in mine,  
While a glory shone round her that made her  
divine;

I knew pain was past—knew the conflict was o'er,  
And her cold feet were pressing eternity's shore!

O, faint were her accents, and quivering her breath,  
As her life-boat was launched on the river of death;  
She whispered, "Adieu! angels wait me to-day  
In my bright home above—I must up and away.

"The bridegroom is calling, I haste to obey:  
See! my lamp's trimmed and burning, I must not  
delay,

For the door may be shut, if I linger with you!"  
Then she rose up in haste, and was lost to my view.

I call, but no answer comes back to my cry;  
I grope in the darkness—no light meets my eye;  
O, where shall I turn?—chart and compass are lost,  
And shipwrecked, alone on the waters I'm tossed!

Say, is heaven afar?—my timid bird's flown  
Out in the darkness alone, all alone;  
Are its portals hidden by yon bright star?  
Will she seek it long?—must she wander far?

ANSWER.

No, heaven is *not* far—the veil is thin  
That shuts its glory and splendor in;  
O, dim is the vision—O, blind is the eye,  
That sees not a heaven *this* side the blue sky!

No, heaven is not far—and dull is the ear  
That ne'er listens in rapture its glad songs to hear;  
'Tis the earth-clad and earth-bound that never on  
high

Hear the harpings of heaven that float softly by!

No, heaven is not far—and our loved, who have gone  
Out from our presence and left us alone,  
But crossed a dim passage that we could not see,  
To stand in the shadow of life's fadeless tree.

One moment of darkness, one feeling of dread,  
And the angels twine wreaths round the radiant  
head;

Then lead the glad spirit in pastures so green,  
Where the beautiful river flows bright and serene.

No, heaven is not far—'tis around us—within;  
But we feel not its rest, if we harbor a sin:  
And the moment that sin from this fair world is  
driven,  
That moment we look, and behold, it is heaven!

[ORIGINAL.]

## KATE THE NUT-GIRL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"CHRISTOPHE, come hither."

The speaker was no less a personage than Eric, the youthful monarch of Sweden, who for several minutes had been standing near a window, which overlooked the square before the palace. The young man addressed, who stood high in the king's favor, obeyed in silence.

"Who is that lovely girl?" said Eric, with a slight motion of his hand towards a part of the square where stood a youthful maiden, dealing out nuts from a basket, in quantities to suit the group of purchasers standing near.

"That, sire, is Kate the nut-girl."

"Well, Christophe, I have thought that a few of our court ladies possessed some claim to beauty, but by my halidom, there isn't one among the whole bevy of them, who would be worth looking at, if she were nigh."

"For a peasant girl, she certainly isn't ill-looking," replied Christophe.

"Peasant, or no peasant," said Eric, impetuously, "were I inclined to be romantic, I should half suspect that she was a princess in disguise."

It must be confessed that the young king's enthusiasm was not without excuse. Though the girl's dress was of a material and fashion common to those of her class in Sweden, the full skirt and close-fitting jacket, the sleeves of which left the arms bare to the dimpled elbows, displayed to such advantage her form of perfect symmetry, that scarce a thought would have been given to its rusticity. And then her shining hair, which gave out golden gleams to the bright October sun, and was arranged in broad, flat braids, that reached nearly to her waist, in no wise concealed the fine shape of her head, or the queenly grace with which it was set on her shoulders. Neither was the serene forehead, not low enough to give it that depressed look which might suggest a lack of veneration, nor so high as to appear bold, nor the clear blue eyes, the fresh red lips, and the rich bloom of her oval cheeks, of a tendency to impair his admiration.

"Look," said the king, after remaining silent for a few moments, "the sunbeams seem to be weaving with her rich brown hair, a crown; and well they may, for never did I behold a brow which looked more worthy to wear one. Know you where she lives, Christophe?"

"In an old, weather-beaten house near the entrance of a glade of the forest a mile distant. In the forest she finds the nuts whose sale affords

the means of subsistence for her and her mother, who has many years been a widow. When engaged in the chase, you have often passed within a stone's throw of their humble dwelling."

"And yet I never saw her, which appears to me strange."

"Not at all, sire. The huntsman's horn, or the cry of the hounds is always, it is said, the signal for her to keep herself secluded, since a henchman, coming upon her suddenly one day, with a bold freedom, which did not tally with her notions of courtesy, praised her good looks. If you'll mind, you will see with what consideration, amounting almost to deference, those treat her, who buy her nuts."

"Yes, I noticed it before you spoke. I wish I knew, if ever, at any time, she has recognized me."

"I don't think that she ever has. She always maintains such a quiet reserve, that no one ever thinks of saying a word to her unconnected with the sale of her nuts, and she never asks questions."

Eric, for a minute or two, remained in thought.

"Christophe," he then said, "I must know more of this beautiful nut-girl."

"More easily said than done. Besides," he added, gravely, "it may not be exactly politic, while the matrimonial negotiation is still pending between your majesty and Queen Elizabeth of England."

"The negotiation, as far as I am concerned, proceeds no further. She has amused herself by holding out false pretences to me, as long as it is my pleasure to be made her dupe; and I have already intimated to my proxy, Prince John, that if the wooing proceeds, it must be on his own account, not mine. She is mistaken in thinking that the capricious gales to which she trims her bark suit a disposition like mine, which, sooth to say, is as proud as her own."

"Would you have your suit thrive, you must woo her in person, not by proxy. Everybody who knows aught of the haughty queen, must likewise have heard of the admiration she entertains for personal comeliness, and I need not tell you, that it is a common saying, that your majesty is the handsomest man in Europe."

"My comeliness, then, may stand me in a good stead in a matter I have more at heart, for I am determined not to stir an inch further in this courtship of the English queen."

"But Prince John writes that she has accepted your magnificent present of the eighteen pied horses, and the chests of bullion, and that you are, therefore, naturally considered her bridegroom elect."

"Yes, those who are ignorant that her parsimony is greater even than her pride, might

imagine that if she didn't intend to accept the donor, she would refuse his presents. Well, let the queen go, for after all, the regal garland of England and that of Sweden might not twine kindly together. And now, Christophe, I wish your aid, as a friend, in an affair quite different from that of inditing love messages to a queen. Shall I have it?"

"You are aware that it is only necessary for you to name the nature of the assistance you require, to secure my co-operation."

"What if it be something which you will not approve?"

"It is not for me to express disapprobation of what may be your pleasure; and yet, as friend with friend, you condescend to take counsel with me, there is one condition I would mention, did I not well know, that it need not be named."

"Be not too certain; what is it?"

"That you will bid me do nothing, which will tend to bring dishonor on any of those concerned, however humble and lowly may be their condition in life."

"That, I will readily promise. Were it otherwise, I should seek aid elsewhere. You may think me foolish—demented, perhaps—but I must and will have an interview with her."

"You mean Kate the nut-girl?"

"Even so."

"I shall not think you demented, though I will not conceal from you, that there are those who undoubtedly will."

"Not as the king of Sweden, do I intend to seek her, but in humble guise, such as by putting our wits together, we may decide on, as best adapted to the purpose I have formed, of satisfying myself, as to whether or no, she can compare in mind and disposition, and all true womanly graces, with the unequalled charms of her person. In what character had I best seek her? Shall it be that of a pedler, a wandering minstrel, or one of my own servitors?"

"Since you honor me by asking my advice, I would suggest that as she is a peasant, herself, it will be best to assume the guise of one; not so much on her own account, as her mother's, from whom she never conceals anything, and whose counsel she will be sure to follow."

"Which tells in the girl's favor?"

"It does so, for her mother has the reputation of being a woman of sense, intelligence, and discretion, and as such would not be well pleased that a wandering minstrel, who, according to her views—and I, for one, shall not gainsay them—is little better than a wandering beggar, should seek to become acquainted with her and her daughter."

"The woman's husband is not living?"

"He is not, sire, which, without doubt, makes her more cautious than she otherwise would be. He was a peasant of the better class, and, during his lifetime, he and his wife and his daughter lived in the midst of plenty, derived from his own lands, which, either from a real or pretended flaw in the title, passed into other hands soon after his decease, leaving the widow and the orphan penniless."

"But they shall not long remain so. As to what you say about the wandering minstrel, I believe you are right; but I must own, that having some skill in playing the harp, and a voice that would not disgrace song or roundelay, even if intended for a lady's ear, that, of all others I can think of, the character of a minstrel best pleases my fancy. Fancy, however, must be sacrificed to expediency; and so, Christophe, let it be your first care so provide for me such apparel as a youthful peasant, who at the same time has an eye to thrift and his own good looks, would select for holiday attire."

"I will lose no time in obeying your wishes."

"And now I mind me, that on Wednesday next, as if to square with my purpose, is the beginning of the Fair, to be held in this, our good city of Stockholm, which, as it will afford opportunity, by the sale of her nuts, to reap a harvest of pennies, Kate will not be likely to let slip."

At early dawn, on Wednesday, the day appointed for the Fair, not only were the inhabitants of Stockholm astir, but a multitude of peasants from the surrounding country, and strangers from a distance, who had arrived over night. Though many of these had come for the purpose of vending those wares not easily attainable at that period, in places remote from the city, a much larger number had assembled as purchasers, and at the same time to have an opportunity to witness such entertainments as were to be seen at the booths, to tread a measure on the green, or among the young men who had no one to claim their protection, to take part in some game requiring skill, strength, or agility.

When, at last, the sun's broad disc rose above the horizon, touching roof and spire with its golden beams, and kindling into vivid hues the many-colored streamers floating above booth and snow-white tent, it would be difficult to imagine a gayer and more brilliant scene, or one fuller of life and animation, as beheld from some of the more elevated sites overlooking the city.

An hour or more later, the stir and bustle had somewhat subsided, the arrangement of the numerous tents, booths and stalls having been

completed. Each of the latter, save one little stall, was taken possession of, by those respectively entitled to them, when a sturdy, middle-aged peasant, with a ruddy complexion, and keen gray eyes, bearing a large basket of nuts, was seen making his way rapidly towards the spot where stood the empty stall, the crowd, as if by one consent, silently giving way for him to pass. This deference paid to a man of his comparatively humble station, might have caused some surprise, had there not been pressing closely on his footsteps, a youthful maiden, whose movements were light and graceful as those of a bird on the wing; while the radiance and bloom of her beauty, brightened by exercise and the clear, morning air, seemed to the half-bewildered gaze of those who beheld her for the first time, as if it diffused an increased brilliance through the surrounding atmosphere, as she passed.

"An angel! An angel!" murmured a youth, unconsciously giving voice to what was in his mind.

"Why, Dalin, what has come over you?" laughingly demanded an acquaintance, who stood by his side.

"Nothing," replied Dalin, "it never entered my mind, that there was anything in human shape, so beautiful under the sun. I must do my best to get a copy of her face for the Hebe I am trying to paint. Who is she?"

"That is what I cannot tell you. Better ask him who stands yonder, who, as I should judge by his looks, lives in the city."

The young man indicated, who wore a velvet jerkin, and other articles of apparel somewhat showy, and had evidently taken much pains to set off his person to the best advantage, had, nevertheless, that about him, which involuntarily inspired dislike. Dalin, in pursuance of his friend's advice, repeated the question to him.

"You must be a stranger in Stockholm," he replied, "or you would not need be told, that she is called Kate the nut-girl."

"I should sooner think her a queen, than of such lowly degree."

"Better think so still," said he of the velvet jerkin, "for lowly as she is in degree, she would disdain to take a second look at such a clod-hopper as you."

"Your saying so wont prevent me from taking a second look at her; if I am so fortunate as to get where I can obtain it."

"I warn you, that it will be better for you to keep your distance, if you wouldn't feel the weight of her Uncle Hansten's cudgel, who always keeps near her on Fair days."

"I give you back your warning, that it may

be ready for your own use, for if a knave can be told by his looks, you will need it more than I shall; and as for him you say is the girl's uncle, though his cudgel may be a heavy one, there is that in his face, which makes me sure that I sha'n't feel its weight, unless I deserve to."

"You may repent your impertinence, Sir Clod-Hopper, before the day is through."

"And so may you, yours," was Dalin's reply, as he turned on his heel.

Meanwhile, Kate had taken her place at the stall, which by previous arrangement of her uncle had been reserved for her, and where some unknown hand had placed a vase of rare flowers.

"Now, Kate," said her uncle, "as I have a little business of my own to transact, I will go and attend to it, for the crowd is thickening, and you can better spare me now, than an hour hence."

"Yes, uncle, you had better go now," was Kate's answer.

As soon as Hansten had disappeared in the crowd, the youth of the velvet jerkin, who had approached within a short distance, came close to Kate's stall, and bade her good morning. She responded coldly to his salutation, and then turned away with an air that spoke as plainly as words, that she did not wish for his presence. This rebuff, however, far from diminishing his assurance, seemed rather to embolden him, and walking round to the other side of the stall, he commenced fingering some of the fresh and beautiful flowers contained in the vase.

"Such flowers as these, are no poor man's gift," said he, "for they were grown in a greenhouse, but let them be from prince or peasant, I will have this red rose to wear in my cap."

"You dare not take the rose," said Kate, an angry crimson flushing her cheeks.

"Dare not, my pretty damsel?" said he, with a light, sneering laugh. "In that you are mistaken."

"No, she is not mistaken," said a voice close behind him, and turning round, he beheld Dalin.

"Ah," said he, glad, perhaps, on seeing Kate's anger, to divert attention from the flowers, "you found out that old Hansten was absent, did you?"

"I have found it out now, and doubtless you did, before you came, but I would have you know, that I would scorn to take advantage of his absence, to say, or do, what I would not be willing to in his presence, or even the king's."

"And I, who am the king's henchman, dare say whatever I list, in the presence of the old curmudgeon, or the king's either, so stand aside, Sir Clod-Hopper, and leave elbow-room for your betters."

He of the velvet jerkin did not notice the

young peasant, with a form of peculiar manliness and grace, who stood near enough to hear what was said; and if he had, the lower part of the peasant's face, being nearly buried in the folds of the gay kerchief about his neck, and his cloth cap pulled well over his brow, he would have failed to perceive the angry spark which had kindled in his eye, or the frown, every moment growing darker and darker, which had gathered over his handsome features. He had not, however, escaped the notice of Kate. It was, in sooth, his proximity, which helped to dispel the fear occasioned by the insolence of the conceited fellow, for there was that in his appearance which made her feel that she might be certain of his protection, if needed.

Dalin, who was far from being abashed by the announcement of Velvet-Jerkin, that he was in the king's service, paid no other attention to the command so rudely given, than by replying that he should stay as long as he saw fit, and that if he wished for more elbow-room, it would be the wiser course to go where it might be found.

"We will see whether or no you remain as long as you see fit to," was the answer, and turning suddenly on Dalin, as he spoke, for the purpose of compelling him to move away, his elbow came in contact with the porcelain vase, which, falling from the corner of the stand where it stood, was dashed to pieces, and the flowers scattered on the ground. Almost at the same instant, a blow from the young and handsome peasant, who had been carefully observant of what had taken place, laid the author of the mischief beside the flowers and the broken vase.

"You'll repent of this, ere night," said he, struggling to free himself from the bondage of the strong arms, which held him to the earth.

"No, sirrah, it is you that will repent," was answered in a low, but emphatic voice.

There was something in the sound of the voice, which for a few seconds deprived him of the power of speech. He then gasped forth: "Pardon! pardon! I knew not that it was your majesty."

"Silence, with your majesty, you prating fool. Haven't you the wit to know that if I wished to be recognized as the king, I shouldn't be here in garb of a peasant? And as for your pardon, that will depend on how you demean yourself, hereafter. If I know you to be guilty of any more such bravado, as I've just witnessed, instead of a king's henchman, you'll find that you are a cook's scullion. Nay, deeds, not promises is what I require, as the humbled youth commenced an earnest and solemn protestation that he would never again be guilty of a similar of-



fence. "I know the true value of a promise, when made by such a knave as you are. Leave this place now," suffering him to rise, "and mind that you are not seen here again, while the Fair lasts."

Glad to come off so lightly, he did not wait for a second bidding, but rising to his feet, hastened away, with a crest-fallen air, which contrasted somewhat ludicrously with his former boastful and ostentatious demeanor, and was greeted with a burst of derisive laughter, by those near enough to in part understand his discomfiture. Hansten, Kate's uncle, having returned just in time, had, among others, witnessed what had taken place, and went up to the supposed peasant.

"Right bravely done," said he, warmly shaking the young man's hand. "Right bravely done," he repeated, "for which accept my hearty thanks, and what, as is but natural, you may value more highly than mine, those of my niece."

"I accept them, gratefully, and as I assure you, cordially, as they are offered, though I must own that I am sorry that they are not better deserved; for aside from the fact that what I did was nothing more than any other peasant of common civility would, or ought to do, on such an occasion, I incurred no personal risk, nor would you, in chastising a dozen such popinjays."

"Your modesty doesn't lessen the value of what you have done," was Hensten's answer, "and if you intend to remain in Stockholm till the Fair is over, as there needs must be but scanty accommodations for such a multitude of people, in my sister's name, who lives no great distance from here, I offer you such hospitality as she is able to give. But lest you should expect too little from the small means of a poor widow, I will just say, that always, when I am here Fair time, I make a point of adding something for the table, so that you'll find what is better than hard flat cakes and milk."

"I will, in part, gladly accept your offered hospitality," was the answer. "I will go and sit at the table with you, and share your evening meal. Then, much against my inclination, I must leave you, as I shall be expected, where lodgings are already provided for me."

He now drew near Kate's stand, and requested some walnuts; the quantity to be regulated to suit the dimensions of the large pocket of his coarse cloth coat of hoddan gray. He placed a piece of silver on the stand, and then producing a nut-cracker, ate a few of the nuts on the spot.

"No," said he, as Kate offered him the change for the silver, "they are so delicious, that what I have are well worth the money."

"I am glad to have those suited who buy of me," was her answer.

There were several waiting to be served, so the king avoiding to set an example by loitering near, which he would have disapproved in another, withdrew. This he did reluctantly, for though Kate had spoken but few words, and those had been in reference to the sale of her nuts, there was a modest grace in all she said, or did, which fully equalled the beauty of her person, and completely fascinated him.

"A handsome and mannerly youth, as I've seen for this many a day," said Hansten, looking after him till he was lost in the crowd, "and if he is as good as he looks and appears, were I in Peter Stauffen's place, I shouldn't care to have him for a rival," he added, bending his head towards Kate, so that no one else could hear.

"Peter Stauffen is nothing to me, uncle," said she.

"Is it so Kate? Well, I cannot say that I'm sorry, though with your mother I'm afraid it will be otherwise, for Peter has scraped together a pretty little sum, and he has expectations from his uncle the tax-gatherer. But then, the lad is close fisted, and never carries any sunshine in his face, and as little in his heart, I'm afraid; and these three put together, will make a dismal home, at the best, and would soon take the roses from my pretty Kate's cheeks, and the light from her eyes."

The evening shadows were falling, and a light already shone from the windows of the humble dwelling where Dame Rhenzel and her daughter Kate had lived for the last two or three years, when Eric, the king, knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by Hansten.

"Enter," said he, in accents so clear and hearty, and a face so full of cheer, as to make that single word more significant of welcome, than a dozen set phrases could have done, had these signs of genuine cordiality been lacking.

As for Kate, she remained very quiet, merely noticing his entrance with a courtesy. He was satisfied, however, for he perceived that, at sight of him, the roses in her cheeks grew brighter, while the increased brilliance of her eyes was not wholly concealed by their long, drooping lashes.

"This," said Hansten to his sister, "is he I mentioned to you; he who was not afraid to chastise insolence, though found in company with brave apparel. As for his name, I wasn't fortunate enough to learn it."

"Ah," said the king, "not know my name? Then you didn't hear that youngster, who stood by my elbow, helping me eat some of those excellent nuts, call me Frans Fredman."

Dame Rhenzel, though she manifested less ardor than her brother in welcoming their guest, took care to have him see that she did not consider his visit either unseasonable or inconvenient. He had, in truth, never felt better satisfied when in the midst of his courtiers, and surrounded by the splendor of one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, than he did now, while sitting in a pine chair, and noted the perfect cleanliness of the room, and the orderly arrangement of its simple furniture, at the same time inhaling the grateful odor of pine tassel, fresh from the woods, which, instead of rushes, used for that purpose in England, strewed the floor. But he saw nothing, the sight of which afforded him more satisfaction, than some flowers tastefully arranged in an earthen pitcher; for he recognized them as the same which had adorned Kate's stall, and he and they being old acquaintances, he was well pleased to find that she had valued them too highly to suffer them to be trampled under foot.

In the centre of the room, covered with a white cloth, stood a pine table, on which were the viands prepared for the evening repast. The addition to the hard bread and milk, the peasant's usual fare, of some white loaves, fresh butter, a partridge pasty, and some bottles of Rhenish, all of excellent quality, showed that Hansten was neither a niggardly nor an unskillful purveyor.

"Come, sister," said Hansten, "it is half an hour past candle-lighting, and with your permission we will take our seats at the table, and not wait for Peter Stauffen any longer. He knows that it is past your supper hour, and if he cares to share the meal with us, he shouldn't be such a churl as to keep us waiting."

Dame Rhenzel made no objection to her brother's proposal, and they all seated themselves at the table; it was plain, however, by her appearance, that she still hoped for Stauffen's arrival.

"This," said Hansten, depositing a large, triangular piece of partridge pasty on their guest's plate, "is what I should call a supper good enough for King Eric; nor should I be ashamed to invite him to sit down to it, were he here."

"I am of the opinion, that he doesn't often sit down to one, which, in all respects, suits him better," was the answer. "Have you ever seen King Eric?"

"Often at a distance; never very near. A brave, handsome-looking king he is, too; one for his subjects to be proud of, as he rides his spirited horse, surrounded by a gay company of gentlemen, most of them fine horsemen, though not one of them is so good a rider as the king. I've often thought that I should like to get a good look

at him. Now here's Kate, though women, it is said, have a deal more curiosity than men, has never seen him, though she might more than once, if she had taken pains to go to the door."

"The reason of her keeping away," said Dame Rhenzel, "is because one of the king's attendants coming upon her one day unawares, took the liberty to say things to her she didn't like."

"But the king, I take it, was not to blame for his conceited follower's rudeness," said Eric, looking at Kate.

"By no means," she replied. "He undoubtedly knew that the king was nowhere near."

"Yes," said Hansten, "the same as he knew to-day that I wasn't near, when he undertook to repeat his insolence, but—and many thanks to you for the same," looking at Eric, as he spoke, "you gave him practical proof that a craven heart does not always beat beneath a coarse habit. I doubt, whether or no if it had been the king himself who had caused him to measure his length on the ground, he could have had more of the air of a creeping scoundrel, when, after allowing him to find his feet, you commanded him to leave the spot. I came back just in time to see that part of the affair, and I wouldn't have valued a half crown, had I been soon enough to see the whole of it."

"At any rate, you needn't doubt, but that it gave me great satisfaction, to find myself able to relieve a maiden so modest, and at the same time so spirited, as your niece, of the prating coxcomb's presence. But it is time for me to seek my lodgings," and he made a motion to draw back from the table.

"Stay," said Hansten, "you mustn't go without drinking King Eric's health in another glass of this Rhenish."

"I will heartily pledge you," replied Eric, "if you will include each of the present company in the toast."

"I would do so willingly, were it not that it might carry with it the appearance of presumption, to place ourselves on such familiar footing with his majesty. And then, if by any means it should come to his ears."

"There are no tell-tales among us, I dare say. Yet, allowing that it should come to his ears, I've heard enough of the king to know that he understands the value of true and honest people wherever they may be found, and will be more pleased than offended to find that there are those among them who know it themselves."

Without more words they drank the toast. The king then, first intimating, that having found such pleasant entertainment, he might be tampered

to look in upon them again before the Fair was over, bade them good night and departed.

"He will think no more about us, or his entertainment," said Dame Rhenzel, when he was gone.

She was mistaken. Every day while the Fair lasted, Eric passed an hour or more at the humble dwelling in the forest glade. Kate, whose shyness, rather painfully apparent at first, gradually wore off, rose in his estimation every time they met, while to her, on her return home, after being absent all day to sell her nuts, the sound of his footsteps on the frost-crisped grass, as he drew near the door, quickened her pulses, heightened the bloom of her cheeks, and caused her whole countenance to grow lustrous with a light which made it ten times more beautiful. Even Dame Rhenzel confessed to her brother, that if their new acquaintance was only in as good a way to earn the wherewithal to maintain a wife as Stauffen, she would not hesitate to look with favor on his evident partiality for her daughter.

"Stauffen is both a niggard and a churl," was Hansten's answer. "This I always knew, but I didn't think so much about it, till I had the opportunity of comparing him with the generous, noble-hearted Fredman."

"He is too generous for one in his station of life. It is the most I have against him. One should never let his generosity exceed his means."

The last day of the Fair had come to a close. Kate, without having once caught a glimpse of "Franz Fredman" during the day, with drooping spirits returned home, accompanied by her uncle Hansten. As she assisted her mother to prepare the evening meal, whenever she imagined herself unobserved, she cast a look out at the window, for she could not forbear expecting that he would call and share one more meal with them, and bid them farewell—for she supposed his home was at a distance—ere he left the city.

Poor Kate, she was doomed to be disappointed, and a cruel disappointment it was. She could not have thought that after regularly passing an hour or two with them every evening during the Fair, he could be so utterly indifferent to them as to leave Stockholm without calling for a few moments, if it was only to tell them that they might never expect to see him again. As for her Uncle Hansten, he not only thought, but said so, with the addition of certain reproachful expressions, uttered in a low voice, not very complimentary to their object, and which were not intended for either Kate's or his sister's ears, but merely to give vent to those feelings of bit-

terness, which, in spite of himself, rose up against his favorite.

"You see," said Dame Rhenzel, after supper had been waiting for his appearance more than half an hour, "that friends who spring up like mushrooms aren't to be depended on. Now there is Peter Stauffen never would have deserted us had he not seen that he wasn't wanted."

"That's where you are mistaken, sister," replied Hansten. "He stuck to us like a burr, when just to try what stuff he was made of, I told him he might marry my niece in welcome, if she would have him, but that I shouldn't give her a shilling if she did. He hasn't darkened your doors since, so you see that it wasn't Kate he wanted, but what he expected her old uncle would give her."

"And without doubt, you've been telling Franz Fredman the same story," said his sister, in a tone of sarcasm.

"No, I haven't, but he was within ear-shot when I told Pete, and he said if a man wouldn't be content to marry a girl like Kate, without a dowry, he didn't deserve to have a wife."

"Franz has a handsome face, and a winning tongue," was the reply.

"And you might have added, not a drop of mean blood in him," said Hansten, his sister's depreciatory remarks causing him to forget the bitter emotions he had himself indulged towards him, and to revive in full force those feelings of admiration and good will which had been called into action by the spirited manner in which he had freed Kate from the obtrusive and unwelcome attentions of "Velvet Jerkin," as he called him.

After supper was over, and everything put to rights, little was said. Hansten, after smoking his pipe, withdrew to his sleeping apartment, as Dame Rhenzel did to hers. As for Kate, thoughts of Franz, and the unhappiness occasioned by, to her, his unaccountable absence, banished all desire to sleep. Besides, late as it was, she could not give up all hope but that he would yet come.

When left by herself, she went to a window and looked out. The night was clear, and the blue vault of heaven, studded with myriads of golden stars, bent like a roof over the glade, rendering objects near its centre distinctly visible, while round its skirts hung a dreamy, wavering gloom, cast by the trees, as yet undenuded of their foliage, as they lightly swayed in the breeze. The room, heated by the still glowing brands of a wood fire, seemed close and warm, and Kate felt an irresistible longing to go forth into the open air. Looking in at her mother's bedroom

door, and finding that she slept, she yielded to the impulse. She stepped out, and was softly closing the door behind her. She was arrested in her purpose, and stood as if spell-bound, as a manly voice, rich, mellow and full, struck a favorite air, set to a little love ditty, which she had often heard. At the close of the first stanza, she advanced a few steps, endeavoring amid the shadows to obtain sight of the minstrel, and at the same time hoping that he would go on with his song, for the voice had suddenly ceased, after singing the two succeeding lines. While standing thus, a man, unperceived, stole up to her side, and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Kate!" said he.

Her heart gave a quick throb, for she knew the voice that pronounced her name, which, as the minstrel's, she had failed to recognize.

"Franz," said she, "I thought you were gone," making an attempt to disguise the pleasure his presence gave her.

"No, late as it is, I couldn't make up my mind to deny myself the pleasure of seeing you once more. Had I not been detained, contrary to my wishes, I should have been here long ago. What say you, sweet Kate? When I leave you shall it be with the hope that I may soon return and claim you for my bride, or must I yield to Stauffen, whom your mother would much rather have for a son-in-law, as is plain to be seen, than me?"

"I will never be Peter Stauffen's wife—no, never! I would rather die. Uncle Hansten despises him for his meanness, and my mother likes you better than she does him, and would not hesitate a moment between you, if—"

"If it were not that she thinks he has the means to maintain you in more comfort than I have. Is not that what you would say, dear Kate?" he asked, finding that she hesitated.

"Yes, but then Uncle Hansten likes you, as much as he dislikes Stauffen, and as for myself, what good would it do me, to sit down to a table spread with delicacies, such as might serve for King Eric, if, every time I raised my eyes, I should see that sour, hateful Stauffen?"

"He sha'n't have you, Kate. I am not utterly penniless, but, as I shall be able to show your mother, possess an undisputed claim to a pretty bit of pasture land, to say nothing of a piece of woodland, large enough to yield fuel for a bright, cheery fire, many a year to come. And now, dearest Kate, I must hasten away, for a friend is waiting for me outside the glade. In nine days from now, I shall be here again, and shall bring one with me, who, in virtue of his office, will be entitled to unite us in marriage. Nor shall I

forget to bring with me the title deed, which will show your mother that I have pasturage for a cow, and wood for a fire. Keep your own counsel, sweet Kate, and remember that in nine days I shall be here. And then, as there may not be much time to spare, when the sun has well passed the meridian, put on your best attire, for we will be married before I again leave you, if your mother consents."

An hour past noontide, the ninth day after Kate and her lover parted, she surprised her mother by appearing before her in a white dress, the bodice being laced with silver ribbon, which also decorated the braids of her rich, shining hair. The dress had been received the day previous, carefully packed in a box. It was supposed by Dame Rhenzel to be a present from her brother Hansten, for his niece, but Kate had her own thoughts about it.

"Why, Kate," said her mother, "you look like a bride, and I sha'n't think strange, if I see Peter Stauffen coming down the lane before long. I half suspect that you've been planning a pleasant surprise for me."

"If there be a surprise in store for you, dear mother, I hope it wont prove an unpleasant one. At any rate, be certain that I'll do nothing without your consent."

She had hardly ceased speaking, when was heard the tramp of horses' feet, and looking out at the window, Dame Rhenzel beheld three men on horseback approaching at a brisk trot.

"Neither of them can be Peter," said she. "The distance from his home is only two miles, and he would walk rather than take the horses away from doing the harvest work."

"Yes," replied Kate, "if it were ten instead of two miles, he would walk."

By this time the horsemen had arrived in front of the house, and as one of them, a little in advance of the two others, dismounted, Dame Rhenzel exclaimed:

"Why, that is Franz Fredman. Well, I'm sure that I never expected to see him again, but as the saying is, a bad penny always returns. Kate, open the door. It wont do to keep the door closed against him, for though he lacks the thrift of Peter Stauffen, I must say, that few have the ability that he has to make an hour pass off pleasantly."

By this time Kate had opened the door.

"You look ten times more beautiful than ever," said Franz, in a low voice, as he passed her, to speak to her mother

"I half suspect, my good dame," said he, "that if you thought me less thrifless, I should

be more welcome; but I am young, as yet, and may mend as I grow older."

Ere Dame Rhenzel had time to say anything in reply, his two companions had entered, one of whom he introduced by the name of Christophe, and was, he said, his best and dearest friend. The other, as could be seen by his dress, was a priest. They had hardly seated themselves in the chairs which had been offered them, when two more men, one on horseback, the other afoot, were seen approaching. The horseman proved to be Hansten, the other Dalin, the peasant artist, who, as it may be remembered, on taking his place the first day of the fair, near Kate's stall, had rather a sharp passado of words with "Velvet Jerkin." He, however, subsequently succeeded in accomplishing the purpose which he had at heart, which was to obtain so accurate a view of the most beautiful face he ever saw, as to reproduce it on canvass. He had done this with wonderful fidelity, though not, as is seldom the case, when inspired by true genius, in a manner to be entirely satisfactory to himself. He was on his way to present his portrait to the original, whose acceptance of which was the only reward he coveted, and when nearly arrived at Dame Rhenzel's, was overtaken by Hansten. They fell into conversation, and Hansten finding where he was going, and the object of his journey, kept by his side the remainder of the way.

"I see," said Franz, offering his hand to Hansten, "that you got the word I sent you to meet me here, all in good time."

"Yes," was Hansten's answer, "and I would not have failed meeting you, for half the value of the best lot of timber land I own; for though my sister has Kate's happiness at heart, as much as any mother ought to have, her ideas and mine, as to the best means of promoting it, don't exactly agree. So I lost no time, but put on my best apparel, and hastened thither, that I might throw what influence I have into the scale, and save it from going against you."

"For which you have my hearty thanks; for though I have here—and he took from his pocket a folded paper—a tolerably good makeweight, the heavier the balance against my rival, the redoubtable Peter, the better I shall like it."

He unfolded the paper, handed it to Dame Rhenzel, and she read as follows:

"This is to certify that Franz Fredman is the owner of lands, and other property, to an amount which will afford him the means of maintaining a wife and family, in decency and comfort."

[Signed], Eric, King of Sweden."

"It was my intention," said he, when she had read it, "to obtain a more formal document, but

on reflection, I thought the king's sign manual would supersede the necessity."

"Well, I suppose it will," she replied, with an air of dubiosity which showed that she was not exactly satisfied about the matter. "Here, brother, read it and tell me what you think."

"Think?" said he. "Don't you see the king's name at the bottom of it? What would you have more?"

"Well, I suppose that's enough," she replied.

"I should say that it was. Why, I should rather have this little bit of paper which the king has put his name to, just for the honor of it, than a dozen deeds, signed, sealed, and delivered."

"The honor of having it wont bring us bread," said she.

"Now that is carrying your scruples too far," said Hansten. "I hope you wont hesitate to trust the king's word."

"No, I don't hesitate to," she replied.

"And if you do not, you will give me your daughter Kate for a wife?"

"I will."

"That's enough." And taking Kate by the hand, he led her forward to the central part of the room, and nodded to the priest, who proceeded at once to perform the marriage ceremony. It was not until then, that Dame Rhenzel noticed that the bridegroom had not laid aside his thick, heavy over-coat, which, however desirable during a ride on horseback, as a protection against the keen, autumn air, might not be altogether comfortable within doors, before a brisk fire. But it was now too late to invite him to divest himself of it, which, to say nothing of the personal discomfort it would be likely to occasion, was rather an uncouth and cumbersome garment to constitute a part of the wedding gear. She could only console herself by determining in her own mind, to repair the oversight of which she had been guilty, by inviting him to remove it the moment the ceremony was concluded. In this, however, she was anticipated by the bridegroom, who, as soon as the last word was spoken, which made Kate his wife, hastened to throw off the thick coat, which he had purposely worn to conceal the rich dress underneath it. The splendor of his apparel, together with certain decorative badges thus displayed, symbolical of different orders to which he belonged, caused the thought to flash on Hansten's mind, that he could be none other than King Eric, and hastening forward, he was about to bend the knee, in accordance with the homage which it was customary for the subject to pay his sovereign. The king prevented him.

"We are, for the present, on equal footing,"

said he. Then turning to his bride, "My sweet Kate," said he, "how does it please you, that he who wooed you as a peasant, turns out to be a king?"

"You have turned out to be no better than I expected," she replied, "inasmuch as though I truly thought that you were a peasant, I always felt in my heart that you were equal to any king in Christendom."

"And from the first I have always known, that in all those virtues and graces which adorn a woman, you are more than equal to any queen in Christendom."

Dame Rhenzel, as soon as she had a little recovered from the astonishment which had nearly overwhelmed her, ventured to express the hope that he would forgive the reluctance which she had manifested to his marrying her daughter.

"There's nothing to forgive," said he. "So far from it, I honor you the more for scrupulously guarding so rich a treasure, nor shall I forget to give you substantial proof of the estimation in which I hold a woman, who has given such proof of the excellence of her example and training."

Dalin, who at first had sought an opportunity to exhibit the portrait of Kate, now that he saw the turn which affairs had taken, without uncovering it, took it from the place where it stood leaning against the wall, and with a look of dejection, was about to make his exit.

"Stay," said the king, "what have you there?"

"A poor attempt at a portrait, your majesty."

"Let us see it, and judge for ourselves."

Dalin removed the covering, and revealed the features of Kate.

"Call you that a poor attempt?" said Eric. "I have never seen anything so life-like. I must have it, nor shall I forget that you deserve to be richly rewarded, while you, on your part, must remember that I shall have more work for your pencil. She who is there represented as Kate the nut-girl, must be painted in royal robes, as the queen; and that you may catch the spirit and expression of her face, in her new character, you must not forget to be present at the royal entertainment, which will a week hence be given in her honor. And you, Hansten, who will ere then have the title of baron conferred on you, and you, Madam," speaking to Dame Rhenzel, "who will be appointed to a situation of honor and trust, must not fail to add zest to the queen's enjoyment and mine, by your presence."

NOTE.—Some historians, in allusion to Eric of Sweden, say that he contracted a low and disgraceful marriage; but according to testimony worthy to be relied on, the beauty of humble de-

gree, called Kate the nut-girl, whom he made his queen, proved a model of tenderness and faith, especially in his reverse of fortune, when supplanted in his royal office, by his brother John.

#### MODERN DISCOVERIES.

Discoveries of various kinds follow one another in such rapid succession in our age, that we often fail to estimate their extent or grandeur. Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of the biography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and Oxus to the Chinese wall; the half-known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the Northwest Passage—the *ignis fatuus* of nearly two centuries—is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping; the Mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chabba to the frontiers of the great kingdom of Borneo; Leichardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked and are fast tumbling down, and the canvass screens which surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water are known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?—*Bayard Taylor*.

#### A LOVING MOTHER.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind, friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet deep security I felt, when on an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me when I visit the spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay*.

Hardly anything is so difficult in writing, as to write with ease.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LAST KISS AT NIGHT.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Kiss me, darling, ere you slumber,  
And the kiss shall in my dream  
Be increased in endless number,  
As the pebble in the stream  
Makes unnumbered ripples flow  
With the one from which they grow.

Kiss me, darling, ere your eyelids  
Close at last—and you at rest,  
With your gentle arms around me,  
And your head upon my breast,  
Lapse into the sweet repose  
That each loving spirit knows.

Kiss me, darling! kiss me, kiss me;  
Yet again I crave the boon  
Ere you unto sleep dismiss me;  
Kisses put my thoughts in tune,  
Till they run on pleasant themes  
As I roam the land of dreams.

Kiss me, darling, ere you slumber;  
One more kiss, and then, good night;  
May your dreams be of the number  
That will give supreme delight.  
Sleep, and dream of kissing me!  
Wake, and find me kissing thee!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HEART OF SAVOY.

BY M. L. BRENDON.

THE Abbey of Hauteville lies on the western side of Lake Bourget—the Heart of Savoy, so called. It is at the foot of Monte du Chat, and is the burial-place of the princes of Savoy. In the old times of Amadeus VI. and VII., father and son, marriages between the Houses of Savoy and France were frequent, and were sought for by the latter. Indeed, the two princes here named married French princesses—Bonne of Bourbon and Bonne of Berry.

War seemed to be the natural element of the House of Savoy from its first establishment; and, consequently, fortress after fortress has continued to arise, until it has become what it has so long claimed to be—the “Guardian of the Alps.” Its Fort Mirabouc, high and bleak—its Fenestrelles, or five forts, united by a staircase four thousand steps high, with bomb-proof arches, are mentioned particularly by the historians of Piedmont as rare specimens of art strengthening and protecting nature.

Amadeus VI. went by the name of the Green Count; his son, Amadeus VII., by that of the Red Count. The latter died suddenly from the effects of drugs prescribed to him by a Bohemian as a cure for baldness. Amadeus, although not yet thirty, was bald like a man of seventy; and his vanity, assisted by the cruel jests of his mother-in-law, Bonne of Bourbon, induced him to try the remedies of the Bohemian, John of Granville. His health failed, his limbs refused their office; and while his mother-in-law and John of Granville were consulting in secret upon his case, the latter was suddenly arrested to answer for his patient's death.

Perhaps Granville's escape was effected by her who was more than half suspected of being his accomplice—his father's wife; but the event was passed over in silence. Be that as it may, Amadeus VIII. resolved not to wed a French woman, in imitation of his ancestors—remembering but too well the family jars that had worried his childish ears from the two Bonnes.

Unfortunately, Anne of Lusignan, daughter of the king of Cyprus, became his choice—a woman whose bad qualities proved the cause of the sure decline of the House of Savoy. Thenceforth until the year 1483, when the death of Louis XI. freed it from the bondage of France, it was the seat of dissension.

In the decline of Piedmont, and the invasion of Savoy by Francis I., only one good resulted—the release of Bonnivard from the Castle of Chillon. Francis was a true son of that arch intriguer—that grasping, imperious, wicked old woman, Louise of Savoy; and he determined, either by open war or secret stratagem, to take the Castle of Nice. The Turks joined him, and together they conquered the brave but scanty troops that garrisoned it; the banner of the Crescent floated from the walls triumphant. For a moment only! A battle-axe, grasped by no weak hand prompted by no weak heart, struck the flag from its proud height. Standard and standard-bearer alike fell, and the White Cross triumphed over the Golden Crescent—by whose hand, let the following romance of a real history tell.

Far down in a valley there dwelt a widow, with her two sons and a daughter—the widow and children of a forester named Segurana. The twin boys were beautiful as a poet's dream of loveliness, or a painter's conception of the childhood of Jesus or St. John. What golden gleams the sunshine made in their rich brown hair! What depth and tenderness in those deep, spiritual eyes! What rich beauty in the finely-cut

features and the pale but clear skin ! Sons of a simple forester, they looked like native born kings ; and so they were—kings over two fond, simple women's heart, sometimes a more glorious kingdom than their conquerors dream of. These hearts belonged, of course, to the mother and sister of the beautiful creatures. For them no task fell too heavily that could minister to the happiness of two such beings. The danger was that the twins would be thoroughly spoiled ; but fortunately their natures were of that rich and rare element of goodness, that affection, however wildly lavished, only brought out the sweet and the strong of the heart's emotions.

The sister of these lovely boys should have been beautiful indeed—and so she was mentally, but nature had been chary of outward gifts. Alas ! they who have not the perilous gift of beauty find little favor with the crowd. The "tincture of a skin" may cover an angel's temper or a demon's, and beauty is no guarantee for what lies beneath the superficies. Catherine Segurana was worth a whole city of mere handsome women, yet so passing homely as to have gained the name of Dame Ugly-Face, greatly to the indignation of the brothers. One rare beauty, however, the girl possessed. The magnificent hair, that caught the sunbeams and changed in them from brown shadow to braided gold, was worth more than the coronet of a duchess. When she unbound the rich mass it covered her to the knees, flowing down in thick, wavy redundancy, that a mermaid might have envied. Thus had nature, it would seem, tried to avenge poor Catherine for the homely face, the rough skin and the angular figure ; yet it was a beauty seldom displayed except at home, where affectionate hands parted the bright locks, and forgot that they were not matched by a face as lovely.

It was a bright morning in the valley. The girl had risen early, setting out the morning repast for the still sleeping boys and their mother. In the small room, the table held a tray, on which, covered by a fine white cloth, were ripe grapes, just gathered in the cool, sunless air, with the bloom untouched, bread white as snow, and a flask of wine. For herself, she took only a crust and some water, and went out to her daily task of orange-packing. All day she wrought, and at evening she only paused to look upon the golden and crimson clouds that cradled the sun to its setting. Could one have seen the girl as she stood there, she might have worn, to an eye wearied of mere soulless beauty, a different aspect than that which had gained the witless sobriquet of "Donna Maunfacio." (Ugly-Face.)

On her head she bore a delicate basket, from

which long clusters of purple grapes hung down, hiding her thin form. Her matchless hair had become unbound, and concealed all of her dress, save that which hung below the knee. To-day she had put on a green robe in lieu of the coarse brown she usually wore. The soft yet brilliant clouds lent a glow to her fallow face, and her eyes were lighted up with a marvellous brightness, born of the beauty that was shed upon all around her. That magic splendor of scenery ! Her eyes had beheld it from her childhood, yet it was like a new revelation to-night.

A little stream ran at her feet into a basin that reflected the wondrous radiance. As she bent over its clear depths her own image was there, and not as usual did it seem repulsive, or out of place with the scene. The thought gave softness, refinement, almost loveliness ; and she murmured the offensive and mocking words, "Donna Maunfacio," with a light laugh, that showed two rows of glittering pearls between the red lips, but made the dark brown face seem still darker.

As she turned to go away when the lights faded in the little pool, she caught sight of a man's face half hidden among the vines. She did not start nor scream—she had seen that face before. It was that of the young Duke of Savoy, Charles III. ; he who had awakened a spark of hero-worship within the young peasant's heart, by kind and friendly words addressed to her ear, when he had met her in the orange groves at her work. From the moment he had first spoken in that sweet, deep-toned voice that woman loves so well, she had revered him as a being to worship.

No earthly being had heard his name from her lips ; but she kept it sacred from all, never dreaming of a return, never thinking or wondering if he had forgotten her. Now he passed her with a few hurried words, telling her that he was rousing the valley to arms to resist the invasion of the king of France, and hastily asked the age of her brothers, whom he had often seen.

Catherine's breath came and went hurriedly. There was a great pang at her heart, yet mingled with sweetness. To die for that young hero ! What a grand fate would that be ! She knew that the young brothers would not be accepted in the army, boys as they were ; but could not she impose herself in disguise as a soldier ?

These were wild thoughts, and the gentle, serene Catherine could not long indulge them. She blushed at her own heroism, and went sadly home, to be met with sad tales of the expected disturbance.

Francis I. had indeed entered Nice with fifteen

thousand troops, aided by the Turks, before a week had ripened Catherine's fears. Five days the garrison resisted, but on the sixth there was a perceptible weakness, and in that weakness the Turkish crescent towered above the walls of the besieged castle.

When the siege began the girl and her brothers went no more to the orange groves, except to gather fruit for the soldiers of that brave garrison. At dawn and evening she had carried fruit and wine by a secret path to the castle, and each time had received such blessings as never fell upon the ears of beauty.

On the sixth day of the siege the three had toiled up the hill with a larger supply of food than before. Bread had been added to her store, and the soldiers had promised that one of them should try the secret path, in order to meet her and take her burden. She had stipulated that Duke Charles should be first served. Anxiety had overcome her dislike to mention the name she had hitherto held sacredly silent in her heart of hearts; and she pictured to herself that noble being fainting from watching and privation.

No soldier met her, and she toiled onward still further in the deep shadow of the trees, when, suddenly raising her eyes, she saw the Golden Crescent shining in the first ray of morning, its broad folds rioting in the clear summer air; while beneath the triumphant flag the White Cross lay trampled and soiled under the walls of the castle.

One moment she looked at the young troubled faces of the brothers. One moment she murmured, "No, they are too young! I must not sacrifice them!" and the next moment she was half way up the hill. One deep thought had swallowed up all others. Mother, brothers, home, country, had all passed before her in that brief struggle, and then this one thought overflowed them all, as the tenth wave engulphs the rest when flowing inward upon the shore. *He*, the brave young duke, the hero whom she had worshipped, was there, with that banner floating over him in his prison, and the flag he had been defending trailed in the dust!

Love!—was it love that gave her wings to fly over that intervening space? Was it that which prompted the frail, girlish creature to snatch a battle-axe from a retreating soldier, to mount the ramparts and cut down the standard and its bearer?

And lo, the White Cross of Savoy floats once more! The soldiers take heart as Catherine plants it firmly, and Duke Charles himself comes forward and takes her hand, and speaks words to the blushing girl that she never expected to hear

from mortal lips—words of tender praise and affectionate interest, as warm and genial as he could have spoken to a princess of Savoy.

The boys had witnessed all this with hearts beating high with love and pride. What would mother—plain, home-loving, simple mother—have said to this act of her quiet, gentle girl? How would she bear this strange revelation of the inner depths of that undemonstrative spirit?—that spirit that had hitherto shown itself only in homely industry and patient sweetness?

Fain would I add some romance of my own to this tale, and crown that noble girl's happiness, by making her one with the hero she so worshipped. But that may not be. The princes of Savoy have wedded only with those whose blood flowed as royally as their own; and Duke Charles, kind and good as he was, never thought of the brave maiden as his wife.

Through her life he continued to treat her and her family with signal friendship. The two beautiful boys were special objects of his care and attachment. And every glance which he gave to the White Cross banner brought to him the remembrance of that brave and fearless deed.

When Francis again entered Nice after its capitulation, the empty houses afforded him no chance of retrieving his lost money or his honor. The castle itself held all that was worthy of preservation—and that castle, and its steep, pointed rock, were held by the victorious House of Savoy.

In time there uprose, as if from the depths of grateful hearts, a woman's bust in one of the public squares of Nice—a bust whose nobleness of expression outweighed any mere form of beauty. Men paused not to admire the gracefulness of its outline, nor the classic loveliness of its finely-cut features. No such distinction did it possess; but above the brow was a massive coronet of braids such as no sculptor's hand has since carved; and every passer-by greeted it with a look of reverence that no living beauty had ever won from man.

What beautiful life-pictures the existence of the forester's daughter has given to the world! How perfect, how simple, yet how triumphant is each! The daughter, denying herself that the mother might have the luxuries of life; the sister, teaching the young brothers the noblest lessons of patriotism; the heroine, braving death for her country; and last, not least, the loving maiden, hiding her hopeless affection from all eyes, "as the dove covers and conceals the arrow that has entered her heart!"

(ORIGINAL.)

## SONG.—AFOOT AND ALONE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

No matter, I fancy, though footsore and weary,  
 What paths, or how lonely, my footsteps might  
 roam,  
 Through forests or deserts, disconsolate, dreary,  
 If gleams for me somewhere the light of a home.  
 Ah, pleasant indeed were the pains of my straying,  
 And stifled the sigh that my sad heart must own,  
 If, across the wide ocean, *her* sweet lips were  
 praying

For me the poor pilgrim, afoot and alone!

Thus they were years ago; but they're hushed in  
 death's shadow,

No more in her sadness to murmur my name,  
 And they've laid her to rest 'neath the clods of the  
 meadow,

And life loiters onward—but never the same.  
 Life loiters—I linger and stroll as though dreaming,  
 A heart-broken wayfarer, friendless, unknown,  
 And clouded the skies where hope's sun was late  
 beaming

On him who *was* happy, afoot and alone!

These are wearisome roads where I gloomily wander  
 No light by the wayside is shining for me,  
 And the night closes in while I hopelessly ponder  
 On hours when my spirit was happy and free.  
 Yet I see not the roadway, I heed not the shadow  
 Which round my drear footsteps with twilight  
 hath grown,

For I kneel by her grave in the clover-browned  
 meadow,

Though still plodding onward—afoot and alone!

(ORIGINAL.)

## UNCLE WEBB'S YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCE.

BY JAMES F. FITZGERALD.

THE jolly, good-natured old man, whose only designation among us was that comprised in the familiar words, "Uncle Webb," had been pulling excitedly at his day-pipe, and puffing out volumes of smoke as dense as those of the burghers of ancient Manhattan, while we alternately related some scapegrace story of college or city life; and when the last was concluded, and a due amount of merriment had been expended over it, he jerked the pipe from his mouth, and said with much emphasis:

"Boys, if you think you can enlighten me any, as to the scrapes and follies of young men, you are signally mistaken—that's all! I tell you, my lads, I haven't lived so long as to have

been old enough to have stood as godfather for the parents of every sinner of you,—no, nor have I been through two wars, and been buffeted about the world like a football, without gaining some experience in life, and the ways of the world. The truth of the matter is, that human nature is the same, all the world over, and in all ages of it; and I'll be hanged if I don't believe that old Adam himself was just such another graceless scamp in his youth, as that young man yonder!"

A sly twinkle of the eye, and a finger pointed directly at me, accompanied this last ludicrous remark; but without giving me time to acknowledge the compliment, the speaker proceeded:

"But as I was intending to say, when I began, if you would like to hear about how these things were conducted about the time I was big enough to go alone, why then listen, you young reprobates, and much good may the story do every mother's son of you!"

Charging his pipe afresh, with something less than a handful of tobacco, and with half a dozen preliminary puffs, Uncle Webb launched out into the following narrative, which I have called

## AN ADVENTURE IN CEDARVILLE.

It was a great many years ago—for I was only about twenty years of age when the incident occurred—and long before any person had dreamed of skimming across the country at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and while stage-coaches and such like means of locomotion were very much in vogue, that the paternal mandate went forth, that, whereas I, his eldest and most hopeful lineal descendant, didn't know much more than half as much of books as I by good rights ought to have known, therefore I should be despatched forthwith to the classical shades of N—Academy, an institution situated some hundred and twenty miles from home.

I was myself immensely pleased with the idea; for though by no means in that interesting juvenile condition of mind and body which we aptly describe by the expressive objective, *green*, yet I was tolerably certain, nevertheless, that there were some few things worth knowing, concerning which I was not yet perfectly informed, and that a little friction with the world might be found not entirely useless in rubbing off the rough edges and corners from my *social Webb*. But a more utterly careless, harum-scarum, and personally reckless specimen of young manhood, where anything like *fun* was involved, than myself, I'll venture to say you never any of you saw. As for yourselves, you couldn't begin to hold a candle to some of my performances. I

was not, I think, malicious at all; but so regardless of consequences, where sport was concerned, as to run blindfold into positions which were often painful and ridiculous.

Well—all leave-takings with the family having been performed, I stowed myself away in the corner of the lumbering old concern which was to convey me the greater part of my journey, and prepared to enjoy to the utmost, anything of fun or of amusement that might present itself. But little of variety occurred during the first day of the route, or the second; and it was not until the third day after leaving home, and when some eighty miles had been passed, that events began to thicken upon me, in the manner I will attempt to describe.

The country through which I was now passing, as well as its inhabitants, was perfectly strange to me; but my position upon the afternoon of the day in question, was as strange as either. My travelling companions, upon this afternoon, were all women, some six of them, I think, and as they seemed to be well acquainted with each other, and conversed freely, I had no difficulty in ascertaining that they intended to stop at Cedarville, where they severally resided; a village some miles in advance.

With one exception, the ladies were elderly, and somewhat uninteresting. The exception was a handsome, black-eyed girl of about eighteen, I should think, who sat in the corner opposite me, and with whom I had already managed to establish quite an eye-conversation. She was nearly a beauty, and I was divining some means to open a conversation with her, when I was suddenly taken aback by the conduct of one of the maiden ladies who sat by her. I had observed that she scrutinized me rather closely, upon her first appearance in the stage-coach, and that she had indulged in several whispered conversations with her companions, during which they frequently glanced at me; but imagine my surprise, when she extended her hand to me, with the words, "Mr. Brown, I believe?"

I reached out my hand mechanically, and the result was a hearty shake and grip, on her part. And it must have been the suggestion of some mischievous imp, which prompted me to reply to her question by a bow. Thus it was that I acknowledged myself to be Brown!

"We have been expecting you," next saluted me, spoken by the same cordial voice, "and have made every preparation; but we feared you would not come. Your wife and children are well, I hope?"

"Quite well, madam," I controlled the muscles of my face enough to say.

"You are to stay at our place, I believe?" came next. My impudence was leading me to accept the invitation, when the young lady in the corner suggested, with a sweet smile which quite captivated me, that "she believed she had heard her father say that Mr. Brown had promised to pass the time of his visit to Cedarville with him." Well, what did I do, but express my regrets to the maiden lady, assuring her that I distinctly remembered the promise alluded to! The ice was now fairly broken, and I commenced a conversation with my fair neighbor, which speedily placed me on a familiar and friendly footing with her. It's all well enough to talk about now, but just think, boys, of what a predicament my rash love of adventure was placing me—nay, had actually placed me in! I had coolly taken advantage of a very natural mistake, assumed the name and position of somebody else, and was now going, where, I knew not, to do what, I knew not, but evidently where something extraordinary was expected! It really makes me perspire to think of it!

And I did break out with numberless cold shivers and sweats, then, as the idea suddenly struck me, that if I, that is Mr. Brown, had promised the father of the interesting little girl before me to come to his house, it would only be necessary that I should be confronted with the aforesaid father, to produce a disclosure of my extraordinary duplicity. It was, therefore, with fear and trembling that I put the question to her:

"Is your father at home?"

As good luck would have it—or perhaps bad luck—he was not, and would be absent for several days. I thanked my stars, and breathed freer! Well—in due time, the stage drew up before the gateway of a pretty country house, at the entrance of the village, and the young lady informed me that this was her home. (Of her name, by the way, I was all this time blissfully ignorant, and was afraid to inquire, for fear of an exposure.) I assisted her to alight, and she in turn conducted me into the house, and presented me to her mama, as Mr. Brown. Soon, neighbors began to drop in, ostensibly to make a call, but in reality to satisfy their curiosity in regard to the stranger. "Mr. Brown was introduced to every other one, and children stood with fingers in their mouths, gazing in deep awe upon the important Brown. If ever man made a long-maned lion of himself, I did, upon that eventful afternoon! But as night drew on, a nervous feeling began to creep over me. Where was to be the end of all this? From the conversation carried on around me, as well as with me,

I could discover nothing of what was expected from the individual who thus singularly found himself compelled to answer to the name of Mr. Brown, except that I was to figure in some way, at some public performance or other. The folly of my conduct was now obviously apparent to me, and I mentally reproached myself a thousand times for it; but it was now too late to retire with honor, and my mischievous spirit coming to my aid, I resolved to carry the thing through to some termination!

I made myself as agreeable as possible during the balance of the afternoon, and succeeded, I think, in creating quite a favorable impression, especially with the young lady. Soon after tea, it was intimated that it was about time to go to the meetin'-us; (such was the old lady's language)—and under the escort of my fair friend, and followed by the remainder of the family, I proceeded along the village street to the church, the centre of the evening's attraction.

The large room of the edifice was completely filled with spectators, auditors, which to call them I knew not; and upon my entry, every eye was riveted upon me, while ominous whispers of "He's come!" "That's him—the man with the stone clothes!" "There's Mr. Brown!" ran eagerly from one to another, and caused me to tremble in my boots, like an arraigned criminal. A solitary chair stood on the platform fronting the pulpit, and to this my companion conducted me. I must confess to a slight dizziness, as I walked up the aisle, and mounted to my elevated position. The fiend seized me, if the whole population of the village, young and old, of all sexes, sizes, and shapes, wasn't looking me square in the face! I think the sum of three cents, Federal currency would have purchased me, entire, at that moment!

But I had grown desperate by this time—or at least, I was bound to discover what part I had come there to act; and detaining my conductress, just as she was about leaving me, I drew her attention to a pile of books lying on the table at my elbow; and opening one of them, and placing my finger at random on a passage, to mislead the gaping eyes before me, I looked up into her face with an expression of the deepest entreaty, and said, in a low, hurried voice:

"My dear young lady, for heaven's sake, favor me with some explanation! Give me, if you please, your name!"

"Hatty—Hatty Edwards," she replied, and her great black eyes, too, opened wide with surprise. "Why—I thought you knew it!"

"Now, then, Hatty, listen a minute. Do you know that I have been shamefully deceiving you,

and the rest of these good people, by assuming another man's name?"

"What—are you not Mr. Brown? Don't you live at Brownsville?—Haven't you a wife and children there?" came upon me with prostrating rapidity. Gathering desperation, I replied, in the same low tone:

"No—not a bit of it! I may as well make a clean breast of it all; so here goes! So far from being Brown, my name is Harry Webb; I live at G—, when at home, and am at present on my way to the N— Academy. As for wife and children, I have neither, though I hope and expect to have both one of these days. But for mercy's sake, for my sake, Miss Hatty, do tell me what I am expected to do here to-night!"

"Why—to teach a singing-school!" she replied; and as the sublime ludicrousness of my position forcibly struck her, her eyes twinkled with a merry smile, and she bit her lips till they reddened again, to restrain her mirth.

"The dev—dickens!" was my comment upon this piece of staggering information. "I teach a singing-school!—why, I don't really know a brace from a note, and can sing about as much and as well as a wild elephant! What in creation shall I do?"

"You might explain it to them, as you have to me," suggested Hatty, her keen sense of my ridiculous fix giving way to her womanly sympathy in my behalf.

"No, I can't do that! I have gone too far! I must carry myself through in some way. But they are growing impatient; I must commence the exercises! One thing, however, Miss Hatty, before you leave me to my fate. Do any of them know anything about music?"

"No, not one of them. They are perfectly ignorant of it, either vocal or instrumental."

"Good!—there is some hope for me, then! If I can only make them believe that I know it all, I may come off with flying colors, yet. But let me beseech you, Miss Edwards, not to tell tales of me, until I am safely out of Cedarville!"

She assented with a smile and a nod, and leaving the platform, took her place upon one of the benches. Gathering my energies for the occasion, I rapped loudly upon the table, and ran my eyes over the assemblage. I was not long in deciding in favor of the correctness of Miss Hatty's estimate of the musical capacities of the crowd; judging from their looks, I should say that, with a few exceptions, they were ignorant of knowledge, as well of music as anything else! Encouraged by the discovery, I forthwith launched out into an introductory address of about ten minutes' length, through which I interspersed



such grandiloquent flourishes of oratory, as to cause the Cedarvillians to sit agape with wonder. I descanted upon the divine origin of song; I spoke of the necessity of its thorough cultivation. I promised to make Amphions and Orpheuses of every man, and syrens of every woman of them, if they would but follow my instructions; and finally I began to instruct!

"Attention! Let every one observe my motions and actions, and do precisely as I do."

Throwing my head back at an angle of forty degrees, I rolled my eyes to the ceiling, and gave utterance to a doleful and long-drawn "Do-oo-o."

Well—I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by their attempts to imitate me, and to obey my instructions. Back went the heads, up went the eyes; and such unearthly sounds as the objects made, in their frantic efforts to sound the note, I think were never before heard.

"Well done—extremely well done!" I said, encouragingly. "However, let me suggest to you, sir," and I indicated a great green youth, with a pair of jaws which had expanded like a miniature Mammoth Cave, "that, in singing, the mouth should be well opened. It is not considered advisable, nevertheless, to open it far enough to cut the head off!"

I looked at Hatty; she was bending over to hide her face, and trying to smother her merriment with her handkerchief. Matters were going on swimmingly, to be sure! How many more absurdities my audacity would have prompted me to practise upon my pseudo pupils, I am not prepared to say; the exercises at this juncture being interrupted by the movement of a middle-aged man, with spectacles and a bald head, whom I had several times observed, staring fixedly at me. He now rose to his feet, saying:

"My friends, I protest against these ridiculous proceedings; this impudent young man is making fools of all of us!"

"Who are you, sir, that dares to interrupt my school in this manner?" I demanded, with much anger, receiving at the same time, a sudden conviction of the truth.

"I am he whom you pretend to be—*Mr. Brown!*" was his answer.

The murder was out—I was exposed—Brown was revealed! Taking my hat with the most imperturbable coolness, I said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to your very favorable notice, Mr. Brown, the original, the genuine Brown!—and hoping that he may do you as *brown* as I have done both him and yourselves—"

"You scoundrel!" Mr. Brown exclaimed, in a gust of anger, rising, and shaking his fist at me.

"My dear Brown, don't interrupt me!" I pursued. "Allow me to do this, my friends, and to wish you a very good evening!"

I was down the aisle, and outside the door, before those addressed had fairly recovered from their amazement; and I walked briskly away from the "meetin'-us," laughing internally and externally, as I believe I shall *eternally*, at the event of my experiment. Ho, ho! let's laugh at it together!

We joined Uncle Webb most heartily in his explosions of mirth; and when they had subsided, one of us asked, "But was this all?"

"Not quite. You may be sure that I didn't return to Hatty Edwards's—at least, *that* evening; and as I pursued my way, bright and early the next morning, in the stage-coach, I sighed at the thought, that I should probably never meet the young lady again. Fate, however, would have it otherwise. Twelve months were passed in laborious study at the academy, and at length the day arrived when our class was to compete in public for a prize, offered for the best original oration. My name was called, and I came forward to the front of the platform, when, right before me, bending eagerly forward, and looking twice as handsome as when I saw her at Cedarville, was Miss Hatty Edwards!

The discovery confused me for a moment; but quickly recovering my composure, I began and finished my oration, with an animation and force which I am sure proceeded from the fact of her presence. At all events it was warmly applauded, and gained the prize. Furthermore, I met Hatty immediately after the exercises, and the sweet smile and warm pressure of the hand with which she greeted me, showed me that she didn't consider me so very naughty; while the mischievous twinkle of her eye told me all the time what the little witch was thinking about! She was then visiting friends at N—, and I visited her almost daily, during her stay; and to make a long story short, if you *must* know the whole truth—why, I married her. For further particulars, I must refer you to Hatty herself, or Aunt Hatty Webb, as you youngsters call her. Isn't it all truth that I've been telling them?"

The genial old wife had been knitting stockings by the side of her husband, while the latter was relating the story; and the smiles which it occasionally called to her serene face, apprised me of her identity with Hatty Edwards of the story before it was half finished. In response to his appeal, she said:

"You couldn't ask one who knows more of your pranks! Ah, Uncle Webb—you were an incorrigible scamp in your young days!"

## A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand;  
I stopped, and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast;  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me;  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of Time, and been, to be no more;  
Of me, my frame, the name I bore,  
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE GIPSEY WAIF:

— OR, —

## AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

## CHAPTER I.

## DREAMS AND AN ADVENTURE.

HENRI LESPARRE was walking on "Mount Royale" one glorious evening in September. He was young, an artist, and a dreamer, and his heart thanked his God in this opulent hour, that he lived; and more than this—that his soul could realize the harmony and fitness of this grandeur and beauty. Like a sweet religion was this wealth of color to his artist's soul. He hoped and believed in all good for its sake. Each thought was a prayer—each glance was a fervent thanksgiving—an involuntary recognition of God.

The "king of day" had flung off his mantle of amethystine colors upon the broad shoulders of the mountain, and mirrored half his glory in the clear Lake of Lachine, which nestled so lovingly in Royale's lap. In the distance, the eddying, whirling St. Lawrence bounded past the little

island which rested upon its turbulent bosom, its inconstant waves seeking other if not fairer shores to kiss.

In the valley below, the city of Montreal laid, like a rich jewel set in the frame betwixt mountain and river. 'Neath the dusty woods and by the bursting spray of the rapids, loomed up the gray, slumberous walls of her sombre convents, and the tall towers of *Notre Dame*, and the peaked spire of the English Cathedral, distinguishable above them all. The bell of *Notre Dame* was solemnly tolling, and the sound came faintly, sadly to the ears of Henri Lesparre, as he strolled happily along, musing in his own pure, simple way, on the sweetness of life.

"Please, handsome gentleman, a penny?"

Lesparre looked down on the little beggar who had aroused him from his pleasant dreaming. A child stood before him—a little girl of perhaps nine years of age. Her slender form was covered by a coarse, dark, gipsy mantle. Over her thick, brown wavy hair, was thrown a hood of the same material, but heavens! what a face! In all his artist's poetical dreaming, he had never conjured up such a vision of simple, perfect loveliness. Her complexion was tawny, yet the fineness of the skin's texture declared that the sun had wholly changed its pure whiteness, to this dark hue. The features were perfect; the delicate, straight nose, the small, sweet mouth, the pure, tender, azure eyes, so pleading as they drooped to the ground, veiled by their lids, with such heavy silken fringe—their lashes. Her little bare arm was thrust out from the mantle, and Lesparre took in at a glance the delicate hand, with round, tapering fingers, such as a sculptor might chisel, or as we have seen in that beautiful creation "Cranford's Dancing Jenny." So wrapt in admiration was Henri, that the sweet voice pleaded again in the same set phrase:

"Please, handsome gentleman, a penny?"

"Ah, my pretty little gipsy-girl," he replied, "who taught you to beg so sweetly, eh?"

"Mother Rudey," replied the child, artlessly, and looking timidly all around.

"And who is Mother Rudey?" he asked.

"She lives over on the hills with the camp now. But please give me some money, sir, or they'll beat little Zalia," she said, quickly, all the while her eyes were wandering as though fearful of some interruption.

"No, they shall not beat you, my sweet child," said Henri. "But will you not tell my fortune, little one?" asked the young man, feeling a pleasure in detaining the beautiful creature, and in listening to the fresh music of her clear voice.

"No, sir. Mother Rudey tells the fortunes."

"But here's a piece of silver, now I want you to tell mine, just as Mother Rudey does."

And the little hand clasped his own, and the little gipsy frowned in so comical a way when she glanced at his larger palm, that Henri burst out laughing, and the face of the wee thing brightened up, and her own trilling laughter was added to his, like the sweet sound of a flute softly mingling with the clear notes of a horn, heard in the calm of the evening amongst the hills. It was a strange sight, the man and the child; the magnetism of goodness in both forming such a subtle bond that it drew them instantly together, each with a quick intuition, trusting completely in the other. But in a moment more the child's face grew dark again, and with mock mystery she said:

"Handsome gentleman loves dark lady; she is false—but a fairer one loves him. There is a charm found amongst the yellow leaves which fall to the oak-trees' root. Dig thrice when the moon's at the full—"

And she went on repeating by rote, what, no doubt she had heard Mother Rudey say scores of times, until she was interrupted by another hearty laugh from her listener.

"Ha! ha! my darling little gipsy, that will do. But what is the matter?" he asked, suddenly, as the child, so merry before, shrank behind him as if for protection, and her face became pale, while there was a frightened look and a glance of great terror out of her large eyes.

There was a tall woman advancing towards the child with a stout staff in her hand, and it needed not the girl's frightened whisper of "Mother Rudey," to convince Lesparre that she was one of the vagrant gipsy band, and one to be feared at that. The dark-browed woman advanced towards the child and struck her several severe blows over her head and shoulders, ere Henri could interfere. But he soon snatched the child from the woman's rude grasp.

"Give away! Give away!" cried the woman, in a rage. Zalia, come hither! How dare you take my child?"

"Stand back, woman!" said Henri, sternly. "You shall not beat this girl again. For shame on you! for shame!"

But the woman, her round black eyes blazing with passion, caught the child by her long hair, and would have dragged the screaming girl away, had not Lesparre pushed her off.

"Pedro! here, Pedro!" screamed the gipsy. And emerging from the wood came a short, stout man with a knotted club swinging in his hand. The black swarthy villain, made at Lesparre, who had to defend himself with his walk-

ing-cane, and the virago was pulling the girl away.

Fortunately at this moment, there came dashing down the Lachine road towards Montreal, several gentlemen on horseback, amongst whom Lesparre recognized Sir William Rosen, whose villa was near by. The young man appealed to these gentlemen, and the result was, the gallant men assisted Henri to arrest the man and woman, who, with the little girl, were removed to the mansion of Sir William, who having his sympathies interested in the case, and being a magistrate, immediately tried the gipseys, and had them sent to prison. The child Zalia upon being questioned, refused to bear the lot of the twain who claimed to be her parents; but their answers to the magistrate's interrogatories were so conflicting, that Sir William concluded that either Zalia was the offspring of crime, or that she had been stolen. He therefore complied with the statute of the province, and Henri Lesparre's prayer; and the beggar child—the gipsy waif—went home with the young artist that night indentured to him as a servant according to law, the law of the land stipulating that the master should "feed, clothe and educate" said servant, until she should arrive at the age of womanhood.

And Henri Lesparre walked gladly into the city that evening in September. He felt a great joy in his heart. Every object in nature appealed to his soul like music. He saw a sweeter significance in tree and hedge, and even if the molten gold which had been poured from the great crucible of the setting sun upon the tinued roofs of the city, was being buried by the thick shadows and misty haze, which hung like a veil between the fair earth and star-jewelled heaven, he felt none of the sadness which comes with the parting day.

The little hand rested trustingly in his. The sweet voice prattled lovingly to him. And every naive remark, every eager question delighted him. Black must be the heart of him who cannot love a child. And the brave good Henri, though poor, and reliant upon his brush for support, felt how glad he should be to work for this waif—this young life so suddenly and strangely dependent upon him.

How he would love her! He had never loved—save in his dreams, where he had clasped to his heart some syren, half human half divine. All his heart's love had heretofore been poured out at the shrine of his mistress Art, or whilst enjoying strange happiness on the bosom of our gentle mother, Nature. No, he had never loved! But this dreamy-eyed child, winsome and beautiful, crept into his lonely life like a sunbeam. He

took her to his modest home in Côté Street, and there giving her over to his aunt, a great-hearted woman, he said :

"There, my dear aunt, love her for my sake, poor child, she has nobody in the world but us."

And then the tender woman kissed her and spoke sweetly and kindly ; the child Zalia weeping, flung herself wildly into her arms and hugged her tightly to her, as if she could never let such happiness go away again.

## CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH GRATITUDE IS PARAMOUNT, BUT LOVE IS RIPENING.

WHAT joys and sorrows encompass poor humanity in seven long years. And it is seven years since the gipsy child was brought beneath the roof of Henri Lesparre. This cycle has not been without many trials to the artist, yet not altogether without its triumphs. Fame is busy with his name. His pictures are esteemed at the art-galleries in Montreal, and not passed over in the United States—whither many of his works have found their way.

It is in the bright morning that we introduce the reader to the studio of Henri. His *atelier* indeed is worth a glance, for the taste of its occupant is displayed in its interior. A little room apportioned off from his workshop forms a cosy cabinet, and we can see through the open door beyond, the litter of rolls of canvass ; easels in various states of preservation ; old paintings with cracked surfaces ; and new pictures without frames ; but it smells so strongly of paint that we shall not explore this den further. But the appointments of the cosy little room are so picturesque that we cannot forbear a remark on them. There are a few gems of pictures which adorn the walls, and the neat oak book-case in the corner is crowned with chaste Parian busts of Psyche, Apollo, and Clytie. The artist in his blouse is before his easel, his heavy, curly hair flowing negligently about his broad white forehead. His great eyes are fixed upon a picture—we will not describe it yet—and his attitude is so graceful and unstudied, that did he observe such a *pose* in another, he would wish to limn it. But he quickly dropped a veil over the picture, as a light step approached his door, and a pure *contralto* voice, fresh and girlish, was humming a sweet French song, commencing :

"*La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.*"

(Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.)

She entered the room and Henri blushed—yes, the man, the gentleman at thirty-five had not forgotten how to blush—as he gazed upon the

lovely girl before him. It was Zalia. Fair girl ! Could any look upon her without admiration ? could any know her save to love ? How fully the beautifully radiant girl was fulfilling the promise of her childhood ! How grandly she walked and talked ! If she had been born a queen, no more of royalty could have been expressed in her royal bearing. The face was as beautiful as the lover of the sweetest classical style could desire. But no words could give expression to the earnest soul lighting up those lineaments ! no pen could write of the tenderness and depth of the blue eyes ! and as the calm lake mirrors the moon's pale face, so in the changing expression of her eyes could you know every feeling of her maiden heart.

"O, *mon ami*," she cried (how much of tenderness is conveyed in the French of my friend), "why have you not come to teach your pet—your child ? Ah, you do not love me any more ! Do you ?"

And she hung on the artist's shoulders, and looked full into his eyes. A look of pain swept over Lesparre's features, and he answered sadly, yet kindly :

"Love you, my pet ? my Zalia ? my little gipsy ?"

And he twined his fingers in her long curls absently.

"But you don't kiss me any more," she said, "since I came home from Lachine."

"Kiss you ! O ! no ! yes ! my darling child !"

And he drew her head towards him and lightly kissed her forehead.

"There now, dear," he said, as he turned away with a burning flush spreading over his face, "go away, Zalia. You know your dear Henri, your good father, as you call him, has to finish his great picture for the exhibition."

Zalia turned away sorrowfully. Tears were filling her eyes. She hung down her head, but before she left she turned to Lesparre and said ;

"O, *mon père*—how good you have been to poor Zalia. You took her from cruelty and in rags—you gave her great love and fine raiment. Do not stop me ! I must tell you the thoughts which have been burning in my heart since I have been thinking—O, this great while. You would not let me labor ; you would not let me be your slave (as I deserve to be). But you sent me to *L'Académie*, where I was taught all that a princess might know. O, let me tell you now—you gave my soul music, for which it had been hungering—through you I am all that is good of me—only have I my own nature where it is vile. O, *mon père ! mon frère ! mon Dieu ! merci ! merci ! Je suis tout à vous !*"

And growing in excitement as she concluded, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes, she threw herself at the feet of Henri, and clasping his hands within her own, she covered them with grateful kisses. The face of Lesparre was pale as a corpse beneath the moonlight. He raised the maiden up and once more kissed her forehead, but his lips were icy cold.

"Nay, Zalia," he said, softly, "do not thank me thus. I saved you from robbers. I saved your pure soul from stain. I loved my little waif with—with a father's—love, as I always told you, little one. For the education I am more than repaid. My darling has grace of mind. Her intellect is unfolding like a sweet flower to the sunlight. She sings so sweetly, that I sit in the darkness and think that I hear music from heaven. O, no, do not thank me thus! I am selfish in all I have done. There, dry your tears, and leave me—leave me—"

And he turned from her trembling. She still hung upon him like a child upon a trusted parent.

"You always send me from you now—"

"Well, then, stay! O, God!" he muttered, "if she could but love me. Zalia!" he spoke aloud, "while you were at Lachine, there were a great many *demoiselles* in *L'Academie*. Come, tell me, now (I will be more like your old friend this morning), what did they talk about? How occupy themselves during hours when not engaged in their school duties?"

"What a strange question! But you are my dear father again, and I will answer. They walked to the lake—"

"And when there?"

"Read and talked."

"Of what, and to whom?"

"Of love, dear father, principally—and talked to—"

"Yes, I know some handsome young gentlemen who always drove out from the city, and—"

"Stop! stop!" she put her hand over his mouth. "No such thing. To no one but the old toll-keeper or lock-tenders."

"Ah! But then you read of love. I suppose you saw some gallant whom you made a hero of, eh, my pet? whom you love? Come, come, answer me. Tell your father the sweet secret. You need not mind—you know I am getting gray hairs in my head."

He was talking in a tone of forced gayety which seemed to jar unpleasantly on the maiden's ears. She looked thoughtful for a moment, and then putting her head on Henri's shoulder she said:

"I have never thought of love, father. And

never loved anybody half so well as I love you."

And stooping down she kissed his cheek quickly, reverently. He started to his feet, and in another moment would have clasped her to his bosom, but she was gone.

### CHAPTER III.

ENDYMION—AN ARTIST'S DREAM. PARENTS FOUND AND HEARTS LOST.

THE annual exhibition of pictures in Montreal was generally attended by the nobility and aristocracy of that portion of Canada East. Upon the occasion of the opening in the fall of the year 185—, there was an unusually large attendance. The long gallery was crowded with fair women and brave men—many of the latter with orders upon their bosoms which declared them distinguished above their fellows. There were many groups halting before Nos. 146 and 147. They were two exquisite pictures, cabinet size. The catalogue enlightened lookers-on thus:

"THE DREAMS—LESAPARRE—*Owner, artist—not for sale.*"

The first picture represented a youth lying asleep amongst wild flowers, on a green sloping bank shaded by trees. A tiny stream bubbled at his feet, and the little flowers on its sides seemed almost to sway from the soft winds which you feel sure must be playing through this lovely spot. The beautiful face of the youth was smiling, as though he was having pleasant dreams. A second Endymion he seemed, watching in his sweet solitude for his Diana, when the "god of sleep" overcome him. In the misty distance there was a rift in the purple clouds, and half-formed, and half in vapor, grew a human face. It must have been beautiful, but the full measure of its glory was hidden behind the provoking cloud, which seemed to grow more luminous and bright as you looked upon it, as if the divine face added half its brightness to the envious veil.

Picture No. 2, or 147. The same scene, only the spot seemed transfigured, as though soul had been added to each object in nature. The grass was more richly green, the flowers exulted in tints they had stolen from the heavens at day-break, and the dews yet rested in their cups like jewels, which sparkled as the gentle winds tossed them to and fro. But the clouds had parted, and the face which was in embryo in the first picture, shone out in this like an angel's. The wavy, brown hair, full of the sunlight of amber threads; the azure eyes, than which the deepest blue of heaven was paler, and while she gazed wistfully, tenderly upon the sleeper, the magic of her glance sent the rich blood to his face as

from a blow. His arms were extended to clasp her, but he could not leave his native clay, wedded to the earth as wholly and as fast as Prometheus to his rock, and she!—ah, she was too far heavenward for him.

But what a world of study in that picture, what deep, rich fancy—what a labor of love it might have been—or what a bitter task. A couple had halted in front of the paintings. A distinguished looking gentleman, to whom many eyes were turned, as he walked with a beautiful, delicate-looking lady hanging upon his arm. The first picture was scanned carelessly, and a critical remark uttered by the gentleman. Simultaneously their eyes were turned towards the second picture. The strong man tottered backwards as though shot—the lady uttered a shriek which startled the pleasure-seekers in that hall, and fell back fainting in her husband's arms.

"Lady Grandby has swooned!"

"Who?"

"Lady Grandby fainted on seeing Lesparre's picture!" were the whispers which went round the room, and the words:

"Mystery! Impossible! Lesparre is a marble-heart, you know! an anchorite," etc., were the words in everybody's mouth, but the artist himself stood by the lady's side with a glass of water, when she revived, and was able to answer the questions of the excited Lord Grandby, when he asked:

"Where can I find the artist who painted that picture?"

"He is easily found," was the young man's reply. "He is here."

"Point him out, if you please, sir," was the rejoinder.

"O, yes, my husband, seek him!" eagerly added the gasping lady.

"Sir—madam, I am at your service," replied the astonished Lesparre, bowing low.

"You?"

"I assure you such is the fact. Allow me to present you with my card, sir."

Lord Grandby grasped his arm tightly. His words came fast, and he could scarcely restrain his interrogatives until he reached the private committee-room. We have not space to detail their conversation, and will only give the reader the results of the strange interview. It was discovered through the pictures that Zelia was the daughter of Lord and Lady Grandby. In the backgrounds of the pictures was represented an old castle, upon its battlements a flag flying, upon which was delicately painted a coat of arms. A female head supporting a helmet, and the motto: "*Dux famina facti.*"

This being the arms of the Grandby family—a woman having been the founder of the family during the Conquest—it attracted the attention of the nobleman, but when the face of the second picture was seen it was recognized by both as an exact portrait of Lady Grandby in her early married life, and it flashed upon the twain, that this was a clue to their long lost daughter; the faces in the pictures being as the reader might suppose, that of Zelia. Upon investigation it was discovered that when Zelia was about three years of age she was stolen from her nurse in England, by gipseys, who it was supposed at the time abducted her for sake of reward, but who were obliged to fly to America to avoid the consequences of their crimes, before they could claim it.

Lesparre had found the coat of arms with the motto cut, on a small seal which belonged to a valueless armlet, which Zelia wore when he rescued her from the gipseys, and it therefore was a mere idle fancy to paint the arms and the motto upon the flag. But to what results it led! And thus it was well, that his

"Unsteady action could not be  
Managed by rules of strict philosophy."

And now that there was a clue to the lost child, it was not difficult to form a complete chain of evidence, so that Zelia's, or rather Margaret (for so was she called in childhood) Grandby's identity was fully established. Ere a month flew by it became necessary for Margaret to remove to Lord Grandby's mansion, and assume her proper station in society. The nobleman and his wife would have been commanded by Henri Lesparre to any degree for the latter's benefit, but he obstinately refused any reward for his years of kindness to their child, save their friendship, which was warmly, gratefully accorded.

The evening before Margaret was to repair to her father's house, Henri was left with her for a few moments. His aunt being from the city and her parents (who spent nearly all their time now with Margaret) having just gone to their home—after having made an ineffectual appeal to Margaret to return with them that evening. But she said:

"No! no! dear mother, I shall not leave this house until I have seen my kind mother (as she used to call Henri's aunt), and after blessing her for all her care of me, bringing her with me to my own home, for she could never part with me, nor I with her. So good night!"

And after they had gone, the two, Henri and Margaret, sat alone in the darkness, silent and sad. Henri spoke:



"To-morrow my child leaves me?"

"To-morrow," was the answer; it sounded more like an echo than a human voice.

"And amongst the titled of the land my darling will—" his voice was nearly breaking—that man's voice in the still darkness. "No! she will not forget her foster-father."

There was no reply, but a thick sob broke the quiet; a movement from Margaret's side, and a soft hand stole into Henri's—a hand which he raised to his lips, and kissed once, twice—then put it down from him as a poison-cup from which he was about to drink, as he thought, "Better for me to drink from Lethe's pool." But a hot tear from his eyes fell upon the hand which he had placed to his lips—the tear which consecrated the kiss.

And thus for hours they sat in the darkness, but little said by either. Yet how eloquent was that silence! Ah, me! our hearts may break, but the walls of speech remain closed.

What had the artist to do with the rich beauty—and heiress beside to a title? He is thirty-five—she seventeen. Dream on, fool! "Burn thy soul away!"

And when the bell, "our lady" of *Notre Dame*, pealed out the hour of midnight, both started as though it was the signal for an execution.

"So late!" whispered Margaret.

"Too late!" murmured Henri.

She arose.

"Good night, dear Henri!" she lingered on the tender word, and on his name.

"Good night, dear Margaret!"

He could have died for a love, different from what she gave him, but he was speaking calmly. 'Tis a false manhood, that cheats truth by fortitude! He held her for one rapturous moment in his arms—kissed her cheeks, and almost exulted in the bitterness of his sacrifice—then hastened to his room, and walked the floor all night. And she—she reached her chamber, and threw herself upon the bed, weeping.

"I love him! O, I love him!" and this cry of her opulent heart was carried off by the winds, but not to the loved one.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AN ARTIST'S LIFE NOT ALL A DREAM.

Two more years slipped by. Henri Lesparre's name was known throughout the country, as one of the finest landscape painters of the day. Orders in plenty arrived out from England, in whose execution his days passed on. The patronage of Lord Grandby had opened a way to wealth for him. And yet while the world

smiled so kindly, and his pictures teemed with so tender a fancy, his heart was a void; his life was barren of sweetness. So much like the poet's burning love-song—when the singer can no longer love, when all the rich hope in his nature is sapped, and memory becomes a sad cherisher of dead hopes—alas!

Margaret Grandby's youth, wealth, beauty and intellect—charms which are so rarely united—drew around her the most accomplished gentlemen in Montreal, and many there, watched for the faintest sign of encouragement, from the peerless woman, as a signal for them to offer their hands and fortunes. But amongst these, only two or three were bitter rivals. The most favored of these seemed to be the gay and accomplished Viscount Iderdowne, whose handsome face, dashing style, and smooth, silvery voice, won for him distinguished favor; whilst the gallants looked on with a degree of sarcasm, and ill-nature, at the perfectly open display of affection between the artist Henri and *la belle de Montreal*.

There was to be a ball at Lord Grandby's in celebration of his daughter's birthday. It was expected to be the most brilliant of the season. Lord Grandby holding a government office, of course all the distinguished army officers in Montreal, beside many from the citadel at Quebec, would be present, in addition to the civil *attaches* of the crown.

"Are you coming to my ball, monsieur?" asked Margaret of Henri, "or shall you stay away, as you did from our last reception, although your pet child (as you call her) begged you to come?"

"*Si je puis*," was his answer in his native language, as he turned from her beseeching eyes, with a sigh.

"If you can—this is too bad, my old friend. You must promise me that you will, or your pet child will hover beneath a cloud all the evening, like the morning star."

"She at least will be the 'evening star,' then," he added, trying to change the subject.

"Do you know I hate you to pay me a compliment, Henri. It always makes me sad. Ah! those who love us are not continually feeding our vanity on such dainty food. But will you promise?"

"What good can an old fellow like me be at your brilliant ball? I will not dance. There would not be five people I would care to talk to, and my pearl would be set in some high nook amongst the crown-jewels, where the poor artist could never receive a flash from the gem."

"You an old fellow! You know you are handsomer than the beau, Colonel Rosebreth—"

more agreeable than the exquisite Monteith, and—and—"

"Go on, my pretty flatterer! But how do I compare with Viscount Iderdowne?"

She did not answer, and her cheeks burned. Lesparre interpreted this silence in his own way—which of course was the wrong way. By-the-by, what a fool a man is when he is in love. Women are far more sensible, and possess the nice tact, and the finer instinct, which answers far better than the subtlest reason.

But Henri promised to attend the ball—taking credit to himself, at the same time, for adding one more pang to his already wounded heart. He was a philosopher, and yet he did not know that,

"Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost  
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;  
'Tis second life; it grows into the soul  
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse."

The evening of the ball arrived. And as Lesparre strolled through the *salon* where the guests were promenading with their partners, previous to the dancing, he thought he had never beheld a more beautiful scene. The lights flashing upon the jewels worn upon the white necks and arms of the ladies, only reflected the bright lights which danced in their eyes. The graceful, gauzy, many-hued dresses, floating like a blending, living mist along the richly carpeted floor, so downy and elastic. The pictures, and the perfume of the flowers; then the witching strains of music which trembled faintly in the distance; then swelled up the grander cadences till the soul was flooded with the exquisite harmony, and overflowed with a strange pleasure, satisfying, soothing, and complete. O! indeed it was a beautiful sight! And in this scene, the Queen of Beauty, Margaret Grandby, moved with as devoted a court as ever attended an empress.

She was dressed in satin of a delicate golden color, her luxuriant hair was braided, and the broad bands coiled to the front of her head, there resting, a fitting crown to the royal beauty of her face. A simple necklace of pearls was worn upon her neck, and drooped upon her snowy bosom, this chaste ornament, a present that very day from her father, Lord Grandby. She was leaning upon the arm of Viscount Iderdowne, who seemed most proud of his fair charge, and as the signal for the first dance was given, and the happy viscount bore her gracefully through the figures. Henri Lesparre stood looking on in a quiet corner. His face was very pale. "Must all that light and loveliness be lost to him forever," he thought. A hand touched his arm, he

turned to find Madame Gravely by his side, one of the wealthiest ladies in Canada, but an inveterate gossip and match-maker.

"Ah, monsieur!" she commenced, "this is a grand ball! Indeed Lady Grandby has had a success, and her lovely daughter—how strangely romantic her history. I mention in confidence, a friend of mine will write a novel with Margaret Grandby for the heroine. But you see the *dénouement*, monsieur, she will marry the viscount."

"Pardon me a moment, my dear madame," he interrupted, hastily, "I will rejoin you in an instant."

And he left the lively little lady, who uttered in a quite audible tone as he departed, "*Bete!*"

Henri was soon monopolized by his host, who insisted upon his going up stairs to view a little room which he had fitted up for his charming daughter as a *boudoir*. It was to be a surprise to her. And he had that very evening, all Margaret's books and *bijouterie* moved into it without her knowledge. Mechanically Henri glanced at the rich walnut panels with golden cornices; the exquisite statuettes which stood in the niches; the inlaid tables of wonderful Indian workmanship. The warm, rosy curtains, over the filigree lace, and the little pictures which hung here and there, near the Venetian mirrors.

He thought only of the fairy who was to inhabit this palace. Not of the abode itself. His answers to Lord Grandby were vague. And as he passed from object to object, from book to book, he forgot the revel in the saloon below. This quiet—and in *her* room—was so refreshing, he said, to his noble host:

"My lord, you will pardon me, I know. I am not myself to-night. Suffer me to remain here in the quiet for a few moments. I will glance over some of these books and rejoin you before long."

"My dear Henri," replied the generous man, laying both his hands on Lesparre's shoulders, and looking kindly into his eyes, "if you are in trouble about anything, come to me. I owe you a debt I can never repay. Remember this!"

And he left Henri alone, who had picked up a curious book whose covers were bound by a locked clasp, but the tiny key was dangling to a silken string by its side. Scarcely thinking that he might be committing a breach of confidence, he opened it. He found written upon the inner leaf: "*Zalia's life.*"

In Margaret's own hand her singular history was traced. All her thoughts and hopes were entered here, as full of innocent truth as when she said her prayers. Henri's fascinated eyes wandered over page after page. The maiden's

heart was unlocked to him. Towards the last portion he turned a leaf, and he saw what startled him, and made him tremble. A perfect likeness of himself sketched upon the page by her hand; beneath it was pressed a rose-bud and the words in pencil:

"O, my chief! Though thou canst not love me,  
Still I must love! forever love thee."

Half-blinded with joy—soul-thrilled—Lesparre read on different passages.

\* \* \* "I can weep with the stars! The pale prophetess, Moon, is surrounded by the jewels of the night, and yet she wastes her splendor on the sad, sin-stained earth. I can weep with the stars! He is marble, while with thick-beating heart, leaping pulses, and loud ringing ears I approach him with the tall-tale blood rushing into my face. \* \* \* The ghost of that one bright hour comes from its grave and stands before me now. It was the night before I left his home—my home—would it were so forever! He spoke so tenderly, regretfully, and I stole to him and laid my hand in his. What a golden-winged bird of love was trembling in the nest of my foolish heart, and only waiting its master's signal to nestle in his bosom. O! when we parted I was the weariest thing on earth. My soul was a mine full of music; an earthquake of love sent it open to the blasts and rain. \* \* My pride would quench my love for him, but he is so pure and just and good. What care I for the butterflies which hover around me in the splendor here? He is worth a million such, and were their best natures coined in one, they would not make such an affluent soul as Henri's. My love was a child's inception. It is a woman's passion." \* \* \*

He was sitting like a man whose memory had just returned after the lapse of years. Henri Lesparre was beloved by Margaret—and this was "*Zalia's life*." O, the joy of that moment! His life need not be longer a calm, almost pulseless movement. There was a rift in the clouds which had darkened it, and he saw the heavens beyond. How blind he had been! He saw now a thousand little acts which could only have been prompted by this love! and which taught him that he was not ever to lean on Art as his mistress. But when the autumn came, it would be joyous and golden, bearing fruits of the Hesperides.

Should he seek her in the midst of her titled friends? Ah! perhaps with her lover. Yes! He had gained too sweet a knowledge to risk its fruition now.

His nerves thrilling, and blood bounding as he hastened towards the scene of festivity once more. How much more beautiful now to him

than an hour ago, when he gazed satirically upon the scene. The music was to him rich triumphal sounds blending with the softest symphonies, which welcomed him. The lights, and jewels, and rose-scents, seeming but the expression of beauty which the refined senses of all must feel, as he advanced to claim the heart, whose sovereign he was.

A mist passed before his eyes. He beheld the radiant Margaret, her face lit up with joy, passing from the ball-room to the conservatory beyond. She was leaning on the arm of Viscount Iderdowne, and when she saw Henri, he thought she cast a glance half of entreaty, half of defiance at him. Alas! should he lose her now—he would lose his world—his heaven—his God!

Bewildered he followed after. There were many persons within the walks of the conservatory, but it must have been in obedience to some magnetic will, that he chose the loneliest spot—the most dimly lighted—and was brought suddenly to his senses, or rather to the consciousness of honor's demands, which made him turn quickly about. He would have left the place. His fate and happiness hung on that moment. The words he heard transfixed him.

"I love you, beautiful Margaret. I woo you with the consent of your parents. Be my bride! My adored one!"

"I pray you, do not proceed. Indeed I cannot listen to you—here!"

"Here, or anywhere, I shall always carry your image in my heart—your—"

"Indeed I respect you. Nay! regard you, but—"

"Ah! do not say 'but!'" the earnest voice pleaded, "my devotion shall force you to love."

"I have made a promise—only a promise to my own foolish heart, viscount, that I would never marry until I have the consent of a certain person—if it be never. I will ask that consent, and if—if it is given, I will be your—wife."

"And that person? surely cannot object—my wealth, position—who is it to whom I must be indebted for my wife?"

"An humble man—an artist—Henri Lesparre!"

"There is some mystery here—but Lesparre shall not object. I already feel that you are mine—"

"Lesparre does object," said the artist, stepping forward.

What a picture amongst the flowers. The startled figure of Margaret, who sprang towards Henri with eager, questioning eyes. The noble face of the artist lit up with his holy joy, and the

baffled viscount, bowing sarcastically towards the new-comer.

"Monsieur!" he said, in coldly polite terms, "I had no idea that I entertained a listener. But since you have heard, you will doubtless give this lady permission to become the bride of Viscount Iderdowne!"

"No, monsieur!" said Henri, "I will give her to no man under heaven."

"Henri!"

"My waif—my wife, I claim you."

"O, I beg your pardon, Monsieur Lesparre," sneered Iderdowne. "You shall hear from me again."

He bowed in mockery, bent his tall form beneath the drooping flowers, and was gone, leaving the two alone. His beloved one—to a noble rival.

What was the world of lights, and music, and flowers now? Words are vain; they can never be as eloquent as heart-throbs. O, the richness of such experience as theirs—clasping the beloved form to him, in one brief moment, Henri had tasted the joy of years. And Margaret could only murmur his name—the name she had lisped in her dreams, and which often floated out on the wondering night like a prayer.

Past the glowing forms, and tripping feet—never hearing the music than which the love-chimes which vibrated through their beings was sweeter, to the places where Lord and Lady Grandby were seated. The joy in their faces told the "oft told tale too sweetly well." Lady Grandby whispered to Margaret:

"You belong to him, my child. It was written in heaven."

And Lord Grandby said:

"Next to the happiness of finding my child, my friend, I rank this hour my sweetest—God bless you!"

And God bless every true love. 'Tis the offspring of our highest natures. The conceptions of the pure spirit. A prophecy of the Eternal of an infinity of joy. May no poor human hopes be wrecked upon the rock-bound shore with which passion has surrounded it.

And the love of Lesparre for Margaret was his inspiration: A religion which made him a good, great man. And thus the gipsy waif became the artist's wife. His life not all a dream, but a tender reality.

#### MORNING.

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE ONION.

The onion is worthy of notice as an extensive article of consumption in this country. It is largely cultivated at home, and is imported, to the extent of seven or eight hundred tons a year, from Spain and Portugal. But it rises in importance when we consider that in these latter countries it forms one of the common and universal supports of life. It is interesting, therefore, to know that, in addition to the peculiar flavor which first recommends it, the onion is remarkably nutritious. According to my analysis, the dried onion root contains from twenty-five to thirty per cent of gluten. It ranks in this respect with the nutritious pea and the gram of the east. It is not merely as a relish, therefore, that the wayfaring Spaniard eats his onion with his humble crust of bread, as he sits by the refreshing spring; it is because experience has long proved that, like the cheese of the English laborer, it helps to sustain his strength also, and adds, beyond what its bulk would suggest, to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.—*Correspondent N. E. Farmer.*

#### HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE HAIR.

As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately stiff brush, while the hair is dry, then wash it well with warm soap suds, then rub into the scalp, about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. Do these things twice a month—the brushing of the scalp may be profitably done twice a week. Damp the hair with water every time the toilet is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than pure soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named. The use of oils, of pomatums, or grease of any kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy practice, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils wherever it touches. Nothing but soft water should ever be allowed on the heads of children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most beautiful ornament long before their prime; the hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches, until their twelfth year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

#### MILK.

In this country we depend entirely upon cows' milk, if we except an occasional resort to asses' milk for invalids. But in other countries the milk of the goat, sheep, mare, camel and reindeer are utilized. Sheep's milk is a common beverage in Toorkistan, where the sheep are milked regularly three times a day. It is also used in Sweden and Denmark. Goats' milk is used in Switzerland, reindeer's milk in Lapland. The milk of the camel is a very favorite drink in all countries where the animal is used. The quantity given by the camel, without green food, does not usually exceed a quart; but the Bactrian, which enjoys a more succulent diet, yields twice that quantity. Some of the pastoral tribes possessing large herds live almost wholly upon camels' milk during a great part of the year, and it is frequently given to favorite horses, which are extremely fond of it.—*Mark Lane Express.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## ONLY A YEAR.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Only a year, one little year,  
 Since by the river-glade  
 We watched together one by one  
 The asters droop and fade.  
 And still the purple of the vines  
 Grew deeper day by day,  
 As the sweet Indian summer hours  
 Sped royally away.

The drifting leaves of brown and gold  
 Lay thick beneath the moon;  
 You said, 'twas so like heaven—ah me,  
 That you should know so soon!  
 Again I greet the autumn moon,  
 But somehow since that night,  
 A sombre shade is braided with  
 Its golden beams of light!

The fringed asters fade, the vines  
 Sway purpling in the sun;  
 The beeches drop their crimson robes  
 In silence one by one.  
 But fruit, and flower, and tinted leaf,  
 Bear depths of pain and woe;  
 I dreamed not of that happy time  
 One little year ago.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WOODLAND HALL.

BY SUSAN ELWELL DELAUNAY.

O Love! Love! Love!  
 May make the brave heart ache;  
 Pulse out its lavish life, and leave  
 It mournfully to break!

GERALD MASSEY.

It stood on a gently rising eminence, scarcely a stone's throw from the home of Mabelle Stafford; yet so completely surrounded by tall forest trees, that during the half dozen hours I had been a guest at Stafford Place, though casting often longing glances in the direction of Woodland Hall, I had been quite unable to obtain a view of the mansion. I was most anxious to do so; for Mabelle Stafford was soon to cross its threshold as a bride, and I longed to note the external appearance before being introduced to the internal arrangements of her future home, as I felt certain both had had more than a little to do with the winning of her consent to become its mistress.

At night when I retired to my own room, after unrobing, I drew back the curtains from a window looking northward, and glanced once

again towards Woodland Hall. Only the huge trees standing motionless in the still September night, with the white smile of the moonlight drifting over their leaves and branches, met my gaze. Was it strange my last remaining remnant of good-temper deserted me at that moment? I dashed down the curtains, turned my back upon the "north view," and vowed if ever I became possessed of the strength of Hercules, my first exploit should tell heavily upon those trees surrounding the hall.

I fell asleep that night with thoughts of direst vengeance flitting through my brain. When I awoke the next morning a strong wind was raging fearfully in the valley, and I well knew that during all the coming day we should have stormy music sounding in our ears. I was not sorry. I confess to experiencing a very decided feeling of delight as I thought how it would hustle those grand old branches which kept Woodland Hall from my sight. Besides, from a child, I had fancied the sinking and the swelling, the moaning and the groaning of the wind; and I cared but little how stoutly it swept down upon us, so long as it left the house-top whole above our heads.

I liked the raging wind that morning more than ever, as standing with Mabelle Stafford at the window of the library, I marked it clearing its way through the tossing boughs of the trees encompassing the hall. Through the openings which it tore in the branches, I caught glimpses of a gray stone mansion, with iron balconies, of a light running pattern, curving around arched windows of a conservatory, glowing with rare exotic bloom, and as the fierce wind swept and bent still further aside the swaying boughs, I gained a quick, faint sight of a lower window, and a dark face, full of fire and energy, looking out upon the stormy scene.

Unknowing Mabelle had also been watching the parting of the branches. I turned quickly to inform her of the arrival at Woodland Hall of her betrothed. I caught the expression of her face, and the words I would have uttered died unspoken upon my lips. Could it be Mabelle Stafford who stood before me? The dark eyes I had seen flashing ever, the haughtiest of glances filled with a tender, loving light, the scornful curve of the lip lost in a smile of ineffable sweetness, and the expression of the entire face so changed through love, that it was hard for me to believe her the proud Mabelle Stafford I had known half my lifetime. I touched her arm. The glowing face turned from the window. The womanly eyes looked into my own questioning ones.

"You love him, then?" I said, slowly. "You love George Graeme?"

The tender smile deepened on the lips. The light in the eyes grew soft, fuller of love, until, looking at her, my own heart grew sick within me, knowing such a smile would never come to my lips, nor such a light to my eyes. She slipped her hand into mine, that little hand so many had coveted, and said:

"Love him? O, Nell, darling! I remember no time when I did not love George Graeme."

Instantly there arose before me the vision of a fair face lying cold under the changing autumn grasses. A face that had rested warm with life, on George Graeme's heart—the face of his wife; and I could not help saying, my voice full of sarcasm, I did not once strive to conceal:

"It is not right. Marion Graeme lies dead beneath the sod, Mabelle."

"It must be right," she answered, softly, "else God would not have so ordered it. She did me grievous wrong when living, but upon her deathbed, confessing her sin, died at peace with God and all the world. She sleeps peacefully now, beneath the hemlocks, yonder—Marion—his wife."

For a moment, Mabelle stood looking dreamily out of the window. Then she turned, and slipping down upon the cushion at my feet, laid her head in my lap, saying:

"I am going to tell you my life secret, Nellie. A secret that has passed my lips but once, and that was but a few months ago, when George Graeme asked me to be his forever. I tell you, only because you are very dear to me, and because I don't like you to think the hard, uncharitable thoughts of me, that you have been thinking since I said I remember no time when I did not love George Graeme. Remember, Nellie, that we were children together—George Graeme and myself—that he was my companion and my protector. I had no mother. She died two hours after giving me birth, and my father, though possessing a kindly heart, was too deeply engrossed in business to give many thoughts to the little girl who ran about the grounds, and in reality troubled him so little with her wishes and her wants.

"To George Graeme I went with all my childish troubles, and he soothed me, and comforted me with such expressions of sympathy as made me think there was not in all the world another like him. And as the years swept on, the light love of the child became the strong heart-worship of the woman. We parted at last. He left home one fair calm day, and I did not see him again for six months. But he wrote to me as

often as his collegiate studies would admit of his doing so.

"How I treasured those letters! For three years he came and went, spending ever his vacations at home. Then his father grew very feeble—he had never been a robust man—and as soon as George's collegiate course was ended, he repaired to New York to attend to some important business of Mr. Graeme's. He had been absent from home but a few months, when his father grew suddenly worse, and George returned only in time to hear his sole surviving parent bless him with his last dying breath. For the week following the burial of his father, George remained almost entirely here in my own home. It was so dreary, he said, over at the hall—everything reminded him so much of his dead father, he could not remain there long at a time. So he stayed with us. When he was forced to return to New York, as he bade me good-by, he said, quickly, hurriedly:

"Mabelle, there is one question I have longed to ask you, that I long now to ask, but my courage fails me. In the very first letter I write you, may I say all that I would now like to say, but dare not?"

"I could not trust my voice to answer aloud, and I whispered the word he was waiting to hear—the yes. He drew me to him, kissed me on the lips, and was gone. How patiently I waited for the coming of that letter! But hours slipped into days, days wore themselves into weeks, and it did not come. I waited in vain. It never came.

"Six months from the very day he left me with his kiss full upon my lips, I read in one of the New York dailies, the marriage of George Graeme of Woodland Hall, to Marion, only daughter of Clinton Vere, Esq. I did not weep or moan. But I took all his old letters—the letters I had hoarded so carefully—and without re-reading them, dropped them one by one upon the burning coals in the grate, and watched them as they crisped and blackened, and the words that had once been so dear to me were dead on the paper forever.

"In a few weeks after their marriage, George Graeme and his bride came to Woodland Hall. A card received two days after their arrival, bearing these words, 'Mr. and Mrs. George Graeme at home,' told me they were prepared to receive their friends. Within a week after receiving it, I went over to the hall. I was ushered into a room I had known well in other days, yet I failed to recognize in all that vast apartment one familiar article. All the old stately furniture of mahogany and purple velvet had given place to



sofas, chairs and divans of elaborately carved rosewood, cushioned with satin damask. Superb mirrors, framed in with trailing vines and flowers of heavy gilt, stretched from floor to ceiling. Vases of rare designs and exquisite workmanship, ornamented the marble tables which gleamed white and cool through that luxuriously appointed room. Here and there upon the soft, green hued carpet, cushions of bright-colored velvet gleamed out like gorgeous flowers on a bed of moss.

"There was little to remind me of the days I had lingered there a happy young girl, and I sat down, faint and weak, for the great change visible throughout the room spoke to me of George Graeme's bride, and I could not at first think of him as loving and caressing another, without feeling a sudden heart-sickness, which for a moment made me strengthless as a child. But long before the door swung open to admit the slight form of Mrs. Graeme, I had grown strong; and when she entered I stood up, calm and self-possessed, and bade her welcome to Woodland Hall. She bowed, murmured a cold, quiet, 'I thank you,' and sank into one of the huge lolling-chairs which stood directly opposite the one from which I had arisen, begging me in that same cold tone, to be re-seated.

"I cannot tell you how her manner annoyed me; but I did not let her know that it did. I sank back into my chair as languidly as she in hers. I conversed in as low and still a tone as herself. You have seen her, Nellie, but never as I saw her then. I do not think eighteen summers could have rolled their faint fleecy clouds over her head. Not eighteen summers had brightened the fair white face. Brightened, did I say? Was ever word so wrongly placed? I am positive nothing on earth had at that time made her cold, passionless face bright even for an instant. Scores of times had I read Tennyson's 'Maud.' Hundreds of faces had I gazed into, eagerly hoping, yet ever failing to find a living illustration of the lines:

'Perfectly beautiful, let it be granted her;  
Where is the fault?  
Faultless, faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.  
Dead perfection, no more.'

"That face was before me. Had Marion Graeme sat for her word portrait, it could not have been better drawn. I could liken her—sitting in the soft purple twilight of that sumptuous room—to nothing but an iceberg floating dazlingly cold in a summer sea. Such was the bride George Graeme had taken to his heart, to hold there closely until death should separate them. Her head had been pillowed upon his

breast; she had lain for long hours in his arms; she had felt his heart beating strongly against her own. Yet she was as pale and still and cold as if dear arms had never folded her in close embrace, as if she had never listened to love words from lips beloved, nor felt the pressure of love kisses burning down upon her lips. Cold and clear was the light in her blue eyes. When she spoke, it was as if a whirl of snow had struck against your face. She was beautiful. But it was a beauty that chilled you through and through and through, seeming to freeze every warm pulse beat of your heart.

"I had risen to go, when the heavy door once again swung open, and George Graeme entered the room. Instantly the eyes of Marion fastened upon my face such a keen, penetrating glance, as annoyed me ten thousand times more than her faint cool manner of conversing had done. That she expected to see me flush and pale in the presence of her husband, I felt well assured. I fancy she found herself mistaken strangely. I met his eyes firmly; replied to his words without the faintest additional tint of color flushing my cheek. But never, to the latest day I live, shall I forget the look he gave me. Even now I can see the white stern face, the lips firmly, tightly compressed, when not speaking, and I felt then, what I afterwards knew, that Marion Vere had used foul means to make herself mistress of Woodland Hall.

"It was years before my foot again crossed the threshold of their home. The very next week after I had called upon Mrs. Graeme, I sailed with a party of friends for Europe. I will not say I did not enjoy the tour, for I did. I was no sentimental, romantic school girl, that I should think there was no joy in all the world, no brightness on earth for me, because the one I loved was wedded to another. I never spoke of George Graeme, but I caught myself many times mentally comparing other men with him, and felt they lost by that comparison. I had offers of marriage, but refused them all. I had no heart to give, and a hand without a heart is in wedlock but a worthless thing.

"We passed four years in travelling over the continent of Europe, and then returned to America. I had been at home but a few hours when a servant came from the hall—'Mrs. Graeme was ill—dying. She had sent for me. Would I come quickly?' I threw my cloak around my shoulders, drawing the hood over my head, and followed the girl out into the night. Through all the valley and over the hills lay the moonlight, white and still. The leaves of the trees hung motionless in the autumn air. Not a

sound fell upon our ears, save our own hurried footsteps. I do not think three minutes could have passed, from the time the messenger entered my room, before I stood by the deathbed of Marion Graeme. The physician and nurse were near her; but her husband held her head upon his breast, passing his hand, with a caressing movement softly over her shining hair and pale, wan cheek. She requested all to leave the room save myself. The physician and nurse went out together, while George Graeme was laying her gently back upon the pillows. As he turned to leave her, she clasped her fingers over his hand, and with an eager, wistful look in her eyes, said, pleadingly, 'George, my husband.'

"He bent down, kissed her tenderly, and I heard him say softly:

"'Marion, my wife—my own dear wife, there is naught but love between us.'

"For a moment her face grew fairly radiant with joy. Then the happy light faded, and she put him away from her, murmuring:

"'Go now. Your words have given me strength. Let me tell her all while I am strong. God bless you, my husband!' And he went out of the room, followed by her loving glance.

"I was alone with that dying woman—close beside her. So close I could see plainly the fitful rising and falling of the night-robe over her white bosom. She pointed to a chair.

"'Sit down,' she said, slowly, 'you will be weary standing. I have but a few hours to live. I know that never again through the valley shall I see the daylight break. When next the buttercups and daisies blow beneath the hemlock trees, I shall be sleeping under them. Will you let me sleep in peace? Will you forgive the wrong I did you years ago?' Five years ago George Graeme came to my native city. I was then only a girl in years, but in heart and brain I was a woman—cunning and crafty. I had but just made my debut in the fashionable world that winter. Mr. Graeme was wealthy, I was poor—my parents poor. Do not think by that, we lived meanly, or dressed shabbily. Far from it. My father was a lawyer of fine abilities; a talented man, who commanded large sums of money for his services. We moved in the most aristocratic circle New York could boast; dressed richly; lived expensively; but every dollar was spent in keeping pace with our wealthier acquaintances. There was no money laid by for sickness—for a time of want and need.'

"I knew how much depended upon my marrying well. I do not think I could ever have loved a poor man. I know I could never have married one. Yet I was not willing to barter

my youth and beauty for gold that clinked in a shrivelled hand. The man I married must be rich, but he must also be young. I met Mr. Graeme as I met scores of others that winter, with indifference. But I had not conversed a half hour with him, ere I determined to be mistress of Woodland Hall. He was all I desired; young, fine-looking, well-educated, talented, and immensely wealthy. Could I ask for more? During the winter he came often to our home. My mother was delighted with him. He dined frequently with us, promenaded with me, rode by my side, escorted me to balls and parties; yet not one word, not one look even of love, did he bestow upon me. All my arts of fascination failed to make any impression upon him, and I knew there was some woman he had met before seeing me, whose power over his heart was stronger than my own. I determined to find her out.'

"'Mr. Graeme was in want of an office boy I sent one to him I thought he could trust. I *knew I could*. It was not long before this boy brought to me a letter. One that Mr. Graeme had received that day, and after reading it, he had put it carefully aside; so carefully that James parloined it and brought it to me. It was a letter from yourself, kind and tender, but not loving. Yet I saw plainly you waited only for such words from him, as should give you the right to be so. Even while I was reading that letter I knew how much I had to fear from you, and I laid my plans accordingly.'

"'Week after week James brought me your epistles. One I kept—copying each day the words and imitating the handwriting, until at last I doubt if even you could have told your own letter from my copy of it. When this letter had been in my possession for nearly a month, Mr. Graeme was suddenly called home by the sickness of his father. Within a fortnight he returned to New York, and two days after his arrival in the city, I met on Broadway the office boy, carrying to the post a letter directed to you. I was positive that letter contained a declaration of love, and I bade James take it to my home and wait until I returned. He did so. When I was alone I opened it and read the contents. It was as I had thought. It contained a passionate avowal of love. You never received that letter, and he waited in vain for an answer. After a month had gone by he wrote again. *That letter was answered*. I wrote a reply—cold and distant—to which I appended your name, 'wondering why he had troubled himself to write a second time, when he must have known by the non-answering of his first, that his love was not, and

never could be returned.' The letter was brought up to Beechly and thrown into the post, and the chirography was so like your own, he never for a moment suspected that it came from any one save yourself. I knew well when he received it. The very next week he proposed to me and I accepted him. Five months after I was mistress of Woodland Hall. Now you know all. I have wronged you deeply, Mabelle Stafford. So deeply, that were I in possession of health, I should not dare ask your forgiveness. But now—now I am dying. Surely, you will let me die in peace.'

"Had my nature been ever so harsh and unforgiving—which it was not—I could not have withheld forgiveness, while those pleading, anxious eyes looked into mine. I kissed her on the lips tenderly, as I would have kissed my dearest friend, as I said, 'all is freely forgiven.' Two hours after, in the quiet midnight, the servant came again to me from the hall. Mrs. Graeme was dead.

"For a year after the death of his wife, I saw little of Mr. Graeme. But after a twelve-month had elapsed, he came to me, and putting in my hand the two letters his wife had given to him on her deathbed—the letters which years before he had written to me—said:

"Will you answer them now, Mabelle? They have been a long time in reaching you, but they are with you at last."

"I held them in my hand without speaking. I saw again the pleading eyes of Marion Graeme, the pale lips that had told me they had contained avowals of love, and I handed them back to him with this reply:

"I cannot read them. For the sake of the dead, destroy them. I know their contents. With my lips better than with my pen, I can say I—love—you." Nellie, in two short months I shall be George Graeme's wife—his own—hark! surely that is his step."

She sprang up—her lips parted, her cheeks, her very forehead flushed crimson, as the dear familiar footsteps came near the library. I knew how little my presence was needed then in that room, and stole quietly out of one door, as George Graeme entered by another; and the lovers were alone together. Two months after I was Mabelle Stafford's first bridesmaid, and she reigns now, as Marion Vere did before her—mistress of Woodland Hall.

#### ENDURANCE AND PATIENCE.

Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts.  
LOWELL.

#### LUDICROUS EFFECT OF CURRENTS.

We experienced currents running in all directions, some fast and some slow, winds puffing strongly from all quarters, and at other times dead calms, lightning, both straight and crooked; all sorts of thunder, from one loud rattle above our heads, to the distant low rumble; rain sometimes scarce, and the weather burning hot, at others pouring on us in torrents, as if all hands were aloft heaving it down in buckets full to cool the decks. There was such a number of pets on board, parrots, monkeys, etc., that a row now and then occurred among the men, when their favorites would assault others by bite or scratch. But what seemed to create general admiration was, when both vessels (Stewart was in close company with us) got becalmed, and were acted on by close rippling currents. It really looked as if they were endeavoring to get up some coquetting dance; first whirling round rapidly for several times, then side by side, turn off again, twice round, then face each other, that is, the jib-boom of one nearly touching the other, the swell causing them to bow like a pair of Tombolas, then round again, coquette for a little, and stern to stern; at last they became so loving that they embraced each other, and that affectionately too, as it required the united exertions of both crews to separate them. They had really tied themselves together, for some small spars were sprung or broken, and a good deal of rigging had to be cut before the separation could be effected. This ludicrous motion of the vessels, and the three several collisions that had taken place, caused their respective crews to have queer and fanciful imaginings, but all agreed that either the sea about here or the vessels were enchanted, for it was a matter of some difficulty to keep them apart.—*Coulter's Adventures.*

#### A PARSON AT A PINCH.

A severe storm in the Highlands, which lasted for several weeks, having stopped all communication betwixt neighboring hamlets, snuff-takers were reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbors within reach was resorted to, but this failed, and all were alike reduced to the extremity to which unwilling abstinent sufferers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense that study was out of the question. "What's to be done, John?" John shook his head as much as to say that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter, he started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hae!" The minister took a long, deep pinch, and then said, "Whaur did you get it?" "I soupt (swept) the pulpit," was John's expressive reply. The minister's accumulated superfluous Sabbath snuff now came into some good use.—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MORNING HYMN.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Riseth in the orient sky,  
 Messenger of welcome light,  
 Morning's falchion, flaming high,  
 Tracing heavenward glories bright;  
 Ever thus, great soul of day,  
 May my spirit haste away!

Climbing upward toward the height  
 Where his risen footsteps tend,  
 Naught may stay his zealous flight,  
 Naught may thence his efforts rend;  
 Thus intent, my God, on thee  
 Let my aspirations be!

Yet full well I know that when  
 Once the zenith he shall gain,  
 Like the errant souls of men,  
 Downward will his fervor wane;  
 Not like him, O Lord of power,  
 May I lose the favored hour!

Or, if sin my soul must bind  
 In the fetters of its clay,  
 Bursting, leaving them behind,  
 Trusting in thy grace alway,  
 Turned, O Saviour, to the skies,  
 Let me perish but to rise!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY ATTEMPT AT MATCH-MAKING.

BY GEORGIE O. LYMAN.

I HAD silently watched my aunt for an hour—my Aunt Katherine, who sat silently by the window with her sewing. Through the light meshes of the lace curtains the bright sunshine came in and fell upon her soft dark dress, smooth hair, and pretty white work, while the fresh breeze, floating in through the open window, blew into bloom a carnation pink upon her cheeks. And sitting there in the breeze and sunshine, I saw that my Aunt Katherine was very handsome. At first I thought it strange that I had never noticed the fact before; but it was not strange, for children seldom think anything about their parents' or guardians' looks, except that they be pleasant or unpleasant, and I was little more than a child. Ever since I could remember, Aunt Katherine, with her dark dress, smooth hair, and gentle ways, had taken care of me; and when I grew into a tall girl of fifteen, old enough to go to kissing-parties and have young beaux, she watched over me still. She was my

mother, my companion, my friend. I never realized my orphanage or want of other kin, but had been the same careless, light-hearted, merry girl ever since I could remember that I was on the June morning I watched her at work in the sunlight. She looked up at last.

"Addie, isn't it most school-time?" she said.

"Yes, auntie, I am going in a minute; but first tell me—"

"What, child?"

"Why you never were married."

"Because I never liked anybody well enough to marry him. Now go and get ready for school."

She smiled as she spoke, and after a glance at her face I smiled, too, and ran off for my bonnet and sachel. Coming down stairs again, I put my head in at the sitting-room door.

"Aunt Katherine!"

"Well!"

"If you found anybody whom you liked well enough, wouldn't you marry him?"

"I don't know—I suppose so. Why, what in the world has got into your head, Addie?"

I laughed, slammed the door, and bounded through the hall into the road. Half way to the schoolhouse I met my teacher, Mr. Charles Devereux.

"Good morning, Miss Addie! Recitations all ready?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, and he passed on ahead. I sauntered on slowly, thinking of my Aunt Katherine. I thought it would be a nice plan for her to be married. The next thought was who could she marry?

There were only half a dozen unmarried middle-aged men in the village—Aunt Katherine was twenty-seven; so of course she wouldn't marry a very young man. I rapidly enumerated the half dozen eligible ones and their suitability for my plan. "Lawyer Hyde, thirty, rich, aristocratic and *stingy*; he won't do. Mr. Leighton, thirty-five, handsome, good, well off, but a widower; and I've heard Aunt Katherine say she did not like widowers. Mr. Pierson, twenty-eight, handsome, wealthy, but too *fast*; she would not like him. Dr. Jarvis, thirty-six, small, crabbed, miserly, and unbearable generally. Mr. Howe, too homely to be thought of; and Captain Haynes, with his yellow, bushy whiskers, and nine thousand dollars' worth of mortgaged property, which he is always talking about, worse yet. Rather a sorry array in all."

Just then the school-bell rung, and I went in to my books and Mr. Charles Devereux—aged twenty-eight, handsome, intelligent, well educated, and unmarried. The class in intellectual philosophy was called first, and though I had

carefully committed my lesson to memory the evening before, my late thoughts had quite driven all remembrance of it from my head, and my recitation was imperfect. Mr. Devereux looked surprisedly at me, but said nothing. In French grammar my performance was still worse.

"Miss Addie," said Mr. Devereux, as I passed by him on my way to my seat, "do you have any trouble with those French verbs in learning your lessons?"

"Yes, sir, a little," I replied.

"You want a little reviewing, I think. If I have time, I will call in at your house this evening and help you a little while you are studying."

Mr. Devereux knew that I always studied evenings, and had several times called in and spent an hour in assisting me with a particularly difficult task designed for the next day's recitation. So I was not surprised to hear him make this offer, though a little ashamed of the cause of it, as my failure had resulted from my wilful inattention and carelessness. I thanked him, however, with a flushed face, and went to my seat. But it was not entirely shame that flushed my face.

As I expected, Mr. Devereux came in the evening to explain my French lesson. But he did not find me alone. Aunt Katherine sat by the table sewing, and looking even handsomer than in the morning. My heart gave a little flutter of impatient anticipation every time Mr. Devereux looked at her, and after the lessons were through, I did my best to make her talk to please him. My aunt always talked well, but she quite excelled herself in conversing that night. I saw that Mr. Devereux was interested, and I was delighted with the good success of my secret plan.

In the course of the evening, John Aubrey, my lover, came in. Of course I claimed John as my lover, for though he was a nice young man of twenty-seven, and I a mere child of a girl, hardly sixteen, he had beamed me to parties and concerts all one winter, and told me a dozen times that I was the sweetest, prettiest, most lovable girl in all Harford. So that when John came in, I went and sat down by him in a cosy corner, and left Aunt Katherine to entertain Mr. Devereux—a plan which I thought at first seemed to suit all around.

But after a little while I saw John casting uneasy glances towards the place where Mr. Devereux—looking superbly handsome—sat talking with my aunt.

"You needn't be jealous of him, John," I said. "He's only my teacher."

John started and leaned back in his seat without a word.

Neither of the gentlemen staid very late, John going away directly after Mr. Devereux, and I went to my room elated with my prosperity, or rather the prosperity of my plans.

I did not need assistance in my studies before Mr. Devereux came again, and after a short time it came to be a regular thing for him to spend an evening once or twice a week with us. With us, I say, because I could see that, though he admired my Aunt Katherine very much, he had too good taste to monopolize her company entirely, to the exclusion of mine. I always enjoyed these evenings very much. It seemed to me that Mr. Devereux grew remarkably agreeable very fast. Sometimes John would come in, but John seemed to have grown strange and moody of late. I thought it was because Mr. Devereux was at our house so much, and endeavored to please him by extra attention when he did spend an evening with us, but it didn't seem to be of much use. I resented his silence and inattention to me, one night, and after that he didn't come near us for nearly a month. But we seemed to get along just as well without him—at least I did, though Aunt Katherine asked me a number of times about the cause of his absence.

"He is sulky, I suppose. Don't fret about me, Aunt Katherine; it don't trouble me at all," I said.

A few evenings after, John made his appearance and entered the parlor where Mr. Devereux and I sat playing chess, while my aunt was writing a letter at a side table. I thought it would be rather awkward for him at first, but he came forward easily, and after speaking to Mr. Devereux and myself, crossed the room and seated himself by my aunt. Pleased with this arrangement, I devoted myself to my game, and did not look around for some half hour afterwards, when my attention was attracted by the sound of John Aubrey's voice, which, though low, was remarkably earnest and emphatic. I turned my head and gazed in wonder. My aunt's cheeks were flushed crimson, and John's face, as seen by me for an instant, was pale and agitated. I turned to Mr. Devereux in astonishment, but he only smiled slightly, made a move, and then waited for me to do the same. But I could not play for my excitement caused by the scene I had observed a moment before, and lost the game through inattention.

"Shall we play again?" said Mr. Devereux.

I shook my head, and he replaced the pieces in a box, and then took up a book. The next moment John arose, and my aunt went with him to the door. She did not come back for some

time, and when she did, Mr. Devereux was preparing to go. He looked up quickly at her entrance, and then asked her, laughingly, if it was amicably settled, and if he might congratulate her. She blushed, but said, "Yes, at some other time," and bade him good night. I had stood by in round-eyed wonder and bewilderment.

When the door closed on him, my aunt looked steadily at me a moment, then laughed, and finally burst into hysteric tears. I was frightened. She put her arm about me.

"Addie, are you sure you didn't like John?" she asked.

"I believe I did a little last winter, but I don't at all now."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," I replied. "He is so sullen and—"

"Wait!—do you know who you are talking to?"

"What do you mean, Aunt Katherine?"

"I am John Aubrey's betrothed wife, Addie!" and she laughed and then cried again.

I stood mutely staring at her. At last I found words to say:

"Why, Aunt Katherine, I thought it was I whom John was in love with!"

She shook her head.

"And I thought Mr. Devereux was in love with you."

"You must ask him about that," she said, smiling through her tears.

And I did ask him the next evening while we stood by an open window, and my Aunt Katherine sat by John Aubrey in the cosy corner where I used to sit with him.

"Is it possible that you haven't been courting Aunt Katherine all this time, Mr. Devereux?" I said.

How he laughed!

"Is it possible that you don't know that I've been courting you all this time?" he retorted.

"Mr. Devereux!" I exclaimed.

But he wasn't jesting—and neither was I when I promised a year later to "love, honor and obey" him through life.

John Aubrey and my Aunt Katherine were married at the same time, which my aunt declared was a great saving of trouble and wedding cake.

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#### SENTIMENT.

Thy beauty is as undenied  
As the beauty of a star;  
And thy heart beats just as equally,  
Whate'er thy praises are  
And so long without a parallel  
Thy loveliness hath shone,  
That, followed like the tided moon,  
Thou mov'st as calmly on.—WILLIS.

#### AN UNWELCOME BEDFELLOW.

I wandered about the town the rest of the day watching the lazy negroes, and did not return to my house till after dark. I struck a match and set fire to a torch to go to bed by; and casting my eyes about to see if anything had been disturbed, noticed something glittering and shining under my *akoko*, or low bamboo bedstead. I did not pay much attention to the object, which did not seem important by the dim light of the torch, till just as I approached the bed to arrange it, I saw that the glitter was produced by the shining scales of an enormous serpent which lay quietly coiled up there within two feet of me. My first motion was to retreat behind the door; then I bethought me to kill it. But unfortunately my two guns were set against the wall back of the bed, and the snake was between me and them. As I stood watching and thinking what to do, keeping the doorway fairly in my rear for a speedy retreat, I noticed that my visitor did not move, and finally mustered up courage to creep along the floor to the bedside and grasp one gun. Happily it was loaded very heavily with large shot. I placed the muzzle fairly against one of the coils of the serpent, fired, and then ran out. At the report there was an instant rush of negroes from all sides, eager to know what was the matter. They thought some one had shot a man, and then run into my house for concealment. Of course they all rushed in after, helter-skelter; and as quickly rushed out again, on finding a great snake writhing about the floor. Then I went in cautiously to reconnoitre; happily my torch had kept alight, and I saw the snake on the floor. My shot had been so closely fired that it had cut the body fairly in two, and both ends were now lopping about the floor. I gave the head some heavy blows with a stick, and thus killed the animal; and then, to my surprise, it disgorged a duck, which it had probably swallowed that afternoon, and then sought shelter in my hut to digest it quietly. This pretty sleeping companion measured eighteen feet in length. I must confess that I dreamed more than once of serpents that night, for they are my horror.—*Du Chailu.*

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#### THE DRUMMER BOY.

A gentleman tells this story of a little drummer boy. He went on the ship to Fortress Monroe, with his regiment, and just at evening, overcome with the fatigues of the day, he had laid down upon the deck, and had fallen to sleep. The dews were falling. The colonel came along and shook him by the shoulder, and told him he would take cold, if he continued to lie there, and advised him to go below and go to his rest for the night. As he was getting up, his Bible fell out of his pocket upon the deck. He picked it up and replaced it. Some kind hand—perhaps a mother or a Sunday school teacher—had given him that Bible. He went below and prepared himself for his bed. When ready he knelt down—many loudly-talking men standing around—put his hands together in the attitude of prayer, and poured out his heart silently to God. He heeded not the noise around him. In a moment all was hushed; the company, being overawed by the conduct of the boy, reverently stood silent until he had finished his prayer.—*Ch. Watchman.*



[ORIGINAL.]

BARTER.

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

You ask me for my love, as 'twere  
A merchantable thing,  
Set up, like other bales of goods,  
To see how much 'twould bring.

You think your wit and polished ease,  
Your bank-stock and rent-roll,  
Will more than make amends for lack  
Of that low thing—a soul!

"Men guage you by your length of purse,  
'Tis not for *souls* they ask;  
Few men have visions strong enough  
To pierce a gilded mask."

They have not, have they?—out, 'tis false!  
Men reverence truth and love  
Wherever found—men ne'er prefer  
The vulture to the dove!

"Your offer scores would gladly take—  
Girls, too, of better birth;"  
It may be so—yet, if so, 'tis more  
Tenfold than they are worth!

Go lay your gold and hackneyed heart  
At other feet than mine;  
My heart is like the free wild bird,  
It cannot mate with thine.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LADY ETHEL'S WOLF-HOUND.

BY EVA MILFORD.

It was the morning of the eve appointed for the nuptials of Sir Reginald de Beauregard, with the fair Ethel, daughter and only child of that fierce old noble, Thorwald of Donnerwetter, and while her maidens made ready the rich bridal robes, Ethel walked by herself in the little oak coppice skirting her father's old battlemented keep. Her only companion was a wolf-hound, gaunt, fierce, and of immense size, who followed her up and down, with slow, stately steps, his eyes fixed upon her face with an almost human expression of sympathy, further expressed from time to time in a low whine, as his mistress chanced to glance his way.

Few maidens let us hope, of that or any other time, looked upon their bridal morn with more despairing glance than Ethel of Donnerwetter, the fair rose of Sussex, as she had been styled by the united voice of her many admirers. Many, for although the Lord of Donnerwetter

was proudly boastful of his fair Saxon lineage, he had not scrupled to mingle in the sports and entertainments of the Norman nobles, and had splintered his spear honorably in nearly every tournament or "gentle passage of arms," holden within hundreds of miles of his ancestral town.

Since his daughter had reached the years of womanhood, the proud father often claimed her company in these excursions, and more than once had the Saxon maiden received the crown as queen of love and beauty, greatly to the disgust of the Norman ladies, who affected with their lords to despise the native nobility of the land in which they had come to dwell.

It was at one of these entertainments, a tournament holden by King Richard the lion-heart, to celebrate his successful re-assumption of the throne, basely usurped by his brother John, during the absence of the lion king in Palestine, it was at this very tournament of Winchester, that the fair Ethel met her future doom, for Reginald de Beauregard, just returned from conquering the Saracens, and full of fierce and pitiless courage, held the lists throughout the summer's day gallantly against all who dared oppose him, and at its close laid the wreath he so valiantly had won, at the feet of Ethel the Saxon maid.

This was the first time they had met, but ere the lord of Donnerwetter with his daughter and his attendants began his homeward journey, he had promised the hand of his child to the haughty Sir Reginald, chief in place and prowess at that day among the knights of Richard's court. It was not till they were once more at home, that the father announced to his daughter the new destiny opening before her. Perhaps he felt some little compunction at the arbitrary course he was determined to pursue—perhaps he foresaw opposition and rebellion, for none knew better than he, that the blue eyes of the mother orphaned Ethel could blaze with an anger fiercer than any known to dark-eyed southern maids, that her sweet curved lips could harden into lines of stern defiance, that her slender, swaying form could put on the bearing of an empress on her throne, and the small arched foot plant itself upon its chosen stand with a firmness unpossessed by many an iron-shod masculine one twice its size.

But then the lord of Donnerwetter, who after his rough sort was a reader of character, knew full well that Ethel's fond young heart was filled brim full of love for her old father, and that while no compulsion could force her to this course or that, entreaty, or even silent, patient waiting, emphasized with the looks more than she knew better how to read, could almost always lure her to the call of those she loved, and they

in their degree were many, for never beat heart more tender than that of Ethel of Donnerwetter. And yet of all these loves there was but one that might not have been shouted from the castle's highest bartizan, without bringing a blush to the cheek of the fair maid, and this one love was—well, Ethel thought it hidden from all but one, but her father with that keenly careless eye of his, had read her secret through and through months before, and from it, and from his own declining years, swore his determination to put the keeping of his daughter's heart, and the ultimate guardianship of his fair lands in the possession of one whom he esteemed so fit to hold and to guard either treasure, as Sir Reginald de Beauregard, champion of the lists at Winchester.

The event proved the sagacity of the old baron. Ethel rebelled at the proposed marriage with even more determination than her father had expected, and it needed not only his whole strategic force and more than one powerful appeal to her affections, but the exercise of all the authority possessed by the hitherto indulgent father, before even a reluctant assent could be wrung from the lips of the weary and weeping girl. Once spoken, however, the words were past recalling, or so the lord of Donnerwetter studiously taught his daughter to believe, intimating that a personal encounter with Sir Reginald and in the event of escaping his relentless sword, an unceasing persecution at the hands of the king, awaited himself should the espousals be interrupted. So Ethel yielded, only stipulating that she should never meet her bridegroom until the marriage morn, and with this condition both knights had hitherto complied. Now, however, that the bright June day had come, and the priest waited in his holy vestments, and the bower-maidens made ready the bridal robes, Sir Reginald, who had arrived the previous night at the old tower, demanded an interview with his bride.

"See, she walks in the wood, yonder," said the old knight to whom he addressed himself. "The girl is froward and self-willed, like an untrained jennet or a merlin of generous strain. She brooks not the thought of a master, and may well receive you coldly at the first. Yet she will yield to skill and kindness, and in the end prove a humble and loving wife to one who guides her wisely. Trust me, I knew her mother when she was like her, and ere she died—where would you find a meeker dame?"

So spoke the old knight and laughed, for woman to him and to all men of that and many another year was but a toy. Somewhat better than his dog—a little dearer than his horse.

"Never fear for me, sir baron," returned the

wooner, with a short laugh, as he heavily strode down the gravel walk, at whose head they stood. "I have looked a peevish woman in the face before to-day."

Reaching the edge of the little wood, Sir Reginald paused a moment and gazed before him into the dim shade, perhaps rehearsing what he had to say, perhaps admiring the slender form of his promised bride, as it stood out clear against the morning sky, seen through a little opening in the thick set trees. However it may be, small space was allowed him either for meditation or admiration, for barely had he held his position within the edge of the wood for a moment, when a deep-mouthed bay broke the stillness, and the gaunt form of Hengist, the Lady Ethel's favorite hound, swept through the intervening space, and rose in a furious leap at the throat of the intruder. Cool and undaunted, Sir Reginald stepped quickly back, and with his clenched fist aimed a powerful blow at the creature's forehead. Had that heavy hand been cased in mail as was its wont, Hengist had never bayed again, but aided only by silken glove, its violence only enraged him the more, and with a fiercer growl he sprang again. Then, Sir Reginald catching him by the throat with both his hands, bore him down, placed his knee upon his head, and in another moment would unquestionably have throttled him, when a sweet, proud voice, interposed hurriedly, and withal indignantly.

"Hold, sir knight!" exclaimed Ethel. "The hound is mine, and his loss would be to me irreparable. Release him, and I vouch for his behaviour."

Sir Reginald looked up, his face dark with anger, and flushed with excitement. Sharp words were on his lips, and had the fair rose of Sussex bloomed less sweetly, or had the haughty knight been her liege lord in very truth, I fear me Hengist's fate had indeed been sealed. But as the knight beheld that lovely face whose every charm was heightened tenfold by the mingled anger and terror flushing and paling it by turns, and as he remembered that no vows yet bound her to his will, a sudden change passed over his features, and rising quickly, he released the hound, who, conscious of his defeat, and the necessity of submission, found his animosity increased tenfold thereby, and retreated, shaking himself and growling fiercely, behind his mistress, where he remained quiet, but eying his late opponent with a cool determination ominous of future trouble.

"I am sorry, indeed, that Hengist should have thus attacked my father's guest," began Ethel, somewhat confused by thus suddenly finding her-

self reduced from her contemplated position of disdainful coldness to that of an apologist. But the knight, already perfectly self-possessed, hastened to reassure her.

"Fair lady, one can never be surprised to find the choicest treasures the most safely guarded; and truly this faithful hound, (Heugist you call him?) fierce though he may be, is none too vigilant a guardian of the fair rose of Sussex. Come, sirrah, shall we be friends?"

He stooped to seal with a pat on the head the proposed amnesty, but Heugist growled savagely, and curling his lip till all his white teeth gleamed defiance, sidled away from him.

"Never mind, then,—we shall be better acquainted anon, my Heugist," said the knight, standing upright, and smiling grimly.

Ethel did not like the smile, and she said quickly:

"I know not how that may be, Sir Reginald de Beauregard, but Heugist shall never leave my side, nor shall he ever be ill-treated by mortal man, if I can help it!"

"Good sooth, fair rose. Heugist seems to me but too well fitted to fight his own battles, and I hope fairly sith he is never to quit his mistress's side, that we shall grow better friends as well as better acquainted, for by that side, fair Ethel, I hope to spend many an hour of dalliance."

As he spoke, he tried to place his arm about the maiden's waist, but Ethel stepped quickly back, and Heugist showed unmistakable signs of renewing his attack should the familiarity be persisted in. A frown gathered on the dark brow of Beauregard, and Ethel, laying her hand upon the hound's head, said, hurriedly:

"Back, sir! I warn you Heugist will soon brook no commands to peace—not even mine. He likes you not, Sir Reginald, nor will he ever like you. I know his temper well, and I will tell you now what I had thought never to tell, but the conduct of this faithful hound warns me that nought but misery lies in the path we were about to tread. I do not love you—I can never love you. In very truth I love another man."

"And that other?" asked the knight, quietly, while he plucked at his heavy moustache.

"His name cannot matter to you, Sir Reginald," returned Ethel, coldly. "Nor should I thus have betrayed my dearest secret, were it not in hope of good. Surely, you will tell my father that he does not well, to urge on your bridal with one whose heart and hand can never go together."

"Had I heard your tale, fair maid, when first we met, I might thus have spoken, but now—nay, Ethel, I hold you to your vow."

"I have made no vow in your behalf, sir knight."

"Then I hold you to the treaty formed between your father and myself, and if you gainsay it, I call upon him to make good his word, or solve me the reason why."

"And think you, Sir Reginald de Beauregard," asked Ethel, with flashing eyes, "that a wife won to your arms with threats of dishonor to her name and death to the father whom she loves, is likely to be a true one?"

"For the love, pretty rose, I will win it through mine own exceeding great love, and for the truth, I will guard it with my lance and sword," replied the wooer, lightly, though an ominous cloud had settled upon his brow, and murky lightnings played in the depths of his dark eyes.

"And you will claim me thus—scorn on my lips and hatred in my heart?" asked Ethel, passionately.

"God's life, fair maid!" broke out the soldier, in a voice half stern, half tender, while a bitter smile made the dark moustache writhe like an angry serpent. "Don't think that I who have slain my Saracens by the score, who have wandered thousands of miles from the spot where I was born, led on by the love of combat and of glory, who have never flinched from mortal man, and hardly knelt to God—thinkest thou I am now to bear me back from the frown upon a maiden's brow, or restrain my hand outstretched to pluck the rose, because the thorns upon her stem bid a defiance? Ethel, thou art mine, though to reach thee I wade knee deep in blood of father, lover, ay, and hound. No power can now withhold thee from my arms."

Pale but undaunted, Ethel raised her eyes to the face of her promised husband, and read in every line of its handsome, swarthy features, confirmation of his words. No ruth, no relenting there, and with a bitter, inward moan, the bride turned to meet the attendants who approached to summon her. Only as she turned, she said, solemnly:

"Mark then, one thing, Sir Reginald de Beauregard. If through pity for my father's life, through dread of other harm, I yield, and become thy wife in the eyes of the world and your priest, my vows bid me no further than to thy name. I warn thee now, to look for no affection, no submission, nay, not even for truth and fidelity, for I owe thee none. I am sold as a slave, not wedded as a free and noble maid, and when found you honor in a slave!"

She passed him, stepping proudly and slowly as an angry queen might move, and after her stalked Heugist, his fierce eyes glaring like coals,

the hair bristling on his back, and his tail waving defiance even in retreat. The knight looked attentively at the pair, until, followed by the bow-ermaids, they had entered the porter-gate closing it behind them. Then he struck the back of his right hand into the palm of the left and laughed aloud, but it was a laugh not good to hear.

"Challenged, by the splendor of a lady's brow!" said he. "And yet, my bristling rose, if I take not, and hold not, that which is mine own, in despite of thee and thy dog, and that other dog, thy lover, never name me again as the best lance of Richard's court."

Thus was the fair rose of Sussex wed, and the next morning a gay bridal train swept out from the low arched gateway of the keep, and took its way through field and woodland beneath the sweet June sky, to the distant castle of Beauregard, a long hundred miles towards the north. Close beside his lady's palfrey trotted Heugist, grim, close-mouthed and determined, while at a little distance on the other hand rode Sir Reginald. Between the knight and the hound had grown up a hollow truce, liable as both well knew to be broken on the slightest provocation, but yet they endured each other's presence. Heugist, because thus only could he be near his mistress, Sir Reginald because the father of his bride had that morning said:

"I pray you, fair son, to charge your people to have a care of angering Heugist. He is a savage hound, and should not accompany you, but that he is my daughter's pet. She loves him with a strange tenderness, and I fear he would be ill-content even in her new home, without the hound."

"Heugist is welcome," returned the knight, coldly, and then he carelessly inquired:

"Whence cometh this fondness of the Lady Ethel for so ungainly a brute?"

"He saved her once, when set upon by an angry stag," replied the father, briefly.

"And how did it happen he did not himself attack her whom he had saved? I trow he had been the worst enemy of the two," asked the knight, curiously.

"Ay, but Ethel had known him since he was a pup. He was reared in the hut of Olaf, my foster keeper, whose wife, Margary, was foster-mother to my child."

"And the Lady Ethel often visited Olaf's hut?"

"Ay. She has a loving heart, sir knight, and clings to those who have been kind to her. Margary has been to her even as a mother."

"I wonder that the good woman came not to the tower, rather than suffer the lady to seek her in a peasant's hut," said Sir Reginald, haughtily.

"Ay, but she hath a husband and children of her own. The poor must abide by their task."

"Children? Some one I doubt not of the Lady Ethel's own age, since the mother nursed her."

"Yes. Wilfrid, the oldest son of Olaf is but a few days older than my daughter," returned Sir Thorwald, stiffly.

"And this young springald reared the hound whose prowess stood the lady in such stead?" asked the bridegroom, absently.

"I—I believe so. I scarcely know. The affairs of these kinds are not so noteworthy that I should treasure them very safely, Sir Reginald," said the elder knight, somewhat impatiently.

"By're lady, good father of mine you say sooth," returned the crusader. "To knights and ladies, such as we, the life or death of a score of those murrain cattle can be but of small account. I marvel but that the Lady Ethel could have endured the occasional presence of those Olafs and Wilfrids in her daily visits to her foster-mother. Said you not daily, Sir Thorwald?"

"Daily, or weekly, or hourly—what matters now?" asked the knight of Donnerwetter, impatiently, "since you are to carry her scores of miles from them all, and from her old father? Cherish her, sir knight, she hath a loving and a tender heart."

"Merry will I cherish her safely and fondly, even in her own despite," muttered the bridegroom, as the old steward appeared to announce that the horses were ready in the outer court.

And thus it chanced that four days thereafter, Sir Reginald de Beauregard re-entered his stately castle, bringing with him not only the fair rose of Sussex, but her gaunt, ugly, faithful wolf-hound, Heugist. Thenceforward began for Ethel a new life. No more solitary summer rambles beneath the greenwood tree, no more visits to the tidy cottage of her old nurse Margary, who had been ever wont to greet her foster-child with fresh love and tenderness at each oft repeated visit, to urge upon her appetite such dainties as her skilful fingers could prepare, and who, if she tarried till the sun had reached the tree tops in his downward course, would ever urge that Wilfrid, her tall, stout, handsome boy, should walk beside his foster-sister home.

No more such visits—no more such walks. Now, the lady of Beauregard must sit and stitch or broider within the four walls of her stately home, or if she pined for fresher air or freer motion she might seek them at her will on horse or foot, accompanied by four armed retainers and two prying bower-women; without that train Sir Reginald had entreated she would never move beyond the castle gate, and it needed no

long acquaintance with the bridegroom to teach the lady that his entreaties were but commands couched in more courteous phrase.

To the attendants the knight had given a straiter charge, and let her turn which way she would, early or late, Lady Ethel found some one always at her side. She had barely time to say her prayers in solitude. Once only she had contrived, while all the servants were thrall'd by a travelling harper who sang a long romance of love and war in the castle hall, to slip out of a little postern, and wander unattended save by Heugist, in the adjoining forest.

She had no errand, no motive, save a longing for her old freedom, but there was one, who from the close covert watched her steps with eager joy as they fleetly bore her towards him, one who had journeyed far and painfully, had lingered long and wearily, had shared the food and the lair of the forest creatures, hoping only for this moment, this sweet chance that had at last befallen. The gaunt and haggard face might well have frightened the Lady Ethel as it peered at her from the tangled thicket; but quicker, ay, and stronger than the love of man is the love of a noble brute, and with a short, sharp cry of joy Heugist started from the side of his mistress and plunged madly into that leafy thicket.

An hour later, when the lady of Beauregard quietly re-entered the postern door, ajar as she had left it, she found her husband waiting, motionless as a statue behind it. His face was very white and stern, and he said not a word as he took her hand and led her into the inner court of the castle. There was placed a chair of state, and close beside it a post fitted with ropes to secure the hands and feet of an offender.

In this chair the Lady Ethel found herself seated, almost before she understood the motion. Her husband placed himself beside her, and then at a signal from his hand, first one, then another, then the third, and lastly the fourth of the hapless men at arms ordered to accompany her every step without the castle, were led out and tied to the post and cruelly lashed before her very eyes, even within reach of her hand. She might shut her eyes, but she could not shut out the clang of the scourge, the groans of the victims, or the drops of blood that spattered the hem of her robe. When this was over there was a pause, and the lady sick and faint rose feebly from her chair, and would have tottered away, but the hand of her lord drew her down again with a firm, strong grasp, while he murmured in her ear:

"Wait, and see the boon you have conferred upon your bower-women."

Then appeared an attendant, bearing a brasier

of living coals, and a branding iron, while from another door two men led the unfortunate Alice and Elgitha, pale, trembling, and hardly able to stand upright.

"Kneel here, close in front of your mistress, that mistress whom you so basely desert, and leave to wander alone like some village wench, the prey of robbers and wild beasts," commanded Sir Reginald, sternly, and then added to the attendant, "Heat it well, Wingate, let it be rosy red, and then mark me a fair T, for traitor, upon those blooming cheeks. Say, lady mine, shall it be Alice or Elgitha first?"

Lady Ethel, powerfully commanding her failing senses, arose from the chair, and fell upon her knees before her husband.

"As you are Christian knight, Sir Reginald," gasped she, "as you were born of woman, and nursed upon a woman's heart—as you ever loved or fancied me—I beg, I implore, I pray you not to do this cruel wrong—this monstrous wickedness—"

She choked with her own passion of entreaty, and could say no more. Nay, she would have fallen forward at his very feet, had not the knight raised, and re-seated her in the chair of state.

"Nay," said he, kissing her passive hand, "As thou art thus pitiful, fair dame, it shall be even as you say, but beshrew me if I thought not thou wert angered at their negligence as I was, and stole out alone to prove how unguarded thou wert left. But if thou dost pardon them—hark, ye wenches!" continued he, turning fiercely upon the bower-women, and changing his tone of tender irony to one of harshest anger, "Your lady is graciously pleased to intermit your deserved punishment, but if you so offend again, I swear by the bones of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne ye shall be branded not on the one cheek, but on both, so look ye to it. Will it please you, dame, that I lead you to your bower?"

After this fearful proof of her lord's constant watchfulness and ruthless severity, it may well be imagined that the Lady Ethel was exceedingly cautious how she subjected her innocent attendants to punishment. Yet the new delight her life had found could not wholly be abandoned, and it was remarked that though the rose resigned herself cheerfully to constant seclusion, she never failed day by day to command that Heugist should be allowed to pass the gates to take his exercise in the open fields and forest.

The hour of his absence was spent by the lady in her oratory, at whose closed door the hound returning would scratch and whine for admittance. This was always granted by his indul-

gent mistress, and the door re-closed. Then, after a space the Lady Ethel would come forth smiling and joyous, a light upon her face, and a content in her whole mien, which the pious Elgitha attributed to her mistress's devotion, and the pretty Alice to some more mundane joy, though what it might be, remained an impenetrable secret to all but Heugist and his fair mistress.

Rumors of this little mystery reached at length the ears of Sir Reginald, and, deeming nothing unimportant that related ever so lightly to his adored bride, sent for the two bower-women separately, and with stern, sharp questions, soon extracted from them all they knew of the matter in hand. Then dismissing them with a curt injunction to secrecy, the knight grimly mounted to the battlements of his castle, and there paced up and down a long hour, pulling and twisting at his moustache, muttering between his teeth, and pausing now and again to glance with fierce, slow gaze into the waving wood below.

The next morning Sir Reginald called for his favorite horse betimes, and arming himself in proof, took a boarspear in his hand and rode forth alone into the forest. An hour later, a warder, by his mistress's command opened the postern door, and Heugist stalked grimly out upon his morning excursion. Bright eyes watched him from within, fierce eyes watched him from without, and the hound, as if conscious of their scrutiny, paused a few paces from the gate, sniffed the morning air uneasily, and then stretching up his neck, uttered a prolonged and dismal howl.

"It is an omen!" murmured the Lady Ethel, peeping fearfully from the window of her oratory, and clasping her hands in prayer.

"It is an omen!" echoed the knight of Beauregard, glowering from his station in the thick forest, and shaking his heavy boarspear.

Then Heugist, remembering his errand and its need of secrecy, bounded away toward the marshes and the meadows at the left, sweeping hither and thither in great circles, guided apparently by nothing but the simple animal delight of motion. But still as was plainly to be discerned by that motionless figure seated on a horse as motionless, every circle brought the cunning hound nearer to the forest, until, with a sudden questing cry, as if he scented some game, Heugist broke away into the wood, and once there, proceeded at an ever steady pace toward the spot he had come out to visit. Before he was out of sight the knight had wheeled his horse, and was now quietly following him.

The fact that he was pursued, could not long remain a secret to the intelligent animal. He

knew it, and he knew that the pursuit foreboded danger to himself, but for once his subtle instinct failed to point out the path of safety, or rather he had no instinct of flight. Cowardice was not among his foibles—dauntless courage was. Ay, my Heugist, better were it now for thee had thy valor been tempered with discretion.

So it was not, however, and only pausing now and again to hurl over his shoulder a howl of defiance at the advancing enemy, the gallant hound held steadily on toward a high craggy hill deep in the forest, whose precipitous sides afforded numerous cavernous retreats for hunted man or beast. Pausing at the foot of this hill, the knight of Beauregard tied his horse securely at a stout sapling, and prepared to pursue the chase on foot, for Heugist, scrambling up a blind, precipitous path, was already out of sight.

Following as he could find footing, Sir Reginald climbed after, and was already half way up the hill, when in pausing to gain a moment's breath, the sound of a human voice close beside him caused him to start and hastily re-close his vizor. The sound continued, and, guided by it, the knight rounded the rock against which he had been leaning, and found himself within arm's length of a youth, apparently not more than twenty years of age, clad in the garb of a forester, and bearing at his back a quiver filled with arrows, while an unstrung bow lay on the rock beside him. He was busily engaged in fondling the hound, who fawned upon him with frantic demonstrations of delight. In his hand he held a little leathern pouch sewed upon a cord which he was attempting to tie around the neck of Heugist, whose wild gambols constantly defeated his object.

"Nay, Heugist, thou must bear back an answer to thy dear lady's sweet words," was the sentence that fell upon the ear of the knight, as he came upon the group.

At the shadow cast upon the hound by the tall figure of the intruder, the young forester started up and confronted him. For a moment the two silently regarded each other, the knight marking with scorn and wrath the smooth skin, curling yellow hair, and blue eyes of the stripling, who, recognizing with a hasty glance, the well-known device of Beauregard, stood irresolute whether to flee or stand his ground.

"And who art thou, that changest sweet words with the lady of Beauregard through so strange a messenger?" asked the knight, at length, in a grim, low voice, rendered grimmer and hollower by the depths of the closed casque.

"I am Wilfrid, the son of Olaf," stammered the youth.



"Thou hast spoken at once thy crime and thy doom," returned Sir Reginald, sternly, and slowly raising the boarspear to his shoulder, he struck it deep into the breast of the unresisting youth. Wilfrid fell heavily backward, and choking with his blood, gasped out:

"I die content, foul craven, for thy lady loves me better than ever she will love you."

The blow, the fall, the dying taunt, were the work of an instant. In the next, Heugist sprang at the throat of Sir Reginald, with a low cry of concentrated fury, and bore him so suddenly backward, that had not the rock behind upheld him, he had surely fallen. But the hound's teeth found no hold on the gorget of the knight's armor of proof, and growling savagely, he slipped back again and again, each defeat increasing his fury and his determination.

"Nay, an' thou wilt have it, take it, fool!" cried the knight, at last, weary of his vain efforts to shake off his assailant, and clenching his gauntleted hand, he dealt Heugist a blow upon the forehead, in the very spot where he had once before ineffectually stricken him, and with a wild cry of hatred and despair, the hound fell back upon the body of the forester—dead.

An hour later, and Lady Ethel gazing wistfully from the window of her oratory, saw the tall form of her husband mounted on horseback, emerging from the forest. He bore some large object upon his saddle-bow, but what it might be, the lady did not pause to see, for a sudden trembling terror had fallen upon her, and covering her white face with her hands, she moaned:

"If they have met!"

Breathlessly she listened, while the knight's steel-clad feet marked aloud each step he made upon the stone staircase, while he strode across the waiting room, the bedchamber, the withdrawing room, until he stood at the door of the oratory, and then she heard the claws of her hound scratching for admittance. Trembling and pale, she opened the door, and met upon its threshold Sir Reginald, bearing in his arms the dead body of Heugist.

"Close the door, Dame Ethel," said he, calmly, as he entered the little room, and laid his gigantic burden on the floor at her feet. "Heugist has a message for you, and it were not well to give it to the winds."

Mechanically the lady obeyed the command, and then turned toward her lord, a wild, questioning meaning in her dilated eyes and wan, white face.

"I tell thee, dame, it is the hound, who has brought a love token to thee. Ask it of him," replied the knight to that dumb entreaty, and

through his closed casque his gloomy eyes looked tauntingly into hers.

With a gesture of despair, the lady threw herself down beside her dead favorite, and wound her arms about his neck, but instantly started back trembling with new terror. Hastily parting the shaggy hair upon the creature's neck, she looked and looked again at that strange love token that he bore, her eyes growing wilder, her face more ashen pale for a moment, and then she sank quietly upon the floor in a deathlike swoon.

Bound upon the little leathern case that had held so many gentle words of sympathy and love, was a human hand, dead and white, save where it was flecked with blood. It was a hand she knew, for on one finger it bore a costly ring that once had been her own, and closed within its dead fingers was the billet she had that morning tied around Heugist's neck, still bound with a lock of her own golden hair, tied in a true-lover's knot.

Long and deep was the lady's swoon, but when she slowly and painfully returned to consciousness, nothing was changed. There lay the hound, there glared the deathwhite hand, there stood her inexorable lord, calmly waiting till she should see him. When at last she sat upright, and pushed the hair back from her wild, white face, he coldly said:

"I told you, dame, ere yet you were mine own, that for your truth, I would hold it by the strength of my right hand, and for your love, I would win it. That I can do the first let your carrion say. That I will yet do the other, trust a man who never lied."

He turned and left her alone with her dead. The Lady Ethel lived, and she lived at Beauregard. Nay, sons and daughters grew up around her, and when years had come and gone, her brow was as placid, her smile as frequent as those of most dames of her degree. Does this shock thee, O reader? Does such a woman lower womanhood, and would you have better liked a less submissive moral?

Perhaps, and yet remember well that men and women of the thirteenth century were not as those of the nineteenth. Then was the reign of might. The strong arm and dauntless spirit in the wooer, stood him in the stead of manly gentleness and quiet courtesy demanded now. The woman of that day loved most whom most she feared. Obedience was her chiefest virtue, as courage that of her mate, and many a sterner and less loving heart than Reginald of Beauregard, won and held the affections of dame as fair as Ethel of Donnerwetter, the fair rose of Sussex.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO INEZ.

BY WILLIE WARE.

O, say not there is nought, is nought  
 In life worth living for;  
 That hope and peace no longer smile,  
 And all thy joys are o'er;  
 If he you fondly deemed your own,  
 And loved with trust so true,  
 Has broken every solemn vow  
 He made so long ago to you!

If love no longer lights his eye,  
 And he's grown stern and cold,  
 And Misery's banners seem to be  
 Above thy head unrolled;  
 O, cherish not a deep despair,  
 There's peace in store for thee;  
 Raise thy tear-dimmed eyes above,  
 And humbly bend thy knee!

The God of justice high above  
 Will hear thy earnest prayer;  
 The angel Peace will bathe thy brow,  
 And soothe away thy care;  
 And Hope will smile on thee again,  
 If Faith dwells in thy heart:  
 O, look above, and God will joy  
 Divine and pure impart!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DAUGHTER OF AN EMPEROR. AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

BY JAMES M'DOWELL.

SEVERAL years before the empire of the sturdy Charlemagne decreased in splendor and power, and before that glorious old monarch himself was gathered to the tomb of the royal Capulets, he held his court for a time at Ingelheim, a considerable town, which was located somewhere in his German possessions. The place must have been dear to the heart of the emperor, for here he had gathered together his family, his retainers, his courtiers, all, in brief, whom he loved to bring near his person; and here, away from the clamor and confusion of his capital—great, even then, though not the Paris of modern days—here, at Ingelheim, he had temporarily established himself, and here, in the relaxing pastimes of the chase and tourney, as well as with the graver cares of state and camp, his time was rapidly passed by. *Hic illius arma, hic currus fuit.*

There were fair daughters, in abundance, among the fourteen children which at this time gladdened the hearth and heart of the old kingly

warrior; but none so fair, so lovely in soul, or so greatly beloved by him, as Emma—if not the youngest, at least the favorite of the flock. In her were centered the fondest affections and highest pride of the graybeard king; and none could behold her beauty, her innocence, and, withal, the quiet, maidenly dignity and grace of her deportment, without esteeming her well worthy to be the daughter of Charlemagne, and accounting himself doubly blessed, in that he was the parent of such a child.

It was Emma who best understood the wayward moods and caprices of the irascible emperor; it was Emma who, alone, and of all others, could face him in his angry moments, with impunity; Emma who was mistress of court and household, and upon her fair and skilful hands was the royal parent accustomed to rely for the thousand indispensable comforts and luxuries with which no one else than she could surround his throne, his table, and his couch.

Among the royal counsellors, who at this time occupied positions of trust and honor near the sovereign, was one whom the legend has named Eginhard, and by which designation we will know him. He was the youngest, and, apparently, most inexperienced of the council; in fact, a fair and beardless youth of three and twenty, seeming wonderfully out of place among the grave and aged men who held like offices with himself. Yet it was admitted by all, that young Eginhard was wondrously wise, as well as brave and handsome, and that nothing, so much as his own merit had elevated him to his present enviable situation, nor was it denied; but on the contrary it was often asserted that the emperor held him in high favor and esteem, and that there was none better beloved by the frequenters of the court, in every degree, than this same Eginhard.

And rumor did not pause here; it was confidently claimed that the emperor's favorite child was not among the least of those who thought well of the youth, and that the eyes of Eginhard himself were often presumptuous enough to turn admiringly to the face of Emma. For the nonce, rumor was marvellously correct. Unknown to the emperor, hardly suspected by any, the young counsellor had been so daring as to aspire to the love of the daughter of his monarch—and had gained it! Theirs was the same old story of unequal rank, but equal love; of the cruel barrier of birth, which affection, however warm, could hardly overleap; and if poor, despairing Eginhard did not often sigh forth the memorable words of another Lysander, it was only because Shakspeare had not then written them:

"Ah me! For aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear, by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

But hoping for a softening of their untoward fates, and loving each other more desperately still, as difficulties thickened around them, our lovers continued to enjoy their furtive trysts and meetings, while their demeanor, each towards the other, in the presence of third persons, was such as of itself could never have awakened a suspicion of the true relations which subsisted between them. They were quite as shrewd in their mutual heart-concealments, as persons in their peculiar position usually are; but as often happens, their anxiety overreached them, in the matter, in what manner our veritable story shall presently disclose.

Their practice had been to meet in one of Emma's suite of apartments, at an hour late enough to almost exclude the possibility of intrusion or discovery. And as no light was ever observed to glimmer from the windows of this particular room, it is fair to infer that their communings were held under the cloak of friendly darkness, as benignant, doubtless, to distressed lovers in that age and land, as in our own.

Upon the night to which we would now especially refer, their stolen interview had been prolonged beyond the hour of midnight, and the stars were already shining with a waning light which heralded the near approach of morning, when Eginhard reluctantly rose to depart. Emma accompanied him to the doorway, and a stifled exclamation from her, as they reached it, drew his attention to the apparent cause of her alarm. A light fall of snow, sufficient, however, to entirely cover the ground, had taken place since his entrance into the palace! Blank dismay and consternation were depicted in the features of both, as their glances met; both realized, with alarm, the fact that their secret must of necessity be disclosed, should the dawn of another day discover the tell-tale footmarks of a man leading from the door of Emma's apartments!

Leaving them now for a moment, to their agitated conference as to the means of extrication from this difficulty, as serious as unexpected, let us transport ourselves across the spacious courtyard, and enter the state chamber of the emperor. Weighty affairs of national importance had burdened the busy brain of the latter, upon the night in question, and at this moment, he was pacing to and fro across the resounding oaken floor, in great ~~affixes~~ <sup>agitation</sup>, with bent head and arms crossed. Approaching one of the windows of the apartment, in his uneasy walk, he paused and looked forth from it. The night was a

bright starlight one, and the fresh fall of snow lay pure and white beneath; directly opposite was a division of the royal buildings, lying in shadow. As he gazed listlessly out, his eyes were attracted by a strange object which just then emerged from the gloom, and moved slowly across the court. What the singular thing could be, the puzzled watcher was at first at a loss to imagine; it was almost gigantic in stature, yet bent and stooping, and seeming to be neither man nor woman, but to possess some outlines of both! Charlemagne rubbed his eyes, with no very gentle knuckles, to assure himself of his wakefulness, and gave his whole attention to the quaint phenomenon. Continuing to advance at an even pace, it gained the general entrance of the palace, and was there immediately transformed into two figures, a man and a woman; nor was the astonishment of the emperor—over whose mind a shadow of the truth had commenced to creep—at all decreased, when he perceived that the parties were none other than Emma and Eginhard, and that their sudden separation had been accomplished by the transfer of the latter from the shoulders of the former! Charlemagne's first impulse was to doubt his own sanity; his next, to pinch himself severely, as if thereby to confirm it; and, lastly, to swear a great French oath, emphasizing it with a stamp of the foot which caused the floor to tremble beneath it. The astounding truth was suddenly patent to his senses; with his own eyes, he had beheld his daughter conveying the favorite counsellor of his court, from her apartments to the palace entrance, on her shoulders!

Waiting only until he had observed the parting of the lovers, and the return of his daughter, alone, as she sped back with quickened steps to the doorway whence she had emerged with her strange burden, Charlemagne turned away from the window, and seated himself by the table. As may be readily conceived, his thoughts had now very little concern or sympathy with matters of the public welfare—the feelings of the father were touched, and his passions aroused, as those of the sovereign had rarely been—and the angry knitting of the bushy brows, which accompanied his reflections, as well as the nervous manipulations which threatened to pluck out his snowy beard by the roots, gave ominous promise of the storm which was looming up on the household of Ingelheim.

The first dawn of the day following found the counsellors of the court assembled in the audience room, whither the peremptory mandate of their master had called them. Charlemagne occupied

his accustomed place upon the dais; and the eyes of those in attendance were turned inquiringly from one to another, as it was observed that the emperor's mood seemed unusually stern and severe. But they were not left long in suspense as to the object of their present convocation, for the words came suddenly and sternly from the lips of Charlemagne:

"I have a question, answer it, ye who are wise enough. I would know what penalty should be incurred by an underling who would presume to love the daughter of an emperor?"

The query was met by silence; but every eye was directed, as if by common consent, to Eginhard, whose face became a trifle paler than usual. All seemed to realize that the interrogatory was indirectly aimed at the youth; but all, loving him as they did, hesitated to return an answer which might place him in jeopardy. At length the oldest of the assemblage replied:

"It were assuredly wrong to do thus, my liege; but if it were a matter of true love, since no one has ever yet been known who could restrain or curb the unruly impulses of the heart, we think he should be pardoned and forgiven."

"Ay, think you indeed thus?" Charlemagne responded, his face darkening with a frown as he spoke. "But listen further; what think you should be his punishment, who ventures to seek the daughter of an emperor in her own apartments, and there to hold converse with her?"

Dismay sat in the faces of the council, at this second question, and they consulted hurriedly together, stealing furtive glances at Eginhard, whose pallor had visibly increased. Their spokesman then replied, again:

"This were a serious offence, my liege, as well; but as much the fault of the heart, and, perhaps, of the intemperate blood of youth as the other. He should still be pardoned and forgiven."

"By my faith, ye are wondrous lenient in your judgment, my lords and gentlemen; more so than ye are wont to be!" Charlemagne wrathfully ejaculated, and his clenched hand came down upon the table before him, with a force that caused the wine-glasses upon it to dance and clatter. "But again, what penalty should he incur, who permits the daughter of an emperor to bear him on her back across the court yard, through the snow, and in the dead of night?"

A terrified silence was, for a moment, the only answer to this last query; it fell from the lips of the irate monarch like a lightning-bolt from the stormy sky, and the venerable counsellors could only look aghast at one another, and at Eginhard, as they comprehended its import. But the latter, although fearfully pale, was at the same

time, calm and firm; and walking with a steady step towards the dais, he stood composedly before it.

"I confess myself guilty," he said, "of all that my liege has charged—of nothing more! If I deserve death, let me suffer it speedily!"

The cool, almost defiant heroism of the youth found an appreciative witness in Charlemagne, who, lion-hearted himself, admired and respected courage, mental or physical, in others. Murmurs were now rising from various portions of the chamber, such as "Pardon, good liege!" "Clemency to Eginhard!" "He deserves not death!" Silencing these by a wave of his hand, the emperor addressed the youth in a much softened voice.

"Not death, Eginhard, for I have loved you as a son; too well, indeed! Your sentence is perpetual banishment from our presence! Go, at once, and return not, or we may forget that you have ever been dear to us!"

Restraining his emotions, whatever they may have been, Eginhard bowed, and left the chamber. More than one hand was extended to him, as he passed from it, and the unspoken blessings of the venerable friends whom he was about to leave, followed him as he departed.

It was perhaps an hour after the occurrence of the scene just described, that Charlemagne despatched a page to request the immediate attendance of the Lady Emma before him. No Lady Emma, however, was forthcoming, and after a diligent search, extending through the whole palace, the emperor, now almost mad with rage, awoke to the disagreeable conviction that, in exiling Eginhard, he had also unwittingly exiled his favorite daughter!

Pursuit was instantly made, and the country adjacent scoured in all directions; but it failed to discover either of the fugitives, or any clue to their whereabouts. The offer of heavy rewards for their apprehension, was productive of no better result; and abandoning his useless efforts to reclaim them, Charlemagne recurred, for relief, to his wonted occupations. But there was a canker spot at his heart, and the distressful thought that Ingelheim was no more to be cheered by the sweet and sunny presence of his darling child, and more than this, that her fate was probably to be wholly unknown to him—sorrowful reflections like these were able to furrow the brow of the iron monarch with more wrinkles than had been traced upon it by any of the campaigns of his whole career.

"Time," it has been truly said, "softens all asperities;" and even the anger of crowned

heads and decorated breasts is not always proof against its mollifying influence. The indifference which Charlemagne had at first assumed to feel, in regard to the fate of Emma, was gradually changed into a feeling of self-reproach, and of severe affliction; and, finally, with the lapse of a few years, he even came to think that he had judged Eginhard too severely, and that the opinion of his counsellors had been the better one. Yet it was now too late for repentance, inasmuch as no sign or trace of the objects of his former displeasure had ever been discovered, since the day of their precipitate flight; and almost hopeless of reclaiming them, or, indeed, of ever beholding them again, the emperor endeavored, how vainly may be imagined, to forget this one bitter episode of his domestic life.

His passion for that royal pastime, the chase, was as keen as in his youth; and thus we find him, one morning, perhaps five years subsequent to the occurrence of the incidents already noticed, setting out with a party of mounted huntsmen, from Ingelheim, bent upon a day in the forests.

When noon arrived, the emperor found himself alone in an unknown quarter of the woods, having become separated from his retainers by the ardor with which he had pursued, although vainly, a beautiful hind, the fleetness of which had at last wearied his horse beyond further endurance. Exhausted, hungry, and tormented with thirst, Charlemagne abandoned the steed, and began to search for the dwelling of some peasant, who might relieve his wants; and it was after he had been thus pitilessly engaged for some time, that he encountered a little child, a mere infant of perhaps four years, leading by a cord the very animal which he had been pursuing! Impressed with the singularity of the circumstance, as well as by the remarkable beauty and fearlessness of the boy, the emperor asked him of his parents and his home. He was answered with a freedom and apparent understanding which amused and deeply interested him; and when he expressed the wish to go with him to where he lived, the child unhesitatingly presented his disengaged hand, and thus, between the mighty Emperor of France, and his pet, the youngster marched proudly down a little obscure path which opened through the forest, from the place where they had been conversing.

The fatigues of the chase were partially forgotten by Charlemagne, in his natural amusement consequent upon the singularity of his situation, and the forwardness of his loquacious little conductor, who prattled incessantly as they

walked. There was something, too, in the soft blue of his eyes, that seemed wondrously familiar to the monarch, and which awakened in his breast thoughts not easily expelled. But they had now reached a little glade, a spot which seemed intended for concealment, in the centre of which, overhung by the branches of the forest, stood a miniature cottage, the white walls of which strikingly relieved it from the darkness of the wood which surrounded it. It was, indeed, a delightful spot, and its quiet beauty could not fail to produce an impression upon the mind of the emperor. Still conducted by the child, he entered it; and as he passed into the first apartment, a cry of surprise escaped his lips. The room was arranged in precisely the manner in which his lost Emma had been accustomed to decorate his home at Ingelheim—traces of her skilful handiwork were visible in every article around him, humble as they were—and the mazed monarch stood staring about, disinclined at first to credit the reality of the scene.

A shadow—two shadows—fell across the threshold, and turning abruptly, Charlemagne found himself confronted with Eginhard and Emma! It was no illusion; his eyes were again gladdened by the sight of his child, still the Emma of five years before, although now a trifle more matronly, with a second little one clinging to her neck, and herself habited in the coarse garb of the peasant-women of the country. Eginhard, too, was little changed, except that he seemed more manly with his thick growth of beard, and was somewhat disguised by the charcoal-burner's dress which he wore; he looked and seemed much like the youthful-ex-counsellor of Ingelheim.

The faces of both paled as they recognized the unexpected companion of their child; but Charlemagne was not now in a mood to be feared. The years which had intervened since the disappearance of his daughter, had crushed the pride from his heart; his eyes moistened as he saw her, and embracing both her and her children, he called her by those terms of endearment which had now been so long strangers to his tongue. Eginhard received the hand which the emperor extended to him, and pressed it to his lips, and both he and Emma rejoiced in the knowledge of this unlooked-for reconciliation.

"If I have done you injustice, my children," Charlemagne found voice to say, "let me atone for it in the future. Providence, I think, has ordered this happy meeting; let us be thankful, and rejoice in it."

The hunger and thirst of the man, however, could not be entirely overpowered by the emo-

tions of the father; and it was not until his pressing needs of body had been satisfied, that he listened to the simple, yet interesting narrative of the escape of Eginhard and Emma, of their seclusion in this retired nook, and of the humble occupations which had engaged them since their first residence here, more from the desire to escape suspicion and detection, than of necessity. It was, indeed, a delightful tableau which the warm sun of that bright autumn afternoon shone in upon. The devoted, and now doubly happy husband and wife, sat together, smiles of joy irradiating their countenances, as they conversed with their guest; the great sword of the latter had been appropriated by their older child, who now played with it upon the floor, while Charlemagne himself, holding the younger grandson upon his knee, said, among other things of like import:

"Ingelheim has sadly missed you both, my children; you shall return thither directly with me. You, Eginhard, are well worthy to be called my son; and as for Emma, even the coarse garments of a peasant can make her no less than THE DAUGHTER OF AN EMPEROR."

#### THE WONDERS.

This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread, consists of more than four thousand united. Leuwenhock, by means of microscopes, observes spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.—*Facts in Natural History.*

To study what one does not love; that is, to contend with ennui, weariness, and disgust, for a good that we do not desire; to lavish the talent, that we feel is created for something else, in vain, on a subject where we fear that we cannot succeed, is to withdraw so much power from one where we could make progress.—*Richter.*

#### SAFE MAXIMS FOR ALL.

The world estimates men by their success in life; and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourselves and others. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character in doing this; never reckon the cost. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your duty is concerned. Never make money at the expense of your reputation. Be neither lavish nor niggardly—of the two avoid the latter—a mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated. Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket—ready money is a friend in need. Keep clear of the law; for when you gain your case, you are generally a loser of money. Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent. No man who owes as much as he can pay, has any moral right to endorse for another. No moneyed man has the moral right to enter on engagements or speculations, hazarding his estate, without the consent of his wife.—*Mrs. Hale.*

#### THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.

I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in a forest, and not infrequently in a distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and modelled my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with the author, that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*

#### I WILL!

We like that strong, robust expression. No one uttering it sincerely, was ever a mean crying man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him, although they arose in masses to pull him down. He speaks, and the indomitable will prevails. His enemy falls before him. He rides forth conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary and scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will!" breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toad-stool, and his influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider, and fainted beneath a thunder-cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.



[ORIGINAL.]

## HOW THE MORNING DAWNED.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

THE day had been dark and lowering, with a slow, drizzling rain. Night set in earlier than usual, and brought with it a cold, bitter, dashing rain and impenetrable darkness. I was all alone in my little garret chamber, lying there sick and helpless—gazing out of the uncurtained little window into the blackness, until my eyes ached—with the vain hope of being rewarded by one gleam of light, straining my ears to catch some sound save the trample, trample of the heavy October storm.

All day it had been thus—save the darkness—once or twice, indeed, Janette the landlady's daughter brought me up a bowl of stale gruel, and asked me if I wanted anything; of course I didn't, what should I want—what indeed! I was only a puny, sickly girl, dying of consumption, so the physician said, he paid me regular visits twice a week, prescribed large doses of cod liver oil—that I had not the money to buy—and then coolly informed me I couldn't expect to get well if I did not follow his directions; then he would feel my pulse, shake his head gravely, and saying, "good day," close the door behind him as he left the miserable little room—taking all the pure air and sunlight along with him. How lonely I was—all alone there, day after day, week after week, month after month; all alone, why shouldn't I be? Not a relation that I knew in the world, all dead and gone—the violets and daisies had blossomed and died many times upon their grave—and I was left.

Why shouldn't I be alone? There were plenty who called themselves friends to the heiress Lucretia Grayson, but when the bank failed and swallowed up her all, when Lutie Grayson became a poor music teacher depending upon her own labors for her daily bread, when sickness came with its palsying hand, where were friends, then where? The world turned on its axis all the same—there was no great change because poor Lutie Grayson was dying, alone. O, no, why should there be?

Once in a while, Mrs. Wilton the minister's wife called to see me; she invariably brought a tract for my perusal, and hoped that I was making my peace with Heaven, then went away in haste as if she feared contagion in my close little garret chamber; she never thought that the air was close to me; never fancied that the cool breath of heaven should be mine as well as hers;

never asked if I was thirsty, although my lips were parched with fever; never said "aren't you lonely and tired here in bed so long by yourself?" No—only gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door, after a mournful "farewell," as if she never expected to see me in this world again.

Then there was Miss Charity Jenkins, the president of a Benevolent Aid Society, she came to see me once, bringing me a few articles she thought might be of use to me sometime. When she was gone, I feebly unrolled the bundle and found a cap and dress of coarse Swiss muslin, with coarser stitches, I shuddered—were *these* to be my last garments?

Such things of course were not calculated to cheer up a poor, despairing invalid; a few kind words, a cordial grasp of the hand, a smile or two, or a bouquet of wild yet fragrant flowers—how little they would have cost, yet how priceless they would have been to me.

But that dark and cheerless night—I am wandering in my story—that dark and stormy night, as I lay listening to the wailings of the tempest, I am sure that I was very tired of life, and prayed fervently for death. No one would mourn for me—of what use was I in the world—unloved? I thought of the time, years before, when I was loved, when Charlie Graham in all his boyish beauty said to me: "Lutie, dear, your love is the incentive that urges me onward and upward in life—when I make myself worthy of you, darling—"

I was rich then and he was a poor widow's only son. And now. That very day I had read his name in a scrap of waste newspaper as one of whom the world was proud; as one who had struggled up from obscurity and poverty, and had inscribed his name upon the scroll of fame.

And in connection with his name I read that of one of Washington's brightest stars, a peerless girl, to whom Madam Ramor said he was soon to be united. I did not blame him, I only buried my face in the coarse coverlid and cried quietly a little while, all to myself.

"And this is friendship, this is love!" I wailed out in my anguish, and yet I did not blame him. My life was blasted, yet I wished only joy for him. I had not a friend, yet I rejoiced in my soul that Charles Graham had scores and hundreds. I only shed those few tears as I buried my faith and love for Charlie Graham in my heart, for the thought of his tender love years before, had comforted me in hours of suffering and weariness. I only prayed, "Let me wait patiently until the end," and then the struggle was over.

How the winds shrieked and wailed! How the

rains trampled and dashed and whirled, and yet, what was it? It was not the storm; it was not the midnight revelry that often came up to me from the bar-room. Louder and louder, until one great shout—it arose above the wailings of the tempest: "Fire! fire! fire!"

Then followed loud cries of distress, the trampling of many feet, and, good heavens! almost above my head and around me the crackling of flames. I cannot paint the horror of that moment, although a moment before I had prayed the All-wise to take me from the evil; such is the perversity of frail human nature, that, as the danger and peril of my situation came vividly before my mind, a wail of anguish burst from my lips.

I heard the hissing and crackling of the flames growing louder and louder, coming nearer and nearer to me; the smoke came in black, choking waves and nearly suffocated me; the darkness had given place to vivid light, and with almost superhuman strength I dragged myself to the window, and called in my weak voice for aid. Who would help me? what presumption to suppose any one would risk himself for me! I saw a great crowd of people below me, but between me and them the flames roared and crackled and wreathed about the old weather-beaten building; no one saw me, and I heard the cry go up, "all saved!" \* \* \* \* \*

What a dreadful blank! I shudder as I recall it. I seemed to be wandering in blackness—in impenetrable darkness; pains almost too torturing to endure racked me, and yet it seemed to be no existence—all seemed a void, chaos. I lived, I had a being, and yet was unconscious of the fact; I existed, that was all.

How painfully consciousness returned to me, after ages, it seemed, had elapsed! I could not move, I could not speak, and yet I knew that I lived—memory returned. The remembrance of my early days, my reverses of fortune, my illness, my buried love and trust, that fearful night, the flames around and above me, that was all, where was I?

I slept—again I woke, and weary, slumbered again—how entirely passive I was; how perfectly at rest—not a pain—I wondered if I was not in heaven, such was the blissful sense of security and happiness I felt.

One morning I opened my eyes; I felt the same calm and happiness but more strength. I looked around me; not the low walls of the garret chamber, with its dirty curtains and bare floor, met my view, but a pleasant apartment with cheerful pictures adorning the walls, everything rich and tasteful. I gazed in wonder. Where

could I be—where? I was not in the land of spirits, but where?

"Lutie."

Very low and very tenderly was my name called—"Lutie." I raised my eyes to the face bending over me—where had I seen it before—those deep dark eyes, that waving glory of dark chestnut hair! I remembered one very like it, only more boyish, and less sad and thoughtful, I raised my poor, wasted arms with a glad cry upon my lips.

"Charlie Graham!"

"Heaven be praised that you know me, my little one. Yes, I am Charlie Graham, your own Charlie, come back to claim you for his own; he never was false to you, never! I told you once, darling, when I was worthy of you, when I had riches and honor, I would come to you; I never heard of your misfortunes, but it will be all right now."

I recovered; good nursing and cheerful spirits and necessary medicine did their work. I am strong and well now, notwithstanding the quack's assertion that my lungs were entirely gone.

As for Charlie Graham and I. But what's the use in letting you into any of *our* little business affairs, reader; enough that the night is past and the morning has dawned!

#### A DARING ELEPHANT HUNTER.

Ogoula has the reputation of being the greatest hunter of elephants in all the country about here. As he could speak Mpongwe, he told me some of his adventures, which proved, indeed, that he was a daring and expert fellow. Going out to the hunt one day he met two elephants. Being alone, he had carried but one gun, and would have retreated and watched for a safer chance; but the great beasts saw him and did not give him an opportunity. He was obliged to make a stand, and, taking good aim, killed one elephant. Unfortunately it was the female, and the male, seeing its partner fall, immediately rushed at him. He turned to retreat, and caught his foot in a trailing vine. The more he struggled the less he got loose, and meantime his pursuer was tearing down everything in its way, and was almost on top of him when he got his foot loose, and in desperation swung himself into a young sapling which stood at hand. Scarcely had he done this when the elephant, trumpeting with rage, was beneath him. He seized the sapling with his trunk, and swayed it violently back and forth, determined to pull it down. But as it swung on one side, Ogoula, nimble through desperation, was able to catch at another which stood near, and when the elephant seized this he gave himself a great swing, and caught the outstretched branch of a huge full-grown tree, climbing to a safe height, in which he could afford to laugh at the vain rage of his enemy.—*African Explorations.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## LATENT LIFE.

BY MRS. B. E. EATON.

Our paths together year by year  
 Ran close, and yet I never dreamed  
 Him aught but the same common man  
 He always seemed.

Of books and flowers he never talked,  
 Nor music e'er his pulses stirred;  
 Of Greek and Latin roots he ne'er  
 Had scarcely heard.

He never talked of thoughts and aims  
 Above the low and vulgar herd;  
 Of poetry he scarce could quote  
 A single word.

And thus he lived and plodded on,  
 While days and years their courses ran;  
 And people, sneering, smiled and said:  
 "A common man."

One day a pestilential breath  
 Distilled its poison through the air,  
 And death from out a score of homes  
 Bore the most fair.

And red lips blanched through sudden fear,  
 And strong hearts quaked, and many men,  
 Who ne'er had doubted God before,  
 Doubted him then.

Men fled, and scarce enough were left  
 To lay away the dead from sight;  
 And scarce a priest was there to read  
 The burial-rite.

When lo! my neighbor, whom I called  
 A common man, who would not bow  
 Before my idols, stood transformed,  
 I know not how.

Hopeful and calm he moved amid  
 Terror, and death, and fierce distress,  
 And gentle as a woman's was  
 His tenderness.

His soul was set to sweeter staves  
 Than our poor notes, and angel palms  
 Strike the white keys, and lo! he *lives*  
 Poems and psalms!

The ugly husks that held his soul  
 Had dropped aside at His command:  
 I think that God sometimes ordains  
 With his own hands.

I do not think in his own soul he knew  
 How fair a germ the husk concealed,  
 Till God, in his appointed time,  
 The fruit revealed.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MR. MAYNARD'S COACHMAN.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

"WELL, supposing I grant the premises of your objection, I don't consider that the argument is decided at all. Is not any stratagem honorable, in love or war? I appeal to all the historians and novelists this curious world of ours has ever known, to answer me."

"But, Max, the absurdity, the humiliation of the thing. Moreover, how ungallant to take such advantage of a lady, most of all her you believe the fairest and best!"

"Advantage? Nonsense, Hal! I take no advantage of a pure, and good, and noble woman. I only give her the opportunity for proving her excellence. Reflection only strengthens me in my resolution. All the wiseacres tell us marriage is a lottery, so before I reach out my hand for a ticket, ergo the marriage license, I mean to use all possible exertions to ascertain if it will prove a blank or no. I tell you what, old fellow, however we may talk in our light, shallow way about these things, a man has strong and tender emotions locked away snugly somewhere in his heart. I've been reading *Ik Marvel*—Heaven bless him for the true and holy emotions he stirs up in so many sterile natures! You see the "Reveries" over there, doubled and creased at many a page; I won't swear the print may not be blurred with tears. Now just that sweet-faced vision he pictures, with her true heart and tender hands, her soft, shy smile, and awaying curls, and numberless attractions, is what we all yearn for, if we will tell the truth boldly; such as my mother was, and my sister would have been had not the sod hid her young head before the bridal wreath was woven. And now to come to the point, how am I to know that the beautiful Emma Maynard is such? I see her at all our fashionable assemblages, and admire her beauty and grace. I call at her thronged drawing-room, and am still more deeply impressed with her well bred manners and kindly courtesy; but after all how much do I know of her inner character, her true self? No more, Hal, than of the wax figure in —'s window, that turns around so gracefully to exhibit the superb gettings-up of Parisian modistes. I only see her holiday garb, her company manners. I want to know more of the wife whom death only is to remove from my side."

"You are sentimental, Max. Upon my word I think you could write a tolerable romance."

"And does not every-day life need romance to

sweeten and grace its homeliness? Well, well, we won't argue the matter, I am resolved upon it. Now the question is simply this, will you give me the aid I ask of you?"

"Of course, if you are bent upon it; but I warn you repentance will be bitter."

"So be it. I shall have the consolation of knowing I have earned it. Well, then, dash me off a recommendation. You can without scruple say I have driven you safely and steadily, you've ridden often enough with my bays to know that. And you may give me a tolerably respectable character. That is all I want, except your promise not to betray me should you meet me with whip in hand, a model Jehu, taking the fair Misses Maynard upon their daily airing. John, my valet, will attend to the rest, and it will not take long to spread the rumor around town that Max Wellington has decamped to some unknown parts. So now for the experiment. It would never have entered my head but for Mr. Maynard's advertisement among the "Wants." I promise you if the fair Emma proves half as lovely in character as in person, and has no objection to your humble servant, you shall receive my wedding cards before the snow flies."

"It's a wild plan. I don't believe you will carry it through. You, Max Wellington, born and bred in luxury, fastidious and refined to a fault! I see you working over Maynard's horses, in a filthy stable—bah, you'll give out the first day!"

"You shame my manhood, Hal. What are these strong hands for, I pray you? I have carded Firefly and Ebony many a time; you know I love horses."

"Yes, your own, with the reins in your hand; but this is another thing."

"You've talked enough, Hal—there's the writing tray—proceed to business."

So saying, Max Wellington pushed over to his friend a dainty silver and crystal writing tray, with its gold pen and pearl and ivory accompaniments, and rising himself, paced to and fro across the room with a quick, firm tread, noiseless only because the mimic garlands of glowing buds gave back no sound from their thick and velvety texture. Gay, but warm-hearted, Hal Everett with a comically rueful face took up the pen, and dashed off a hasty scrawl.

"There, will this suit your Jehuship? I've called you John Johnson, you perceive. See that you don't disgrace the name."

"All right, thank you. Now then I must bid you good-by till Max Wellington returns to town, for the present John Johnson will have enough to keep him busy in hunting up suitable

clothes. I suppose coachmen are as particular as other folks about the fit. This evening John Johnson will present your recommendation. If it has no weight with the father, pretty Laura will be sure to like the new coachman for his former master's sake."

"Good-by, then. I shall take a ride with the Maynards soon, look out for me."

And with a gay laugh the speaker lit a cigar, resumed hat and cane, and strolled off into the street, while Max Wellington, the bean par excellence, the greatest match in the city, carefully folded the paper, and laid it in his secretary, and then following his friend's example, went out, his errand taking him to the clothier's district.

Gilbert Maynard, Esq., sat in his luxurious drawing-room in a huge easy chair, drawn up cozily beneath the crystal globe of subdued light, with the still dampened newspaper on his knee, when the servant entering laid a folded slip of paper in his hand, and announced that a young man was waiting to see him. Re-adjusting his spectacles, the pompous master unfolded the billet and read it through.

"Hum—ha," he ejaculated, smoothing the sheet, and beginning again at the commencement. "Hal Everett—tolerably good recommendation. Here, John, take the fellow to the library, I'll be in to see him in a moment."

"What's that you say, papa?" asked Miss Laura, languidly raising her bright eyes from the novel she was perusing, caught from it by the sound of a name that brought a clear pink to her cheek.

"Nothing, my dear, only a man has come to answer my advertisement for a coachman. Peter, you know, leaves us to-morrow, the ungrateful rascal, to start off for California, after I've kept him three years and more."

"Indeed," was the young lady's indifferent reply, "I understood you to say Mr. Everett was in the library. I had forgotten about the new coachman."

"Why don't you own, Laura, you thought the proposal was to be more important than a servant's application? I declare, your blush was exceedingly becoming. It's a pity Mr. Everett should not see the effect of his name," interposed another lady, reclining on a lounge, whose violet damask was nearly hidden by her ample flounces of silk, and lace, and fringe. "But about the new coachman, papa, be sure he is tall, and has not such monstrous hands as Peter's. I was always ashamed to be helped out by such huge paws."

"I don't think you need to find fault with

that, Emma, it would make yours look the smaller, and you know the Maynards are somewhat famous for a large hand," replied the sire, rising reluctantly from his seat.

Emma Maynard's pretty face showed a slight degree of vexation; she held up her soft, white, but in truth, somewhat large and unshapely hand with a sigh.

"It is cruel for you to reproach me with it," she said, twisting the jewelled hoops around. "I own I am often enough disgusted with my hand and foot. There's Helen, what tiny pink-tinged baby hands she has, and with her it's a beauty wasted. But the coachman, I say, papa, call him in here—there's no one likely to call to-night, for everybody is resting after the levee—do call him in for us to quiz."

"Just as you say," he replied, sinking very willingly into the comfortable chair again, "touch the bell, Laura."

In a few moments the servant came, ushering along the coarsely clad, entirely transformed John Johnson, who removed his hat and bowed, first to the ladies, and then to the portly figure in the easy chair.

"Humph," began Mr. Maynard, surveying the new comer from head to foot, with a cool, scrutinizing stare, meant doubtless to put the young aspirant entirely at his ease, while suitably impressing him with the importance and dignity of Gilbert Maynard, Esq., "so you came to be hired—you wish to fill the place of my retiring coachman?"

"Yes, sir, that was my wish. I saw the advertisement, so came with my recommendation," replied John Johnson, with his eyes on the carpet.

"Humph," came from the merchant in a still deeper key. "Mr. Everett says you are a safe and skilful driver. Whose horses did you drive last?"

"I think the last I drove belonged to a Mr. Wellington, a friend of Mr. Everett's."

Miss Emma's was the face to brighten this time, while her sister whispered:

"That exemplifies the proverb, 'Like master, like man.' I was just remarking his wonderful likeness to Mr. Wellington."

"For shame!" cried Emma, indignantly. "Mr. Wellington's hair is such an exquisite brown, and this fellow's is certainly a wig, and a decidedly carrotty one at that. And look at those huge red whiskers. He is tolerably good looking for a coachman, I grant, but, like Mr. Wellington—ridiculous!"

Meanwhile John Johnson was taking in with one ear this little aside conversation, and listen-

ing to the pompous papa's inquiries with the other, all of which he answered so satisfactorily and coherently that when he departed he was fairly engaged as Mr. Maynard's coachman. He was to enter upon his duties at once, and was somewhat disturbed to learn that he was expected to board and lodge at the house of his employer, a very unusual circumstance which he had not reckoned upon.

"Never mind," he said, courageously, when ushered for the first time into the narrow, sultry attic chamber allotted to the coachman, and thought ruefully of the luxuriant suit of rooms that his valet was enjoying alone. "I must not complain of John Johnson's fare, but take it contentedly as it comes. Heigho, it is something to earn a night's rest. But I had no idea it was such a deal of work, this caring for carriage and horses. It was a lucky thought of mine, having that hostler in the secret ready to assist me, but while Maynard stood around I felt obliged to keep at work myself, and be alert about it, too. Who'd have thought the economical old fellow would have set me oiling up the harnesses? Hal Everett would have enjoyed seeing it. Confound such delicate hands as mine, the blisters will betray me, to say nothing of the smart." And with a laugh at the oddity of his position, and a sigh for the hopes that were to be decided by this romantic course, the pseudo coachman retired, to sleep far more soundly than Max Wellington had done in his elegant rooms.

The next morning, quite early, for he was determined to keep up appearances, even before the servants, he descended to the lower rooms. A low, soft humming had reached him before he entered the chamber hall. The sound directed his attention to a door ajar, through which he saw a slender, graceful figure at the piano. He could not forbear a second glance, and the sound of his step caused the fair performer to turn her head at the moment, revealing a face very sweet, and gentle, and lovely, but it was not the stately Emma, nor the arch and sparkling Laura. Who could it be? He had never heard of another lady in the family. Surely it was no servant, the delicacy and refinement of her whole demeanor, the simple, yet costly morning dress, all forbade the idea. Who could she be? John Johnson had no right to be curious concerning the fair stranger, but Max Wellington might be pardoned for his inquiring disposition.

He intended to be reserved and uncommunicative in his demeanor toward his fellow-servants, at the risk of being called proud and disagreeable. Now, however, as he sat down to the little table in the kitchen, outwardly as unconscious of the

fastidious taste his caterer had so often anathematized, as if he had breakfasted all his life with cook and chambermaid, butler and footman, he was remarkably suave and gracious, so much so that the first-mentioned individuals immediately pronounced him "such a sweet-spoken young man!" And it was not long before his careless inquiry brought the whole family history of the Maynards directly upon him.

"O, la, now, Mr. Johnson," said Lizette, the chambermaid, tossing her head with what was meant to be a bewitching coquetry, "if you want to hear about the family I'm just the one to tell you. You see our folks are of the first quality, or else you wouldn't see me here! And our young ladies are great belles. Miss Emma is the beauty, but let me tell you what you'll soon find out for yourself, her temper don't agree with her sweet face. She is really so cross and trying I often think it will be impossible for me to remain here; but then I know it is amiable to be patient and forgiving, besides, Mr. Maynard is exceedingly generous. Miss Emma is engaged to the richest and handsomest gentleman in town, that's Mr. Max Wellington. I heard her telling the other day what a magnificent lace she should order for the bridal veil. What's the matter, Mr. Johnson? Good gracious, cook, your coffee's so hot it has nearly choked him!"

Mr. Johnson was very earnestly trying his coffee, were it hot or cold, and he kept his cup to his face so long that Lizette actually waited three minutes without a word, thus giving her nimble tongue a most unusual rest.

"I'm not burned, thank you," he said, setting the cup down at last. "What were you saying about Miss Laura?"

"I hadn't got to Miss Laura yet; but she's as nice and smart a lady as one would wish to see. Don't I like to dress her for the parties? If I set a wreath wrong, or ruffle a flounce, she don't get angry as Miss Emma does, but snaps her bright eyes at me, gives me a playful slap with her fan, and says, 'There, you foolish Lizette, now you must go over that again. If you make a fright of me, I'll tell them who dressed me.' She's a sweet little thing, but she's not half so much admired as her sister. They don't know what we servants know. Miss Laura don't talk about her beaux like Miss Emma; but I know well enough the one she likes—Mr. Everett's bouquets are always saved—but I don't think it's a settled thing like the other."

"And are these all the ladies in the family?" ventured the coachman, when the lively talker paused for breath.

"Mrs. Liscomb, the housekeeper, who feels

smarter than her betters. She eats with the family. O, I forgot, there's Helen Burton."

"And who is she?"

"Why, that's something we none of us know, exactly. There's mystery somewhere—the family never talk about her. She is a ward of Mr. Maynard's, and is going to marry Godfrey Maynard, the only son. She never goes into the drawing-room, or to any of the parties, but has a suit of rooms by herself in the second story. She is very still and quiet, most always at her music, but sometimes she looks so sorrowful my heart aches for her. Mr. Maynard is very angry if we talk about her, or speak to her. I believe half Miss Liscomb's business is to watch the poor thing. I know this much, I've seen Helen turn as white as that cup when Mrs. Liscomb came upon her suddenly."

"It is very singular," said the new comer, thoughtfully.

"It would be well for you, Lizette, if the master heard you say as much as you've just told to Johnson," interrupted the butler, crossly, a little jealous of the new comer's popularity.

At that moment was heard a short, dry cough behind them. All turned in the direction of the sound. A tall, stout woman, in an elaborately-trimmed wrapper, stood on the threshold, her cold, piercing, steel-blue eyes darting from one to another of the startled group. Cold hauteur was all betrayed by the set, immovable features of the florid face.

"Muffins and toast both with the steak, cook," she said, quietly, and withdrew.

Lizette pushed away her plate, and sprang up in an agony of fear.

"Did she hear me, do you think? *Mon Dieu*, I am ruined! O, this wicked tongue of mine, it is always working mischief for me."

When the coachman came down to his breakfast the next morning, Lizette was missing, and a stranger supplied her place.

"Where is Lizette?" asked he, innocently.

The cook and butler both looked in all directions ere they dared to reply.

"She has gone. She was discharged last night."

Somewhat startled, Max scarcely knew what to think; but ever after he took care to give a careful glance of vivid curiosity toward the mysterious apartments. It was not many days before the coach was ordered to take Mrs. Liscomb an airing. Not much relishing the office, John Johnson reined up his horses at the steps, and waited coolly for her appearance. His eye lost its listlessness speedily, however, when he saw the graceful, black-robed figure beside her. Mrs.



Liscomb's face wore a look of vinegarish asperity, as the young man sprang down with such alacrity to open the carriage door, and turning to her companion, who was gazing wistfully down the street, she said, sharply :

"Hurry yourself, Helen ! Come, get in before me."

The girl started, a swift look of terror faded away even the faint color that the air had brought to her pale cheeks, and she hastened down the steps and entered the carriage. Involuntarily as he assisted her, the coachman gave her hand a sympathetic pressure. One shy glance of gratitude from the mournful eyes showed she comprehended his meaning. Rustling her silk flounces with an air of stately grandeur that would have been exceedingly ludicrous, had it not been so hateful to the silent observer, the portly Mrs. Liscomb at last settled herself comfortably among the cushions, and the carriage proceeded on its way. Not a sound of conversation broke the stillness from the time they left the house until they returned again. Still paler, and more drooping, the young girl turned toward the house. Max looked after her in pensive sympathy with her unknown grief. His thoughts were not immediately diverted, although the young ladies came down the steps ready for a drive through the fashionable promenade. The coach windows were lowered, and this time there was no lack of conversation ; indeed it flowed so fast and free it was scarcely intelligible ; but presently the sound of his own name roused him from his abstraction.

"Who would have believed it possible," said the fair Emma, pettishly, "that Max Wellington should leave town for an indefinite period without a parting call, or at least a line of farewell ? I've a mind to be extremely cool on his return."

"I don't think he need be under painful apprehension," retorted her laughing sister. "He will not encounter an Arctic iceberg. I'll wager a pair of gloves his first salutation will call up your sweetest smile. But I own it was rather unloverlike. In fact, sis, I never thought he was remarkably earnest in his devotion."

A frown darkened Emma's polished forehead. She flung her sister a glance neither gentle nor loving.

"I presume you think his friend Everett more sincere ?"

Laura colored a little, and her eyes flashed. "Your words are unjust, Emma. You know I never, by word, look or deed, intimated that I held any sway over Mr. Everett. More than that, you are aware I always have disapproved a

girl's foolish boasts concerning her admirers, especially your own arrogant assumption of Max Wellington's love, because he happens to have given you more attention than any other lady can claim. It was always my doctrine that such ideas should never be cherished until a plain declaration has made them certain. I think your present mortification a just punishment."

Emma turned around, her beautiful features distorted with rage. Such a whirlwind of passion, such fiery reproaches, and angry tears, it was never his fortune to behold before ; and the reins nearly fell from the coachman's paralyzed hands, as the paroxysm grew more furious. Laura was evidently no stranger to such scenes. She sighed once or twice, and then with an arch look in her eye, said, hurriedly :

"Look, Emma, there is Mr. Everett ! Can that be Max Wellington with him ?"

Emma turned away sulkily, but checked her tears, and drew her veil over her flushed face. In a few moments Hal Everett, mounted on a superb black horse, came dashing to the side of the carriage, while his companion dropped in the rear. The malicious equestrian rode forward as if from the restlessness of his horse ; but there was one who guessed the drift of the manoeuvre, when a swift, droll look of scrutiny was flung full in John Johnson's face. Returning to the carriage window, a gay conversation ensued between the ladies and himself, while to the astonishment of the silent listener on the box, Emma prattled on with the playful sweetness he had so often admired. When they returned home, in closing the carriage door he accidentally stepped upon Emma's flowing drapery, and the haughty reproof he received completed the cure of Max Wellington's admiration for the beautiful Emma Maynard.

His object attained, one would have supposed that very night his resignation had been tendered to the astonished merchant ; but no, a nameless yet potent enchantment still held him at the unseemly post. It was no longer when the young ladies required the coach, that his interest was excited, but when prim, disagreeable Mrs. Liscomb took her melancholy charge to ride, that John Johnson sprang with such alacrity upon the box.

Besides, the family were to go into the country in another week, either to their own manor house, or to the seashore, and he had learned from his cautious inquiries that Mrs. Liscomb and Helen Burton always accompanied them. He felt hopeful of commencing an acquaintance with the latter, and it seemed somehow essential to his happiness. To the seashore it was at length de-

cided they should go. Fortunately for our pseudo coachman's plans, the hotels were overflowing with visitors, and Mrs. Liscomb and Helen were separated from the rest of the family, and sent to the same boarding-house with himself.

Still another propitious circumstance was, that either because the heat induced indolence, or that their present locality was free from the danger she was to avert, Helen's watchful guardian relaxed her vigilance, and permitted her to stroll alone through the gardens, and even to the beach, although with sundry violent threats in case of allowing strangers to talk with her, that seriously detracted from the pleasure of the favor. So it happened his ardent wish was gratified, and at length they met in the pretty arbor behind the boarding-house, from which one beheld a smiling and charming scene. Near at hand the gray-ribbed rocks against which the surf beat in impotent wrath, showering them with snowy spray, and then the sea growing calmer as it deepened, and spreading further and further till sky and water seemed to mingle into one. In the distance the graceful tower of the lighthouse, and the grim walls of the fort, between which the white-winged ships, like birds, were flitting to and fro, while behind the arbor the clustering roofs of the houses, the slender spires of the churches, and the green, luxuriant foliage of the groves added a cheerful and picturesque landscape to the marine view. On all this the thoughtful hazel eye of Helen Burton gazed dreamily, with a wistful sadness, as it turned toward the far-reaching waves that leaped on gaily from the distant shores of another continent.

"Free and untamed," she murmured drearily, "the sea is a mockery to a bonds slave like me."

Max Wellington had been gazing in respectful sympathy upon her sorrowful face. He advanced at these words, and made known his presence.

"Miss Burton," said he, frankly, "I have long sympathized with your grief, which I could not fail to see, as well as been indignant at the ceaseless surveillance exercised on all your movements. Tell me, I entreat you, if there is nothing a sincere and earnest friend may do to relieve you from a position so unpleasant as yours must be?"

She looked at him a moment fixedly, then dropping her eyes, dejectedly shook her head.

"I beg you will not distrust me. What can I say to assure you that I speak only from a disinterested desire to befriend you? Circumstances may make you doubt—in fact I must own I am not exactly the personage I seem."

"I do not doubt your sincerity or honorable kindness," she hastened to answer, a shy, soft smile lending a new beauty to her face, "nor should I resent the proffer of assistance and sympathy from a servant in my guardian's family, even were I ignorant, as I am not, of the true name of Mr. Maynard's coachman."

He started, and looked at her in consternation. She smiled again, with an arch vivacity, extremely becoming, and said:

"You dropped a roll of receipts one day in passing my door; the chambermaid, thinking they were mine, brought them in to me. They were of slight importance, and I glanced over them carelessly to ascertain the rightful owner. Was it strange I wondered to find Max Wellington charged for a suit of coachman's clothing, in fact the very suit John Johnson wears?"

His laugh rang out with hers, and then as her face grew grave again, he said, deprecatingly:

"Do you blame me very much?"

"How should I, since I am supposed to be ignorant of your motives?"

"I am not vain enough to suppose you gave the coachman enough attention to wonder at his unusual proceeding."

"On the contrary, I did consider the subject very frequently, until at last, from the servants' gossip I gained a hint that satisfied me."

"Then you know I have found the beauty I admired but a painted mask to hide selfishness, frivolity and irritability."

She did not answer, for her eyes were on the sea, with the old look of despondency in their dim depths.

"But this is nothing to you," he said, abruptly. "Is there any way that either Max Wellington or John Johnson can serve you?"

"None at all," was the reply.

The gloomy tone brought the tears to his eyes.

"At least," said he, impulsively, "I can help you bear sorrow. I can be your friend."

"My friend!" was the dreamy rejoinder; "yes, it would be a blessed privilege to say I had a friend."

"But you are betrothed, surely you have one friend?"

A shiver went over her frame—the small hands clung to each other tremblingly—she gasped, rather than spoke:

"Betrothed! O, heavens, what a betrothal! And yet, iron necessity has forged the engagement ring."

"Then you do not love him?" repeated Max, in astonishment.

"Love him! I abhor, I detest, I utterly

loathe him. Death were a bridegroom how gladly welcomed in his stead!"

"You shock me, Miss Burton. Why do you consent to so sacrilegious an engagement? Let me be your friend, and take you now, this moment, from the tyranny that seems to have crushed your spirits. There is no power to compel such an alliance."

For a moment her face kindled with a glow of grateful joy; she half rose, and stretched her hands out to him, and then suddenly sinking back into her seat, she said, in a keen, sharp tone of anguish:

"It is impossible—there is no escape—I should not go, though the way were clear before me, free from pursuit. Do not speak of it again, it is torturing me for a hopeless purpose."

Completely bewildered and perplexed, he turned the conversation to other subjects, delighted to find her unusually refined and intelligent. That meeting was but the prelude to many another stolen and delicious interview. Friendly words and kindly attentions were so rare, it was not strange Helen found consolation in this new acquaintance, while for Max Wellington dawned a new era. Neither paused to analyze their own heart emotions until a few days previous to their intended return to town. Helen had come to the table so white, with such a look of stony despair that even in the presence of Mrs. Liscomb, Max ventured to address her, inquiring respectfully, as became John Johnson, if she were ill, while he added, in a hurried whisper:

"I shall wait for you in the arbor till you come."

Agitated and anxious, he paced nervously the narrow circle of the arbor, but when at last she came, the torrent of eager words died from his lips, and he only said:

"What is it, Helen?"

A pitiful smile unbent the pallid sternness of the lips.

"Do I look much like a bride? Yet they tell me to-morrow is my wedding day. The case you brought from the hotel contains the mocking finery to draw away the eyes of the multitude in the church from my despairing face. Godfrey Maynard came to see me this morning. We are to be married to-morrow. Just Heavens, there's no way for me to escape the inexorable fate!"

"Inexorable!" repeated Max, bitterly. "Helen, what is this mysterious bond that holds you to what your soul abhors? I implore you to confide in me. O, Helen, dear Helen, gladly, thankfully would I take you to my home and

heart, and brave the worst you dread. Can you return no favor to me? I love you, Helen."

Her hazel eyes were fixed upon him in wild surprise—a spark of joy leaped into them—a flush of pleasure burned on her cheek just long enough to show its ghastly pallor, and she repeated dreamily:

"You love me! Is it possible?"

"How could it be otherwise?" he answered, with a gleam of hope. "Will you bestow this great joy upon me? Do you, can you love me in return?"

Her eyes were fixed upon the manly face, grand with the fervor of his emotions, and gazing thus, her head sank lower and lower, until it reached her clasping hands, and the voice in which she spoke was so faint he bent forward to catch the words.

"Do I love you? Ah, Max, I never knew or thought of it before; but I know now that I have always loved you."

He bent rapturously over the downcast face. "My own Helen, then let me seize my treasure now, this moment, and when to-morrow's hateful bridegroom calls for you, let your husband be beside you to answer him."

"O, that it could be—that the blessed lot were indeed mine," she moaned. And then suddenly springing away from him, she screamed, and pointed toward the arbor entrance.

Mrs. Liscomb stood there with a sneer, and an angry smile on her flushed face.

"This is fine—quite a scene! Really, Miss Burton, I was not aware you were such a romantic person. So you prefer the coachman, even when you may have the master?" cried the new comer, and then she burst forth fiercely, "It is well, my lady, that I have found you out. Go in this moment to the house!"

"Helen," cried her lover, indignantly, "do not obey the insolent demand. Come to me, Helen."

Mrs. Liscomb laughed, and raised her coarse finger threateningly.

"Think a moment, Helen Burton, then go into the house, as I bade you."

The girl stood as if petrified to stone, obeying neither until the woman's loud voice shouted again:

"I give you one moment longer, and then—"

With a low cry, Helen said, gaspingly, "It is in vain, my only friend, you cannot help me. Farewell, for I must obey." And despite his frantic entreaty, she fled away from them to the house.

"Execrable creature!" cried Max, fiercely turning to the triumphant housekeeper, "what

fiendish trap have you sprung upon that innocent girl?"

"Really, Mr. Johnson, you forget to whom you are speaking. Mr. Maynard will hear of this to-night, and you will have the satisfaction of losing your situation through this impertinent conduct. I do not stop to bandy words with my inferiors." And while Max Wellington stood nearly frantic with rage and disappointment, the wrathful housekeeper stalked away.

What could Max do? Submit to see his Helen sacrificed he would not, and yet how could he help it, since Helen herself refused to leave them? Reflection brought no consolation. The day was extremely sultry, to which fortunate circumstance he owed his freedom from duty, and he loitered around the boarding-house, hoping to exchange if but a single word with Helen; but both she and Mrs. Liscomb were invisible. Neither appeared at the evening meal, and in wretched despair, he turned down to the beach, finding the darkness and the sullen roar of the waves in unison with his own mood. Tired at length of pacing to and fro, he flung himself upon the sand beneath the jagged brow of a huge rock. While he lay there he heard the crush of feet among the shells and pebbles, and then the sound of suppressed voices. His heart gave a sudden leap as he distinguished that of Mrs. Liscomb, responded to by the full tones of Mr. Maynard. Singularly enough, as they came on they paused beside the very rock behind which he lay. He scarcely stirred or breathed.

"I cannot thank you too much for the timely discovery," said Mr. Maynard; "there's no telling what mischief the fellow might have made to-morrow. I never thought of danger in such a direction. Bah, I had no idea her tastes were so low—a coachman—and after expressing such dislike for Godfrey! She shrank from him as if he had been a serpent. He was almost disgusted himself, and says if her father's fortune was a single thousand less, he would be as loath as she. I am prepared to hear him rave when he knows all; but my plans are well laid."

"And as soon as they are actually married, you promise I shall take my place as Mrs. Maynard?"

"Certainly, certainly, or in a few months after. We must get the girls away in their own establishments first; but there's no doubt they'll soon be off with these beaux of theirs. You have no fears that Helen will ruin all at the last moment?"

"No, indeed; no charmed bird ever was more completely cowed. The fright is so great it is

almost insanity. You ought to give me credit for ingenuity. No other plan would have worked so well. I can't help pitying her, she is so meek and humble, and suffers so much through it. She fully believes the moment she refuses to obey us, we can prove to the world that her father, who was her pride and joy, was a cowardly murderer, who died without revealing his miserable secret. It must be owned she is a dutiful daughter. There are not many so foolish as to sacrifice everything to a dead father's memory. What a scene it was when I first told her! She moaned and sobbed, 'My father a murderer! my father a murderer!' till I could hardly stand it myself. It's lucky he said those crazy words just before he died, 'O, I am guilty, I am guilty! Save it, Helen, from coming to the world!' I don't think those letters we fixed up would have amounted to anything without that. No, there's no fear but she'll marry your son. She thinks it's her duty, and she's one of the kind to walk in that way, though the path is all thorns."

"I suppose it's all safe; but I am nervous, and shall be till it is over. That's why I hurried Godfrey home from France, and got it up so suddenly. I've been so tormented with fear lest some handsome scamp should find her out, and steal a husband's right to demand of me a settlement of her property; but if she marries my own son, it will be nobody's business, and no one will care if I have used up the fortune her father left in my charge. As for Godfrey, I expect he will rave, but I reckon I can keep him quiet. I'm sure half of it has gone to pay the debts of the reckless scamp. Now, my dear Liscomb, I trust you will make a sure thing of the business; you know it will be for your interest to save the Maynard name from disgrace."

"You may be sure of me; but look out for that Johnson. And if ours is the last of all, it shall be the grandest wedding of all."

"But I am afraid our absence will be noticed; we must return. Remember, my dearest Liscomb, our fortune depends upon the events of to-morrow."

They moved on slowly, and slowly and cautiously the prostrate listener rose up, and throwing off the wig, brushed back his own raven locks from his damp forehead, and lifting up his eyes to the dark canopy of starless clouds, he murmured:

"Kind Heaven, I thank thee! It seems as if a miracle had led me to the discovery of what is safety for Helen, and peace and joy for me." Then in a low soliloquy he continued, "Now, then, for a rapid commencement. I must find a

sure man to despatch to town, and bring Hal Everett, and other reliable friends, to prove my identity, if needful. They will not fail me if they have to ride all day. Since Helen will be decked in bridal garments, I mean she shall leave the church a wife; but not *yours*, pitiful, contemptible Godfrey Maynard."

Two hours after the coachman reached his little room at the boarding-house. The lights in the building were all extinguished, and its occupants supposed to be sound asleep. But Max Wellington had no idea of sleep. He sat down to the table, and drew toward him the uncouth looking ink bottle, extemporizing a portfolio of his hat-box cover, and wrote rapidly and earnestly. It does not interest us to know more than the last paragraph:

"So, then, Hal, you can understand the whole; and as your friend, I would suggest you bring down with you an orange wreath and bridal veil, and take the fair bridesmaid at once as your wife, for I assure you she is all your lover's fancy pictures. It may save you both much unpleasantness, for it may be that Maynard's villainy will be trumpeted before the world. I trust and hope not; but his own conduct must decide, for Helen must be released, and her hand given where her heart goes, though the whole family were ruined. I give you the hint, knowing if you love Laura, neither loss of wealth nor family disgrace will affect you. Do not fail to heed my previous instructions. Yours ever,  
"MAX."

The letter was sealed and directed before Max noticed the note lying on the table directed to him. It was from Mr. Maynard, ordering him to be ready to drive a buggy to the city for repair early on the ensuing morning. He smiled grimly.

"Not so fast, my worthy employer. I will drive your buggy a mile or so; but I shall scarcely be out of your way at church time."

Three low raps at the door interrupted him. He responded with the same signal, and a man, a fellow-boarder, entered at once.

"Ah, Brown, just in time, the letter is finished; charge your brother to let nothing deter him from delivering it at once. Now, then, for your own instructions. Mind not let the fire master you, and prove a real instead of a mock conflagration; but still have light material enough to make considerable blaze before Mrs. Liscomb's door. How about that message to Miss Burton?"

"The girl did her part nicely. She pretended the water pitcher had not been filled, and Mrs. Liscomb unlocked the door to let her in. She kept telling how cool it was, until Miss Helen, who was reading, asked for a glass, and when

she handed it to her, Chloris dropped your scrap of paper into her lap. Miss Burton seemed to understand at once, for she dropped her book over it."

"Then," said Max, with a sigh of relief, "she will be dressed, and ready; poor girl, she knows not for what. Your part, Brown, is to carry off Mrs. Liscomb. She's an extensive and not very delectable armful; but gold shall be your amends for loss of strength. Be sure you frighten her into thinking she will be burned if she lingers a moment in the house, and you yourself must be so frantic with alarm as to carry her a long distance further than is necessary. The carriage will be at hand, and while the rest of you are extinguishing the fire, and restoring order, I shall be driving along, leisurely explaining the case to Miss Burton. Are the movements all clear to you?"

"Perfectly, and they promise to be very entertaining. Shall I take the letter?"

"Yes, and *au revoir* till the fire."

In the room she shared with Mrs. Liscomb, sat Helen Burton reading her Bible, although the clock had struck twelve, ringing out so distinctly and solemnly through the hall, it sent a shiver to her frame, already nervous and excited, from the brief line in her lover's handwriting, which the girl had so adroitly placed in her possession. She read it again and again, scarcely knowing what to make of its purport.

"Do not retire to-night, but be dressed, waiting for Max."

Twice Mrs. Liscomb had roused herself and asked, sleepily, "Why don't you come to bed, Helen?" and twice she had evaded the question, and busied herself in apparent compliance, until sleep had sealed her persecutor's eyes again. While she sat thus weary, heartsick and bewildered, she heard the quick rush of hurrying footsteps. The shrill, wild cry rang out, scarcely able to add a new terror to her already overflowing cup—"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

It reached even Mrs. Liscomb's drowsy ears. She stirred uneasily, and sprang up wide awake, when a sudden blow was heard against the door.

"Fire! Fire! unlock the door!" was screamed there hoarsely. Mrs. Liscomb leaped frantically to obey, while Helen stood still, as the door crashed back, revealing a bright blaze in the hall.

"Quick, quick, madam, for your life, a shawl, a blanket!" shouted Brown.

She tore the blanket from the bed and wrapped it around her, saying, "Follow us, Helen." She could say no more, for she was grasped in a pair of strong arms, and borne through the smoke and flame away out of Helen's sight.

Helen prepared to follow, when a quiet hand was laid on hers.

"This way, Helen." And she was led to the side entrance through the hurrying crowd, and hastily thrust into a chaise waiting there. Once the reins in his hands, Max turned to her a beaming face.

"Max, Max, what do you mean?" she asked, anxiously. "You must not take me away. I shall remain. I have consented, spite of my wretchedness. I chose it as the only way. I shall marry Godfrey Maynard to-morrow."

"Pardon me, dear Helen, if I doubt your words. I predict Godfrey Maynard receives no bride to-morrow."

"Is he dead?" she gasped.

"No, but Max Wellington is alive. I appeal to your own conscience if that is not good reason for prohibiting the mockery of a marriage with Maynard."

"It is dreadful, it is horrible," she sobbed; "but I chose it as the least evil."

"Helen, dearest, it is cruel to torture you thus. Look up, my darling, there is light, and joy, and deliverance for you. Hear my story."

When in a brief space of time the chaise rolled again toward the boarding-house where all was still confusion, though fright and danger had subsided, Helen Burton turned her tear-drenched face, albeit it had never shone so luminous with joy before, to her lover, and whispered, "I will follow your instructions implicitly, but O, the relief it will be when it is past."

"I sympathize with you there, but I will save all possible notoriety. I do not want to take you clandestinely, but openly, in your guardian's presence, to marry you before the whole fashionable world, which I understand will fill the church for the event you have known but a few days, has, through Miss Emma's love of display, been privately in all her friends' possession these two weeks. Good-night, now."

"Where have you been, Helen?" asked Mrs. Liscomb, sharply, as Helen made her way to the group in which the former stood.

"I attempted to follow you, but the smoke concealed you. Then I went up and down the street. I have only just discovered you."

"Well, come back to the chamber. It was a great fright for nothing. What a gallant man Mr. Brown is! I had no idea he thought so much of me. He carried me twice as far as was needful, for fear I should be injured in the crowd."

Emma and Laura Maynard were very gay over the preparations for their brother's wedding. It is but justice to say they were entirely igno-

rant of Helen's reluctance, for it had been Mr. Maynard's policy to keep them as much apart as possible, which Helen's passive submission to Mrs. Liscomb had not been likely to prevent. They looked upon her as a strange, dejected creature, and notwithstanding her grace and beauty, thought it strange their brother should fancy her.

In the midst of their gay excitement over the flowers, laces and bridal favors on the afternoon of the bridal day, they heard with delight of the arrival of a party of gentlemen friends from the city. Laura's cheek took a warmer rose as Hal Everett hurried to her side, and it burned still deeper as they entered upon a low, but exceedingly earnest conversation.

"But in the name of reason, Harry," she said, at last, "what should I do for a trousseau? I never heard of such a thing."

"Trousseau! don't say in the name of reason, but of vanity and folly. No, no, little Laura, you shall not escape with that shallow excuse. We'll be off directly for Paris, can't you provide one there? gold is powerful, and you know I'm no hand for hoarding it. Say quick, I may go to your father!"

"Why, if it is so desperate—if you must—" she began, with a pretty pout on her rosy lip, belied by the dancing, happy eyes—"no, no, stop, I'll ask him myself. I've a glorious idea. Say nothing to any one. You say you brought a veil and wreath? O, we'll have rare sport of their surprise."

He laughed at her mischievous face, but bade her follow her own will so far as it did not deny his request. She walked directly to the sitting-room, where she surprised her father and Mrs. Liscomb in close conversation.

"Father," said she, abruptly, "are you willing I should marry Mr. Hal Everett, whenever I want to?"

He showed his pleasure plainly. "Certainly, my dear."

She nodded her thanks archly, and bounded away to the drawing room again.

"Emma," said she, approaching her sister, leaning on Mr. Everett's arm, "I've changed my groomsman. Mr. Everett insists that he can best sustain the honor."

"Ah," replied Emma, with heightened color, "so you are here, Mr. Everett! Did your friend Wellington come with the party?"

"Yes, he is in town."

Her face was radiant. "I wonder would he like to be groomsman, likewise? I can easily put Mr. Percival aside."

"Doubtless he would fully appreciate the



honor, but I know he said imperative business would prevent his joining us at the church until somewhat late, but he was resolved to be there before the ceremony was over."

Emma hurried away to be still more interested in her toilet, now the one she most desired to please was to behold the enchanting effect of the exquisite robes of fleecy lace, and fairy-like garlands of flowers. At the same time Helen was submitting quietly to the tasteful fingers of a French dressing-maid, and the effect of aerial robes of snowy purity, of graceful flowers, and glittering ornaments, upon one who had hitherto worn only such plain and sombre garments, was absolutely startling. The voluble French woman chattered like a magpie, turning her round and round to admire the dazzling loveliness hidden so long from the world, believing, foolish creature, that it was all the effect of her own magical fingers. Even Mrs. Liscomb felt proud of the bride as she surveyed her critically, before announcing the arrival of the coach.

"You are a good girl, Helen," she said, "and are behaving nicely."

Helen shivered, and shrank away from the offered kiss, and without a word, followed down to the carriage. The hour for the ceremony was late in the afternoon. Sometime before that, the church was thronged with a highly fashionable audience, who, after the usual tedious waiting, were gratified by the sound of the approaching wheels that bore on the bridal party. Then ceased the hum of whispered conversation, the rustle of restless garments, and a silent throb of expectation settled on the air. Breathless and impatient, the congregation waited, while a long, long interval intervened; and then came to them the quick, excited tones of parleying voices, and while wonder and perplexity were within, without, in the little church vestibule, were agitation, consternation and dismay, as well as grateful, overwhelming joy. One by one the coaches discharged their fair burdens, until the whole party entered the vestibule. Godfrey Maynard advanced with a slightly nervous smile, and offered his arm to the pale, but as he inwardly acknowledged with a startled thrill of satisfaction, surpassingly beautiful bride.

She hesitated, and sweeping aside the clouds of lace that floated softly from the orange wreath, wrapping her whole figure in a mist that seemed stolen from some Alpine nymph, so delicate was its tracery, worthy only the magic loom of the frost king, and cast a hurried, imploring glance around the place. There was so much wild eagerness in the hazel eyes, Mr. Maynard, who was to give away the bride, stepped hastily for-

ward, but before he reached her side another figure was there. Emma Maynard started forward with a gesture of delight.

"Max Wellington!" she exclaimed, and glancing at his elegant toilet, with snowy gloves and bridal favor, she added, triumphantly:

"So you have come to be my groomsman, after all? Mr. Leslie must excuse—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Max Wellington, quietly, advancing to the side of Helen. "I have already promised to take this lady for my partner."

"O, Max, what a blunder!" laughed the merry Laura, "you have chosen the bride. But by the way, sir, where have you left your yellow wig, and those odious whiskers—ah, ha, I never mistrusted you till this moment. I see now, why our coachman was unable to drive us to church."

"Our coachman!" exclaimed Emma and her father, in the same breath.

"I confess Miss Laura's penetration is not at fault," replied Max Wellington. "Another time will do as well to explain the freak. Now, we must remember the congregation is waiting."

"Then leave that lady's side; she is the bride, as you have been told," said Mr. Maynard, looking very anxious and disturbed.

"Certainly, she is the bride," was the cool reply; "that's why I am here, for she is my bride, and not Mr. Godfrey Maynard's."

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed the last named personage. "I've heard you eulogized as a gentleman, Mr. Max Wellington, but I'm blessed if I stand such insolence as this."

"Give place, sir," added Mr. Maynard senior, advancing with a face purple with rage. "This is no time for idle jests."

"Indeed it is not," cried the undaunted lover, placing Helen's trembling hand on his arm. "I am the last one to make light of this occasion. Now look you, Mr. Maynard, you came to give away your ward, this young lady, at the marriage altar, but the bridegroom you have proposed is distasteful to her, and the one she chooses—speak, Helen, tell them all his name."

Helen looked up into his assuring face, and answered, calmly:

"It is he who was John Johnson yesterday, and Max Wellington to-day."

"You hear, all of you? Now I ask why the wedding should not proceed, with a change to the rightful bridegroom?"

"It shall never be!" thundered Mr. Maynard. "I forbid it. This wedding shall go on as first proposed. Helen Burton, dare you brave me thus?"

"Hold!" interposed Max, sternly. "No

more threats for Helen. Listen yourself, and tremble. I was lying behind the rock where you and a person who shall be nameless here, held an important conversation last evening. Not a word was lost upon my ear. Now, sir, shall this ceremony proceed without your son, in a quiet and decent manner, or will you brave a scene here, and a public exposure hereafter?"

While the rest of the group looked on in breathless consternation, Mr. Maynard stood completely crushed. He saw his hopes were blasted, and trembled for his own safety.

"Have you grown dumb?" asked Max, impatiently. "Will you save scandal, and give away the bride as your guardianship requires, or shall we go in alone?"

"Yes, yes," stammered the frightened guardian, "I will do the best I can. Go back home, Godfrey, it is no use to resist. I must let her marry him."

Godfrey saw by his father's face there was no alternative, and with a muttered curse, he tore off his white gloves, and threw himself into one of the carriages. Mutely, and with strange emotions, the train reformed, and in the prevalent agitation no one noticed how Emma's hand shook, although it grasped the pearl and gold bouquet-holder so tightly that its rim of carved leaves left their tiny indentation on her glove. It was worth witnessing, the sudden start of surprise that passed from face to face, as the bridal train swept towards the altar.

"What, is it possible?" whispered one to another—"that's is not Godfrey Maynard, why, it is Max Wellington—our Max. I thought he was across the ocean."

"Astonishing," "odd enough," "but isn't she lovely?"

"Exquisite! where could he have found so beautiful a creature?"

"Perhaps Godfrey and his bride will come next."

The perplexity of the crowd was transferred to the altar group, when, after the solemn rite was ended, the first couple moved quietly aside, and Laura and Mr. Everett filled their vacant places. Emma looked flushed and uneasy one moment, and then so pale it seemed she would faint the next. Mr. Maynard was too stupefied with his own despair, to be surprised at any further movement, so he obeyed mechanically the rector's signal, and gave away the second bride.

"Was there ever such a wedding of surprises before?" was exchanged from lip to lip, as the crowd passed out of the church. "But where was Godfrey, and what does it all mean?" which last was precisely what the outside world never knew. Mr. Godfrey Maynard was married the

next week to a pretty little girl who had been almost broken-hearted at his desertion, and very few suspected it was not the original bride. Emma hurried from the coach the moment they reached the hotel, and regardless of the gay crowd thronging the drawing-rooms with congratulations, hastened to her own room, and locking the door, sank into a chair, and burst into a flood of tears. Singularly enough, she was not more aggrieved by the loss of Max, than by the mortifying fact of her sister's marrying before her. So believing herself the worst used person in the world, she wept on, until a burst of music from the parlor reached her ears. Then she paused to listen. It was a pity to lose the opportunity of showing her exquisite dress that had been pronounced so becoming. She ran to the mirror—her eyes were not so very red, a little toilet water would cool them in a moment. Her wreath was carefully adjusted, and half an hour saw Emma again in the crowd, smiling and happy with the adulation offered her. So fascinating was she, that at the first favorable moment Mr. Leslie whispered a rapturous declaration of love, and a proposal of marriage. He was accepted. Meanwhile, Mr. Maynard was generously relieved from all claims from his ward and her husband.

"It was Helen, and not her fortune, that I wanted," said Max, gaily. "Thank Heaven, my own fortune is ample to supply all our wants. We shall never molest or trouble you, although I trust the wickedness of such a course as you pursued is as apparent to you as to ourselves."

"You may be sure of that," replied the humbled, and really penitent man. "You shall see proof of my amendment, for I shall retrench all my expenses, and I hope to be able to restore to you a portion, at least, of that I have purloined. But for this generous forbearance and forgiveness I can never repay you. I have sent Mrs. Liscomb away, and my one object thenceforward shall be to atone for the past."

"Don't forget one thing," said his son-in-law, peeping into the room with Laura's sparkling face over his shoulder.

"What is that?" asked Max and Mr. Maynard both.

"Why," came back to them with a peal of laughter through the closing door, "don't forget to pay John Johnson's wages."

"The good clergyman has done that, Hal," retorted Max, lifting Helen's hand to his lips, and pointing to the wedding ring. "Come back, and tell me if you think I repent my stratagem, or that I shall ever cease to be proud of having been MR. MAYNARD'S COACHMAN!"

## A MBINGA FUNERAL.

The mother of poor Tonda, who heard that I wished to see him once more, led me to the house where the body was laid. The narrow space of the room was crowded; about two hundred women were sitting and standing around, singing mourning songs to doleful and monotonous airs. They were so huddled together that for a while I could not distinguish the place of the corpse. At last some moved aside, and behold, the body of my friend. It was seated in a chair. It was dressed in a black tail-coat and a pair of pantaloons. It had several strings of beads about the neck. Altogether, it was a ghastly sight, though the pallid face of death cannot be seen in the negro. As I stood looking, filled with solemn thoughts, in spite of, or rather because of, perhaps, the somewhat ludicrous contrasts about me, the mother of Tonda approached. She threw herself at the feet of her dead son, and begged him to speak to her once more. And, then, when the poor corpse did not answer, she uttered a shriek, so long, so piercing, such a wail of love and grief, that the tears came into my eyes. Poor African mother, she was literally as one sorrowing without hope; for these poor people count on nothing beyond the present life. For them there is no hope beyond the grave. "All is done," they say, with an inexpressible sadness of conviction that sometimes gave me a heartache. Truly, it is worth while to bear words of comfort and promise to such as these. As I left the hut, thinking these things, the wailing recommenced. It would be kept up by the women, who are the official mourners on these occasions, till the corpse was buried. Then the family and friends would lay aside their ornaments for many months, would refrain from dancing and all manner of merry-making, till at last all is forgotten again. At the funeral the friends of poor Tonda wished to bury with him a quantity of goods; but as the poor fellow was being buried according to the Christian manner, Rev. Mr. Mackey properly objected. The good missionary preached words of hope to the many hundreds standing about the grave, and perhaps the poor, lone, grieving mother found some comfort in her heart when she went away. I was glad to hope so at any rate.—*Du Chaillu's African Explorations.*

## HOW TO ADMONISH.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and who can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet wish all the delicacy and tenderness of a

friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.—*Devey.*

## THE STARS.

It has long been concluded among the astronomers that the stars, though they only appear to our eyes as brilliant points, are all to be considered as suns, representing solar systems, each bearing a general resemblance to our own. The stars have a brilliancy and apparent magnitude which we may safely presume to be in proportion to their actual size and the distance at which they are placed from us. Attempts have been made to ascertain the distance of some of the stars by calculations founded on a parallax, it being understood that if a parallax of so much as one second, or the thirty-six hundredth part of a degree, could be ascertained in any one instance the distance might be assumed in that instance as not less than 19,200,000 millions of miles! In the case of the most brilliant star, Sirius, even this minute parallax could not be found; from which, of course it was to be inferred that the distance of that star was something beyond the vast distance which has been stated. In some others, on which the experiment has been tried, no sensible parallax could be obtained, from which the same inference was to be made in these cases. If we suppose that similar intervals exist between all the stars, we shall readily see that the space occupied by even the comparatively small number visible to the naked eye must be vast beyond all power of conception. The number visible to the naked eye is about three thousand; but the number is ever increased in proportion to the increased power of the telescope. In one place where they are more thickly sown than elsewhere, Sir William Herschel reckoned that fifty thousand passed over a field of view two degrees in breadth in a single hour. The sky has been "gauged" in all directions by the telescope, so as to ascertain the conditions of different parts with respect to the frequency of the stars. The result has been a conviction that, as the planets are parts of the solar systems, so are solar systems parts of what may be called astral systems.—*Vestiges of Creation.*

## ANECDOTE OF FONTENELLE.

Fontenelle, dining a friend one day, and his politeness getting the better of his reason, yielded reluctantly to his desire of having asparagus dressed with butter instead of oil, and went slowly towards the head of the stairs to give orders to this effect. During the absence his friend had fallen down in apoplexy, which, observing at his return, he hastened back to the stairs: "Cook! cook! cook!" he cried out, in a subdued voice, "you can dress them with oil!" and he afforded then to his deceased friend the due offices of humanity.

This I always religiously observed, as a rule, never to chide my husband before company, nor to prattle abroad of miscarriages at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up than when once it has taken air.

## THE WATCHER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The streets are smothered in the snow,  
The chill-eyed stars are cleaving keen  
The frozen air, and, sailing slow,  
The white moon stares across the scene.

She waits beside the fading fire,  
The gasping taper flickers low,  
And drooping down, and rising higher,  
Her shadow waves to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor,  
No motion save the wintry breath  
That, stealing through the crannied door,  
Creeps coldly as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream,  
O cold, O careless midnight blast!  
It wakes her as her fevered dream  
Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night has drawn  
Its silent stream of stars away,  
And now the infant streaks of dawn  
Begin to prophesy the day.

She stirs not yet. Within her eye  
That half-crushed teardrop lingers still;  
She stirs not, and the smothered sigh  
Breaks wavelike on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove,  
O heart that must unheeded break!  
How strong the hope, how deep the love,  
That burn for faithless folly's sake!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SCULPTOR'S MODEL.

BY S. D. MORTON.

THE world never knew of a love more pure and holy, bestowed upon a mortal man, than that which bound the widowed Vittoria Colonna to the poet, painter, sculptor and architect, Michael Angelo—that beautiful sentiment which sought no return save that of friendship which flourished green within the cloisters of Viterbo, and which ended only in death. In death? No! Love is indestructible. It lives beyond the tomb. I have read over and over again, the words of one who came fresh from the tomb of Michael Angelo to write down what he calls “*Passages of the Life and Times,*” of the divine painter. He says: “Vittoria often left her convent and went to Rome to see him, and used to pass some hours with him alone. What sentiments must have been ex-

changed between two such spirits! One day she did not come, and he heard she was at the point of death. With a sad heart, the poet left Rome immediately, for the convent; but alas! it was too late—she was no more! He went to the chapel where the body was reposing, kneeled by it, took her hand in his, and softly and reverently kissed it. It was the first time that he had ever kissed her, and he said he did not dare even then to kiss her forehead or face. Reader, do you know of a more beautiful picture than of that silver-headed old man called Michael Angelo, kneeling to kiss the hand of that dead woman, called Vittoria Colonna?”

I said the world had known no love more pure and holy; yet even this instance has had its parallel—one, where one party was as rich and beautiful and virtuous as Vittoria, and where the other was, at least, a follower in the steps of the famous sculptor. But the artist who won a woman's voluntary love three centuries ago, was a nobleman by birth, as well as by nature and genius; the descendant of a long line of Tuscan counts; while he to whom the love of the beautiful Florentine princess has been given, hails from the land where every man is noble whose deeds are noble, and who carves his name, without aid from his ancestors.

When I have told the tale, some perhaps will cavil at the ruse of the lady who loved this modern sculptor so well. I do not uphold her for it; but when was mortal perfect? She will find her excuse in some generous hearts, I know.

Gabriella di Barletta was the daughter of an Italian prince. An only and idolized child—without the tender care of a mother, beautiful as the Hasheesh eaters' dream of the angels of their visionary paradise—who can wonder that the prince dreaded lest any one should rob him of his child? To none, surely, who had not the noblest blood in his veins and wealth equal to his own.

Gabriella loved her father in return, far too well to wish to leave him. Hitherto her life had passed in one sweet dream of quiet. The seclusion which her father had chosen for her, had helped to nurture her tastes, and to cultivate her mind, while it had tinged her deeply with romance. Of world knowledge, she was utterly ignorant. The thousand and one conventionalities of society formed no part of her training. A simple child of nature, yet with a love of art—an instinctive worship of the beautiful wherever manifested. It is difficult to describe Gabriella and her points of difference to others. While her father worshipped her, he did not in

reality know her. In fact, she was waiting for some great and absorbing sentiment which should draw out and develop her inner nature. Meantime, though educated in the very heart of the most exclusive aristocracy, she persisted most obstinately in denying that there was any real aristocracy in the world, save that of merit. Her father thought otherwise, and it was the sole point upon which they jarred. Especially was the prince bitter upon the subject of unequal marriages. "No mingling of stations," was his invariable motto. One of his own friends, a man high in birth and station, had married his daughter's governess, an estimable young lady, with talents and graces fit to adorn a throne. The prince had abandoned his friend for thus forgetting his station, and never afterwards recognized the lady, although he had been very gracious to her before.

Walter Hastings, a young art student, had been passing a year in Florence, to perfect himself in that which had enchained his mind from his boyhood. As a sculptor, he had already acquired fame; and even the Italians themselves acknowledged his genius and excellence. He was, in his own person, the perfection of manly beauty; while the noble soul within lighted up his matchless face, as a lamp illumines a crystal vase.

On an exhibition day at the Florentine Gallery, some statues were shown as the work of a young foreigner. They elicited great enthusiasm among the critics, and much anxiety was felt to know the sculptor. Some one who stood near Gabriella di Barletta, directed attention to a young man standing by a pillar, regarding the spectators with a grave, yet pleasant countenance.

Gabriella looked. If ever in her dreams of romance, one thought had been given to the "coming man" who should rule her destiny, it was realized now. It was not the almost superhuman beauty which she beheld—it was not even that he had made the cold marble wear the aspect of life. It was her recognition of a pure and noble soul.

She did not seek to join the hundreds who that day crowded around the successful artist. She was satisfied to gaze at him, with the thick veil shrouding her own features. She knew that he had not even seen her; but she went home with the same feeling that she would have experienced in finding a dear friend who had long been lost to her. It was not like a new revelation to her soul. It was only the renewal of an old love. She found with her father, a noble friend, of whom she had often heard him speak.

He was a valued friend, wealthy and aristocratic as himself; and he had just revealed to his host the subject to which he owed his visit. It was to make proposals for the hand of Gabriella, whom he had not seen since she was a child, and who had retained no memory of the illustrious stranger.

She was thankful when etiquette permitted her to retire, that she might dwell upon the thought of another nobleman of nature's own making, although as yet, she did not suspect the visitor's intentions. She did not appear again that night, pleading weariness; but the next morning her father told her what awaited her, and his wish that she should accept so brilliant and unexceptionable an offer.

Never before had he so obstinately pressed any wish of his own upon his child. He seemed dazzled by the princely rank of her suitor, and unwilling that she should raise any objection. Even to that which she pleaded of age, he turned a deaf ear. His unwonted persistence roused a spirit within her which he did not know she possessed. A strange thought came to her. If the Prince di C— loved her at all, it was only for her beauty. She wished heartily that she could be rid of it for awhile. But how? Would he marry a beautiful statue? Surely not. A statue, then, she would become. Perhaps the statue she had admired so much the day previous had suggested the thought. Whatever it was, she acted upon it.

When her ancient lover came next to renew his addresses, he was met by the father, who, with a mournful face, informed him that his beautiful daughter had been suddenly stricken with paralysis. She had not moved since the morning. Nothing had availed in her case, and the father was nearly distracted. Of course the prince must suspend his visits until her fate could be decided, and like him of old, he went away sorrowful.

Walter Hastings was in his studio alone, about two months after this, musing upon his success in Florence. He had not thought, in this favored land of art, to win such wide-spread fame. The thought was sweet, yet embittered by another that quickly followed it. Win fame as he might, there was not a single heart to which it could bring joy or gladness. No father, mother, sister or brother could exult in his success, or feel pain at his failure. There was a sad word, a monotone of sorrow running through his most exultant songs—*Alone!*

A carriage stopped, and a hasty glance from the window told him it was at his own door. It

was a magnificent equipage, and could only belong to some aristocratic personage. A gentleman alighted, and the sculptor could see a beautiful face within the carriage. There was a knock at the upper door, and the gentleman entered, announcing himself as the Prince di Barletta.

"Sir," said the prince, courteously, yet with a little hauteur, "my daughter wishes you to execute a commission for her. She is an invalid. Whenever you are at leisure, she will sit to you."

Hastings wondered if the face he had seen belonged to his daughter. If it did, his, surely, would be a labor of satisfaction to himself. He was at leisure—would begin whenever they pleased—*now*, if desired. The prince went to the window and gave a sign. A stout servant took the lady from the carriage and bore her to the sculptor's room. Not a single mark of an invalid was visible; but the prince answered his asking look.

"My child is paralysed," he said, simply. "It is now two months since she has had the least control of her limbs."

They bore her to a chair, and Walter began his work. It was a face that bewildered him, and yet it was like inspiration to his fingers. Rapidly he moulded in clay the lovely features, the small, graceful head and delicate throat, while she sat immovable as the marble around. It was a work that decided his destiny. Never had he loved woman since his sweet sister Agnes had died in his arms; but now his soul thrilled with the soft, sweet glance of an eye that beamed upon him, he could almost fancy in love. With that thought his heart was deeply stirred. Could it be that this beautiful but unfortunate being was attracted to him in the one short hour in which they had been together? And now that hour had passed. The signorina was borne away to the carriage, and he had only the unfinished clay to look upon.

But she came again another day; and O, joy! he was to be left alone with her! The prince pleaded a pressing engagement, and left her unattended, save by the delighted sculptor. All the night before he had not slept, wondering if it were indeed love or pity that he felt for her. Now that he saw her again, he felt satisfied that it was the former. Yet for some time after her father's departure, he dared not raise his eyes to her face, but worked nervously at the clay. There was a deep silence, and then the sculptor heard the rustle of silk drapery, and a soft hand touched his forehead. Before he could look up, he was kissed tenderly, and then he sprang up, to see that fair girl kneeling by his chair, and

trembling in every limb. He stood for a moment, as he of that old tale of mythology might have stood, gazing at the statue which his love had warmed into life.

There was brief enough space for all she wanted to say. The deep wrong to her affections which had been meditated against her by her father, had loosened the bond between them, and the result led to the deception, which, to an Italian, did not seem reprehensible. All this she told to the sculptor, and when she added that it was through the deep, deep love which had haunted her for him, every moment since that memorable day in the Florentine Gallery, how could he choose but to pardon, and still more to love?

But now time flew, and in a few moments perhaps, the prince would return. What was to be done? Gabriella would surely betray herself by the agitation which she could not conceal—and shame, disgrace, perhaps imprisonment and ruin might follow. Her father was powerful—would he not crush the humble artist who had aspired to her love? She could no longer support her frail pretence of illness. Now, then, was the only time. If they lost this golden opportunity, another might never present itself. There was no alternative, and yet the hands of the clock were within five minutes of the prince's appointed time. They risked everything by going, but fortunately for them, he was delayed a full half hour beyond. When at length he arrived, the shadows of twilight had settled down upon the dim studio, and only the statues gleamed whitely through the pale light. On the pedestal stood the wet clay which the artist had handled so tenderly in moulding only an hour ago. Not a single ray of the truth entered the prince's mind. Gabriella had doubtless been taken ill, and the young man had accompanied her home in a hired carriage. To the prince perhaps it was more trying that she should be subjected to such a conveyance and such attendance, than to know she was ill. What then would have been his feelings, had he seen her just then, on her way to France, where, in an obscure town she now lives a happy wife, forgetting, in her new found bliss, the proud noble to whom she was destined, and remembering her father more in sorrow than in anger. There she is known only as the wife of Walter Hastings, the sculptor, and no one dreams that she is also the daughter of a long line of proud and haughty nobles.

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#### COQUETRY.

Thine full many a pleasing bloom  
Of blossoms lost to all perfume.  
Thine the dandelion flowers,  
Gilt with dew, like suns with showers.

JOHN CLARE.



## The Florist.

Trees and flowers and streams  
Are social and benevolent; and he  
Who oft communeth in their language pure,  
Roaming among them at the close of day,  
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,  
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.  
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

### To destroy Insects on Plants.

Tie up some flour of sulphur in a piece of muslin or fine linen, and with this the leaves of young shoots of plants should be dusted, or it may be thrown on them by means of a common swan's-down puff, or even by a dredging-box. Fresh assurances have repeatedly been received of the powerful influence of sulphur against the whole tribe of insects and worms which infest and prey on vegetables. Sulphur has also been found to promote the health of plants on which it was sprinkled; and that peach trees in particular were remarkably improved by it, and seemed to absorb it. It has been likewise observed that the verdure, and other healthful appearances, were perceptibly increased; for the quantity of new shoots and leaves formed subsequently to the operation, and having no sulphur on their surface, served as a kind of comparative index, and pointed out distinctly the accumulation of health.

### Hints to Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

### House-Plants.

Plants require much light and fresh air; a light garret is an excellent place for them; even those which will not bear the outer air must have the air of the room frequently freshened by ventilation, to preserve them in health. They should not stand in a draught of air. In frosty weather the windows should be kept close, and at night the shutters. In sharp frost, instead of stirring out the fire, leave a little on retiring to rest, with a guard before it for security.

### To preserve Roots.

These are preserved in different ways, according to the object in view. Tuberous roots, as those of the dahlia, peonia, tuberoses, etc., intended to be planted in the succeeding spring, are preserved through the winter in dry earth, in a temperature rather under than above what is natural to them.

### Poisonous Plants.

Plants with five stamens and one pistil, with a dull-colored lurid corolla, and a nauseous sickly smell, are always poisonous—as Tobacco, Henbane, Nightshade, Thorn-Apple. Umbelliferous plants of the aquatic kind, and with a nauseous scent, are always poisonous—as Water-Hemlock, Cow-Parsley. Plants with labiate corollas and seeds in capsules are frequently poisonous—as Snap-dragon, Fox-glove. Plants from which issue a milky juice on being broken are poisonous, unless they bear compound flowers—as Milk-weed, Dogbane. Plants having any appendage to the calyx or corolla, and eight or more stamens, are generally poisonous—as Columbine, Nasturtion. Plants having twelve or more stamens, and a nauseous sickly smell, are generally poisonous.

### Buttercups Poisonous.

The Journal de Chimie Medicale relates a case of poisoning from eating the common buttercup. Some children were amusing themselves by making crowns of this flower, when one of them was tempted to eat some of the flowers. Violent pain, stimulating colic, and all the symptoms of poisoning supervened, but fortunately the life of the child was saved. The root of the buttercup is of a very acrid nature, and if chewed will blister the mouth.

### Botany.

A young lady at home can find or make pleasant amusements; one of the most healthful is the study of botany or flowers. A garden, or rather the fields and woods, will be filled with new interest if you love the flowers, and can read their history.

### Pond Lilies.

These beautiful flowers are now largely gathered in New England for the purpose of making the famous perfume, put up like Lubin's French scents, known as Pond Lily Perfume. The language of the lily is—purity.

### Mignonette.

This beautiful flower is a native of Egypt. Its flowers are very fragrant; its color a pale yellow or white.

### Fading Flowers.

Flowers beginning to fade can be restored by putting the stems in scalding water.

### Moss Rose Bud.

A rose bud, just opening, according to Berkeley's Utopia, is a declaration of love.

### Drooping Plants.

Plants, when drooping, are revived by a few grains of camphor.

AMELIA.—The floral language of the heliotrope varies in different countries. We have seen it recorded as signifying devotion—faithfulness.

## Curious Matters.

### Long live the Sultan!

There is a story, says the Illustrated London News, about the death of Abdul Medjid's father, the formidable Mahmoud, which will bear telling, the more so as we heard it from the lips of a young Turk just arrived in England, and that it has never to our knowledge been in print. When Mahmoud lay on his divan of death, he remembered that a great review of the garrison of Constantinople was to take place under his palace windows in three days' time. He desired that, at whatever moment he should die, his death should be kept secret from the troops until the review was over. Sultan Mahmoud died on the same night; but three days afterwards his dead body, covered with his well-known fez, bearing a diamond aigrette, was propped up, an opera-glass in one of his cold hands, at an open window, beneath which the troops defiled, shouting, "Long live the Sultan!"

### Phœnician Antiquities.

During the past three months considerable progress has been made in exploring the ruins of the ancient cities of Phœnicia. At Saida and Sour remains of the ancient Crusaders were found, but none above ground of the Phœnicians. Gigantic blocks of granite, marking the limits of the ancient port of Sidon, still remain; also on the plain to the east of the site of the old city, a subterranean Sidon has been discovered. Some of the sculptures, etc., resemble those of Egypt; others those of Nineveh and Persepolis. Amongst the objects brought to Paris are many articles of dress and common use, Phœnician coins, and a leaden sarcophagus of good workmanship.

### A useful Clerk.

A New York letter to the Mobile Tribune says: "There is a remarkable man connected with the custom-house here, a Spaniard. His business is to receive and test money. He will pour the contents of a bag of gold or silver coin into a scale—for it is weighed, not counted—and in a trice announces the amount in dollars and cents; then running his fingers through the shining pieces, and applying his nose to them, immediately take out every counterfeit coin. He was never known to make a mistake in pronouncing money good or bad, and his infallible instinct for detecting the spurious metal is located in his olfactory organs."

### One Thousand Pounds for a Prayer-Book.

The manuscript missal of the fifteenth century belonging to the Abbey of St. Lo at Rouen was sold at the public sale-rooms in the Rue Drouot. It was put up at 1500 francs, and the biddings went very slowly to 10,000 francs, but at that moment the competition became more animated, and the hammer ultimately fell at the sum of 24,850 francs.

### A remarkable Case.

We have something for medical publications, says the Chicago Journal, which, to begin with, we will vouch for its entire truth, and which the doctors may discuss at their leisure. Dr. Orren Smith, one of our oldest physicians, had as a patient Mrs. G. W. Field, a lady of thirty-eight years. One day, recently, in a fit of coughing, while sitting in her chair, she broke her thigh. Dr. Smith set the limb and left her. Two days after, while in a fit of coughing, she broke her neck, and died almost instantly. What is most remarkable is, that these coughing spells were by no means severe; they were easy and entirely devoid of spasm or convulsion.

### The Rhinoceros.

The impenetrability of the rhinoceros's hide is stated by recent English hunters to be a fable, which arose solely from the fact that walking-sticks and whip-stocks as hard as horn are prepared from it by a tedious process among the natives of countries which the animal inhabits. A common buck-shot will in reality go through the hide with perfect ease. We recollect hearing the same invulnerability asserted of the alligator, and have disproved it by killing the monster with a charge of bird-shot fired into his right side, though the heart, the eye and the vent are always mentioned as his only mortal spots.

### What constitutes an unmarried Man.

A case was recently tried before the English House of Lords, in which the question in dispute was the signification to be given to the word "unmarried," the appellants contending that it meant "without having been married at all," and the respondents, that it signified "without having a husband or wife living at the time of death." The court below decided in favor of the respondents, when the present appeal was brought. Their lordships being equally divided, the decision of the court below was affirmed, and the appeal dismissed with costs.

### God of the Vine.

In the country of Westphalia, in Germany, and all along the Rhine, an image of the crucified Saviour upon the cross stands at the principal entrance of every vineyard. He is denominated "the God of the Vine," and is believed to have the grape in his especial protection. In many of the vineyards there are little temples to the "Holy Virgin," around which the peasants gather at festival times to implore the blessing of the *Sacred Mother* upon the vintage.

### Ancient Coin.

While a ploughman was ploughing a field near to Bridge Castle, Bathgate, he turned up an ancient coin, bearing date "1690," with the inscription of Charles II., king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, in Latin. It is solid gold, and weighs heavier than a sovereign of the present reign.

**Singular Fact.**

M. Fessel, of Cologne, on testing the new Parisian tuning-fork, observed that he heard differently with his two ears—the note heard with the right ear being somewhat higher than that heard with the left ear. On examining his musical friends he has not yet found one whose ears are precisely alike in the estimation of the pitch of musical tones. He conjectures that the reason for this difference in hearing is, that the external passage of the ear is set in vibration, like a speaking-trumpet, by the sounds that enter it, and that this vibration modifies the pitch of the entering sound according to the form of the ear.

**An ancient People.**

There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico who are entirely different from any other tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They wear cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and walls with mortar. They have now seven small towns, but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

**A smart old Man.**

The pilot at Cascumpec, Prince Edward Island, Pierre Galant by name, is eighty-three years of age, though from his appearance and activity he would not be taken for more than sixty or sixty-five. He took the steamer Princess Royal into port on the occasion of the recent excursion. The old man has twenty-one children, the oldest *sixty-five years* old, also a pilot, and the youngest *three months* old, by the second wife. One of his sons has twenty-three children, all by one wife.

**Curious Enough.**

We glean from one of our English exchanges a very singular fact in natural history, which was witnessed by a gamekeeper near Driffield, a short time ago. The nest of a partridge was found containing nine eggs, and in addition to these, four pheasants' eggs. The matrons had two severe battles as to the original ownership. The partridge was the victor in both cases, and after depositing several additional eggs, succeeded in hatching the whole.

**Singular.**

A farmer named Hainey, with his wife, recently took refuge under a tree from a thunder shower at Winchester, Ohio. Mr. Hainey stood near the trunk of a tree with a fork in his hands, the tines of which were pointed upward. While in this position the fork was struck by lightning, and Mr. H. instantly killed, and, sad to relate, his wife, who was but a few feet distant, shared the same terrible fate.

**Hanging himself over his Coffin.**

Henry Rock committed suicide in an eccentric manner at Proviso, Ill., lately. He actually prepared a rude box, intended by him as a coffin, and getting into it, attempted to shoot himself with a pistol. Inflicting by this means only a slight scalp wound, he next got out, constructed a noose, which he fastened to a projection from a few feet over his head, in such a manner that he managed, by throwing himself upon the noose, to dislocate his neck and strangle himself; and was found dead, reclining in his own coffin.

**Four Generations.**

Quite an unusual spectacle was witnessed a few days since, in looking upon a meadow at Reading, and seeing four generations mowing together. Their names were Nehemiah Bancroft, aged ninety-three years, his son James Bancroft, his grandson Edward Parker, and his great-grandson Francis P. Kimball.

**Silver Treasure Trove.**

A solid bar of silver, bearing date 1532, of the value of £125, was discovered at Erith, by some grubbers, at the foot of an old and decayed tree. By the consent of the owner of the land, and no claim being made by the government, the bar was sold, and the proceeds divided among the finders of the treasure.

**Remarkable Plant.**

A singular plant, the *drosera*, has just come to notice. It kills instantly all the flies that settle on it; and is so exceedingly sensitive, that the hairs with which it is furnished will converge on the application of one six-thousandth of a grain of ammonia, while a single hair is affected by one 64-thousandth.

**An old Settler.**

Mr. H. T. Bumstead, of Bloomfield, Conn., found on his land a few days ago a turtle, which showed old age most decidedly. It was marked "C. H., 1810;" fifty-one years ago. The "C. H." stands for Deacon Caleb Hitchcock, who died some two years since, aged 73—showing that he marked the turtle forty-nine years before his death.

**Curious Death.**

A fine black mare, owned by Mr. Steel, dropped dead, lately, at Rockland, N. Y. As the horse was apparently sound, curiosity led to a post mortem examination, when a fine sewing-needle was found in the heart of the animal.

**Remarkable Accident.**

A singular accident occurred lately in London. A woman carrying a jug fell, breaking the jug, a piece of which entered her throat, entirely severing the jugular vein. She died almost instantaneously from loss of blood.

## The Housewife.

### An effectual Cure for the Ear-Ache.

The Boston Journal gives the following:—Take a small piece of cotton batting, or cotton wool, making a depression in the centre with the end of a finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up, dip the ball into sweet oil, and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but will experience relief as well as adults.

### Mutton Chops, broiled.

Cut from the best end of the loin; trim them nicely, removing fat or skin, leaving only enough of the former to make them palatable; let the fire be very clear before placing the chops on the gridiron; turn them frequently, taking care that the fork is not put into the lean part of the chop; season them with pepper and salt; spread a little fresh butter over each chop when nearly done, and send them to table upon very hot plates.

### Beef, hashed.

Take the bones of the joint to be hashed, and break them small; stew them in a very little water, with a bunch of sweet herbs, and a few onions; roll a lump of butter in flour, brown it in a stewpan; pour the gravy to it, and add the meat to be hashed; cut two small onions in thin slices, a carrot also, and a little parsley shred finely; stew gently until the meat is hot through, and serve.

### French Soup.

To one quart of milk add, when boiling, about five boiled Irish potatoes rubbed through a sieve, of which a paste is made; when the milk and potatoes have boiled up once, add three well beaten eggs, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. If it boils after the eggs are added, it is apt to curdle; stir it round till it is well mixed, and serve it up.

### Hessian Soup.

Cut into slices three pounds of shin of beef, lay it in a stewpan, put in three onions, five carrots, eight potatoes, a pint and a quarter of split peas, three heads of celery, some whole pepper, and salt; pour in by degrees seven quarts of water; stew until reduced to half. If the soup alone be required, strain off the vegetables; if not, serve as cooked.

### To extract Grease Spots from Velvet.

First warm the spot before the fire, then hold it over the finger and carefully apply spirits of wine with a silk handkerchief.

### Dentifrice.

Charcoal and honey mixed into a paste, forms a very excellent preparation for cleaning teeth with.

### Tomato Sauce.

Crush half a dozen, more or less, of very ripe red tomatoes; pick out the seeds, and squeeze the water from them; put them into a stewpan, with two or three finely sliced shalots and a little gravy; simmer till nearly dry, when add half a pint of brown sauce, and simmer twenty minutes longer; then rub it through a tammy into a clean stewpan; season with Cayenne pepper and salt, a little glaze and lemon-juice; simmer a few minutes and serve. Taragor or Chili vinegar is sometimes added; and sliced onions may be substituted for the shalots.

### A Recipe for Neuralgia in the Face.

Make a lotion with half a pint of rose-water and two teaspoonsful of white vinegar. Apply it to the part affected three or four times a day, using a fresh linen cloth each time. In two or three days the pain will pass away. This has been an effectual cure with many, but as the disease arises from various causes there is no specific for it.

### Rice Pancakes.

To half a pound of rice put two-thirds of a pint of water; boil to a jelly; when cold add to it eight eggs, a pint of cream, a little salt, nutmeg, and half a pound of melted butter; mix well, adding the butter last, and working it only so much as will make the batter sufficiently thick. Fry them.

### Cream Fritters.

Take a quart of sweet milk, a teacup of cream, four eggs beat to a froth, half a nutmeg or grated lemon-peel, and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir them with flour sufficient to make a thick batter; dissolve a small teaspoonful of saleratus, and stir in; then fry in lard.

### Quick Waffles.

Mix flour and cold milk together to make a thick batter; to a quart of the flour put six beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of salt. Some cooks add a quarter of a pound of sugar and half a nutmeg. Bake them immediately.

### Excellent Apple Fritters.

Pare your apples and cut in thin slices, and mix with your flour; stir in a quart of milk and four eggs, a little salt and saleratus, to make a thick batter. Fry in plenty of lard. Lemon or currants may be used instead of apples.

### Shoulder of Mutton.

Must be roasted, and sent to table with skin a nice brown; it is served with onion sauce or currant jelly. This is the plainest fashion; and, for small families, the best.

### Cure for Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre put into half a pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be the result.

**How to tell good Meat.**

Beef—when it is young it will have fine smooth, open grain, be a good red, and feel tender. The fat should be white, rather than yellow; when that is of a deep color, the meat is seldom good; when fed with oil-cakes it is unusually so, and the flesh is flabby. Pork—if the rind is tough and thick, it is old. A thin rind is preferable. When fresh it will be smooth and cool; if it is clammy, it is tainted. Mutton—choose this by its fine grain, good color, and white fat. Lamb—if it has a green or yellow cast, it is stale. Veal—the whitest is the most juicy, and therefore preferable. Bacon—if the rind is thin, the fat firm and of a red tinge, the lean of a good color and adhering to the bone, it is good and not old. Ham—stick a knife under the bone; if it come clean, with a pleasant smell, it is good; but if the knife is daubed and has a bad smell, do not buy it.

**Paste for Borders of Dishes.**

Six or eight yolks of eggs, a few drops of water, a little salt; keep mixing in flour until so stiff you can scarce work it, beat it and work quite smooth, and keep it moist until you require it; then roll it out quite thin, and cut your patterns, placing upon your dishes before it gets too dry, dipping them on the bottom. Edge in white of eggs.

**Cure for Felon.**

Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir in it air-slack lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain.

**Whooping Cough.**

Half a scruple of cochineal, one scruple salt of tartar, and one gill of pure water. Mix them together and sweeten it with loaf sugar. A teaspoonful, a dose for a child, three times a day. This has been found invaluable.

**Remedy for Bronchitis.**

Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it. It has never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow.

**Graham Muffins for a small Family.**

One pint of water, one quart of Graham flour, half teacup of molasses, half teacup of yeast; let it rise over night, and bake in muffin-rings, either in the oven or on a griddle.

**Blackberry Pie.**

Pick the berries clean, rinse them in cold water, and finish as done with huckleberries.

**Sauce for cold Roast Beef.**

Mix scraped horseradish, made-mustard and vinegar, and sweeten with white sugar.

**Plain Oustard Pie.**

Boil a quart of milk with half a dozen peach-leaves, or the rind of a lemon. When they have flavored the milk, strain it, and set it where it will boil. Mix a tablespoonful of flour, smoothly, with a couple of tablespoonsful of milk, and stir it into the boiling milk. Let it boil a minute, stirring it constantly; take it from the fire, and when cool, put in three beaten eggs; sweeten it to the taste; turn it into deep pie-plates, and bake the pies directly, in a quick oven.

**Indian Griddle Cakes.**

To three pints of warm water add half a gill of yeast, half a teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus, and a teaspoonful of salt; stir in yellow corn-meal, to make a batter; add a pint bowl of wheat flour and beat the whole smooth; cover it, and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning add two eggs well beaten, and bake on a griddle to a nice brown. Serve on a hot dish, with butter and syrup for breakfast.

**Tomato Pie.**

Take green tomatoes, turn boiling water on them, and let them remain in it a few minutes; then strip off the skin, cut the tomatoes in slices, and put them in deep pie-plates; sprinkle sugar over each layer, and a little ginger; grated lemon peel, and the juice of a lemon improve the pie. Cover the pies with a thick crust, and bake them slowly for about an hour.

**Ginger Beer.**

One and a half ounce of well sliced ginger, on ounce of cream of tartar, one lemon sliced, one pound of white sugar. Put the ingredients into an earthen vessel, and pour on them one gallon of boiling water; when cold add a tablespoonful of yeast, and let the whole stand until next morning; then skim and bottle it, and in three days it will be fit for use.

**Buckwheat Cakes.**

Mix a quart of buckwheat flour with a pint of lukewarm milk, some prefer water; add a teacupful of yeast, and set in a warm place over night to rise. In the morning, if sour, add a teaspoonful of saleratus and a little salt. Bake as griddles, and butter them hot. These are nice for breakfast, or with butter and sugar for tea.

**Maccaroni Soup.**

To a rich beef or other soup, in which there is no seasoning other than pepper or salt, add half a pound of small pipe maccaroni; boil it in clear water until it is tender; then drain it, and cut it in pieces of an inch length; boil it for fifteen minutes in the soup, and serve.

**Apple Fritters.**

Make a stiff batter of half a pint of milk, two eggs, with flour; slice six apples thin; dip them in the batter, and then fry them in lard.

## Editor's Table.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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### ENAMEL PHOTOGRAPHS.

A new method has been devised of producing on glass photographs or other pictures in enamel colors. According to this process, a piece of crown or plated glass is selected, as free from defect, as possible; this is well cleaned, and held horizontally while a certain liquid is poured upon it. This is composed of a saturated solution of bichromate of ammonia, in the proportion of five parts honey and albumen, three parts of each, well mixed together, and thinned with from twenty to thirty parts of distilled water, carefully filtered. The preparation of the solution, and the mixing up with other ingredients, are conducted in a room from which light is partially excluded or under yellow light, so that the sensitiveness of the solution may not be diminished or destroyed. In order to effect a perfect transfer of the image to be re-produced, the piece of glass coated with the solution, which is properly dried by means of a gas-stove—which only occupies a few moments—is placed face downwards on the subject to be copied in an ordinary pressure frame, such as is used for printing photographs. The subject must be a positive picture on glass, or else on paper rendered transparent by waxing, or some other mode, and on exposure to the light will, in a few seconds, according to the state of the weather, show, on removing the coated glass from the pressure frame, a faintly indicated picture in a negative condition. To bring it out, an enamel color, in a very finely divided powder, is gently rubbed over with a soft brush until the whole composition or subject appears in a perfect, positive form. It is then fixed by alcohol, in which a small quantity of acid, either nitric or acetic, has been mixed, being poured over the whole surface, and drained off at one corner. When the alcohol has completely evaporated, which is generally in a very short time, the glass is quietly immersed horizontally in a large pan of clean water, and left until the chromic solution has dissolved off, and nothing remains besides the enamel color on the glass; it is then allowed to dry by itself near a heated stove, and when dry, is ready to be placed in the kiln for firing.

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QUERY.—Is not every true lover a martyr?

WOMAN'S SCEPTER.

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching,—at least of every sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Men are incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women, be of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with much beauty—have always some little handicraft ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, doubtless, plies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye, that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of men in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings.

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THREE PILLARS OF THE STATE.—Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, stand together; but they stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture.

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NEW IDEA.—Not contented with making ladies' shoes with paper soles, the fashion-mongers have begun to make their bonnets out of paper, manufactured so as to represent straw.

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JUST SO.—Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

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A BIG PILE.—It is estimated that the wealth of Massachusetts amounts to twelve hundred millions of dollars.

LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY.

"It is better to laugh than be crying.
When you think how life's moments are flying,"

says, or rather sings, the young gentleman in the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and though he has occasion to laugh on the other side of his mouth before the curtain falls, yet his principles are undoubtedly correct. Thank heaven, the Byron mania has passed away. Now-a-days, we are not afflicted and exercised by the sight of young gentlemen with depressed collars and spirits, going about in Spanish cloaks, and talking of their blighted affections, the horror of their existences, and the infernal cruelty of fate. Low spirits are decidedly unfashionable, and the misguided man who thinks to excite interest by parading them, finds himself very much mistaken, for he is invariably set down as an insufferable bore.

A curious argument in favor of the wisdom of laughter, is drawn from the fact, that man is the only animal who is endowed with the faculty of laughter. Even monkeys—those funny caricatures of humanity—with all their provocations to laughter, never laugh themselves. Nobody ever saw a horse laugh, and laughing hyenas are a humbug; there is no mirth whatever in their curious, snarling bark.

Scarron was a jolly good fellow, and ever looked on the sunny side of life, never permitting himself to brood over imaginary troubles, nor to go abroad seeking for them in the future. He was of that cheerful, genial disposition, that renders a man so popular with all. When on his deathbed, Scarron congratulated himself that his life had been a cheerful and mirthful one, productive of so much enjoyment to others. "Ah!" said he to his weeping attendants, "you will never cry half so much as I have made you laugh!"

"Laughter," we are told by a humorous essayist, "is of three different kinds: animal laughter, which may be produced by tickling, or by that happy and healthy organization which occasions a constant flow of animal spirits; unnatural laughter, which sometimes accompanies the triumphs of the most malignant passions, or bursts out at any unexpected change of fortune, or assumes that ghastly smile or 'jealous leer malign' designated the sardonic grin, not, as a young lady of my acquaintance supposed, from the Sardones, or people of Rousillon, but from the involuntary hysterical affection produced by eating that species of ranunculus called the *Herba Sardonia*. And lastly, sentimental laughter—a compound of operation, emanating jointly or separately from the head or the heart, and whose basis seems to be a union, or rather oppo-

sition, of unsuitableness in the same object, or any unexpected ludicrous combination. I shall not notice the subdivision of sympathetic laughter, which is a mere reflection; or that which is stimulated by the consciousness that we ought not to laugh, which gives a poignant zest to the ebullitions, and reminds one of that profligate lover of pig, who wished that he had been born a Jew, that he might have had the pleasure of eating pork and sinning at the same time."

It matters little, however, how or for what a man laughs, provided he laughs heartily; funny men are the best citizens alive. You never hear of jolly, loud-laughing men committing robberies or setting dwelling-houses on fire. Such deeds are invariably committed by lantern-jawed, saturnine individuals, who never show their teeth except to bite. May fate deliver us from such associates!

INDIGO.

The indigo is a shrublike plant, two or three feet high, with delicate blue-green leaves, which at the harvest-time, about the month of August, are cut off close to the stem, tied into bundles, and laid in great wooden tubs. Planks are then laid on them, and great stones, to cause a pressure, and then water is poured over them, and after a day or two the liquor begins to ferment. In this process of fermentation lies the principal difficulty, and everything depends on allowing it to continue just the proper time. When the water has acquired a dark green color, it is poured off into other tubs, mixed with lime, and stirred with wooden shovels till a blue deposit separates itself from the water, which is then allowed to run off. The remaining substance, the indigo, is then put into linen bags, through which the moisture filters; and as soon as the indigo is dry and hard, it is broken into pieces and packed up. Indigo is cultivated in the East Indies to a considerable extent.

SOUND REASONING.—In a late assault case, the defendant said:—"I think I must be guilty, because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room, and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

EPAULETS.—The epaulets worn by Prince Albert, when in full costume, are worth the trifling sum of five hundred pounds. A small farm on each shoulder!

HOW TRUE!—Low as the grave is, you cannot climb high enough to see beyond it.

THE CHINESE.

The Chinese are the antipodes of the people of the West; the north pole is not farther asunder from the south, than the manners of this oriental people are from those of our own. So peculiar are their customs and manners, so totally different from those of all other nations, that they appear to all the rest of the world odd and ridiculous. The Chinese have a particular fancy for black teeth; we have a predilection for white; we think hair an ornament, they shave it off; we cut the hair in the neck, they cultivate it in a tail; we think one wife sufficient, they cannot be satisfied with less than two; we mount our horses on the left side, they on the right; we put our cups in our saucers, they set their saucers in their cups; and so on in almost every domestic habit, institution or appliance they differ from us. In fact, they are queer in everything they do. In battle they seek to terrify their enemies by painting hideous faces on their shields and banners, and that party is victorious which can make the most hideous faces, and display the most atrocious physiognomies.

Still there are some things about these people to respect and admire, for, amid all the variations of other nations, the Chinese government has resisted all change for more than two thousand years. Some of the greatest elements of civilization were known to them hundreds of years before the Europeans were acquainted with them. Gunpowder and painting were discovered and invented by them; the colors they employ are unrivalled for brilliancy and permanency, while they excel the whole world in ingenious trifles, such, for instance, as carving in ivory, the manufacture of fire-works; in the greatest of all arts, agriculture, they are equally eminent, for in fruit and flower raising the Chinese work the most astonishing marvels.

In morals, in loyalty, filial love and industry, they are entitled to the highest respect. Their literature is also rich and abundant, their poems, romances, and dramas indicating talent of the highest order. In all the imitative arts they particularly excel. Dumas relates a curious illustration of this. A French sea captain had the misfortune to have a pair of faultless Paris pantaloons spoiled by the awkwardness of his cabin boy, who spilled a portion of lamp oil upon them, making a huge stain upon the thigh and one of the legs. In his despair at the loss of his favorite continuations, he had recourse to a Chinese tailor, of Canton, who promised to make a pair exactly like the pattern. At the expiration of the appointed time, the captain went to the tailor's shop and tried on the new trowsers;

they were a perfect fit, and like the others in every respect—even to the grease spots, which the conscientious tailor had added, and he had spent the whole day in chafing the seams and fraying the button holes, so that it was next to impossible to tell which was the original and which the new pair! The poor fellow asked a few francs additional for the extra labor he had expended in producing an exact imitation. The captain cheerfully paid the price demanded, and on his return to France, presented both pairs of pants to the owner of a cabinet of Chinese curiosities.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

American women are now more diversified in their style of beauty than those of all the globe besides; and that diversity comprises the highest order of charms, from Grecian delicacy of outline to French symmetry and proportion. The truth is, and it forms a subject of remark and admiration of all travellers, that the American females have no superior for beauty in any country, either for outline or expression, complexion or delicacy. And this is readily accounted for from the fact that all other countries furnish, originally, the mothers of those whose charms are the pride and boast of our country. The opprobrium of the age is the "scanty wages" paid for female labor. However lovely, they cannot, like the fabulous chameleon, "live on air;" although the experiment seems to be making on how small an allowance of food a woman can subsist, and yet continue to sew to make fortunes for heartless man.

A STRONG MAN.—William S. Leonard, of San Andreas, Calaveras County, Cal., is a pretty strong man. A wild colt threw him, and dragged him by the leg for some distance. Coming near a tree he grasped it, saying: "Ah, blast you! I've got you now;" and held on by main strength until he got out a knife and cut himself loose. He was considerably bruised.

MARBLES.—Thirty cases of marbles have just arrived at the British Museum—marbles for antiquarians to play with.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—There are in the city of Chicago, Illinois, 33 John Smiths and 252 other Smiths.

A FACT.—Cheerfulness is the ever-singing cricket of the soul's hearth-stone.

PICTURES AND PAINTINGS.

We have always admired the taste of the Catholics in decorating their churches with beautiful pictures. The most celebrated pieces of the great masters have thus been consecrated to the service of religion, and art has been thus sanctified and hallowed. The grand and terrible picture of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, preaches more directly to the understanding and the imagination, than any of the sermons delivered under its decorated ceiling. It was a great though natural mistake of the Protestant reformers, to wage war, not alone against all the dogmas and symbols of the creed they opposed, but against all those works of art connected in the remotest way with Catholic houses of worship.

It established a set of narrow, bigoted prejudices; it alienated from the service of religion some of its noblest and most powerful accessories. The descendants of the early Protestant reformers carried out for ages the notions of their predecessors. In place of those glorious piles of Gothic architecture, whose pinnacles went soaring up into the sky, as if pointing the way heavenward, whose stately interiors, rich with the labor of the sculptor and the painter, were illumined with the "dim religious light," that stole through panes of painted glass, they erected hideous tabernacles, from which every form of beauty was sedulously excluded, permitting none of the skill of the creature to utter the gifts bestowed by the Creator. The Catholic Church in this respect was both more liberal and politic, and to encouragement of all talent owes much of its greatness and power. But this error on the part of Protestants is now remedied in a large degree.

If the introduction of pictures into churches be even questionable, no one will deny that, as parlor and chamber ornaments, they are desirable objects. The picture upon the wall is capable of teaching a moral lesson—for in no way does the human mind receive impressions as readily as through the organs of vision. What American does not thrill with ardor as he contemplates the mild, firm and venerable countenance of Washington gazing at him from the walls of his apartment? What child does not conceive a better idea of the value of the government he was born under, from seeing constantly before him a copy of Trumbull's fine painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill?

Hang up a picture, then; let it be a good one, not only in the design of the subject, but in artistic merit. The results of the constant contemplation of works of true art are almost incalculable. Their harmony induces a love of harmony

and order in other things beside art. Pictures are the interpreters between us and nature; valuable in themselves, they teach us to look upon nature with an understanding eye, weaning us from grovelling hankerings after sloth, luxurious ease and sensual delights; lifting us above the earth into a higher and purer atmosphere. A love of good pictures is incompatible with a sordid or vicious nature.

FALSE PRETENCES.—A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English parliament in 1770, enacts—"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending parties, shall be null and void." As this law has never been repealed, we advise the English ladies to look sharp!

A HARD SENTENCE.—A London judge has just sentenced an employee in a tobacco manufactory to six months' imprisonment for taking home four ounces of tobacco for his own use. Hard labor was added to imprisonment, and the judge promised to give the next man who might be convicted of the same tremendous crime a whole year with similar aggravation. Tobacco is dear in England.

SHAKERS.—A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the Shakers gave it to him."

SOMETHING NEW.—The rage in Paris is for golden collars, in form and size like the present tiny appendages to a lady's toilet, of linen or needle-work. They are only about \$250 each.

DO YOU KNOW IT?—Where a girl has too many boys around her, the indication is, like that of buoys off harbor—shallowness here.

MARRIAGE.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

DENTIST.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

FIRE-ARMS IN EUROPE.

Historians are not agreed as to where and when artillery was first employed. It is now believed, upon good authority, that gunpowder and guns were used in China fifteen centuries before they were known in Europe. The first artillery consisted merely of small iron tubes, which discharged leaden bullets armed with iron tubes, and shaped like pyramids, each having a square base. These tubes were usually mounted upon a carriage, and the gunners who operated them were protected with iron shields. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the use of fire-arms became general in the armies of Europe and in several of the Asiatic nations; and at the present day, when we make much ado about cannon throwing one hundred and twenty pound shot, and consider these missiles very large, we forget that much larger shot were used three centuries ago. The scale of calibres in the early days of gunnery ranged from thirty-two to the pound up to bombards throwing stone balls of one thousand pounds. Bolts, burning arrows, fireballs, grenades, shells, case-shot filled with balls (shrapnell), and incendiary or burning balls, were all used in the days of old. Small fire-arms were employed in castles and cities for defence before they were used in field warfare. Large cannon were made of cast-iron; also of wrought iron welded together and hooped; and also of cylinders of iron hooped with rings. At the battle of Tongres, in France, in 1408, it is related that three cannon were used of such great size that they threw stone balls weighing three hundred and five hundred pounds. At the siege of Caen, in 1450, twenty-four mortars were fired, and the bore of each was so large that a man could sit upright in it. At the great siege of Constantinople, when taken from the Greeks by Mahomet the Second, there was one cannon which threw six-hundred pound stone balls. In 1641, cartridges were first employed in the armies of Gustavus Adolphus. The first muskets were called "matchlocks;" because the charge was ignited by a match; their barrels were about six feet long, and required a rest. The iron soldiers of Cromwell carried matchlocks; the flint lock was introduced into England in the reign of Charles the Second. The inventor of the percussion lock was the Rev. Alexander Forsyth, a Presbyterian clergyman, who secured a patent for it April 11, 1807. The percussion powder was fed into the touch-hole by a self-acting rod.

FRUGAL—It is estimated that there are two hundred millions of dollars in the savings banks of the country.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

A Valparaiso paper says: "We had occasion to listen to the submarine music at Caldera, which is known among the common people as the song of Syren. Not far from the landing, sounds of some melodious instrument are distinctly heard, rising and falling to four notes, which resemble the tones produced by the strings of the harp, and which afterward become so mingled as to form a kind of monotonous harmony. The fishermen have explained the cause by a tradition which is not without interest. One of their number, it is said, became ardently enamored of a woman who, beside the numerous other charms she possessed, was well skilled in music, and played to admiration on a variety of stringed instruments. His youthful love was met with corresponding affection, but it happened that on the evening of a certain day, when his canoe had been violently tossed by a furious tempest, he was thrown out into the sea, and, in spite of every effort to save himself, perished almost within reach of the shore. Since that time his beloved one plunges into the water in quest of him; unseen by any in the darkness of the night, and calls aloud to him, with one of the instruments which she plays with such consummate skill; but she seeks him in vain, for he has never been able to respond to her call."

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

The herdsman of a farm in Scotland had occasion, lately, to send his daughter for the cattle under his charge. There were about eighty of them, and among them two bulls, one of which was occasionally in the habit of assaulting people. On the day in question the damsel unwarily approached the bull too closely, when he immediately gave chase. On a level field, without dykes, bogs or any other place of refuge to resort to, what would the reader have done? for, to run home, a distance of three quarters of a mile, was out of the question. The girl, with great presence of mind, ran over to the other bull—a good-natured animal, and much stronger than her assailant. Standing close by his side, and patting him kindly on the back, she drove him towards her father's house, followed by her enraged enemy, who kept roaring and fuming all the way; but when he came too close, her protector turned round, and with a shake and toss of his head, kept the assailant at bay. In this manner the fugitive arrived safely at home.

PHILOLOGICAL.—If the inhabitant of a city is a citizen, an inhabitant of a den is a denizen.

MOZART AND THE ORCHESTRA.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went to the opera *incognito*, to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason, to be tolerably well satisfied, till, in the midst of the principal aria, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" The sensation produced in the theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, and which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT.—At the great hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, fifty thousand baths, forty thousand fumigations, and three thousand douches, are prescribed in the course of a year. It accommodates eight hundred patients, and the whole annual expense of the establishment is one hundred thousand dollars.

SYMPATHETIC.—A gentleman observed the other day upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard, for he never attempted to speak but he excited general pity.

NO CURE NO PAY.—We see it stated that an English judge has laid it down as a principle of law that a physician is not entitled to payment if the patient dies under his treatment.

MONEY AND TIME.—Both money and time are valuable. He who makes a bad use of one will never make a good use of the other.

ALL SAFE.—No one was drowned in the flood of tears that a girl shed.

A TOUGH STORY.

Talk not of tough stories in Yankee newspapers, after reading the following from a St. Petersburg journal: "A returned traveller from the North tells me of a curious mode they have in Siberia of procuring the skin of the sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water and some carrion meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, with a sharp knife, he cuts him transversely on the face. The sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin, of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter! Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friend assured me that he never could have believed it, had he not frequently tried it himself."

AFFECTED DIGNITY.

The best proof of a vulgar man is to be found in the quantity of dignity that he wraps himself up in. In the opinion of such men, the only way to set a proper value on yourself is, to treat with contempt everybody else. The "largest feeling" man we ever knew, was a swelling blockhead who imagined the tragedy of Hamlet was written by Damon and Pythias, and who couldn't tell, without consulting his *vade mecum*, whether Shakspeare was the author of Macbeth, or Macbeth was the author of Shakspeare. As a general thing, your dignified men are great asses. They keep at a distance, that their neighbors may not discover what counterfeits they are. Across the street, galvanic watches appear to be bullion. Men are like ships—the more they contain, the lower they carry their heads.

OLD TIMES.—At the funeral of Governor Winslow, in 1688, the expense for rum, brandy and wine was fourteen pounds, eight shillings and sixpence.

ENGLISH STYLE.—A candy dealer of Liverpool advertises himself as the supplier of "old genuine original Everton taffee to her majesty."

HISTORY OF ROME.—First a camp; then a forum; then a palace; then a church; now a ruin.

Foreign Miscellany.

In Ceylon the people use elephants to prepare the clay for the manufacture of bricks.

A million francs of Peter's pence have been sent to Rome from Spain.

The king of Sweden says Paris is a parlor, a theatre, and an arsenal. Quite expressive.

The capital of the Cunard line of steamers is said to be nearly ten millions of dollars.

In a lecture on the Turkish bath, Dr. Thudicum asserted that the human body can bear 300 degrees of heat.

During the last year England forwarded to India 234,710 tons of railroad material, of the aggregate value of \$10,361,002.

Two sons of Kossuth have taken situations in a railway company in Northern Italy as engineers.

Rifled cannon of steel are now manufactured in England at the following rates: a 200-pounder, \$2000; a 12 pounder, \$150.

It is proposed in England to establish a national gallery of pictures, exemplifying and commemorating individual acts of bravery.

It is stated that one firm in Sheffield, England, manufactured in the space of three months no less than 260 tons of crinoline steel.

A Madrid journal affirms that Protestantism is spreading in Portugal, but it gives no details on the subject.

Perambulating musicians are prohibited from exercising their calling in the streets of Stockholm by the police.

The annual cost of working the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, exclusive of rates and government duties, is sixty millions of dollars.

In a "Circular for Bankers," just published in London, is given the amount of American securities held in British hands—State stocks, city bonds, railways, etc., etc.—the amount is £100,000,000 sterling.

In Southampton, England, a fine memorial statue of Dr. Watts denotes the grateful memory of the citizens of his native town. As little as any man does he need such a monument, but it is creditable to them.

Two children having died lately in London, the police, in trying to find out the cause of their death, discovered that their parents belonged to a sect called "The New Lights," who think it a crime to use any medicine, God alone being the arbiter of human life and death.

M. Bonelli of Milan has invented and patented a new mode of transmitting telegraphic messages, which is stated to be far superior to any at present in use, and which possesses the great advantage of being so inexpensive that messages can be sent printed for sixpence.

The power of the press is beginning to be felt in Constantinople. Already forty-one newspapers are printed there in different languages. Only imagine the Tarcoman, in wide trowsers and turban, reading the "quarter before six edition" of the Constantinople Journal.

Gambling houses are wonderfully thrifty, at Paris, so returned travellers tell us.

The population of Constantinople and suburbs is but a fraction less than one million.

Every pound of cochineal (coloring matter) contains 70,000 insects, boiled to death.

We see by our foreign papers that flax planting is being largely attempted in Ireland.

American farmers have already received something like \$30,000,000 from England for breadstuffs this year.

It will take three years from the first of August to build the new opera house in Paris, and 8,000,000 francs to pay for it.

A scion of the oldest barony in the French empire died a few weeks since in an Irish poor-house.

The expenses of the French Department of War for the year 1862 will be £1,200,000 more than for the present year.

The death of the Prince de Craon, formerly page to Napoleon I., is announced to have taken place at the Chateau of St. Ouen.

The Italian Minister of Marine had contracted with Mr. Webb of New York, for two iron-cased frigates on the model of *La Gloire*.

Switzerland continues to prosper. The national revenue for 1860 amounted to 21,760,000 francs, nearly double of what it was ten years before.

The Lord Chancellor receives £500 for pro-roguing parliament, and the same generous sum for opening both houses. Neat little perquisites, these.

In ordinary times Great Britain raises by taxation \$330,000,000 and France \$323,000,000, while the United States will probably require only about \$300,000,000 for the present year, a war one.

The total annual product of the mines of England is estimated at £41,491,102, or upwards of \$207,000,000. The coal mines are very deep, one of them being 2504 feet.

It is stated that since the great conflagration in London, several insurance companies there have sent to this country for plans and specifications of steam fire engines, of the largest capacity, to be drawn by horses.

A pawnbroker in London advanced £30 on two hogsheds of excellent wine, tested by sample, which afterwards were proved to be nineteenth water, the wine being contained in bladders suspended from the bung-hole inside.

Count Zamoyiski, a Polish orator, recently proved, by documentary evidence, before an English audience, that while Prussia and Austria earnestly desired the restoration of Poland, England, by the acts of her statesmen, was opposed to it.

A wealthy young English lady, on a visit to Paris with her mother, eloped a short time since with a most fascinating "count," who, as he was showing his bride the cathedral at Bordeaux, was recognized by the police as an escaped convict, arrested and returned to his prison cell.

Record of the Times.

At Syracuse, N. Y., no person under 21 years of age is permitted to play at the game of billiards.

One hundred tons of cheese have been sent from Attica, N. Y., this season.

Burning fluid kills annually, so it is said, more than all railroad accidents.

Nearly 10,000,000 pounds of maple sugar are made annually in the State of Vermont.

The apple crop this year in these parts will be infinitesimally small.

The Methodists are in a majority in the army. They have seventeen chaplains.

A horse at Dover, N. H., was lately stung to death by wasps. He trod upon their nest, and wasn't able to tell them it was an accident.

The Quebec Board of Trade has decided that the British shilling be taken for twenty-four cents only.

When General Scott was in Mexico, he was offered the presidency of that republic with a salary of two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

There is a man in East Bridgewater sixty-four years old, who weighs 326. He has never stopped growing since he was born. He has gained over twenty pounds since last autumn.

A steam cultivator, of ten-horse power, requiring six hands to manage it, has been tried in the west of England. It can grub up six acres in twelve hours.

General McClellan was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, and not in Woodstock—the neighboring town—which, however, is a good locality to be born in. Putnam's celebrated wolf-den is in Pomfret.

The patriots of the Revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Governor Sprague of Rhode Island expressed when he said: "Wealth is useless unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself but a bauble unless it ministers to the honor and glory of our country."

One of the elders at the Second Advent camp meeting, at Wilbraham, recently, is reported to have said that "the United States are not referred to in any of the ancient prophecies, for the reason that this country had not been discovered when they were made."

An Enfield (Mass.) woman, a farmer's wife, with the occasional help of two daughters, has earned four hundred dollars within the last three years, by braiding palm-leaf bonnets and hats. She has earned at times one dollar per day, besides doing the cooking for eight hired men.

Hadley, Mass., has the honor of being the pioneer town in the broom business. The corn was introduced by the venerable Samuel Hopkins, D. D., a short time previous to the year 1790. He first cultivated a few stalks in his garden.

James Phinney, a Virginian, discovered the rich gold mine of Comstock Lead, which has enriched hundreds, and sold it for an old horse worth \$40 and a few dollars cash, not knowing its worth, dying very poor, recently, at Virginia City, California.

There are over eight millions of Germans located in the United States of America.

They make "genuine" tapioca in many parts of Europe out of potato starch.

The real estate and personal property of Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, now reaches \$4,000,000.

The population of Providence city, R. I., is stated to be nearly sixty thousand.

They make chimneys in France out of papier-mache, saturated with bituminous matter.

Omnibuses run regularly in the streets of Honolulu. They call them Yankeeuses.

Arkansas, according to the agricultural papers, is getting to be a great apple-growing State.

Forty thousand persons live in cellars and basement stories in the city of New York.

A homoeopathic hospital is talked of in Washington. Mr. Blair likes the idea.

Hardly anything is so difficult in writing as to write with ease.

The Austrians make paper from the leaves of Indian corn, that is said to be stronger than paper made of rags.

The New Orleans Picayune says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city "would pay the mower for his trouble."

There is an English baronet in the United States service out West. He is young, rich and warlike, and named Sir John Murray.

One hundred tons of ginseng have been shipped from St. Paul, Minnesota, to China, this season, via New York. Its value was \$150,000.

The London policemen have organized a regular musical brigade. About one hundred of their performers were recently sent to Kensington Park to play. They gave polkas, quadrilles, and selections from "Martha" and "Lurline."

The Russians are making great progress in the East. Five cities of Tartary have been made over by the Emperor of China, who is beset by a new revolution at Peking, to the Czar Alexander.

An exchange states that "Doctor John C. Peters, the great apostle of homoeopathy, has openly and above board given to the world his repudiation of this theory of medicine, after years of practice and advocacy, as appears by a letter which was published in the American Medical Times for the past month."

The northern whaling fleet this year comprises seventy-four vessels, of which number eight have gone north on their first season, fourteen on their second, thirty-four on their third, and six on their fourth. Besides these, sixty-two in number, twelve ships of other nations have gone, making the number of the entire fleet at the north seventy-four.

At Cincinnati, recently, a little boy, five years old, son of Mr. Joseph Pancoast, was bitten in the cheek by a savage horse attached to a butcher's wagon, and the beast did not let go his hold until a piece of flesh as large as a dollar was torn out, actually leaving bare the jaw and teeth. The animal swallowed the human morsel, while the poor boy fell fainting to the ground.

Merry-Making.

A girl who is not needed. Sue-perfluous.

Lawyers, doctors, and women are all fee-males.

Speak low, ladies, and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

A man's personality in conversation is a humbug, for it is all in his I?

Look well before you leap. Very good advice in its way, but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

A woman takes pleasure in giving herself away; she likes to be in the dative case of the grammar of life.

It is difficult to say whether we are most in danger of losing a friend by asking a favor or by conferring one.

Many who think Diogenes a great fool for living in a tub, are very proud of living in a pale—the pale of good society.

"Husband, I cannot express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I am very glad you can't."

It is an old proverb that "boys will be boys." What a pity it isn't equally true that men will be men.

Why cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friends' health, but it is a capital one for drinking your own.

The man who made napkins out of the late financial crash, has gone into the timber business—manufacturing wooden toothpicks.

"She isn't at all that fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she is not all that she paints herself."

It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house; certainly in these days every fashionable woman has one about her.

A clergyman once prefaced his service with "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the gentleman who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

A man, complaining of being turned out of a concert-room, said that he was fired with indignation. "If you were fired," added a by-stander, "perhaps that was the reason they put you out."

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. "A little better, thank you."—"Have you taken any dinner to-day?"—"Yes, a little goose."—"With appetite?"—"No, sir, with apple-sauce."

The East Haddam Journal speaks of the finding of a skull on a well in the door-yard of one of the citizens of that town, and innocently remarks that "the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead."

Our friend Gilbert departed from the cold and selfish world of single blessedness, on Wednesday night. He's gone, not to Abram's bosom, but to Marie's. We wish him a joyful immortality. A better fellow never leaned against a standing collar.

The fattest dower for a widow—a widower.

A store that burglars never trouble—Restore.

A dentist is not necessarily mad because he shows his teeth.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Women should set good examples, for the men are always following after the women.

A man is most likely to fall down upon the ice when he ventures upon it *slip-shod*.

It seems a hard case that, when a man dies, his better *half* is entitled to only a *third*.

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

If you are conscious of being green, and don't want folks to see it, try to be an invisible green.

Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

Some people, like some insects, must have been created just for the annoyance of our race.

According to Plato, "like resolves itself into like." All flesh is grass, and so men go to grass.

The following notice appears in a corset-maker's window: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

From using glasses on the nose you see an object single; from using them under the nose you see it double.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.

Some one says the music of the Chinese is deliciously horrible, "like cats trying to sing bass with sore throats."

A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived with his wife the more he was smitten by her.

If a person catch hold of your ear, and ask whether he has the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer him yes or no?

"Figures won't lie," is an old homely expression, but few men can look on a fashionable woman's figure now-a-days, and say as much.

While you are in a passion with your cook, because she has spoiled one dish among six, many an honest man is at a loss for his daily bread.

If it is matter of "no small commendation to manage a little well," as some one writes, what must it be to manage a dozen wells, as some do in the oil districts?

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."—"You can easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

A father, who was about to send his son to one of our universities, remarked to a friend that the youth possessed every requisite fitting him for college, *except genius and application*.

Some people imagine that it is very difficult to get rich. Nothing, however, could be more fallacious. All that is required, is to earn a dollar every time you spend ninety cents.

Mr. Doleful's Equestrian Experience.



Mr. Doleful's sweetheart having hinted that she would enjoy a little equestrian exercise, he procures the animals.



Not being exactly accustomed to the business, he finds it no joke to put a lady into the saddle.



By applying more force than skill he produces a sad catastrophe.



Gets the lady into the saddle by the aid of a passing Irishman, who lends his back.



In mounting his horse, mistakes the curb-bit for the snaffle, and gets unseated.



A bystander points out the trouble, and gives him advice gratis.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Somehow "things" don't work right—it seems to be no go at all.



Small boys called to hold the horses while Doleful and his companion discuss the matter.



They have had quite enough equestrianism, and conclude to walk home.



Horses, unused to such nonsense, get frightened, and a stampede ensues.



Mr. Doleful calls the stable-keeper to account, and at tributes the trouble to "bad horses, bad horses, sir!"



Stable-keeper gets angry, swears, and a jolly row ends the business. Mr. Doleful says he *hates* horseback riding.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV.—No. 6.

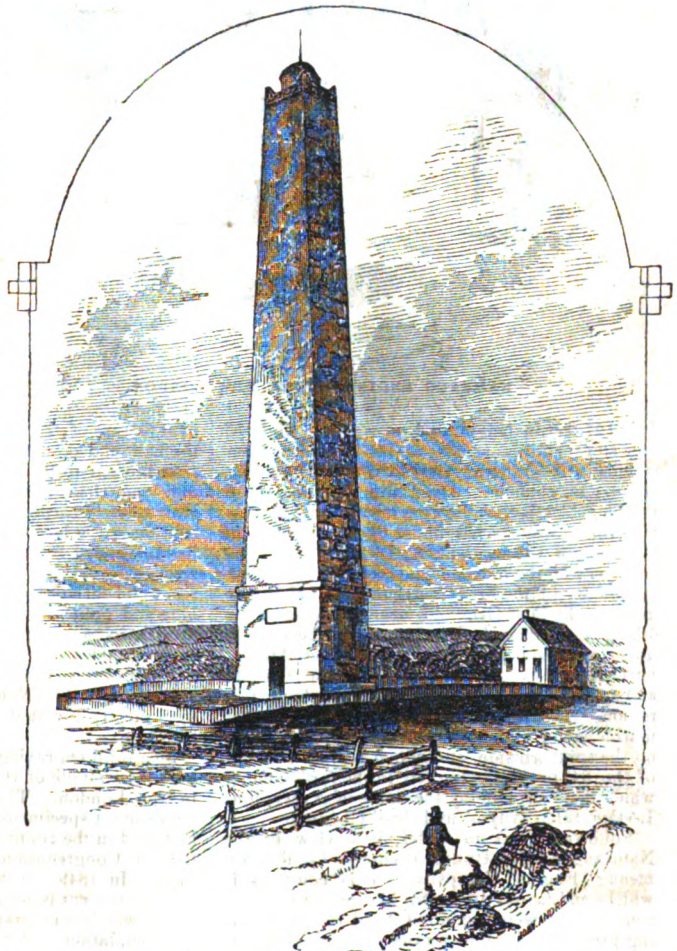
BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1861.

WHOLE No. 84.

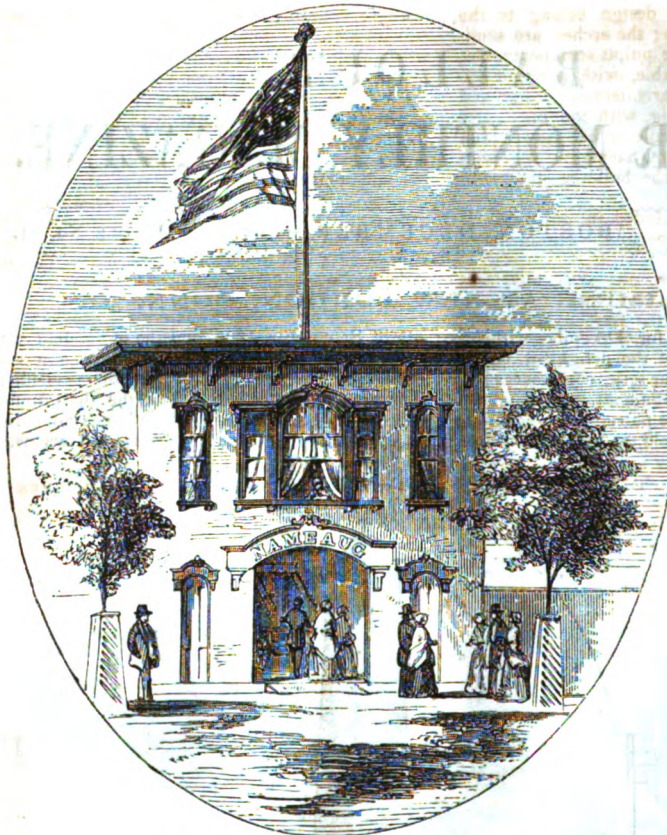
A GLIMPSE AT NEW LONDON, CONN.

WE open our number for December with several striking sketches of the delightful city of New London, Conn. Our series commences with a view of the Groton Monument, a shaft erected in commemoration of the patriots who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, in September, 1781. This structure stands on the brow of what is now called Mount Ledyard, in honor of the brave but unfortunate commander of the fort that stands near, where so many brave men lost their lives in the murderous foray of the traitor Arnold, and his tory and Hessian troops. The anniversary of the massacre was celebrated for many years afterward, but towards the close of the last century, the Rev. Henry Channing preached a sermon on the occasion of its celebration, taking for his text, 'If thine enemy hunger, give him bread to eat; if he thirst, give him drink,' in which he animadverted with considerable force upon the disposition which kept alive the hatred engendered by the occurrence, and the celebration thereof was discontinued; but an earnest desire was shown to commemorate the bravery and unfortunate deaths of the victims of the massacre. A celebration was held in 1825, at which it was decided to erect a suitable monument near the spot. The legislature was memorialized, and granted a lottery for the purpose; the funds were raised, and the cornerstone laid with appropriate ceremonies on the

6th of September, 1826, and the monument was completed in 1830. The stone of which it was built was quarried in the immediate vicinity. The base is 26 feet square, and the shaft diminishes to 12 feet at the top, where is a circular iron cage, which prevents the possibility of accident.



GROTON MONUMENT, OPPOSITE NEW LONDON.



NAMEAUG ENGINE HOUSE, NEW LONDON.

It is 127 feet in height, and a winding flight of 168 steps affords access to the platform, from whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Over the entrance, on a marble tablet, is the following inscription: "This monument was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, and in the 55th year of the independence of the U. S. A., in memory of the brave patriots who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot, on the 6th of September, A. D. 1781, when the British, under command of the traitor Benedict Arnold, burned the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region." Within the monument stands another marble tablet, which formerly occupied a niche on the southern side, and which bears the names of the 84 patriots who fell in the fort—among which there are nine by the name of Avery, four Lesters, three Allens, and three Chesters.

Following next in order, is a view of the Nameaug Engine House, occupied by the Nameaug Engine Company. This company is widely and favorably known by firemen and citizens. They were organized April 18, 1850, having previously been in service two years under another name. They now number on the active and honorary rolls about 100 men. They are an

independent corps, owning their apparatus, etc., and number in their ranks men of all trades and professions, banded together in one common brotherhood. These young men—the elite of the city—are annually at a great expense to maintain the efficiency of their organization. The engine room below is fitted with all the conveniences necessary to promote the objects of benevolence for which they are sustained. It is enjoyed as a club-room, is furnished with marble wash-basins, a hose-tower, closets, and all the necessary fixtures for comfort and cleanliness. But the great attraction is the noble "Nameaug" herself. This powerful machine, the pride of her company, is a large double-decked engine, with 10 inch pumps, capable of being worked by 48 men. She plays, when necessary, six streams, frequently using over 1200 feet of hose, and has been of inestimable service to New London. She forms, together with the accompanying hose-carts, the prominent

feature of the lower room. But let us visit the hall above. On entering it, one would suppose himself in the palatial dwelling of one of our "merchant princes." The floor is covered with a costly carpet of softest texture and beautiful design, a large and richly wrought chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and the whole spacious apartment filled with magnificent carved rosewood furniture, sofas and chairs covered with blue and gold silk brocatelle, desks, luxurious arm-chairs, a splendid piano, paintings, marble-covered tables, and all the usual articles of luxury and elegance ever found in the houses of the aristocracy. The Nameaug has several thousand dollars invested in the engine-house and furniture.

The third engraving in our series presents us with a fac simile of the Congregational Church in New London. This is certainly one of the handsomest specimens of church architecture to be found in the country. It occupies the site of the old Congregational Meeting-House, built in 1786. In 1849-'50 this edifice was taken down, and the present imposing structure raised. The stone, which is of granite, was quarried out of the foundation and from a neighboring ledge. The cost of the building was about \$43,000, and the architect was Leopold Ridlitz, of New York.

The main features of the design belong to the most ancient Gothic style; the arches are semi-circular, the recess for the pulpit semi-octagonal, and the side windows double, with a broad column in the centre. The architectural design and proportions of the building, with the open, airy appearance of the campanile or bell tower, and the light and graceful spire, harmonize well with the elevated position of the building and color of the stone.

The City Hall, also included in our views, is a beautiful edifice, and one of the ornaments of the city.

Fort Trumbull, shown on page 509, was erected in 1775, in connection with Fort Griswold, for the defence of the harbor and town. It is situated on a point of land that extends into the river from the west side, nearly a mile and a half north of the light-house, and two thirds of a mile, in a straight line, from the centre of the town. The present structure is the third that has stood upon the site. The old revolutionary fortress, built in 1775, was an irregular work, of comparatively small size; but standing high on its muniment of rock, it had a gallant air of defiance, which concealed in a manner its defects. The old inhabitants of the town regarded this fort with a kind of hallowed affection. It was allowed to fall into decay, but this very neglect softened its features, and gave it a rural and picturesque appearance, pleasing to the eye of taste. In 1812, the old walls and battlements were entirely levelled, and the work reconstructed from its foundation. The portions retained of the former work were so inconsiderable, that it was considered a new fort. In a military point of view, it was far superior to the former structure, though by no means a finished work. The surface had been imperfectly prepared, and the dishevelled rocks, which ran straggling about the isthmus, were much better adapted to cover and protect assailants than to defend the garrison. This second fortification was demolished in 1839, the rugged ledges blasted away, and the site beautifully graded for the reception of the new fortress. The old original block house of 1775 has, however, been retained, through all

changes, standing amid the magnificent walls and embankments of modern art, like a sepulchre in which the old forts lie entombed. The present fort is built of granite from the quarry at Millstone Point, and was ten years in building. The works were planned and executed from the commencement to the completion in 1849, by Capt. George W. Cullum, of the U. S. Engineers. By his judicious management, the cost of construction was kept within the first estimate, viz., \$250 000. It is allowed by all observers to be a beautiful structure, simple, massive, and yet elegant in form and finish; a magnificent outpost to the town, and a fine object in the landscape.

OLD SONGS.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's careworn cheek

The ringlets of his child:
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

O W. HOLMES.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW LONDON.



CITY HALL, NEW LONDON.

FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good use of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakspeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of his purpose, that at a comparatively early age, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford upon Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spencer was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient master of the mint. Wadsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the court of sessions—both minus a genius for poetry, with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profoundness

of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department. Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool-card with the end of a burnt heather-stem.—Professor Moore, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth or that of his guard bed was his seat to study in; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing table; and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Sir Henry Spelman was between fifty and sixty when he began the study of science. Franklin was fifty before he fully engaged in the researches in natural philosophy which have made his name immortal. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career; and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker, in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with French, German and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works.

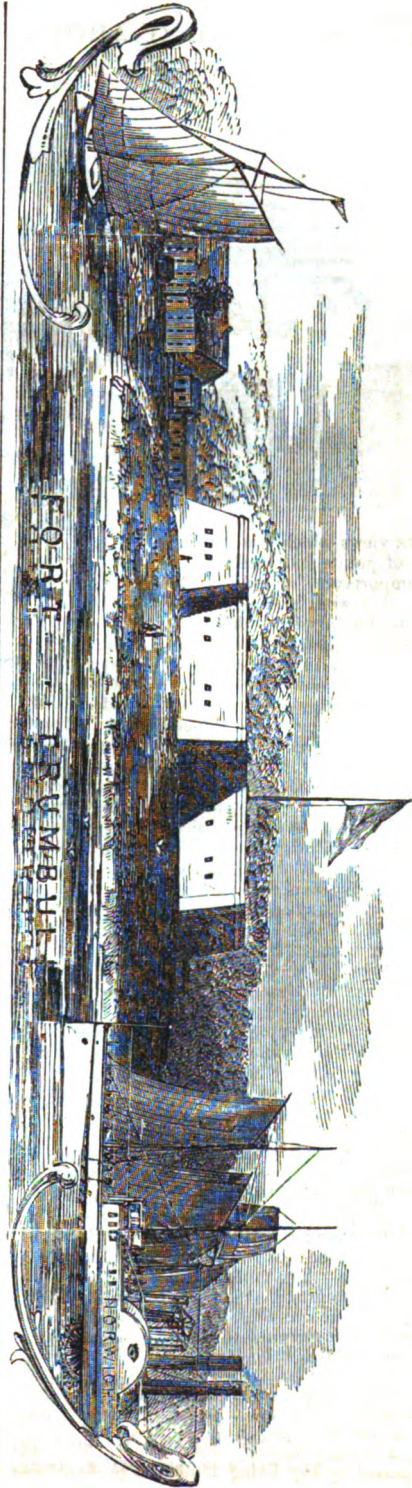
Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clark, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible

dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at Edinburgh University, received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands, as a "fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."—*Scientific American*.

MARY LADY CLERK.

When I first came to reside in Edinburgh, thirty-six years ago, Mary Lady Clerk was known by every one as an original, whose saying and doings were constantly quoted in society. She lived in Prince's Street, and her figure, as she used to walk about, was as familiar to many of the inhabitants as the steeple of St. Giles. Lady Clerk was born in Newcastle, in 1755. She was a baby in the cradle when Prince Charles Edward passed through that town. As her father, a Mr. Dacre, was an adherent to the Jacobite cause, the prince was entertained at Mr. Dacre's house, and on leaving it, on his way south, he pinned with his own hand one of his favors on the child's cradle, which gave Lady Clerk through life a strong feeling in favor of the Stuart family. She kept the favor which had so early been attached to her bed with great care, and in 1822 presented it to the king (George the Fourth) on his visit to Scotland, and it was very kindly and graciously received by him. The late Lord Stowel (William Scott) was also a native of Newcastle, and in their boyish and girlish days an attachment sprang up between Miss Dacre and himself. The entire want of means precluded for the time all hope of marriage. But some years afterward, when Scott had entered upon that legal profession of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament, and when he saw the probability of his success, he wrote to his first love a brief offer of his hand, beginning "Dear Molly Dacre," and signing himself "Willie Scott." Lady Clerk repeated to me her answer—"Dear Willie Scott, I should have been glad to be your wife, but on Tuesday next I am to be married to Captain John Clerk, and am your affectionate Molly Dacre." Lady Clerk kept up a constant intercourse with the two eminent brothers, John Scott the chancellor, and William, the judge of the ecclesiastical and admiralty courts. She showed me once a highly characteristic letter from Lord Eldon. At the time of passing what was usually called the Catholic Relief Bill, Lady Clerk wrote to Lord Eldon congratulating him upon the energetic stand he had made to prevent the bill becoming law. His answer was laconic, and nearly thus:—"Dear Molly Dacre, I am happy to find you approve of my endeavors to oppose the Catholic Relief Bill. I have done what I thought my duty. May God forgive me, if I have done wrong; and may God forgive my opponents, if he can. Yours affectionately, Eldon."—*Dean Rumsay*.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.



SOMETHING ABOUT WOONSOCKET, R. I.



CLINTON MILLS, WOONSOCKET.

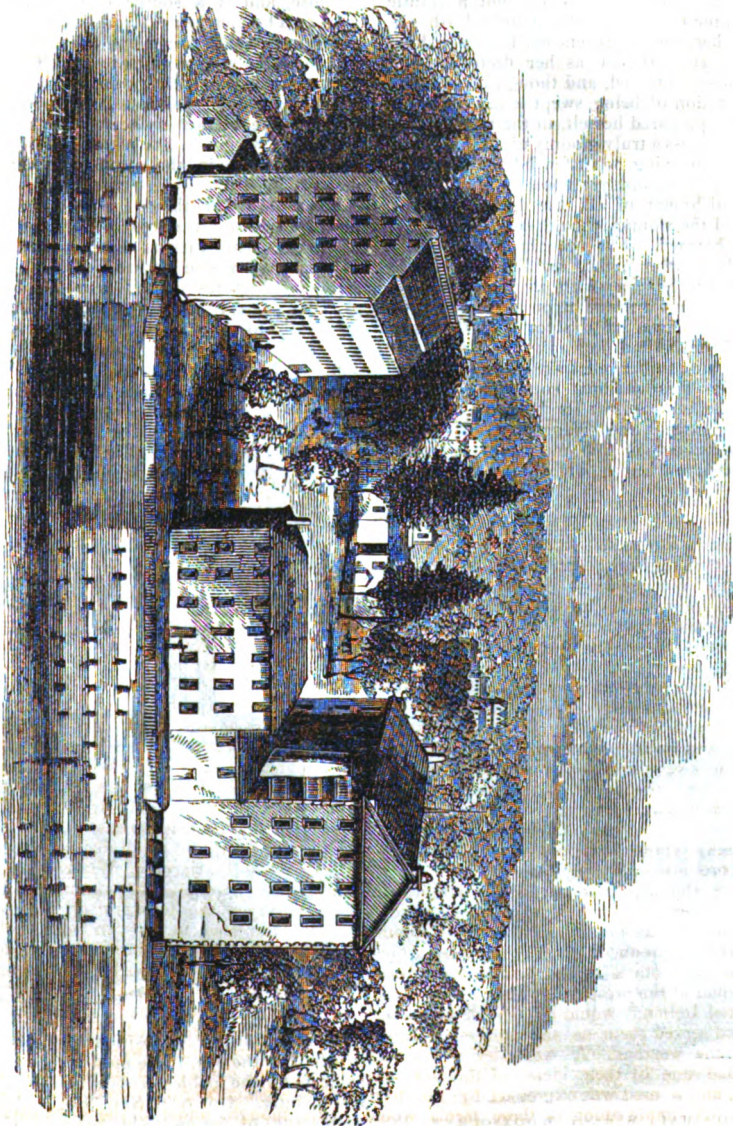
THE views which we have heretofore given of points and localities of prominent importance, in some of our New England towns, have proved so acceptable to our readers, that we in this number of the Magazine give still others, embracing some of the most interesting views in a sister State. The pretty village of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in which we herewith present several views, forms one of a number, which, in its entire landscape, embraces Woonsocket, Bernon, Globe Village, Hamlet, Jencksville, etc. Woonsocket proper is on the north side of the Blackstone River, between the bridge which joins the Globe, and that which joins Jencksville; but the village called Bernon, Globe, Hamlet and Jencksville are so nearly connected—simply by crossing a bridge—that they are most generally embraced in the title, Woonsocket. Newman, in his history and topography of the place, says: To give an exact etymology, definition and history of the word Woonsocket, or that from which it has been modernized, would, perhaps, be a difficult task; yet an approximation towards it (not, however, without some degree of doubt or hesitancy) may be fairly made. In the absence of all mills and works of art, instead of the water flowing in a regular sheet over a level dam, as it now does, it was supplied with a sort of natural dam of rock, which discharged all the waters at a single spot or notch. This large column of water falling into a deep hole, made so by its own action, produced a grave, deep-toned noise, resembling thunder, which, in the stillness of primeval solitude, might be heard at a considerable distance. The falling of this heavy column of water also produced a spray or mist, which, under peculiar states of the atmosphere, better understood at the present day than by the "poor untutored Indian," would be an object of attention, and served them as superstitious prognostics of the weather. A word by which they expressed one of their ideas of thunder was *Wonne*, and a mist was expressed by the term *suckete*. A simple union of these terms would

produce the word *Woone-suckete*. If, therefore, an Indian, residing at Woonsocket, and capable of speaking the English as well as his native tongue, had visited a white family at Providence, and been asked from whence he came—instead of answering in his vernacular tongue—*Netompauog noteshem wuttotanick peemayagat shea steip Woone-suckete*, he would say: Friends, I came from a place, a little way up the river, called *Thunder-mist*. (At first, by the whites, barbarized into *Winsokeit*, and next modernized into its present form, Woonsocket.) It does not appear that any permanent residence was established here till about twenty-five years after the death of that wonderful and extraordinary man, William Blackstone, who died in 1675, near the present village of Lonsdale. In 1695, Mr. John Arnold, born (probably at Providence) in 1672, at 23 years of age, came and settled near this place. His claims to this location appeared to be founded, somewhat like Blackstone's, upon the principle of pre-occupancy, or because nobody else wanted it. He lived here till his death, and his tombstone bears date 1756, aged 84 years. He might, with no small degree of propriety, be styled the Patriarch of Woonsocket. In 1730, thirty-five years after he commenced living here, he conveyed the territory of Woonsocket, by quit-claim deed, to his two sons, John and Joseph. This is believed to be the first deed having any relation to Woonsocket. A record of it is in the ancient archives of Providence. We might here mention the fact that nearly or quite all the succeeding deeds for a long course of years, though there were not many in all, were quit-claim deeds; and all the real estate now in Woonsocket originally rests upon this form of a title, though, under all the circumstances, prob-

ably as good as any other. This conveyance took place sixteen years before Cumberland was erected into a town. The twenty-seven square miles, now called after the English Duke of Cumberland, was then known by the name of Attleborough Gore. But to return to the two sons. Joseph appears to have followed his father in agricultural pursuits; but John immediately commenced operations with water-power. He made improvements upon the natural dam by adding wood work, and erected the first grist-mill. This was not particularly wanted here, for there were but two families; but it was the best location, and supplied the wants of the thinly-scattered inhabitants for a circle of con-

siderable extent. A few years after, a Mr. Balkham came here and erected a forge, near where the dyehouse was burned in 1845. A sawmill also existed here for many years, and these were all the mills in operation till about 1816. There are but few incidents transmitted to us that seem to merit even a passing notice, from the erection of the mills to the commencement of the present century. It was very thinly inhabited, and no event seems to have occurred to mar its still and gentle progress. About 1781, there was a remarkable drought, which cut off nearly all the products of agriculture, and as an instance of the extent and durability of the river, it may be mentioned that people came here to mill to get

WOONSOCKET COMPANY'S MILL.



corn ground from a distance of fifty miles, and often made a week or ten days' journey of it. In 1807, a new gristmill, with two run of stones, was erected in place of the old one; but it was hardly put in operation when a violent flood assailed it, involving the bridge, the dam and the mills in one general ruin. In the small house adjacent to the mills above alluded to, there resided an old colored woman, probably as a cook, or for the performance of some service connected with the mill or forge. Everything was dashed away but this little house, and she was in it. By one of those singular aberrations of mind arising from great fear, she resolutely rejected all offers of assistance, and she was finally given over by the beholders as beyond the reach of preservation. Hers was a calm, not a frantic fear, for in the face of this threatening death, she secured to her use, to prevent her from perishing with cold, such things as her drenched and flooded house contained, and though in momentary expectation of being swept away into the gulf below, prepared herself, in the best manner she could, to pass a truly gloomy night. At day-break in the morning, what few inhabitants there were, presented themselves upon the shore, and, to the astonishment of all, the house still remained, and the woman, though still in jeopardy, was yet unharmed. The water had considerably subsided during the night, and left the house above its foamy surface, with its foundation so washed away that it rested upon a single stone much after the form of a pivot. By the interposition of the united ingenuity and efforts of those who came to her relief, she was rescued unharmed from this perilous condition; directly after which, the house lost its balance, fell into the foaming current and disappeared. Not one of the four stones of this mill could ever be found, though much sought after for a new mill;

they were thrown by the force of the water, aided by timber, into some deep cavity, and there covered with sand.

The first engraving represents the Clinton Mills, which gives a somewhat busy scene of manufacture. Next follows a view of the Woonsocket Company's Mills, shown on page 511. No pains or expense seems to have been spared to make this establishment attractive to the operatives, and every modern improvement has been introduced to facilitate the operations, and add to the beauty and strength of the fabrics manufactured. The buildings are of stone, built in the most substantial manner, and are perfectly fire-proof. The mill is certainly one of the finest and best arranged structures for the purpose, and is a source of pride to the company. The picture next following shows a part of Main Street, a pretty and busy thoroughfare, and the main artery of the town. The Railroad Depot, also herewith given, is fitted up with convenience and good taste, and gives quite a business-like air to the place. As the close of our series, we give a fine picture of Woonsocket Falls, noticed in the commencement of this description.

There are few things which yield greater pleasure or more true enjoyment than the survey of Nature in her various changes and transformations. And where Nature and Art combine to form such picturesque and beautiful landscapes as the scenery of the New England States presents to the eye, there is a feeling awakened in the soul of the true artist and student of Nature, which is inexpressible. One longs for companions, then, to unboresome thoughts which seem unutterable. It is while laboring with such emotions that the conceptions of the artist find their embodiment upon the canvass, and the impressions of the soul are limned, and



PART OF MAIN STREET, WOONSOCKET.

find their fitting expositions in the pictures drawn for the eye. We need not go far to find subjects for the noblest conceptions of the artist and painter. Our own New England abounds with scenes of the most charming description.

THE TWO SIDES.

The Country.—It is with sensations of pure delight that I recur to the brief period of my existence which was passed in the peaceful shades of Auteuil. There is one kind of wisdom which we learn from the world, and another kind which can be acquired in solitude only. In cities we study those around us, but in the retirement of the country we learn to know ourselves. The voice within us is more distinctly audible in the stillness of the place, and the gentle affections of our nature spring up more freshly in its tranquillity and sunshine—nurtured by the healthy principle which we inhale with the pure air, and invigorated by the genial influences which descend into the heart from the quiet of the sylvan solitude around, and the soft serenity of the sky above.

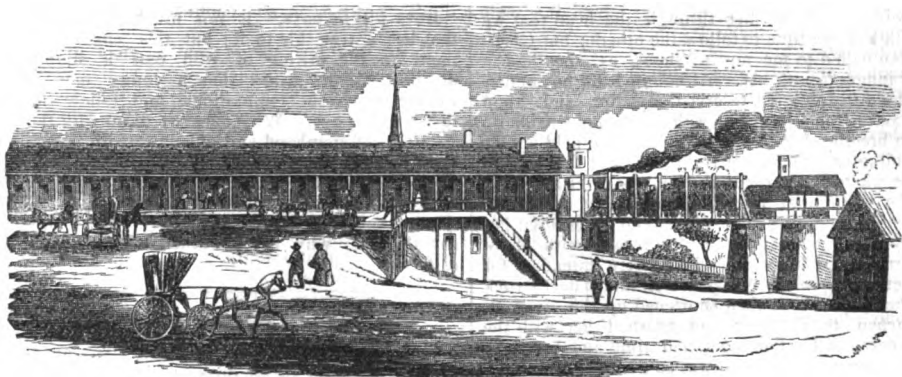
The City.—I have an affection for a great city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy "the sweet security of streets." The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to me. I find sermons in the stones of the pavement, and in the

dral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitudes, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles.

And more than all this, in the great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves with others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul, to "look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all—God, Creation, Virtue."—*Longfellow.*

FLOWERS IN A SICK-ROOM.

Sickness is a penal offence, of which the punishment, nominally death, is usually commuted for a longer or shorter term of solitary confinement. Voluntary solitude, as we are all aware,



RAILROAD DEPOT, WOONSOCKET.

continuous sounds of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, hear "the sad music of humanity." I feel that life is not a dream but a reality; that the beings around me are not the insects of an hour, but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with his history of thousand-fold occurrences, insignificant it may be to others, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that when he dies some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things preach the doctrine of a good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. The greatest works of his handicraft delight me hardly less than the greatest works of nature. They are "the masterpieces of her own masterpiece." Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please me evermore, for they conduct me into the fellowship of great minds. And thus my sympathies are with men, the streets, and city gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathe-

is sometimes sweet. Enforced solitude is always bitter, and like other bitters, is supposed to be gifted with medicinal virtues. It has at least its compensations. It is a marvellous quickener of the perceptions, and enlivens its long and listless leisure with studies of otherwise unregarded beauty. Through his prison bars (to the shuddering invalid the lightest sash that ever held plate-glass is impassable as a dungeon), through the dim grating of his cell, the wan-faced sufferer catches glimpses of Italian sunsets between the sentinel boughs. Or, if the boughs are blended and tossing in the storm, a sea of green beneath a sky of gray, there is yet light enough from without to reveal some cherished gift within, some leaf from a distant olive-bough that errant doves have plucked. The cloudiest noontide finds something from which it borrows light—a book, a picture, or, sooth to say, a simple bouquet of flowers. Then they stand in the window seat, earth's most graceful and sympathetic gift. A cluster of richly tinted lilies, crowded by delicate sprays of mignonette, robbed of half its fragrance by excessive culture (for this flower, like many human ones, steals unmatched sweetness from a sterile soil); and, savage amid citizens, a tuft of wild grasses in their full, midsummer

prime. How graceful they are in their feathery outline, which the slightest touch veils in pollen like a floating cloud; each of those countless tiny flowerets fresh as if bathed in life's divinest dew, the dew of youth, which the grass and its guardian shall welcome never again. How benignant is their mission, from love that rejoices without, to love that, but for these silent messengers, might perhaps repine within. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," but there are truths whose vitality shall never wither, and memories whose loveliness shall never fade. Suffering reader, if for a brief period you can neither toil nor spin, let us hope you will find occasion to "consider the lilies," and be no longer, if ever heretofore, "of little faith."—*Springfield Republican*.

THE WALRUS' LOVE FOR ITS YOUNG.

I never in my life witnessed anything more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection displayed by one poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon, and was dragging the boat furiously among the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a "junger" with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for her young one. At last a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow and finished her with the lances. Christian now had time and breath to explain to me why he was so anxious to secure the calf, and he proceeded to give me a practical illustration of his meaning by gently "stirring up" the unfortunate junger with the butt end of a harpoon shaft. This caused the poor little animal to emit a peculiar, plaintive, grunting cry, eminently expressive of alarm, and of a desire for assistance, and Christian said it would bring all the herd round about the boat immediately. Unfortunately, however, we had been so long in getting hold of our poor little decoy-duck that the others had all gone out of hearing, and they abandoned their young relative to his fate, which quickly overtook him in the shape of a lance thrust from the remorseless Christian. I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat! The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf!—*Adventures in the North Seas*.

There are some women that we like very much to talk with, and yet we should by no means fancy to marry—for the same reason that we would not like to make a dinner of spices.

FALSE PROVERBS.

"A young fellow must sow his wild oats." In all the wide range of British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. Whatever man, be he young, old, or middle-aged, sows, that and nothing else shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots, like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you and nobody else will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. "Boys will be boys," is not much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to the sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations, and follow the lusts of his age. What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, overreaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one, why not the other?—*Tom Brown at Oxford*.

NATURAL HISTORY OF SEALS.

The inhabitants of Ireland relate many anecdotes of the seals, or sea dogs, particularly that species called *landselur*. They say that these animals are very observant; and when they observe any new object upon the land, they approach towards it, which has suggested to the inhabitants the idea of catching them in two ways. They spread nets in the straits and bays through which the seals pass; and then on a dark evening they make a fire on the shore with shavings, and other combustible substances, that exhale a strong smell; the seal attracted by the scent, swims towards the fire, and is taken in nets. Sometimes these animals are met with at considerable distance up the country, being attracted in a dark night by the common light of a house. They are easily tamed; and the people put them, when young, into pounds, and feed them daily, by which they become as tractable as a common dog, run about the yard, and follow the master of the house or any one else who may call them by name. In some years the seal is almost starved. When, for instance, the winter is severe, fish and insects are scarce, and the seaweed by which they are nourished is carried off by the ice and breakers; then they are found so lean and weak that it is impossible for them to escape, and they are easily taken; their fat is consequently wasted, and nothing is found in their stomach but a few marine plants and stones.—*Tour in Ireland*.

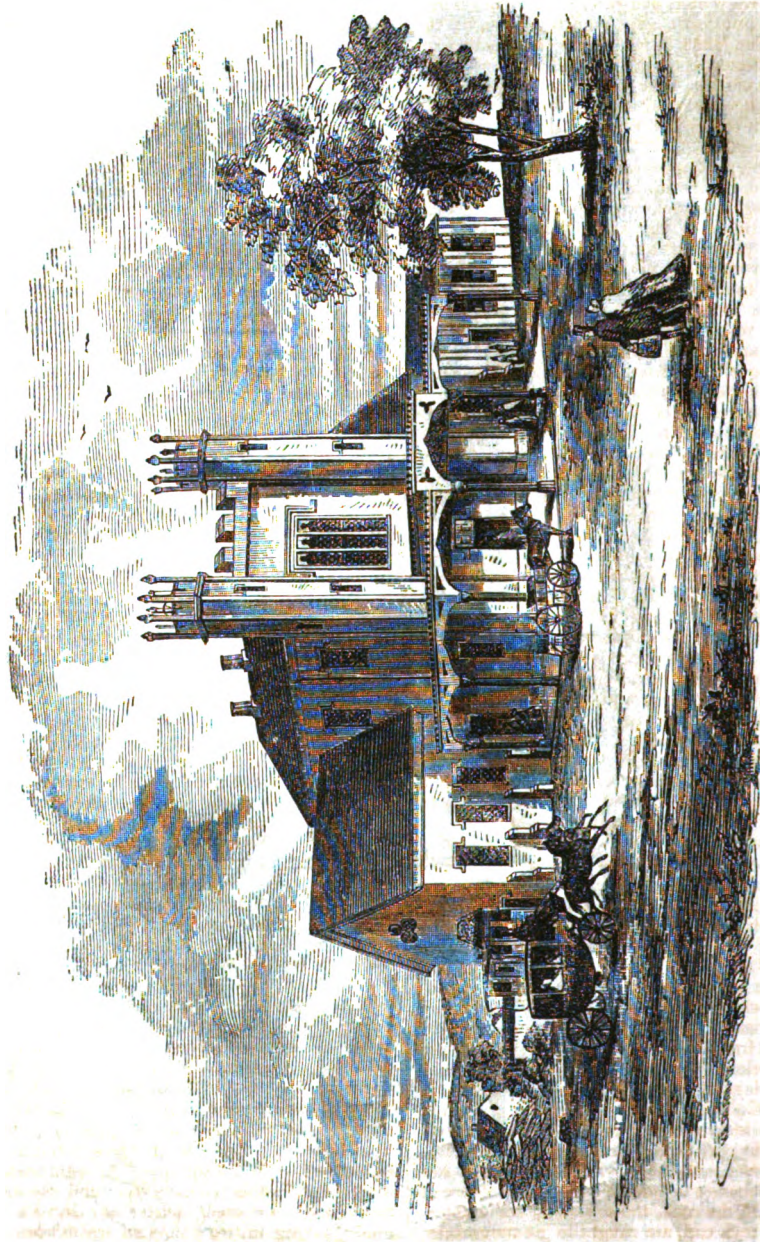


WOONSOCKET FALLS

COHASSET, MASS.

In our present series of sea-side sketches, we turn to the southern shore of the coast, and present some of the notabilities of Cohasset. The views are drawn for us by an able artist, and are vivid pictures of the localities represented. Cohasset is in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, facing northeast upon Massachusetts Bay. The coast here is bold, rocky and dangerous. Taking

the cars at the Old Colony station, in Boston, we proceed by the Old Colony and South Shore railroads to the Nantasket station, where we leave the cars and walk to the Rockland House, of which we give a view. Our road is winding and picturesque, and passes through the romantic village of North Cohasset, nestling among the rocks. The Rockland House is situated upon



COHASSET RAILROAD DEPOT.

high ground at the head of Nantasket Beach; it is finely located for summer residents, and combines all the advantages of the sea-shore. The view from the piazza of the hotel is very fine, showing the beach and outer Boston lighthouse, as in our engraving. From the Rockland House we take the Jerusalem road to the village of Cohasset. This road winds among the rocks and trees along the shore. The wind from the sea has great effect upon vegetation here; the trees lean from the water, and rarely, except in sheltered places, put forth any branches towards the ocean. The Black Rock House, or Bent's Cottage, is situated upon this road. It is the resort for fishing parties. The Black Rock is seen in the background. Cohasset Depot is situated at the terminus of the South Shore Railroad. It is a wooden building of Gothic architecture, and presents a very neat appearance. The road follows the deep depression in the foreground, and gives the building a very elevated appearance. Owing to its proximity to the sea, Cohasset forms a delightful place for a summer residence. We have thus very briefly noticed the principal objects delineated in our series of engravings; but, beside the sea, the "mighty sea," the "great deep," the works of man sink into insignificance. The proudest cathedral pile that art ever reared would vainly woo the eye from those huge battlements—those granite Gibraltors, that Nature has piled along our coast. The dweller by the seashore needs only a shelter for his head, if his purpose be to study the phases of that great element which gives life to the world. He cares not for the finest music ever warbled by Italian throats, while he can listen to the moonlight music of the waves, and their bell-like tinkle as they peacefully lave the rocks; or, if he wish for a deeper diapason, organ anthems more sublime than ever rolled along the roof of a Gothic cathedral, he has but to listen to the thunder of the same changeable element when the storm-winds have lashed it to a fury. We cannot understand how people can complain of the monotony of the sea. Mountain scenery, however grand, has a certain degree of monotony. Those vast upheaved earth-waves are rigid and immovable. You can produce new combinations by changing your point of view; but the essential elements of the landscape are the same. Sunset, sunrise, moonlight, storm, mist—you soon run through the gamut of this mountain melody. But with the ocean it is different; for, beside the variation of these atmospheric effects, you have the changes of the elements on which it is displayed. At one time you see the surface, placid, mirror-like, reflecting faithfully the blue tint of the over-arching sky, the forms of the shores, and the masts and the idle sails of the vessels that lie motionless upon the surface. At another, the whole expanse of water is corrugated by a cold current of air, and the mirror is broken into a thousand fragments. Yet another phase of the changeable element is presented when a furious storm displays the utmost fury of the waves. A storm at Cohasset baffles description; such a storm, for instance, as that in which Minot's Ledge Light perished, a few years since. The rude Cohasset rocks have witnessed many a sad wreck. Cohasset is famous for the abundance of its fish. Off the rock, those substantial staples, perch and rock cod, are caught in great numbers,

and those versed in piscatorial art know where to take the delicious tautog, one of the finest fish that swims in the salt water. Cod and haddock, monstrous specimens, are taken on the proper grounds, and, during the season of their run, delicious mackerel.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

It seems that this legend of the nursery is based at least upon historical truth. The Rev. Samuel Lysons has published his proofs; and we take the following from a review of his book in the "Gentleman's Magazine:" "Richard Whittington was the third son of Sir William Whittington, of Pauntley, in Gloucestershire, descended of a good and ancient family, but who were then in straitened circumstances; and Sir William died an outlaw when Richard was only two years old. Trade was then, as now, a common resource for the younger sons of good families; and, as there were no roads and no stage-coaches in the days of Edward the Third—and it is not probable that a mere boy, the younger son of a reduced house, could afford to have a horse of his own—there is no improbability in the story that he set out to walk to London, and gladly availed himself of a lift on a pack-horse on the way. Mr. Lysons also adduces what appears to him good reason for believing that the story of his cat is literally true. He has, at all events, clearly proved that Whittington did marry his master's daughter, and that he was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was one of the most wealthy of the great merchant princes of his day, and also one of the most pious and most munificent. He frequently lent large sums of money to the king, as is proved by extracts from the rolls; and the story of his burning the bonds may also be true. He was a mercer by trade, and supplied the wedding *trousseaux* to the Princesses Blanche and Philippa, daughters of Henry the Fourth. That he built the nave of Westminster Abbey is proved by the royal commission for this purpose, A. D., 1415, printed in the appendix to Mr. Lysons's volume. He also built the chapel attached to Guildhall, and endowed the Church of St. Michael, Paternoster, in which he was buried; he also built and glazed the windows of the hall itself; he founded and endowed a college; and he left money to rebuild the prison of Newgate. Pennant after mentioning the rebuilding of Newgate by Whittington's executors, says: 'His statue, *with the cat*, remained in the niche to its final demolition, on the rebuilding of the present prison. It was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt in its late form.' In 1421, Whittington began the foundation of the library of the Grey Friars' Monastery, in Newgate Street. This noble building was one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, thirty-one feet in breadth, entirely ceiled with wainscot, with twenty-eight wainscot desks, and eight double settees. The cost of furnishing it with books was five hundred and fifty-six pounds ten shillings, of which four hundred pounds (equal to four thousand pounds of our present money) was subscribed by Whittington. This edifice still remains in tolerable preservation, and forms the north side of the great cloister of Christ's Hospital; having in two places an escutcheon with



COHASSET BEACH.

the arms of Whittington. On the ordinances, or rules, for the regulation of his college, is an illumination representing Whittington stretched on a tester bed, his body naked and emaciated with sickness; his bedside surrounded by his (four) executors; his physician, and a group of twelve bedesmen, recipients of his charities. An engraving by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished about 1590, professes to be a '*vera effigies*, or true likeness, of that most illustrious gentleman, Richard Whittington, Knight;' and represents

him in his robes as Lord Mayor, with a collar of SS., and his hand resting on a very pretty cat. It is pleasant to find such grounds for believing this favorite story of our childhood a true story after all; and that, to the delighted ears of a real flesh and blood personage, Bow Bells once seemed to say, 'Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.'"

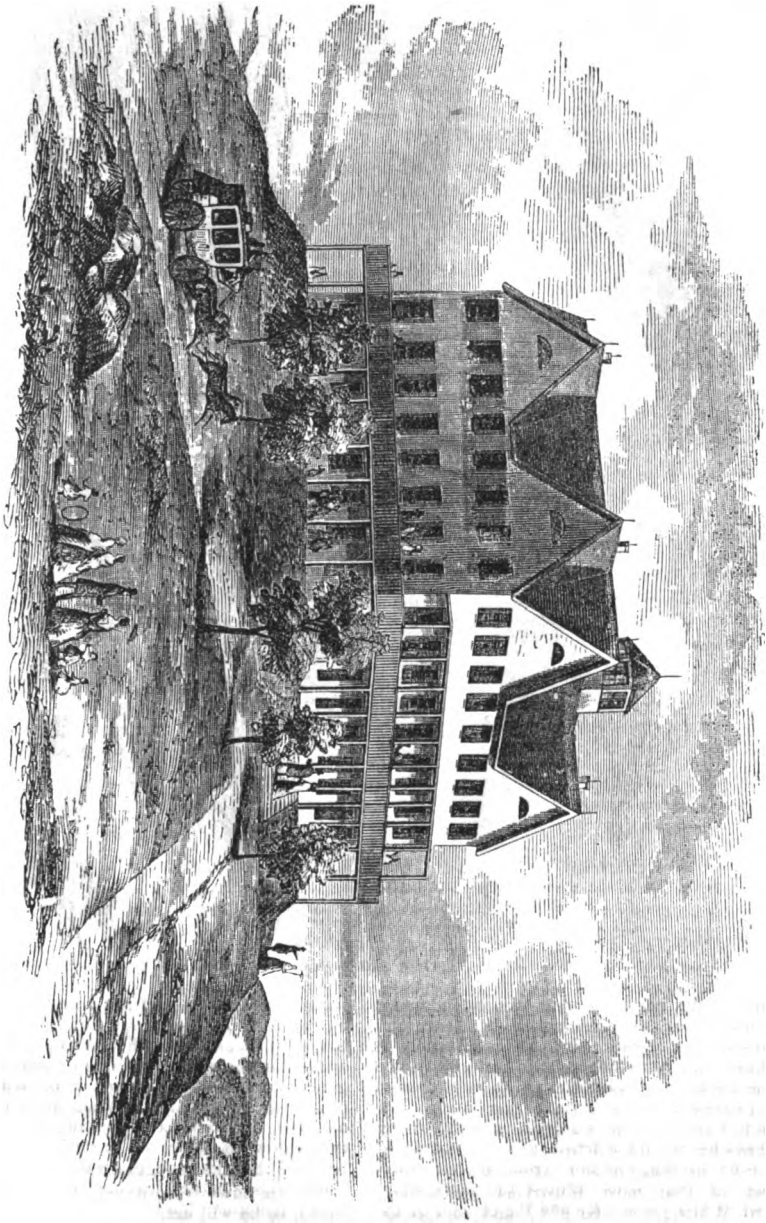
Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

ONLY A SINGLE GRAVE IN AMERICA.

A few months since a young Englishman and his wife left their parental home in London, and after a tedious and dangerous voyage of nine weeks, landed safely in New York. Thence they journeyed westward, and finally settled in Illinois, about nine miles from the city of Chicago. Just as they had finished their new and tidy home, and the prospect of a happy future began to open before them, the husband fell in the heat of an Illinois sun, and in a single hour,

and without the opportunity of uttering even the loving word "good-by," passed into the spirit world. There was but one mourner at the funeral; other kindred friends of both the dead and the living were all beyond the Atlantic. Now came the hour of stern and helpless widowhood. The mourner was passing through a more painful mental struggle than the outside world suspected. Kindred and the friendly means of subsistence were beyond the sea; only the grave of her chosen one was here. It was an hour of se-

ROCKLAND HOUSE, COHASSET.





BENT'S COTTAGE, OR BLACK ROCK HOUSE, COHASSET.

verest trial, but her reason and prudent judgment triumphed over the yearnings of her heart, and she decided to retrace alone the long journey to her kindred. After the sale of her effects, she had left little more than enough to meet the too liberal expenses of the burial of her dead. The voyage, however, was undertaken, and among the passengers who reached this city last week, on the *Free State*, was the heroine of our story. A friend of ours, who narrates the facts, states that when the passengers and the captain of the

boat learned the tale of her sorrows, they generously added to her scanty funds, though unsolicited by her, a sum sufficient to pay her passage across the ocean. It was one of those kind and generous deeds, the memory of which never ceases to be grateful. When the boat reached our port, our friend and the other passengers left the widow in a flood of grateful tears, and she pursued her journey eastward to leave in the Saturday's steamer, leaving only a single grave in her American home.—*Buffalo Advocate*.

A CALL TO ACTION.

BY A. C. COXE.

We are dwelling, we are dwelling
In a grand eventful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Truth and Error to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth?—'tis creation
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then?—will ye dally .
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally;
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O, up, thou drowsy soldier,
Worlds are charging to the shock!

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!

(ORIGINAL.)

VALERIE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY WILLIAM S. CLARK.

THE room into which I would introduce my readers, was one of the handsomest in St. Francisville. Into the large and lofty windows the fresh breath of morning came, loaded with the perfumes of the cape jessamin and magnolia. The beams of the morning sun were partially excluded by green curtains looped back by a heavy cord and tassel; while the deep green was relieved by white lace draperies. The couches, divans and chairs were of green damask; the floor being covered with cool, white matting. Marble tables stood between the windows, of which there were six large long ones, that came quite to the floor. There was nothing glittering, nothing showy, but all was soft and pleasant to the eye, and cool and delightful to the touch. In a curtained recess stood a noble organ, fit for a palace; and from that corner came sweet, delicious music, that fell on the ear like the soft tinkling of silver bells.

A white hand touched the keys; and soon a sweet voice burst forth into a full tide of song. At first the bright-winged canary raised his highest and fullest notes, as if to drown the music of

the fair songstress; but, as if despairing to emulate her, suddenly ceasing his own song, turned his head back upon his shoulder as if listening. It was a lovely face that looked out from the recess towards the now motionless bird. There were full, red lips, large, glorious brown eyes, and soft, thick bands of dark hair; the glitter of pearly teeth when she smiled, and the quick coming and going of a crimson flush in her cheeks. She wore a morning dress of white muslin, without a single ornament, yet she had never looked more lovely when arrayed in the rich robes which her station obliged her sometimes to wear. And well might she look thus surpassingly lovely, for does not happiness beautify the face, and was not Indiana Leslie beloved? A door was softly opened at the other end of the room, and a manly face appeared at it. The lady smiled her welcome, and he advanced towards her. He glanced at her plain and simple dress, and threw a freshly gathered camelia into her lap.

"There, take that, love, and place it in your hair. It will suit your morning robe admirably."

"Then you like my dress, Victor? I thought it would be too plain to suit your gorgeous taste."

"Nay, I hold to the poet's sentiment of 'beauty unadorned.' Why do you think my taste so elaborate?"

"Because I heard you admiring those richly dressed ladies at the assembly last evening."

"True, I did so. But I admired them as one admires the red rose, and then turns to refresh his sight with the pale, sweet white rose."

Indiana blushed until her cheeks rivalled the rose which Victor Moulton had been talking of. It was delightful to hear his praises. An hour was passed in the delicious confidence that only lovers know, and Victor was just rising to go, when he saw Indiana suddenly turn pale. What she saw he knew not; for she soon rallied, and bade him good morning as gaily as ever.

Yet when the radiant girl retired to her chamber, a cloud passed over her face, as she threw herself upon the long white couch on which she usually reclined while reading, as was her morning custom. A book was in her hand now, but she did not read. One hand was supporting her thoughtful brow, the other held the book, but it trembled as if with some indefinable emotion.

"What could Valerie mean?" she murmured. "What *could* she mean by that look of hatred or envy? O, can it be, that my life, hitherto so happy, is to be poisoned by her?" And the girl bowed her fair head to the pillow of the couch and wept such burning tears as had never fallen from her eyes before.

What cloud had thus suddenly come over that buoyant heart that but now was beating with such happiness as comes to us only once in a lifetime? Valerie Montford was a French creole, whom Mr. and Mrs. Leslie had adopted when their own child was yet an infant. They were nearly the same age, and had been brought up with the same care, and under the same instruction. The creole was beautiful indeed, and like most of her caste, was vain of her beauty, and fond of rich and showy attire. Victor Moulton had long been the declared lover of Indiana Leslie, with the full and free consent of her parents. The course of their love, unlike the dramatist's idea, did "run smooth," and their sky seemed without a cloud.

What was the shadow, then, that hovered around the path of the lovers? It was embodied in the person of her who had been treated as a cherished child in the family—of her who had shared the love and tenderness, which, had it not been for her, would all have been centered in Indiana. And on this morning, for the first time, Indiana had discovered, to her sorrow and dismay, that Valerie loved Victor Moulton. It was revealed to her in that look which now haunted her like an evil spirit, but which had escaped her lover's eye.

For a while, all things seemed so quiet that Indiana's fears were allayed. From this time, Valerie seemed kind and pleasant. She even talked of the approaching wedding which was so soon to take place; and gaily jested with Victor, to whom Indiana did not dare to reveal her suspicion of bad faith in the creole.

The wedding night came. Valerie had begged the office of bridesmaid, although perfectly conscious that the dress which the bridesmaids were to wear would not become her. Hers was a regal style of beauty, with just enough of the olive tint to harmonize favorably with her grand, glorious eyes, and the unrivalled hair which swept around her like a veil, with its rich purple black hue, and its rare length.

Valerie delighted in dark, rich colors, and heavy, magnificent textures. It must have been a sacrifice for her to lay them aside and don the simple white silk and pearl ornaments that her companions would wear in their attendance on the bride. But whatever was her feeling, she carried herself bravely. Most people would have thought her infinitely more beautiful than the pale bride who on that night looked like a drooping lily. There was a gorgeousness in her type of beauty, that would more surely enchain the common observer—the few would have preferred the intellectual charm of Indiana's face.

There was to be no removal to another house. The rich planter, Leslie, would not part from his only and well beloved child, and the newly married couple remained there as usual, Victor having been an inmate of their home for some time. The young bride had forgotten the circumstance that had so disturbed her—that look of mingled hatred and envy cast upon her on that morning. Yet again she encountered the same, without bringing to her that deadly fear.

"I am surely safe now," she murmured, to herself, as she caught those eyes fixed upon her face, and saw their owner turn away suddenly, as if conscious of being detected. "Victor is mine own, and nothing can part us." And she wore a look as calm and composed as if no element of hate were at work against her peace.

But now all thoughts, all hopes, all fears were centered in another object. Before a year had run its round, there was a "well-spring of pleasure," as the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* calls it, in the house, a babe was born that called forth all the tenderness of her soul. Valerie's congratulations were deepest and loudest; and the young, pale mother, beautiful in her new emotion, more gentle and tender in her manner than before, was an object on which none could gaze without the sincerest admiration. Not in the first days of their marriage, ere the honey moon had expired, had Victor seemed more earnestly and tenderly to regard the lovely, Madonna-like wife, than now, that this new and mysterious love had been superadded.

The child grew in strength and beauty. Its large brown eyes were like its mother's, and the rare, delicate complexion was also hers. For the rest it was like the father. Valerie had strangely attached the child to her, when it was scarce half a year old; and at the age of two years, it was still ardently devoted to one who was apparently in love with her little playmate. She left nothing undone to bind the child's affections most firmly to herself. It was the effect of her deep craft to do so. Valerie was one of those people who never do anything without a motive, and with her, it was always a selfish one.

Through the little Virginia, she trusted to reach the heart of the father; and her passion for Victor became so apparent, that it again excited the suspicions of Indiana.

It was a lovely morning in June. The air was full of perfume, and the warm south wind came laden with that delicious languor so peculiar to the atmosphere of Louisiana, and brought the odor of a thousand flower-laden gardens. Victor, even more than the rest of the family, had been unusually affected by the warm, enervating

ting air; and on this morning, had thrown himself on a sofa in one of the coolest apartments in the house. Indiana had retired to her own apartment, and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie had not yet left theirs. Valerie and the child were missing; but all supposed that they too were lying down, for, although it was so early, it was difficult to overcome the languid effects of the atmosphere.

Victor tossed awhile on his uneasy couch, and then made his way to the garden, hoping to find a cooler air among its green shades. As he came near an arbor, he heard the faintest echo of a song. The voice sounded like a soft murmur—scarcely less so than the sweet south wind breathing through the shrubbery. He turned aside to listen, and the whole scene was revealed.

On the grass, in an attitude of the most perfect and careless repose, lay Valerie Montford. Her dress, the most delicate of morning costumes, transparent as air, displayed her neck and arms, smooth and polished, if not as white as alabaster. Her raven hair was lying in long, thick masses upon the grass, while one glossy tress was flung across her bosom. The child slept by her side—the little Virginia—and the lullaby which the red lips was still murmuring, had hushed her to this peaceful rest. It was a picturesque arrangement which Valerie had thus effected. She knew Victor's artistic taste, and she knew too that he would not long miss his child without coming to find her. She looked up as he approached, and started as if about to fly.

"Nay, don't move, Valerie," he cried. "It is a pity to spoil such an exquisite picture as you and Genie make. But how came you here, and why is not Genie with her mother?"

"I left her mother asleep," she answered, obeying his command to lie still. "Genie, too, was fretting to be with me. You know, Victor, the child loves me better than any of you."

Victor had sunk upon one knee to kiss the bright red cheek of the little girl. Valerie, however, chose to appropriate the tender caress, for she seized his hand with her soft, yielding fingers, and drew him down as if by an irresistible impulse, until his lips touched hers. Then, with inimitable acting, as if frightened by her own bold act, she covered her face with her exquisitely shaped and jewelled hands, and exclaimed, "O, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Victor was embarrassed. Had Indiana been present, he would have thought the act only in sport; but so much of passion mingled in the momentary expression which he caught of her face, that he felt hurt and pained. His countenance assumed a graver cast, as he revolved this in his mind—then he felt ashamed that he should

have had a single thought against the purity and delicacy of his wife's adopted sister, for as such was Valerie considered in the family. Yet he could not help owing to himself that she was so bewildering in her beauty, that many a man who had not a wife so well beloved as his own, might have lost his heart through her attractions. Even he dared not wait for another demonstration of their power. He felt that safety was only to be secured by flight; and seizing the sleeping child, under pretence of her taking cold, he carried her off in spite of Valerie's reproaches. He went immediately to his wife's room. One look at that sweet, pure, intellectual face restored him from the dizzy dream which had, for a moment, almost intoxicated the calm, grave Victor Moulton. How he despised himself for the momentary infidelity to his angelic wife. And Valerie! how did all this affect her?

Clasping her jewelled hands together, she exclaimed, "what have I done? I have repelled him forever. O, why was I not more prudent? I must form another plan. I know! I know what I can do! but at what a fearful risk to my safety—what a risk to my soul! Yet, O, why, why did he not prefer me? Surely the tame charms of Indiana Leslie could not compare with mine. Fool! fool! why was he duped into worshipping that pink and white beauty? But let her beware!"

An hour later, and Valerie had crossed the garden, and gliding under the shade of the overhanging trees, had reached that end of the plantation devoted to the dwellings of the slaves. Meeting several of these, she stopped and gave a few kind words to each. Valerie had always done this, for her purpose was to make herself a greater favorite with these people than Indiana. At the extreme end of the path that wound by the little white huts, she entered the last one in the range. An old woman was stooping over the fire, cooking some little savory mess for her breakfast. She turned at hearing Valerie's step.

"Bress you, honey!" she exclaimed, coming forward. "Is dat you out so airly dis morning? well, morning air dey say is good to make handsome cheeks."

"And so you are trying it, aunty?"

"O, now honey, don't be pokin' fun at aunt Sylv's brack face."

"But, aunty, I want you to help me about something. When you and I were talking last year about the man who poisoned his wife, you told me that you had something that would take away the strength gradually, without showing any ill effects in the person taking it. I want it for my little animals that are to be stuffed for

my] museum; something that will not destroy their beauty, and give them an easy death, too. I cannot bear to have them shot, and besides, it always makes an ugly spot in them."

"Lor, yes, I will; but, honey, do be careful for you might do mischief. S'pose that ar baby should get it? kill the little beauty right away."

"Never fear, aunty, nobody shall have it but the one I intend it for." And Aunt Sylvia gave her the poison, a colorless liquid, in a little phial, and after many charges, allowed her to depart.

The apartment of Indiana was one of the largest and lofliest in the house. It was hung throughout with draperies of the whitest muslin, beautifully embroidered. The bed was drawn into the centre of the room, beneath an overhanging canopy of transparent muslin that reached to the floor, and was suspended from a silver wreath above. All the chairs and couches were covered with pale green silk of a rich pattern, and these were protected by delicate net work. A splendid marble-topped bureau, commode and dressing-table, and a marble statue in each corner, completed the contents of that room; but there were broad folding doors that led to a magnificent bath and dressing-room, in which was a rich mirror, reaching from floor to ceiling.

On the cool, luxurious bed, lay the mistress of this delicious retreat; a mass of white muslin out of which shone the large, beautiful eyes, and the clear, pale face. For, within a few weeks past, Indiana had yielded to a languor unknown before, even in this enervating climate. Daily she had struggled against the insidious weakness that had begun to palsy her energies; but at length she had resigned herself to the bed from which she was now unable to rise, except as she was taken up in the arms of her husband.

What was the disorder that was thus sapping the citadel of life in this lovely woman, no one could divine. Even the physicians were at fault. Mr. Leslie had summoned two or three from New Orleans, fearing that her symptoms were the precursors of the fever familiar to that city; but they confessed that there must be some secret source of disease, of which they were ignorant.

Meantime, the whole family united in bestowing every care and attention upon the invalid. Valerie even abandoned the child to the care of the nurse, and hung around the bed, evincing the utmost anxiety and tenderness toward Indiana. So unceasing was her devotion, that Indiana remembered with regret her former suspicions of Valerie, and tried, in her weak, languid way, to show that she appreciated her attentions.

The night was exceedingly warm, and Indiana lay panting for breath. Except for the dif-

ficult breathing, she lay motionless as a statue. There was no light in the room, but a silver lamp, softly shaded, hung in the dressing-room, and diffused a pale, faint light. Victor had sunk into a large chair beside the bed, and Indiana had apparently fallen into a gentle slumber. All was still as the grave, save the tremulous breath from the bed; but as Victor sat in the range of the dressing-room doors, he saw Valerie steal noiselessly in. Thinking that she was fearful of disturbing the patient, he only sat and watched. He saw her look around, and caught the expression of her face as she stood beneath the lamp. It made a strange impression upon him. Her forehead looked wrinkled and old, from the effect of some powerful emotion. Her lips were blue and compressed, and her cheek showed a pallor that he had never before witnessed upon its clear olive surface. Could this emotion be all for Indiana's illness? He watched until he saw her raise her eyes—those beautiful eyes that never looked upon his before without a tender sweetness. Now they were perfectly demoniacal in their expression. If Victor had ever accorded the palm of beauty to Valerie, the charm was now destroyed—the spell was broken. There was a thrilling tenderness, deeper than ever, in the look which he turned upon the still form of his stricken darling, and he involuntarily laid his arm over her pillow, and moved nearer to her side, as if to guard her from some baleful influence that might be hovering around her.

Still he could not long keep his eyes from watching to see if that hateful look had disappeared from Valerie's face. As he turned them towards the door of the dressing-room, he saw her place some small glittering thing, like a silver bodkin, within a phial, and withdrawing it, she stirred with the same bodkin, a glass of *eau sucree* which had been left on a table for Indiana. A dreadful suspicion entered his mind—a suspicion full of a thousand terrors. He sat in powerless amazement as she approached the bed, stealing softly on tiptoe, without observing him.

"Indiana, darling, will you take this cool drink? Let me raise you up."

Fortunately, Indiana's slumber was too deep for her to be aroused directly; and Victor, starting up from his unseen place in the shadow of the drapery, followed her softly into the dressing-room, and ere she was aware of his presence, he snatched the glass from her hand. The next moment she lay prostrate and fainting upon the floor. It was a momentary faintness, and she opened her eyes to see him holding the glass to his own lips. Horror gave her strength to shriek out to him to forbear. To test her still further,

he moved away from the arms that were now trying to clasp his knees hoping to make him drop the glass. He still held it to his lips.

"Victor! Victor!" she cried, "touch it not!"

He stooped down where he could look straight into those wicked eyes, and holding the glass far above his head out of her reach, he said:

"Why should I not taste it, Valerie? It was for my wife, was it not?"

His cool, calm manner restored her to herself.

"It is medicine," she said, rallying. "The doctor left it for Indiana, to be given when she is restless and disturbed."

"But she is sleeping sweetly, now—why disturb her?"

"I thought she was restless, by her breathing," she gasped out.

"She will not need it. I am thirsty, Valerie, and will have some prepared for her long before she awakes. It will be so sweet from your hands, my beauty!" he said, half gallantly, half ironically, as he again brought the glass to his lips.

"You shall not!" she shrieked, in a frenzy that revealed her secret. "You shall not, Victor. It is poison!"

She started up from the floor, and now stood before him, her eyes gleaming like those of a wild animal.

Victor said, calmly, "And this was for my wife, and it was not the first time that you have administered it. This is the secret of Indiana's unaccountable illness. Why did you do this, Valerie?"

His calmness deceived her. She could not now believe him ignorant of her purpose, but he was so composed, that she for a moment, indulged the wild hope that he would not condemn her too severely, when he knew that it was for love of him. In an agony of mingled passion and fear, she gazed into his eyes.

"Victor! Victor! speak! You love me, do you not? O, say that you *would* love me if there were no obstacle—if there were no life between us!"

"Valerie, what do you mean? are you mad? Is it because you are so madly, so wickedly in love with me, that you dare to tamper with my wife's existence?"

She knew by these words, and still more by the cold, grave, rebuking tone in which he spoke, that she had gone too far, and had overshot her mark; and she burst into a flood of as bitter tears as ever fell from the eyes of a passionate and scorned woman. For a moment she was tempted to fall at his feet and confess that she had indeed perilled her soul and incurred the guilt of murder. The next moment she heard

Indiana stirring in the next room, and a weak, plaintive tone, calling "Dear Victor." It steeled her again when he turned to go to his wife. She felt a thrill of joy to remember how nearly she had brought her rival to death—how more than probable it was that she would never recover from that deadly weakness. And then! O, could she not plead such love as mortal woman never before felt? such love as would make the calm, cold attachment of Indiana seem like ice? Joy filled her heart, but it was a guilty joy; the joy that is like Dead Sea apples—beauty without, but ashes within. She heard the soft, low voice of Indiana, replying to Victor's tender words, and she rejoiced that ere long those tones would be hushed forever; and might it not be that those tender words would be addressed to herself? How could he help loving the radiant daughter of the south, after loving the cold-blooded Indiana? The sounds all ceased, and she supposed Indiana now slept. She did so, and Victor, trembling with the excess of his emotions, went back to Valerie. She stood just where he had left her, and her eagle eye watched his countenance as he approached, as if she could read from it her sentence of death or pardon. He shut the door, that his wife might not be disturbed.

"Valerie," he said, "you, who profess to love me so much, have shown only your hate to another. Did you think of the consequence of your mad, insane act? Did it occur to you that if discovered in it, you were liable to imprisonment for life? Did you know that if successful, you would expiate your guilt as murderers expiate theirs? And do you know it is in my power to bring you to this—to disgrace you forever?"

Her eyes were looking full at him, as he uttered these words, and she heard them, every one. The low, but distinct tones fell like fire upon her heart; but her hand did not tremble nor her cheek blanch.

"I have but one plea, Victor—one only—my deep, lasting, unutterable love."

"Silence! such a confession should bring shame and confusion to any woman. One word more of a love that brings a blush to my own cheek to hear spoken of, and I will acquaint Mr. Leslie with your horrid design upon his daughter's life. Love! never again desecrate its holy name by coupling it with a passion so base as yours. Leave this room! I cannot breathe in your presence." He rang the bell as he spoke, and ordered the servant who answered it to go for a physician whom he named. Valerie left the room as he bade her, but as she opened the door, she turned upon him one of those despair-

ing, sorrowfully tender looks that often disarm the most indignant.

"Away, woman!" he cried, as if in terror, and she disappeared.

The physician arrived, and Victor told him, without scruple, his suspicions that Indiana had been poisoned; but positively refused to criminate any person whatever.

"The object now, is to counteract it, not to trace its source, doctor. I believe—nay, I know that she has taken it in minute doses for weeks. Can you obviate its effects?"

"Perhaps I can. It depends on her having constant care, in administering the remedies which I shall prescribe. The antidote must be as minute as the poison, and if you promise that no one else shall administer it but yourself, I will undertake her case. Of course you feel, my friend, that only God can bless the means we use."

He found his patient even more exhausted than he had anticipated, and stayed by her through the night. Victor forbore to acquaint Mr. and Mrs. Leslie with what he had discovered. At least, he would wait until his mind was made up how to dispose of Valerie. Meantime, he was needed constantly in Indiana's apartment, and he tried only to banish from his mind what was so dreadful to remember, until his wife should recover. Mrs. Leslie sat constantly by her daughter's sick bed, in patient wonder at Victor's unceasing watchfulness. The good lady little thought what a horrible death she was contending with, or how deep the struggle she was going through. Stranger still, she deemed Valerie's absence—she who had been so devoted to the invalid. But no one answered her questions, and like a sensible woman she forbore to ask more. At last, Indiana was pronounced out of danger. The news spread through the house, and was repeated to Valerie many times. She sat like one in a dream, looking wasted and worn. Her beauty had faded since that night, and large, dark hollows had gathered beneath her eyes.

Had Victor seen her during this time, he might have suspected that she was trying the same process on her own frame, that she had tried upon Indiana; but he saw her not; and if, in some pause in his tender cares over the beloved invalid, his thoughts wandered towards Valerie, it was with a pitying sentiment unmingled with hatred, yet with a strong abhorrence of her sin. And Victor must have been more than man, had he not felt as he did. On the seventh day, Indiana was pronounced out of danger. The medicines had worked favorably, and although her physician thought she might long experience weak-

ness, yet her good constitution was taken into the account, and argued well for the future.

When the doctor was congratulating her, Mrs. Leslie ran into the room, and begged him to go to Valerie. He went, and found her apparently dying. She was entreating for one word with Victor; but long before he came, she had passed to another tribunal. To his latest hour, Victor never revealed the fearful secret of those unhappy weeks, except to her from whom he had no concealment. She wept at the sad fate of one whom she had loved as a sister, and unlike what is generally believed of her sex, she did not condemn her too severely for loving her husband. Even the attempt upon her own life, she tried to cover with a mantle of charity, generously asserting that she must have been insane, when she gave her the poison, and that her madness reached the climax when she destroyed herself.

Mrs. Leslie wondered and questioned, but the secret remained inviolate. The daughter, who knew that her mother had loved Valerie almost as well as she had loved her own child, could not bear to shake her mother's faith in the nature she had guided and nurtured. Only the old negress suspected what had happened, and for her own sake, she kept silent. It was the only sorrowful remembrance in the lives of the devoted pair; and their child grew up so good and beautiful, that through her, at least, their lives passed as brilliant as an eastern story.

BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following is a table of the comparative losses of life sustained in the battles of the Revolution:

	British Loss.	American Loss.
Lexington, April 19, 1775,	273	84
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1054	456
Flatbush, August 12, 1776,	400	200
White Plains, August 26, 1776,	400	400
Trenton, December 26, 1776,	1000	9
Princeton, January 5, 1777,	400	100
Hubbardstown, August 17, 1777,	800	800
Bennington, August 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, September 11, 1777,	500	1100
Stillwater, September 17, 1777,	600	350
Germanstown, October 5, 1777,	600	1250
Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, (surrendered)	5752	—
Red Hook, October 22, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 25, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, August 27, 1778,	260	214
Briar Creek, March 30, 1779,	13	400
Stony Point, July 15, 1779,	600	100
Camden, August 16, 1779,	375	610
King's Mountain, October 1, 1780,	950	96
Cowpens, January 17, 1781,	800	72
Guilford C. H., March 15, 1781,	532	400
Hobkirk Hills, April 25, 1781,	400	460
Eutaw Springs, September, 1781,	1000	550
Yorktown, Oct., 1781, (surrendered)	7072	—

[ORIGINAL.]

I WINNA TELL WHAT JENNIE SAID.

BY FUZ.

When Jennie took the narrow path
That hameward through the barley led,
And Willie joined the sonsie lass,
I winna tell what Jennie said.

When Willie took sweet Jennie's hand,
Sweet Jennie hung her bonnie head;
When Willie said he lo'ed her dear,
I winna tell what Jennie said.

When Willie kissed sweet Jennie's lips,
Baith Jennie's cheeks were unco red;
And when he kissed her owre again,
I winna tell what Jennie said.

When Willie asked the bonnie lass
Life's rough and smooth wi' him to tread,
Sweet Jennie, wi' her een sae blue—
I winna tell you what she said.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DESERTER.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY FRANCIS ADALBERT COREY.

THE shadows of twilight were settling slowly. They crept dim and dusky into the rosy parlor of a mansion situated upon the banks of the Hudson, casting an unusual gloom over the generally pleasant apartment, though in perfect keeping with the feelings of Major Lee, its owner, as he paced rapidly back and forth the length of the room, his brow slightly clouded by earnest thought. It was clearly evident that some affair of more than ordinary moment troubled him, for he had been walking there, in that same preoccupied way, for more than an hour. Presently he turned, and gave the bell-rope an impatient jerk. A servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"Bid Nellie to come here," was the command he made.

The servant departed, and in a few moments the door again opened, and a young girl entered. She could not have been more than seventeen, and yet was possessed of all the rich beauty of ripened womanhood. Her features were faultlessly regular and finely moulded—eyes of deeply liquid blue peeped from under the long lashes, curls of that beautiful brown which looks golden in the sunlight, fell upon her white shoulders, and her carriage was perfectly erect, graceful,

and lady-like. She came forward with a bright, happy smile parting her rosy lips.

"What do you wish, dear papa?" she asked.

"To have a little talk with you, Nellie. I may not have another chance. You know I am going away to-morrow."

"Yes." And the joyous face clouded a little. "I am sorry, papa, so sorry! I shall be very lonesome when you are gone; but your country needs you most, and for her sake, I will give you up without a murmur."

"You are a dear, unselfish body, and a dear lover of your native land!" said the father, with some emotion.

"I hope so. My years are few in number, but I have lived long enough to learn to hate the haughty British tyrants as much as I am capable of disliking anybody. America has been under their feet quite long enough! I look eagerly forward to the time when she shall take her proper place among the nations of the earth. There must be strife first. Blood has already been spilled, and more will follow. You are going to battle in the noble cause, and I shall bid you godspeed, with a brave heart."

"I am sure you will, Nellie. But I have called you here to talk of something else. I may not have time to say all I wish in the morning, I shall be so busy." He paused a moment, and the girl's eyes sought the floor.

"What is it, papa?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Nellie, you have always been a good and obedient child, but in one thing you have done very wrong. Without my consent you have formed an unfortunate attachment, and it must be broken off. I did not dream of such a result when I invited Maurice Campbell to visit us. I have remarked for several days how you stood toward each other, but he is not the husband I would have chosen for you."

"What are your objections to him?" Nellie ventured to ask.

"I do not consider he is worthy of you, my child. I have lived longer than you, and am the best judge of one of my own sex. Therefore I warn you against young Campbell, for I do not consider him deserving of such a prize."

"Did he ever commit a bad action, to your knowledge?"

"O, no indeed! I know but very little about him. If he were a true, right-feeling man, would he not have been fighting the battles of his country long ere this?"

"He is going to-morrow, papa. He could not leave before. He will join the patriot army under the brave Washington. You see you cannot charge him with inactivity now!"

"If this is the truth. Who told you, Nellie?"

"He did, himself," answered the girl, blushing.

"Where have you seen him lately?"

"We have met quite often. I didn't know you'd be displeased."

"I am not—only sorry. But you mustn't see him again."

"I have promised to meet him to-night, papa, to bid him good-by. After this I will make no more appointments, until I can do so without incurring your displeasure."

"Thank you, Nellie. I love you all the better for your ready compliance. It has taken a great load from my heart. Were I only sure young Campbell is to be trusted, I would gladly give you to him, if your heart is interested. As it is, I cannot. There is also another reason. I have partly promised your hand to some one else."

"If I give up Maurice for your sake, papa, you must not expect me to receive any other lover instead."

"You shall act your own pleasure in regard to that. I never shall attempt to force you to marry any one. But Ralph Burton has made overtures for your hand, and I have given him encouragement to persevere. It would afford me much pleasure, if you would learn to regard his attentions favorably."

"Ralph Burton! Why, papa, I am surprised at you! He is a mean, cowardly fellow, not fit to have a wife!"

"I fear you misjudge him. He is a very strong patriot."

"I doubt that. If there ever was a hypocrite, he is that one. So strong is my belief, that I solemnly promise, if he does not turn out to be a royalist to his heart's ease, in the end, I will marry any one you may choose."

Major Lee laughed a little at the earnest face with which his daughter said this, and returned:

"Please to remember your promise. I may yet call for its fulfilment."

And so they parted—the father to finish his preparations for an early start in the morning, and the daughter to seek her lover in the garden. The parting of the young couple was very affecting. They talked long and earnestly of the future, and at last, Nellie said:

"I can never marry you without my father's consent, Maurice; but you, and you only, will ever possess my heart. I will remain true to you through all trials. For my sake try to distinguish yourself upon the field of battle, and thus gain papa's approval. It is our only hope."

And the young man promised, holding the girl's hand clasped tightly in his own, and looking into her truthful eyes. Early the next morn-

ing the father and lover both departed, though by different stages, and sweet Nellie Lee was left alone in the home of her childhood, with only two old servants to protect her in their absence.

Three months went slowly by, very slowly indeed to our fair heroine. She saw nothing of the absent, though hearing from them quite frequently. Major Lee wrote many long, loving letters, and sent home to her, but Maurice was silent, for she had refused to correspond with him while away. But her father spoke of him frequently, and each time with growing respect, dwelling upon his bravery and noble exploits, expatiating upon them in glowing terms, as something Nellie would like best to hear about. He seemed to have really begun to like the young man, when one day the girl received a letter from him which dashed all her bright hopes to the ground. The following is an extract:

"By the way, Nellie, dear, the suspicions which I always confessed I entertained of this Maurice Campbell, were not without a cause. I was, however, beginning to look upon him with a more favorable eye (for, to tell the truth, the fellow has done some very noble deeds lately), when, nearly a week since, he suddenly deserted, one night—left the army! Of course he is disgraced forever. I am sorry for your sake, Nellie, for I have had my eye on the rascal, and, had he gone on as well as he begun, I could have received him quite gladly as a son-in-law. As it is, I am sure you will never think of wedding him, for I know you detest a traitor as much as myself, and I fear he will yet become one. I really can't conceive what made him desert, for cowardice was certainly not one of his failings. Strive to forget him, for my sake, darling."

We will say nothing of the surprise, grief, shame of Nellie, as she read this. Had Maurice Campbell, the man whom she had learned to love so much, had he indeed proved so false, and recreant to every sense of honor? God forgive him! Three days afterward, as she and black Hester the cook sat alone in the kitchen of the farmhouse (old Pomp the only male servant being gone), there came a hurried rap upon the outer door. Before Hester could reach it, it was pushed hastily open, and a man entered, dusty, and travel-stained. One single glance into his face was all that was required for Nellie to recognize him. It was Maurice! The high-minded girl neither went forward nor spoke, but waited for the young man to approach. He seized both her hands in eager greeting, as he exclaimed:

"How glad I am to see you again, Nellie!"

The girl looked him steadily in the face, but made no answer.

"What is the matter, darling? Have you no word of welcome?"

"None," was the cold reply.

"Explain yourself. What is the meaning of this?" asked the young man, with apparent surprise. "Affairs must have taken a strange turn, if Miss Lee forgets her friends so soon."

"You and I are friends no longer, Mr. Campbell," she returned. "I claim no companionship with deserters and traitors!"

Young Campbell gave a start of surprise.

"What! have you found that out so very soon?" he asked.

"Yes, I have already learned of your treachery. O, Maurice, Maurice!" she cried, now completely breaking down; "how could you have become so base? I had such strong hopes of you when you went away. Now they are all crushed. Henceforth we must be entire strangers."

"Don't say that, Nellie, O, don't say that! There may be some extenuating circumstance—you may yet forgive me."

"I can neither forget nor forgive. If your sin had been anything else, perhaps I might, but this seems the worst thing you could have done—forsaking your country, when she is so much in need of your services!"

"Wait a little, Nellie, before you believe me entirely bad. Something may yet happen to prove the contrary. But I have no time to talk of this now. For two days a lawless band of Tories has been on my track, and they cannot be far away at this moment. I am too weary to go much further to-night. Can you forget your resentment enough to conceal me somewhere?"

"My God! Are you, then, in danger, Maurice? Yes, yes, those dreadful men must not get you in their clutches! We will hide you if it is possible. Do you suppose the house will be searched?"

"It is more than likely."

"Then I can think of no place where you would be likely to remain secure. Heaven help me, or I shall go wild!"

"Don't take it so much to heart, Nellie," said the young man, soothingly. Then, after thinking a moment, he exclaimed:

"I have an idea. Hester the cook and I are of about the same size. Send her to one of the neighbors, and I will take her place. Are you willing to go, Hester?"

"Laws, massa, I'd do anything missus tole me."

"Then I suppose it is all settled. You had better go at once, before the soldiers find you here. Only give me one of your longest dresses first."

Her request was complied with, and in less than five minutes the old negro had left the house. Then Nellie showed Maurice to a chamber where the desired change might be made. When he came forth, a few minutes afterwards,

the disguise was complete. His face and hands were stained to a becoming brown, he wore a wig which was unmistakably "woolly," a handkerchief was thrown over his head, after the fashion of a turban, and he was dressed in the coarse cotton gown then much worn by the colored classes. No one could have even mistrusted the cheat. Nellie looked up in astonishment.

"The metamorphosis is complete! Your best friends would not know you!"

"Good Lor! I reckon fact dey wouldn't, missus," he said, imitating exactly, Hester's voice and manner.

At this moment the sound of a bugle was heard near at hand.

"They are coming," said Maurice, looking out.

Nellie approached the window. A party of horsemen were coming at full gallop down the road, and only a short distance off, even then.

"O, what if they should suspect you, after all, Maurice?" cried the girl, in a terrified voice.

"Would you be very sorry?" asked the young man, softly.

"Of course! Were you only a stranger, I should regret it."

"Would you not grieve more for me than for a common friend?"

"Why should I? We never can be more to each other. But we have no time to speak of this now. O, be careful, very careful, Maurice, wont you—for your own sake?"

The horsemen had by this time reached the yard, and were dismounting. Soon there came a heavy knock upon the door. Maurice paused, with his hand upon the latch.

"Now be brave and calm—fear nothing, my Nellie," he said. "Rest assured no one shall insult you when I am by."

Before the girl could make any return to this, the knock was repeated, louder and more imperative. Maurice gave one of the chairs a kick, and then opened the door.

"Seems to me it takes a good while to stir you up," said a man of about thirty, standing in the porch, and appearing to be the leader of the party. "Hope you'll come quicker next time."

"I 'clare to gracious, massa, I started jest as soon as I could. Dese ole legs wont carry me so fast as dey used to. I stumbled over a chair, anyhow, I's in sich a tew."

"Well, never mind; where's your master?"

"Gone souf dis long time, to fight de Englishers."

"In whose charge has he left his house and property?"

"Missus, mine, and ole Poms. We're sort of in company, you see."

The tory leader laughed a little, and then said :
 "Well, don't stand there in the way. We shall be obliged to see your mistress, I suppose, if Major Lee is away."

He strode past her, and entered the kitchen. Nellie had heard his voice at the door, and had recognized it at once. It was Ralph Burton! Indeed she had not suspected the genuineness of his patriotic sentiments without just cause. He was in truth a tory of the rankest kind. He had only pretended to be a patriot for a little while, hoping thus to gain the good will of Major Lee, and through him, that of his daughter. He had kept up the show of patriotism until circumstances had compelled him to take a more open course. Nellie's heart throbbed painfully, and she was almost faint from grief and fear, yet outwardly she continued calm, and she advanced to meet Captain Burton without a sign of emotion, save some little surprise.

"Are you alone, Miss Lee?" he asked, in a respectful tone.

"Yes sir, Hester and I," returned Nellie, very quietly.

"I regret being obliged to put you to trouble, miss, but—"

"Well, sir, what do you wish?" asked the girl, seeing he hesitated.

"The fact is, we were informed that a noted rebel, bearing important papers, was somewhere in this vicinity, and we have been in pursuit of him for two days, now. An hour since we were sure he was not far away, and shortly afterwards we saw a man enter the house here, while we were on the summit of the hill. He came from the road, and much resembled the one we are after, though, of course, we were too far away to distinguish him very plainly."

"Laws, massa, dat was nobody but Pomp, my ole man. Don't see how you could think sich a black nig as he was a white man. Golly, wouldn't he feel stuck-up, if he on'y know'd it?"

And Hester, or the personage who appeared to be Hester, laughed quite gleefully at the thought.

"I think it quite probable we were mistaken, but it will do no harm to be on the safe side. Will you be kind enough to give us permission to search the house?"

"Certainly, for it would be useless to refuse when the power is all in your own hands. But I assure you no one will be found concealed here whom you have not already seen. But it is not likely such a statement from me will convince you."

"If you say you have not given shelter to this rebel, I shall be bound to believe you. But we must make a show of searching the premises, to satisfy the men, you know."

Nellie bowed assent to this remark, and gave the keys into the hands of the officer, requesting him to invite the men to satisfy themselves.

"I 'clare for it, missus, hope ye aint goin' ter let 'em nasty sojer chaps come in on de clean floors! It'll look wus 'n a hog-pen in less than half an hour!"

"We cannot help it now, Hester," Nellie returned. "Try, for my sake, to bear it as patiently as you can."

Captain Burton beckoned for four or five men to enter, and, resigning the keys Nellie had given him, into the hands of one of them, he directed them to make a thorough search of the premises, avoiding as much as possible to discover all unnecessary privacies. When they had departed, he turned to Nellie, and said :

"Do not fear for yourself, my dear Miss Lee. You and yours shall not be harmed, if it is in my power to prevent it. I will remain near to protect you."

"Bress ye, I'd like to see one o' dem nasty devils raisin' their fingers at her, dat I would!" cried Hester, her eyes snapping. "Dey nebber'd know what hurt 'em, ef I could on'y come near enuff their heads wid de broomstick. 'Fore de Lor', I 'clare dey wouldn't!"

"You see what an ally my father left me in Hester," Nellie said, with an uneasy smile.

"Yes, if I ever saw fire in any one's eyes, it was hers, just now," returned the tory, speaking in a guarded tone.

Nellie now arose, and with a gracious air, invited the captain into the sitting-room. He took a seat upon the sofa near her, smiling complacently to himself, at the favor which was thus shown him. He really thought in his own mind, he had almost made a conquest of the bewitching little rebel, her manner towards him for the next half hour was so respectful, and so flattering to his vanity. The time slipped away unawares, to one, at least, and they were at last interrupted from quite an interesting conversation, in the continuance of which Captain Burton became more and more charmed and fascinated with the coquettish wiles of his companion, by the entrance of Hester, saying :

"Did ye eber hear de beat? Dem sojer men aint no better nor de wild beasts, dey's so ill-mannered! Dey've found de way into de pantry, and got into dem jars o' 'serves ye set away so nice, and dey wont last more'n five minutes, longer, de way dey're puttin' 'em down. Hope de Lor' ebry mouthful'll stick in der froam!"

"O, well, never mind, Hester," said Nellie, pleasantly. And then catching up a slip of paper which the seeming servant had dropped, un-

observed by the captain, she went on to say, after reading the few words pencilled thereon :

"But what you have said reminds me that the soldiers must be tired and hungry, after such a march as they have taken to-day. If you will please to excuse me for a few moments, Captain Burton, Hester and I will set before them what little provisions we have on hand."

The tory leader bowed, and begged her not to trouble herself, but Nellie remained firm, and soon left him alone, while she found her way into the kitchen. All at once she seemed really anxious to extend the hospitalities of the house to the enemies of her country ; but the reader will not be surprised when he knows that the paper which had been dropped for her to read, contained these words :

"Can you think of nothing we can give these tories which will act as a sleeping potion ? there is a chance for taking the whole gang !"

Nellie and Hester bustled about quite busily for some time. Bread, pies, cake, doughnuts and cheese were distributed among the men, and Nellie sent two of them to the cellar to bring up a keg of cider. This last had been heavily drugged, and Hester passed it around, taking care that every man should have his share. What remained was left exposed, so that the soldiers might help themselves, which most of them did, quite freely. Its effects soon began to be perceptible. They reeled in their chairs, or stretched themselves upon the floor, dropping off, one by one, into slumber. Captain Burton stormed and fumed at first, and endeavored to arouse them, but he had drunk as freely as any one, and was soon snoring as loudly as his companions. When sure he was safe from detection, Maurice threw off his assumed character, and said, in his natural voice :

"Now find me cord enough to bind these valiant soldiers, and you and I will have nothing more to fear from them."

Nellie did as directed, and soon all were secure.

"I wish to ask you one question, Maurice," she then said. "If you have deserted from the American army, why should you still be an enemy to the British ?"

"Because it is my nature, Nellie, and I cannot help it," he answered. "But I am going to let you into a secret. I know where there is a band of patriots encamped, not more than four miles away. Shall you be afraid to stay here alone until I reach and bring them here ?"

"O, no ! but it seems strange that you should take all this trouble."

"I wish to do my countrymen one good service by which they can remember me," he an-

swered with a smile. "I shall not be gone long. I will take one of the best horses in the yard, here, and hurry as fast as possible."

During the two long hours when Nellie kept guard over the sleeping soldiers, she thought very frequently of Maurice Campbell. She did not quite understand him ; he had grown to be something of a mystery to her. If he was really a deserter, how dared he to go among the very men from whom he had fled ? It was all very strange to her. Maurice brought a little band of about twenty soldiers with him when he returned. The tories were only fourteen in number. They were placed in a wagon together, and driven off under a strong guard. Maurice went with them, only stopping to bid Nellie good-by, first.

"I have done all I could for you," she said ; "but it was for the last time. I shall never do it again. This is our last meeting. Do not come again."

She coldly shook hands with him, and thus they parted. More than a week went by. Nellie was by the window in the sitting-room, looking dreamily out, when Hester entered, bearing a letter. She gave it to the girl, saying :

"A man jest lef it at de door for ye, missus."

Nellie opened it. It was from Major Lee, and read as follows :

"I was laboring under a dreadful mistake when I wrote my last letter, dear child. I said that young Campbell had deserted. It is not true ! I will tell you how I made such a mistake. He was entrusted with important business of some secret nature, by the brave Washington. It was necessary that no one should know of it, until the result was determined, and therefore he pretended to desert, as the surest way to keep down all suspicion. Now he has returned in safety, his business completed, and Washington has given him a captaincy for his bravery. He has told me all that occurred while he stopped with you. I still hope some day to claim him as a son, darling Nellie."

The girl looked up, her eyes fairly dancing for joy. Then she noticed for the first time that Hester was watching her.

"De man dat brung de letter is at de door yit, missus," said the negress, with a sly smile, "and wants to see ye."

Nellie sprang up, and ran to the porch. Maurice was there waiting, and he fondly clasped her in his arms, saying :

"Is it all clear to you now, my darling ?"

"O, yes, yes ! Can you ever forgive me for doubting you ?"

She raised her earnest face to his to ask the question, but her only answer was a shower of tender kisses.

[ORIGINAL.]

ALONE.

BY GEORGE W. CROWELL.

Alone in my silent chamber,
 Alone in the fading light,
 I watch the crimson sunset
 Which trails on the robes of night.

While my thoughts like waves are surging—
 Like waves on a distant shore,
 Which in long and measured cadence
 Rise and fall forevermore.

And they breathe of the departed,
 Of one who once by my side
 Meek and humbly trod life's pathway,
 Then wearily sunk and died.

She died as the golden sunset
 Dies in the glimmering skies,
 When day in her crimson glory
 On the rim of evening lies.

Thus into the land of shadows
 She went softly to her rest,
 Fading as calm and peacefully
 As the twilight in the west.

One by one life's transient sunbeams
 Crossed my path, a moment play,
 Fall a softened gleam of splendor,
 And then slowly fade away.

Still I hear the murmured voices,
 Cherished and remembered long;
 See a form now lost forever,
 Yet my heart is firm and strong;

See her in the fading twilight,
 Feel her spirit-hand in mine,
 Breathing words of hope and comfort
 In her simple faith sublime.

In the silence of my chamber
 Thus I dream of one that died;
 One I loved in sunny childhood
 More than all the world beside.

O'er the waves of time forever,
 Where the light of day has fled,
 With the starless night above me,
 I am drifting with the dead.

Man has three friends in this world—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? Money, his best friend, leaves him first, and goes not with him. His relations and friends accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third, which he often forgets during his life, are his good works. They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MYSTERY

IN No. 19 CROFTONHIELS ROW.

BY HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

GEORGE STOUGHTON is my name; generally I write M. D. at the back of it. I have been for thirteen years in Texas, but the circumstances which I shall plainly narrate occurred before I went as surgeon to the Myro Station. A short time ago I received a note from Mr. Leech asking as a particular favor that I would inform him of the *Mystery* in No. 19 Croftonhiels Row, with which at that time I was known to be connected. In compliance with his request I proceed to write out all the dreadful particulars in my possession. I suppose it is his intention to publish them—with that I have nothing to do. If this recital is ever printed (which I have every reason to suppose will be done), the reading public will be made acquainted, officially as it were, of the truth of all those dreadful circumstances which they have heretofore only guessed at from garbled, curtailed, or exaggerated newspaper accounts.

When I was quite a young man, and just beginning to get along cleverly in my profession, I took an office in Boston, but soon after had a tempting offer of partnership made me by Doctor Burns, if I would locate in Stillwell, New Hampshire, which offer I soon accepted, and found my quarters pleasant, the town a paragon of neatness and thrift, and my practice of such dimensions that all fears of failure vanished.

The most remarkable buildings in this flourishing eastern village were a row of mammoth houses, built of brown stone, and extending a whole block, which were built by the wealthiest resident of the town, a man by the name of David Croftonhiels, and after him named "Croftonhiels Row." These buildings, it is said, were built by this eccentric gentleman to represent a row by the same name in his native city in Scotland; and here in Stillwell they were occupied by the wealthiest residents. In No. 19 lived David Croftonhiels himself, and a kinder-hearted gentleman it has never been my fortune to meet with.

He was a widower when I first came to Stillwell, and lavished all his love upon an only child, a daughter; and May Croftonhiels was indeed the belle of Stillwell. With a form and face of grace and radiant beauty, lively conversational powers, a mind gifted far above the ordinary standard, a heart ever open to the appeals of

charity and mercy, is it wonderful that May was the idol and pet of all who knew her?

David Croftonhiels was a great student and antiquarian, and was occupied a greater part of his time in his study, and as he had constructed No. 19 for his own use, you may be sure he had secured his own privacy by many ingenious modes. There was one servant who generally attended him, Wilkie More by name, a young Scotchman whom he had taken into his service and to whom he was very kind. Wilkie was no favorite in the house other than with his master, for his dark, restless eyes, his heavy, straight, coarse, black hair, thin lips, and pale face, was rather repulsive than engaging, and he had a creeping, shuffling, sidelong gait with him which was treacherous looking, besides ungainly.

I believe this Wilkie was fond of books, and was indulged in an opportunity for various reading by his master during his attendance on him in his secret library, and perhaps this was the key to his master's exceeding partiality for him. But I am, I find, spending too much time on matters which do not directly relate to this recital, and shall have to keep myself as near as possible on a straight track to be properly understood.

I mentioned previously the loveliness of May Croftonhiels. It had made an impression on my heart which I had never received before. I loved the gentle girl with the whole strength of my soul, and I was not long in discovering that her preference was for me over all her Stillwell admirers. I made known my desires to her father, whose consent to pay my addresses to his daughter was readily obtained. This time was the oasis in my life: Never before had the springs of joy welled up in the deserts of my heart. Never since have I loved— But 'tis folly thus in me, an old-stationed Texas surgeon, to reopen the wounds which I find with all my skill I cannot heal. Let those months of joy in my memory be as blank as has been my useless life ever since—

Our marriage-day had been fixed for the eighteenth of September. It was now June, and we looked forward to the crown-day of our lives with that fond anticipation which none but those in such situations can appreciate. One day in the latter part of June I went over to No. 19 in order to see that my sweet May was ready for a promised ride with me, ere I ordered the horses to be saddled. The door of No. 19 was open, so I noiselessly entered, intending to surprise my darling. I went up stairs without meeting a soul. On the second floor May's boudoir was situated. I crept silently towards the heavy

drapery which concealed the entrance and hid myself in the folds as I looked into the room.

May was dressed in her riding-habit, the long, full skirt of sea-green color trailing upon the rich carpet; her tasteful hat sat jauntily upon her rich brown curls; one hand her gauntlet glove encased, with the other she was twining some tiny flowers about the gilded cage of her lovely fine-voiced canaries, whilst she was speaking to them in her own pet language, with her own bird-voice sweeter than their own.

O, May, dearest! I see you now, my angel one, as you stood there amongst the flowers, the zephyrs through the windows filling the room with the sweet June breath, all grace, loveliness and goodness. How my heart swelled with joy and thanks as I stood thus looking at her who was so soon to be my own dear wife. As I stood thus, and about to break the spell of this enchantment, a stealthy form glided by me into the room. I cannot account for it now, but as the figure brushed past me it seemed as though some poisonous, stifling wave had enveloped my whole body, and had insinuated a loathsome blight into all the particles of my blood. It blinded me for a moment with its horror; but when I shook off this spell, I saw it was only Wilkie More, the weird servant, who had gone into the room with a glass of wine and some cake as a lunch for his mistress. I was about to speak, but some mysterious premonition urged me to secrecy and silence; but I watched the Scotchman while his mistress partook of the fare.

"Well, Wilkie," said she, "how do you succeed in your learning?"

"Ah, well (which he pronounced broadly "weel"), Miss May, very well. I have only one hope of study, of life, now." And he came near to her, and seemed to glare upon her, I thought.

"What is that, Wilkie?" asked May, taking a sip of wine, and willing to indulge the poor fellow by talking to him.

"I'm in love, Miss May."

Poor Wilkie, I thought, in my recess, with pardonable vanity, there's many better men than you in the same situation.

"In love, Wilkie, man!" and an amused smile flitted across my darling's face. "Who are you in love with—Jane the cook, or Betty the housemaid? Come, tell me, and I will speak a good word for you to your sweetheart."

"It's only you can do it, then, Miss May," replied Wilkie.

"How's that?"

"It's you I love, Miss May. O, you are my

angel! I kiss your feet, dear Miss May—only love poor Wilkie. I shall make riches in time for you. But you must never marry that doctor; it would kill me indeed, for Wilkie More loves you more than his life."

And the poor wretch threw himself at his mistress's feet, his hair tossed about his head like a million writhing serpents, his eyes seemed to dilate, and his form trembled like a wave-tossed ship. No wonder I felt at that moment the return of that incomparable, sickening disgust which first assailed me. As he clasped the fair dimpled hand of my darling in his own, the same look of inexplicable horror seemed to creep over her face, and she repulsed him from her; but he madly, violently proclaimed his passion, and would not leave her when she ordered him to do so, but seemed to retain her wrist in his painful clasp.

At this moment I stepped into the room, and catching the fellow by the neck, I dashed him from her, and sent him like a top whirling round the room. When he regained his equilibrium, his fists doubled up as though he would strike me; but all at once the fire died out, his whole frame seemed to sink into stillness, his eyes ceased to roll, but somehow seemed to sink far back into his head and glare like two dimly seen balls of fire. His face became a deep, ashen hue, and he slunk away behind the drapery, but I caught his muttered words, though he spoke them in broad, guttural Scotch, "She'll be nae wife o' yours! He, he!"

After my dear one's fears were over, we had a good laugh at poor More's passion, and I felt more sorrow than anger for the fellow. We took our ride, and the incident was forgotten. But heavens! what sorrow was in store for us all! With the passing months of summer my darling's health commenced to fade. The bloom in her cheeks, which vied in its soft carnation with the rose, died out. The light in her sweet eyes grew dimmer. Her cheeks, before so round and full and dimpled, grew hollow. She complained of no pains nor aches; and although my friend, Doctor Burns, and myself attended her each day, we could recommend nothing but gentle stimulants. There appeared to be no actual seated disease, but a real wasting away, seemingly a drying up of all the sap of life.

O, those agonizing days and nights—the grief of the whole family, the despair of the poor father, and last of all, the misery of poor More, who, sleeplessly vigilant to obey all orders for his sick mistress's comfort, seemed to be dying for grief that she was so ill; his face grew paler and his eyes more sunken. I forgave the poor

wretch for his former audacity when I experienced his present faithfulness.

July, August and September in the commencement did she grow worse. On the eighteenth day of this latter month she was so weak she could scarcely speak, but when I went towards her as she lay upon the bed like an angel sleeping, she turned towards me with a languid sweetness, and winding her thin arms around my neck, she whispered:

"Dearest George, you know what this day is?"

"Yes, my darling," I gasped.

"It was to be our wedding-day, you know. O, George, my loved one! I shall soon be another's bride." And she sank upon her pillows, lifeless.

*"Early, bright, transient,
Chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled,
And went to heaven."*

Ah, sir, what can be a lone man's solemn griefs to the thousands who perhaps will read this narrative. It would but be the oft-repeated tale, so I shall pass on to the other mysteries of No. 19 Croftonhills Row, Stillwell, N. H.

After the death of May in so mysterious a manner, there was considerable odium attached to No. 19, and for a long time it was vacant save by Wilkie More, who remained in the house by David Croftonhills's orders. The master, first soliciting me to go with him to Scotland, whither he was going in the endeavor to rebuild his constitution, which had been sadly shattered by his beloved daughter's death, and after my refusal to leave Stillwell, he appointed me agent for his property, and I remained in the town, a broken, brooding man. I saw Wilkie but seldom now; but I was so immersed in my own sorrow that, Heaven forgive me! I never thought of the poor suffering creature across the way. But one day he came over to me for the key of the study door, and I was so struck by the change in him that I said:

"Why, Wilkie, you look sick. What's the matter, man?"

"I think Doctor Stoughton looks mair sick than Wilkie. What d'ye think's the matter wi' him?" he replied, with the black scowl coming over his face, and his burning eyes going back farther and further in his head, and glowing as of yore.

I did not mind his rudeness, but insisted upon giving him some medicine.

"Take your ain greuel, doctor, Wilkie More needs nane o' it." And he shuffled out sideways from my office, his limp figure swaying and dangling as if the lower and upper portion of his person was connected by hinges.

In a few weeks more I had rented the mansion to a family by the name of Carr, and I was gratified at once more beholding the front of the house assuming its former appearance. Children running in and out at the front door, servants about, lights in the windows at night, and No. 19, I had been so fearful would never be habited again, was the gayest house in the row. Wilkie, I had learned, was retained by the new proprietor as an intelligent and valued servant, who knew all about the strange crypts and nooks in the eccentric building.

One night, in the beginning of December, I was sitting in my office alone. I was deeply sunk in one of those lethargic reveries which comes over us at times, and glancing at the dying embers in my large wood fire, making all sorts of gloomy, fantastic images from the flickering blaze, which hissed and snapped up the chimney one moment, and would dally round the huge, charred log the next. A thundering rap, thrice loudly repeated, sounded at my office door, and in another moment Mr. Carr stood before me, his face blanched, and he a living picture of terror.

"For God's sake, doctor, come over with me to my house. My daughter is dying." And in a few seconds more I stood by the bedside of Emily Carr, in the very room which was clustered so full of bitter memories to me.

A pale, frail girl, of about twenty-three, lay upon the bed; she was quite pretty too, with a very sweet mouth, long golden hair, and a complexion like ivory; but upon those features there rested such a cloud of horror and pain as if the very purity of the soul was poisoned. The teeth were tightly set, and the hands were clenched until the pink nails almost brought blood from their palms. When I entered the room, there seemed to be a fearful struggle in her body; but gradually, as I applied restoratives, the sickening horror which dwelt upon her innocent face was dispelled, and she awoke up with a smile, and seemed perfectly unconscious of any pain.

"O, my daughter!" asked the father, "what ails you? We thought you were dying."

"O, nothing, dear father; but I have now every night such loathsome, sickening, dreadful dreams, that I would rather die than have them repeated."

After leaving Emily some medicine which I thought suitable for her condition, I asked Mr. Carr to follow me into the library.

"Tell me, sir, if you can, if your daughter has been subject to such fits as these, if not, all the symptoms you can recollect which has been attendant upon this malady."

He then informed me that his daughter had enjoyed uniform good health until within a month after moving into No. 19; that at times since then she would fall back into her chair or bed, overcome with a misery and blight which she could compare with nothing save a poison vapor covering eyes, mouth, and nose, and sending its horrid death into her very brain. She had fallen rapidly within the last month, but that evening was the first spasm she had ever had. In conclusion he begged me to tell him what my advice was, what my hopes were. I could not advise. My brain was in a whirl. I could scarcely hope.

"Is there any occurrence which you or your daughter have noticed accompanying these spells?"

"None whatever. But my child asserts that at night sometimes she is aroused by hearing knockings about her wall, and on several occasions she has heard steps distinctly around her—but of course these must be hallucinations."

"Of course," I assented, and shortly after took my leave; but I was by no means satisfied that these noises were hallucinations, and I began to consider the manner I should adopt to unravel the dreadful, destroying mystery in No. 19.

The next day, before the hour of noon, I was summoned again to the troubled mansion; but before I had arrived at the chamber which would ever be sacred to me, Emily Carr was a corpse. The second victim of this mystery.

Again was Croftenhels Row the victim of bad rumors, and No. 19 again deserted. The neighbors called upon me and said that although no person lived in the fated house, there were dreadful sounds to be heard there at night; but upon my conferring with Wilkie More about this, he pronounced it false, and begged me to sleep there myself of nights and test the truth of these rumors. But it was not convenient for me to do so just then, and really not being in the slightest degree superstitious, I let the story of the "haunted house" go for what it was worth, and considered it would be time enough for me to personally interfere when No. 19 should get another tenant.

The winter passed, a dull, awful winter to me, with the wounds in my heart so fresh that every recollection made them bleed again, and in the spring Major Mason, formerly of Stanbury, Maine, applied to me for the terms on which No. 19 could be let. I considered it due to frankness that I should account to that brave officer the ill omen which attached to the house, at the same time stating to him my utter unbelief in any such disturbances, and concluded by

offering him the premises the first six months for nothing, provided he kept the grounds and garden in order. The major, a heavy, jolly looking man, threw out his arm upon the table with emphasis, exclaiming:

"Ghosts! Pah! If you will give me a lease for three years on the premises, at a reduced rental, I will take them, ghosts and all, and there'll not be a snugger house nor handsomer garden in Croftonhiels Row than No. 19. Ghosts! Ha, ha! Do I look as though I was afraid of ghosts? And wait till you see Mrs. Mason and her cousin Lottie Rodgers, all solid specimens, I assure you, who would as soon shake hands with a ghost as go to dinner. Ghosts! I tell you what, doctor, we will show these silly people how to 'fear God and shame the devil.' Make out the papers, sir, and Major Mason will come up to his part of the bargain, you may be sure. Good-morning, sir. Good-morning!" And my hearty guest was gone, and No. 19 had another tenant.

It was indeed a fact that both Mrs. Major Mason and the cousin, Miss Lottie Rodgers, were substantial persons, the former weighing about two hundred pounds, and the latter a trifle under a hundred and eighty pounds. The cousin was a lively lady of about thirty, with a plump face, healthy color, good teeth, and an abundance of animal spirits. They all laughed heartily at the idea of those dim inhabitants of the spiritual world disturbing them in the least, and Miss Rodgers was determined to occupy the haunted chamber herself, so that if any sounds came she could follow them up and detect the roguery, which she doubted not it was. I was glad to find that such tenants occupied No. 19, as I now believed the reports of "hauntings" would soon die out. It was not long, however, before the major waited on me, and the following conversation ensued:

"Doctor, I am afraid there is something wrong in No. 19 after all. I am afflicted with a sense of coming evil."

"Why, how is this, major? Anything new?"

"Yes; you know what a courageous woman Charlotte is—my wife's cousin, I mean?"

"Yes, I believe her to be a brave woman."

"Not at all fanciful or nervous?"

"Neither the one nor the other," I replied.

"You have noticed her surprising vivacity?"

"Frequently. But why these questions?"

"She is a changed woman, Doctor Stoughton. She don't laugh and talk as she used to, the color has all faded from her face, she starts at a person coming suddenly upon her—"

"But this can only be nervousness," I said.

"Nervousness, the deuce! Charlotte Rodgers is not the woman to get suddenly nervous, and besides—"

"O, there are other symptoms?" I asked.

"You shall hear. She complains of feeling continually chilled, her tongue is dry, and she is very feverish; other than this she has no particular pains, only at times a sickening sense of horror pervades her whole being."

"The very symptoms of the rest," I said, uneasily.

"Then she starts up at night, she tells me, and hears plainly sounds about her bed, footsteps as though they were *within* the wall, and knocks as though *trickling* not sounding on the floor; and at such times she does not feel afraid, for it is only when this appalling, disgusting cloud covers over her that she wishes death could relieve her of its unspeakable misery."

"Well, major, I admit that there is some awful mystery connected with all this. As long as delicate organizations felt this loathsome influence sapping vitality, I argued that perhaps imagination had a great share in its creation, such instances not being rare in our profession; but when a healthy, cheerful woman feels all these symptoms, I cannot but conclude that there is a power at work which neither you nor I can understand. I will see Miss Rodgers immediately, will give her some gentle tonics, and I will cancel your lease on No. 19, and hope for your own safety you will leave the fated residence as soon as possible."

"But, my dear sir, I cannot get ready to move before July."

"If you do not, Charlotte Rodgers will be a dead woman," I answered.

"My God, doctor! do you think it will be as bad as that?"

"I only know her symptoms are precisely the same as the others who died in the same way."

"Well, I shall make all haste. What stuff we are made of to be sure. Here was I scoffing at any weakness like a fear of illusory things, and yet I quake with a nameless horror when I contemplate the bare possibility of our losing our noble relative in this dreadful manner." And the major left my office overcome with his grief.

I called to see Miss Rodgers every day, and found her growing thinner and paler every time I saw her. She was losing flesh I am sure at the rate of ten pounds per week. I called consultations with many of my medical friends, and although many theories were started as to the probable cause of these declines, we could arrive at no safe foundation to rest a treatment upon.

I studied day and night medical works, new and old, in the endeavor to reach some similar phenomena of disease, but all my efforts were in vain. At every point baffled, and obliged to await each fresh turn or development of the malady. I advised Major Mason to dismiss from his service Wilkie More, as I thought it likely it might be he who, ranging around the house at "unco" hours, amongst some of those secret passages, which it was well known David Croftonhiels had built to reach his study and prevent intrusion, occasioned the sounds; but the major would not listen to such a suggestion. He said:

"I am really attached to the poor fellow. I could not do without him. He knows every nook and cranny in the building, and is very much attached to all the family. His devotion has touched my heart, and he is the last one I shall part with."

I felt almost sorry that I had broached the subject, for the next day Wilkie came over in haste to summon me to see Miss Rodgers, and he muttered, with a malicious grin on his weird features:

"Sae, doctor, ye are muckle graved tha' Wilkie More should stay i' the old place. But he will—he will."

And he shook his head, and kept on talking to himself, his Scotch getting broader and broader. I took no notice of his surliness, but stood aghast when I entered the fatal chamber at No. 19 and beheld Charlotte Rodgers in the last agonies of death. Thus died the third victim of this mystery.

It was at this time the newspapers got hold of some of the particulars of this mystery, and my name was of course freely mentioned in all accounts of the same. Special reporters were sent to the town, who waited on me, and breaking in upon all sacred privacy, would endeavor to extract from me some of the particulars of the fatal house in Croftonhiels Row, and each day as I pondered over these sad events, I grew more and more determined to elucidate this horrible mystery. Accordingly I notified Wilkie More that upon the following day I should take up my abode in No. 19, and that I would occupy the very chamber in which the three deaths had occurred. I had some of the most necessary of my articles removed thither, and about ten o'clock on the following evening I entered that room where every object always reminded me of my beautiful, beloved May blossom, the sweet bud which had dropped from the stem ere half its sweetest leaves were unfolded, and I almost wished the visitation, whatever it might be,

would prove fatal to me, and bring that Lethe of forgetfulness (even if it was death) which I could never hope to experience whilst I lived. About eleven o'clock I laid myself upon the bed—the very same on which my May, Emily Carr and Charlotte Rodgers had died. I laid a long cavalry sword I possessed upon the table by my side, and a pair of excellent duelling pistols, heavily loaded, to keep it company. I thus felt confident in case of any mortal treachery.

I lay awake till the lamp burned lower and lower, and its strange gleams flickered into weird, dusky shadows amongst the curious drapery and sombre panels of the room. But I did not allow my fancy to weave out of the light's play any spectres or hobgoblins. I felt perfectly calm and ready to meet any emergency; but in a few moments after my light expired I sunk into an uneasy, fitful slumber. My situation of course must have acted somewhat strangely upon my mind, for soon I had troubled dreams, and thought that May was by my side in some strange, mystic solitude, and when in obedience to her calls I came towards her, she retired from me, and as she increased the distance, her features gradually changed to those of Emily Carr and Charlotte Rodgers, and seemed to be distorted with the most dreadful pain.

I tried to awaken from these dreams, for I retained all the while a dim consciousness that they were only visions. But I seemed to be spell-bound by the succession of horrors which enthralled me, and in this frightful nightmare my whole form was paralyzed and dead, my brain alone alive, even to exaggerate, with *Haskish* intensity, every horror which enveloped me. Figures flitted by me, their bodies encircled by a poisonous flame, which sent a sickening odor into my nostrils, and seeming to breathe upon my very face a hot breath of putrefaction, made me shudder and grow faint with their noisome exhalations. O, I shudder now, sir, as I recall those dreadful moments.

As a last and crowning horror to this dream of Gehenna, I was advanced upon by a group of skeletons, who from their own bones emitted such a poisonous vapor that it shrouded them like a black mist, and seemed to stifle me and destroy every life-principle in my being. As they neared me their hideous skulls opened, and thus they came full upon me, these spirit demons, and seemed to crush my head into each of their ghostly sepulchres. With a crash of agonizing pain I awoke, but to what a strange scene! The room, which before had been as dark as the Lake of Acheron, was now lit up by a sort of wavering blueish light, from which also seemed to

arise a stifling, sickening, smothering air. I had hardly time to collect my senses from my dreams of horror before I perceived a figure gliding darkly amongst this vapor. Noiselessly the form waved from one part of the room to the other, seemingly engaged in some occupation, unobtrusive and careless of my presence there.

It is useless talking about a brave man undergoing such a test without flinching. My hair seemed to writhe upon my head, and my flesh seemed creeping over my bones; a chill struck to my very heart's core, and still the ghoul-like vampire, as I did not doubt the figure to be, crept through the apartment, and still the atmosphere became more clouded with the noisome vapor. And thus I lay, consumed with terror, till the figure turned and came straight towards the bed and me, when with a desperate frenzy, born out of fear, I seized the huge sword from the table and sprang for defence at the visitant. But in an instant the appearance seemed to comprehend my purpose, and glided by me swiftly towards the wainscot at the head of the bed. The wall yielded to the touch, and flew open with an easy, sliding sound; the figure passed through, but the crevice did not close again till I had my heavy sword within the hollow enclosure and pressed it back again to its original width, when I dashed through, now by my exertion and excitement entirely divested of my fear. There was a flight of narrow steps behind, and near the bottom flew the figure of the intruder, a dim light all along this secret passage enabling me to see this noiseless flight. I pursued, reckless of the end, and was nearly upon the retreating one, when a large door suddenly closed the passage, and it opened to the flying figure. But I was in an instant upon it, threw all my weight against it with violence, the huge door flew back with a crash which reverberated through the whole of that large mansion, and in another second I was, O, heavens! in the library and secret study of David Croftonhields. Before me stood Wilkie More, whom I had recognized as the intruder, his long black hair waving wildly over his bloodless cheeks, his eyes wild and maniacal glaring like coals in his head, and with his long, waving arms he brandished a chair and swung towards me for battle. It was a desperate moment—alone with a maniac, most likely the murderer of all those victims of the fatal chamber, I knew it would be a struggle for the mastery. And it was.

He dashed upon me with the wildest fury, and before I could with my heavy sword parry his attacks, he had inflicted such a blow upon my left arm that I felt sure it was broken (which

afterwards proved to be the case), and it hung down useless and bleeding by my side. But charging upon him in return, I disabled his arm from using his ponderous weapon, and shortly dealt him such a blow from my sword that his cheek was cleft open, and my weapon gashed his shoulder in its course ere he fell upon the floor at my mercy. It was at this moment he reached up to the oblong table which stood in the shadow, and drinking quickly the contents of a small vial resting there, in a few moments he lay upon the floor in awful spasms, vomiting blood in large quantities, and before the dawn broke Wilkie More was a corpse in the secret study.

And now for the explanation of all these startling deaths. More, it seems, as we afterwards learned by his manuscript, was very fond of the study of chemistry, and he was indulged by the kind David Croftonhields in the pursuit of this knowledge. The secret study was filled with crucibles, and valuable drugs of all kinds, including many which David possessed, which he had imported directly from Turkey, Rome and Greece. Wilkie was probably always insane, or rather incipient insanity dwelt within him, and only needed his love for May Croftonhields to be repulsed to develop his madness. From that moment he not only concocted the subtle Italian poison with which he destroyed the lives of May, Emily and Charlotte, but in the study was found many of the most dangerous poisons ever known to the world, besides old manuscripts with receipts on parchment, many of which I have now in my possession.

There is no doubt he would have gone on poisoning every one who slept in the chamber which May occupied, and the secret passage behind this will account for his ready entrance there from the secret study. He had been in the habit of filling the room with noxious, poisonous gas, which he had been enabled by a simple contrivance to eject from a censer, and no doubt his haggard appearance was caused by his inhaling so much of this himself.

Now it may be asked why I had experienced such a dreadful sensation when Wilkie More first passed me to go into the room where May was. I firmly believe, sir, that this was a premonition given me, which if I had heeded would have saved my May's life. I have since learned to regard this in the latter sense because I have adopted the philosophy of spiritualism.

CAUTION.

You know how fickle common lovers are:
Their oaths and vows are cautiously believed,
For few there are but have been once deceived.
DRYDEN.

(ORIGINAL.)

FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.
TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BY MARY PERCIVAL.

Thou hast left us, friend and daughter!
Left us for the spirit-land;
Where, enthroned, a choir celestial
Hail thee to a happy band.

Would I could watch thy spirit's flight
To realms of purer air,
And see again the dear loved friends
Who dwell in glory there.

Hast thou greeted loving spirits?
Those who meet on earth no more;
They who sleep in death, long parted,
Loved, "not lost, but gone before."

O, we miss thee, friend and daughter,
And lament thine early doom;
While in sorrow we consigned thee
To the dark and silent tomb!

Sad and lonely, we bewail thee,
Loving friend and daughter dear;
Pure the parting gem we gave thee—
'Twas affection's sacred tear.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CAPTIVE OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE.

BY WALTER S. BOND.

THE clear, bright September morning shone cloudlessly over the blue mountains of France, inviting the lover of nature and the sportsman alike to climb their heights. Here and there, over the daisy-enamelled spots of fresh verdure, herdsmen were tending their charges, adding to the picturesqueness and beauty of the scene. Among those who eagerly sought the mountains was the king himself, who, with a number of his courtiers, had availed himself of this charming day, to spend it in exploring these delightful regions.

Louis XIII., then reigning king, had been married to a Spanish princess for twenty-one years. Nothing had occurred to mar the perfect felicity of this union, save the fact that it had produced no offspring. Year after year the hopes of the royal pair had been awakened, and then crushed in disappointment, till they had given up all thought of ever being blessed with children.

To Louis himself, this circumstance was full of bitterness. He had so longed to perpetuate his race upon the throne of France, that to give

up this darling wish was a heartfelt sorrow—yet it was a sorrow that he tried to conceal from the queen; since every allusion to the unfortunate cause inflicted upon her the severest pain.

Time had softened, in some measure, the grief, as it grew more and more inevitable. The attachment of the royal pair was too firmly cemented to droop even before this; and now, upon this very morning, they had parted for the day, as young lovers part, with kisses and tender words, and a fervently-breathed prayer that God would protect and bless each other.

It was high noon upon the mountains. The courtiers drooped before the bright warm atmosphere, and sought out leafy dells, where they could repose from weariness until the sinking afternoon sun should tempt them homeward. The king followed their example for awhile; but a restless spirit possessed him, and he started from a brief slumber, ready and willing to perform another tramp over the mountains. He looked round upon the assembled sleepers; there were old men—as old, or older than himself—with brows on which were indented the furrows made by a long course of struggles after distinction. There were bright young hearts, that had basked only in the sunshine of favor, and had never felt the pressure of misfortune. There were the calm, peaceful faces of those who were borne lightly upon the tide of public life, not caring nor struggling; thinking little of the honors of that native height into which they were born, and dreaming of no reverse, no loss of wealth or position—and, above all, looking for no change in the friendship of their beloved sovereign.

"I ought to be a good king!" he murmured to himself, as he surveyed the group of attached followers; and as he looked again upon one—a young and beautiful boy, whose long, bright curls were blown by the soft wind—he thought, if God had but given him a child, here was the type he would have asked.

Following his own thoughts, in which hope had no share, he wandered pensively along until he lost sight of the group, and could only dimly discern the figure of the man who had stood as armed sentinel outside of the circle. Leaning on his rifle, this man had so far caught the infection of slumber from the sleepers around him, that he had not heard the king when he stole gently away. At that time there was little danger to the sovereign's person had he ranged the hills alone; but he thought merrily how he would threaten Jean Duplessis with the loss of his head, if he slept again upon his post.

He went on until he reached an open prospect, where two or three herdsmen were employed with their charges. One of these, an old man, interested Louis deeply. He had seen perilous days, and spoke of them with something of the renewed fire of his youth. Without discovering himself to be the monarch, Louis threw himself upon the grass and listened to the flowing talk of the old man, who never suspected his auditor to be more than a simple gentleman, perhaps a travelling artist, who was roaming the hills in search of the picturesque. Often had his own venerable figure been sketched by these wandering lovers of art, and he was perhaps thought too vain of such attention.

As the conversation lengthened, this man and another, who seemed to resemble him, and who, as Louis learned, was his younger brother, exchanged a few passing words upon the science of astrology. The monarch caught up the tone, and finding that they had both studied the art, he desired them to give him some specimen of their knowledge; and mentioned that he would like to know the future destiny of France. Apart from each other, they both foretold precisely the same thing, namely, that within the year there would be twin-heirs born to the throne, who would bring the kingdom to a series of convulsing civil wars.

The monarch departed with a slow step, and a grave, thoughtful brow, and joined his courtiers, who had not yet awaked. Rousing them from their slumbers in a tone so serious that they believed some strange event had taken place since they slept, and forgetting his intended jest with the sentinel, he led the way homeward.

What wonder, if the queen started and grew pale and red by turns, as in the monarch's strangely-disturbed sleep that night she heard, over and over again, the herdsmen's prophecy? What wonder, if she closed not her eyes until the dawn awoke the king, and he told her the marvellous story which neither could credit, and which the queen only looked upon as a madman's tale?

A year passed—a year of old wishes revived—of new hopes falling softly upon their hearts—of tenderly-blossoming joy. It was September when this new balm had been poured over the bitterness of past years, and on the fifth day of the next September, 1638, the parents were gladdened—almost insane with the joy of beholding the prophecy fulfilled.

Long and earnestly had Louis pondered the prediction. Often had he seen in imagination the cruel perspective which the astrologers had opened of the future convulsions which should shake

the kingdom of France to its centre. And as often had he meditated, with a policy at once unwise and unnatural, and strangely inappropriate to his title as Louis the Just, a plan to hide the existence of one of the children, should such an event as their birth indeed come to pass. He who had so longed for the blessed sound of foot and voice belonging to his own household—he who had so ardently hoped to be succeeded by one of his own race, and had wept bitterly in solitude at the disappointment of his hopes, now projected the concealment, if not the death, of one whom God might give him. Strange that men should thus pervert the good of life, and voluntarily sow the wind that brings so bitter a harvest in the whirlwind! Strange that he thus seeks the "curse of granted wishes!"

Whether this was the birth of one child or two was, however, kept a secret impenetrable to all, except the few to whom might have been administered a bribe so powerful, or a threat so terrible, as to secure their lasting silence. There are those living who believe that Louis XIV. had a twin brother—and the strange and mournfully interesting story of one who was a mystery and a shadow upon that stage of time contemporary with that monarch, in part confirms the unutterable injustice that comes back to us in connection with the memory of Louis, so falsely called The Just.

Never had the sunshine of heaven fallen more softly bright upon the clustering vines of la belle France, than that of the twenty-eighth of May, 1686. All over the green hills and pleasant valleys of that fair land was light, and beauty, and verdure. The grapes were blossoming into sweetest fragrance, the dew shone like diamonds over countless roses and lilies, and the blue waters with their lovely islands swelled and sparkled in the sunshine like a sea of diamonds. Afar the green isle of Sainte-Marguerite lay in emerald light, and from its one castellated tower one might have witnessed a scene in which hill and valley, blue waters and green isles, calm skies and sunny slopes, would all have been forgotten.

Upon this fairy isle stood the castle of Pignerol, of which this was the solitary tower. The governor of the tower was Monsieur de Sainte-Mars, whose person was well known to all in the vicinity of Sainte-Marguerite. On this day the governor was brought from the opposite shore and landed at the castle at an early hour. This was nothing strange or mysterious; but when he was followed by two others, one of whom was a stranger of no ordinary apparent rank, and wore an unusual costume, no spectator could have for-

borne to watch curiously the events that might follow.

The stranger wore a kingly garb adorned with gold buttons. On these the letter M was distinctly engraved. All the appointments of his dress were rich and tasteful. Although the day was warm as midsummer, he wore a black capote, fastened at the throat by a clasp of rich diamonds, that shone and sparkled upon the superb Genoa velvet that formed the ample collar. Above the collar the long, bright chestnut hair fell down in heavy masses, catching the sunbeams, and converted by them into gleams of liquid gold. The face was not visible; from brow to chin it was impenetrably concealed by a black velvet mask, that left nothing but the ears uncovered.

A regal presence indeed was the stranger's. Not the reigning king himself wore so sovereign an air; yet the incessant watch and ward that was held over him showed that a prison was his destination in the grim old tower, however gentle might be his jailers, however magnificent his surroundings.

And so it proved. Monsieur de Sainte-Mars watched him with a scrutiny that took in the slightest movement; yet his air toward the stranger was one of the deepest, most respectful reverence. He stood aside for him to precede him up the stone steps cut in the low sea-wall, and the three men then proceeded to the tower. Once there, no egress was again allowed the more distinguished of the two. The other, who was merely an attendant, was occasionally let out, but was not allowed to speak to any person, save the governor, nor was he permitted to leave the castle.

Such close surveillance could not be exercised over any but a prisoner of state; and public curiosity to know who was thus guarded was alive. Private suspicion, in some few persons who had watched events with catlike stealthiness for years, and who never stopped short till they arrived at the last conclusion, pointed to the Man in the Mask as the lost brother of Louis XIV. Among these persons were the herdsmen of the mountains, who believed—nay, were sure—that the destiny of the throne of France had been fulfilled, and that the heirs to it still existed in the persons of twin brothers, and that this regal-looking prisoner was one.

O, but it was a cruel and terrible thing—this kingly policy, devised by a father, and perpetuated by a brother! How mast the doom of captivity have been aggravated by this knowledge—if the prisoner indeed knew all the circumstances of his royal birth and station!

“—I, the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness—and its gifts are chains!
Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crushed. O, heaven is far—
Earth, pitiless!”

The prisoner was designated as *Marthioli*. Why this name was given him is a mystery, and so is indeed everything that pertains to a personage so strangely situated as he was.

During his confinement at Sainte Marguerite he was visited by a person of great distinction—the minister of Louis XIV., Luvois. The whole bearing of this distinguished visitor was that of the deepest reverence. He remained standing in his presence, and addressed him in a tone and words of deference, as men speak to royalty alone; and Marthioli replied to him in that gracious voice, which they who sometimes chanced to hear in passing in boats beneath the tower windows, declared to be of divinest melody—so rich and rare, that men wept when they heard it, while thinking that those musical tones would never be heard where best they had a right to be heard.

Meantime no murmur of captivity passed those royal lips to his warders. The songs that sometimes startled the rowers upon the lake at midnight had a deep undertone of sadness, wild and heart-breaking; but to no ear came any other token that the noble soul was eating itself out of its mortal prison, or that it rebelled—as it must surely have done—against the fearful path which no human foot perhaps ever trod before.

Once a boat crossed the lake at sunset, and a man clad like a fisherman held the oars. There was another figure clad in gray, like a friar—and then from Sainte-Marguerite's tower sounded forth the song of a captive and the music from a guitar of sweetest melody.

They listened and gazed; and while listening and gazing thus, something fell from the window, floated for a moment on the rippling wave, and was caught by the fisherman. It was a roll of linen, written over in Spanish. The friar had scarce glanced it over, when the governor of Sainte-Marguerite appeared at the landing-place, and in a voice of rage and fear ordered him to resign it, and to land immediately. He took them to a room where he kept them for hours, questioning them. In vain—the monk knew nothing, or *would know* nothing; and the fisherman was genuinely ignorant. He made them tell him where he might find them; and, as a significant commentary upon his desire to learn this, is the fact the monk was found dead in his bed three days afterwards.

Twelve years found the prisoner still at Sainte-Marguerite. Then he was sent to the horrible dungeons of the Bastille, and orders were given to take his life, if he should discover himself. Even to the physician he was forbidden to unmask. Nothing but the fair hand, soft and smooth as a lady's, could meet his inspection. When Louis XIV. was asked by Laborde, his confidential attendant, the name of his prisoner, he only answered coldly, that he pitied him, but that his detention injured none but himself. "You cannot know him," he said; "his captivity prevents greater misfortunes from happening."

At ten in the evening of November 18, 1703, the mortal prison that held a royal spirit released its captive. He died calmly, peacefully. The world knew not the inward struggles of that spirit. They could not sound its depths, nor know how often it had spread its wings for the freedom that never came until the tie between earth and heaven was sundered.

Two days after the remains were buried in the cemetery of Saint Paul, under the name of Martholi. The mystery that so deeply oppressed the hearts of those who knew the little that could be known in life, received no solution at his death; but while kings and monarchs are remembered, his memory will not be forgotten upon the pages of history.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or if right, no bad association utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

At midnight the blue sky bends over us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance.

THE RAG-GATHERERS OF PARIS.

The following are some details relative to the rag-gatherers of Paris:—The number of persons of that calling, who almost all reside in the neighborhood of the Rue Mouffetard, in lodging-houses, is about 400—270 being males and 130 females. About three-fifths of the whole are aged only from 17 to 36. They sleep in rooms without any distinction as to sex. The price they pay for lodgings is fifteen or twenty centimes per night. The rag-gatherer retires to rest at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and gets up at eleven. He then goes his rounds, and when he has terminated, he enters some public house in the neighborhood of the markets, and remains there till daybreak. He afterwards—if not too drunk—recommences his rounds, and terminates them at about nine o'clock. He then returns home, classifies the things he has collected, sells those which are cumbersome, and puts the others aside to wait till he shall have accumulated a certain quantity. These operations he has terminated about eleven, and his time afterward, up to the hour of rest, is most commonly passed in drinking. Some elderly couples live together, and for the sake of cheapness, eat in their lodgings; but most of the rag-gatherers take their meals in wretched cook-shops. The rag-gatherers are divided into two classes—one composed of persons who thoroughly understand the business and make money by it, and the other who content themselves with earning enough for the day's food and lodging. Both sell what they collect to persons who possess some little capital.

HEART-POWER.

A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is full up to the brim with an object, and that man will do the object, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. Heart is power.—*Spurgeon.*

"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man." Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.

[ORIGINAL.]

SOLD TO THE DEVIL:

— OR, —

THE MYSTERIOUS LEFT HAND.~~~~~
BY ALPHONSE KARR.
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It was an oppressively warm evening in the month of July. The heavy, sultry atmosphere seemed as if weighed down by the leaden gray clouds which floated so low as almost to touch the tops of the tallest trees, whose leaves fluttered without the appearance of any breeze, and from time to time a rumbling of distant thunder followed the more frequent flashes of lightning.

Unconsciously submitting themselves to that awe of dread and of expectation which all natures occasionally exhibit on the approach of a storm, three men, closeted together in a small room, were conversing together in a low voice. Before the great convulsions of nature man involuntarily endeavors to render himself small and imperceptible, like a child who in fear of his schoolmaster, tries to hide himself under a bench.

"My dear sirs," said one of the three, whose wan features and feeble voice gave evidence of deep sorrow and prolonged watching, "you are my last and only hope. Everything that other physicians have hitherto been able to do for my poor brother, has had no other effect than to increase his sufferings, though I have spared neither money nor pains; I have sold everything I had, to pay for physicians and their medicines, and willingly have I done it, for if my poor brother should die, which seems but too probable, my greatest sorrow will be that I still survive him; and in that case I must also provide for his wife, and the child of which she will soon be the mother. I leave you alone, gentlemen, with an excellent bottle of kirschen-wasser, and return to attend to my brother, and see if he needs anything at present. Consult upon the best means of doing something for his relief, and not only whatever I possess shall be at your service, but your names shall be mingled with my prayers so often as with my hands joined and my eyes upraised I direct my supplications to Heaven."

When the two doctors found themselves alone they at once went to work to enjoy themselves and empty the bottle of kirschen-wasser.

All this happened about fifty years ago, in the house of a fisherman on the Rhine, near the castle of Ehrenfels, just where the river narrowed, and confined by overhanging rocks flows with a violence and rapidity which cause the water to plunge and foam, although from a distance it

looks so calm, blue, and clear between its verdant, blooming banks. Near the Chateau of Ehrenfels, there is a whirlpool formed by broken pieces of rocks, which the boatmen never pass without first committing themselves piously to the protection of God and the Holy Virgin, and where many have perished.

"My dear sir," said one of the doctors, "would you believe that I have the most unaccountable difficulty in getting any money from my patients, and that when they do pay me, it is generally in the products of their fields."

"That," said the other, "is not without its advantages, and I sometimes find it convenient."

"Yes, but unfortunately for me, my people are almost all these confounded vine-dressers. To crown the whole, last year's harvest was so abundant, that I have been obliged to receive more wine than I shall drink in all my life."

"However, my dear fellow, I have often seen you empty several bottles with the most perfect resignation."

"I do not pretend to be less fond of wine than a good German should be, but after the great harvest of last year no one will buy any from me."

"It is a happy chance that has caused you to speak to me of this difficulty of your's; and we shall easily arrange for an exchange. You have several times spoken to me of the great desire you had to find a good horse, both spirited and at the same time gentle. I should be very willing to part with my bay; for most decidedly my income is not sufficient to allow of my keeping two horses in my stable."

"This would just suit me. How old is your horse?"

"Seven years old."

"And you will answer for his gentleness? you know I am not a great horseman, and would not wish to take any such indirect means of increasing your practice."

"My wife and children ride him, so you see he must be quite gentle."

"Then in exchange for your horse, I will give you two pipes of wine."

"All right, if the wine is good."

"The very best you could possibly drink. But you are sure your horse is not restive?"

"Let us finish the bargain with a glass of this kirschen-wasser."

"Of course it is an understood thing that you give me the saddle and bridle along with him."

"By no means, that is a separate affair. But let us toss up for them against five bottles of kirschen-wasser on your part, if you have some as good as this."

At this moment, William the fisherman returned. He was more downcast in appearance than when he had left them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my poor brother appears to be suffering more than ever. Tell me, for mercy's sake, have you been able to think of anything which could relieve him?"

"My good William," said one of them, after looking at him steadily for a few seconds, through his spectacles with an expression of long experience and careful study, "we have concluded that your brother should drink an infusion of cochlearia."

"In which," said the other, "you will put three drops of laudanum. Here is the laudanum and the cochlearia."

"You think then, gentlemen, that these remedies will relieve him?"

"Without the least doubt."

William paid their fees, and hastened to prepare the prescription, and then administer it to his brother. It produced no effect whatever, and Richard uttered a sharp cry of pain. William in despair struck his head against the wall.

"My God," he cried, "have mercy on my poor brother—have pity on me. Take not from me my good, my only friend, who has watched over my infancy, and brought me up, as mother would have done. O, God, have pity on him! let me endure half his sufferings, for surely he has more than one man can bear; or if a poor creature must be overwhelmed let me bear the whole—I will do so willingly if it will give him a moment's rest.

"My dear brother, my dear Richard, do you want anything? Is there nothing I can do for you? O, if my blood could only be shed for you to any purpose! But, Richard, do not despair! God certainly will hear us."

"William," said Richard, "Where is my wife?"

"I have forced her to take a little sleep. The poor woman's eyes are almost put out by watching."

"And you too, my poor brother, you must be almost worn out;" and saying this, Richard, with great effort, suppressed a cry of pain.

"O, how," said William to himself, "how is it that God does not hear me! Do not the cries of this poor sufferer, do not my own entreaties, reach him? I cannot endure this. I cannot see him thus suffering. What can I do? What can be possibly imagined? I have had candles burned in church every day at mass. All the doctors for ten miles round have come to visit him during the three weeks that he has been ly-

ing there on that bed without a moment's sleep."

And as Richard's sufferings continued, William seemed struck with a sudden thought.

"My dear Richard," said he, "wait only an hour, and if I do not bring you some relief I will kill you, and your wife and myself along with you, for this suffering I cannot bear." He pressed the cold hand of his brother, and then darted forth, regardless of the wind and the rapid flashes of lightning.

Then he took his boat and committed himself to the current. In going near the Bingen Hole—that well known whirlpool of which we have already spoken, he was about to make a short prayer, for the wind and the fierce rapids and the frequent flashes of lightning added to his customary dread of the place, diffused a feeling of terror through his soul. But he had reached that pitch of despair at which one feels inclined to brave everything, thinking that the cup of misery has already been drained. The superstition so prevalent amongst the peasantry of the Rhine fifty years ago, that certain persons had sold themselves to the devil, and thereby greatly increased their worldly advantages which were supposed thereafter to be directly under his control, had already taken strong hold of the mind of William in consequence of a report circulated to the same effect of one of his comrades, who had established himself in Mayence in some business, unlawful perhaps, by which he had amassed a small fortune in a surprisingly short time. All at once this idea returned to his mind, already unbalanced by the troubles he had undergone on account of his brother, and as he floated down the current he said to himself:

"Every one knows that Henry has become rich by selling himself to the devil, at one of the forks of this forest. I know many are incredulous, and declare that it would be in vain to appeal to him for a hundred nights in succession at all the forked roads in the country. Nevertheless it is no reason for not believing a thing simply because we do not understand it. But this is a horrible crime to sell oneself to the devil, and I tremble at the thought, when I think of all I have heard about the tortures of hell. What a horrible tempest!"

At this moment he landed, and tied his boat to the branches of a tree on the bank.

"I ought to be able to find the place—it has often been pointed out to me."

By the glare of the lightning he penetrated some distance through the forest, and at last came to a place where three roads met.

"Here it is," said he, as he reared himself against a tree.

His hair stood erect on his head, and his whole frame was violently agitated. The wind rushing through the trees, the lurid glare of the lightning raised his terror to the highest pitch. He tried to remember the particular words which had been repeated to him as the formula used by Henry the Rich, as he was now called.

At last at the very moment of pronouncing them he hesitated. Then in a moment afterwards he said to himself:

"Come, it is no time to hesitate, and every moment that I lose only adds to the sufferings of my poor brother. Happen what may I must go on."

And in a loud voice, he pronounced three times these words:

"May it please your satanic majesty, I give you, both for the present and the future, this left hand, if you restore my brother to health."

Then almost fainting, he fell to the ground, covered with perspiration, and gave himself up to the wildest grief. After a few minutes, without saying, almost without thinking anything, so overwhelmed and crushed did he feel, he started to return to his boat. As he passed the Bingen lock the oar which he held in his left hand was suddenly broken against a rock. He did not doubt that this was a sign of acceptance by the devil of his offering—he shuddered, but hastened to return to his home.

There he found Richard sleeping soundly and tranquilly for the first time for three weeks. This is what had happened. William in his haste had not latched the door as he went out. The wind had blown it open, and the noise which was thus caused, together with the freshness of the air, were insupportable to Richard, who by a great effort had raised himself from the bed, and after shutting the door, had fallen in a fainting fit on the floor. The violence of the shock had produced some internal action, which, however dangerous in its character, had the effect of producing temporary relief and partially recovering his senses he had dragged himself to the bed, and fallen into a profound slumber.

When he saw his brother sleep, "So," said he, "my brother is well, and I am damned!"

He passed the rest of the night in great agitation, and finally from excessive fatigue, fell asleep towards morning; then suddenly started up crying, "My God, have pity on me." He was dreaming that the devil was already taking him down into the bowels of the earth.

A week afterwards, Richard had sufficiently recovered to resume his ordinary labors. Happiness and plenty again smiled in the humble dwelling of the poor fisherman. Even William him-

self, who for some days had been silent and taciturn, had become good humored. But yet, the least circumstance which recalled that dreadful night would make him silent and melancholy for many days, and his excited imagination would find in the most trivial incident some new cause for terror and alarm. Had he slain a hundred men, and set fire to a whole village with his right hand, he would have considered it an ordinary affair; but if he merely happened to break an earthen vessel which he carried in his left hand, he firmly believed that the devil was availing himself of what he now considered his own property. Add to this the fact that the usual awkwardness of the left hand was increased by his repugnance to use it, and that he consequently touched nothing with this hand without breaking it, or letting it fall.

Sundays at church, he kept his hand covered up in his vest, and often, kneeling on the floor, wept most bitterly, and begged forgiveness. Nobody could imagine what should cause this excessive piety, and certainly no one could get any information on the subject from him. A stormy night would prevent him from sleeping, and he would continue on his knees till morning. He was afraid moreover to pass near Bingen lock, which he had twice crossed for the purpose of invoking the devil.

Often both Richard and his wife—who had now become a mother—anxiously questioned William in regard to his conduct, and mildly reproached him for it. These marks of affection restored calm to his mind, and he was happy and tranquil until some new accident happened which recalled to his thoughts the fatal night when he sold himself to the devil.

At last a most fortunate circumstance occurred to dissipate his melancholy thoughts by filling his mind with a more absorbing subject. He fell in love with a sweet, handsome young girl, and directly thought no more about the devil, all his time being devoted, as it was, to the pretty Clara. Richard and his wife rejoiced to see him so happy, for this was the only thing wanting to complete their own happiness.

The evening before their marriage, William and Clara were sitting under the branches of some willows which bordered the river, while the sun setting behind heavy clouds, made a beautiful fringe of purple and gold about their edges, producing the well-known but charming effect always beheld in a sunset of this description. At this hour of quiet and repose, the two lovers were speaking of the future, and both the place and the hour gave to their thoughts, looks and words, a character of solemnity and sacredness.

"My dear William," said Clara, "I must leave you. My father will be anxious to know where I am; and see, the clouds are rising into a dense black mist, and the water seems agitated without any wind, the leaves tremble, and the birds fly away to their nests. We are going to have a storm. Adieu, till to-morrow."

As she said these words, she drew from her finger a small ring, and gave it to him, saying:

"This was my mother's wedding ring, and shall also be mine. You will return it to me to-morrow, but wear it all the rest of the evening and to-night."

William kissed her forehead, and by the mere force of habit extended his right hand, for her to slip the ring on one of his fingers.

"No, no, William," she said, "on the left hand, it is nearest the heart, and that is the place for a wedding ring."

William shuddered, and withdrew his left hand which she was endeavoring to take.

"No," said he, "do not—in the name of Heaven, do not put it on that hand."

"You frighten me, William, and your eyes seem starting from their sockets."

But William had already started off, and was running like a madman. On his way he met Richard.

"Where are you going, William?" said he, "you run as if you were pursued by the devil."

"And how do you know," replied William, "that I am not pursued by the devil?"

Clara in great anxiety had rejoined her father. Then going to find Richard and his wife, she told them all that had happened. All three were lost in conjecture.

William did not come back to his supper. The supper, however, ought to have been a happy one, for it was the anniversary of Richard's recovery. When he was out of sight of Richard and of Clara, William had stopped.

"O no," said he to himself, "I will not make her the partaker of my evil destiny. She shall not be the wife of one who is sold to the devil."

He burst into tears at the idea of all the happiness he was about to renounce; then fell on his knees and prayed.

But the storm raged, the lightning flashed—he could not help thinking of that fatal night—it was exactly a year ago, that very day. Then he lost all judgment, and seemed to feel in his hand a burning heat. He got into his boat and launched himself into the stream. When he approached the Bingen lock, he shuddered at the thought that he might not be able to reach the forest. He dared neither to supplicate God nor the devil. He however passed the place safely, and as he did

so, he began to fear that each flash of lightning was the bolt which would strike him dead; that each wave would engulf him before he could expiate his crime in the manner which his madness had suggested to him. Arrived at the bank, he thanked God; then rushing forward with a hurried, unsteady gait, he ran through the winding path of the forest never stopping until he reached the place of the forked roads. Then he fell on his knees and implored the help of God.

The wind crashed through the trees, shivering even the strongest oaks. He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and in a loud voice cried three times:

"Your majesty the devil, I have given you this left hand. Come and take it."

Pronouncing these words the third time, he placed his hand upon a broken trunk, and with one blow of his hatchet, which he had brought with him, he severed it at the wrist; then darted away, sustained by the violence of his fever, leaving behind him both his hand and the hatchet.

Then entering his boat again his fever was so great as to enable him to row with only the one hand which remained. As he came near the whirlpool his strength gave way, and he fell on his knees imploring the help of God.

The next day, Richard going out to fish, found the mutilated corpse of his brother, caught between the points of two sharp rocks.

#### A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

I have seen Sabbath sights, and joined in Sabbath worships, which took the heart with their simplicity, and ravished it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober and contemplative autumn to reach the retired, lonely church betimes, and as we descended towards the simple edifice, whither every heart and every foot directed itself from the country around, we beheld, issuing from every vale and mountain glen, its little train of mountain worshippers, coming up to the church, around which the bones of their fathers reposed; in so holy a place the people assembled under a roof where ye of the plentiful south would not have lodged the porter of your gate. But under that roof the people sat, and sung their Maker's praise, "tuning their hearts, by far the noblest aim;" and the pastor poured forth to God the simple wants of the people, and poured into their attentive ears the scope of Christian doctrine and duty; and having filled the hearts of his flock with his consolations, parted with them after much blessing and mutual congratulation, and the people went on their way rejoicing. O, what meaning there was in the whole—what piety—what intelligence—what simplicity! The men were shepherds, and came up in their shepherd's guise; and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. O, it was a Sabbath, a Sabbath of rest! the body and soul were equally refreshed.—*Rev. Edward Irving.*



[ORIGINAL.]

## MOZART'S REQUIEM.

BY JAMES F. FITZGERALD.

THERE is a strange and impressive story (and one which has never been contradicted), related of the last days of the illustrious German composer, Wolfgang Mozart—that Mozart who has inseparably connected his name with the glorious art of which he was so nearly master, and stamped the impress of his genius upon the great world of music.

His powers had faltered and flagged beneath the labors to which they had been subjected, and his vitality was waning far more rapidly than the decline of his years; but still, with more than the ardor of youthful enthusiasm, he occupied himself in creating, though with painful toil, new and imperishable monuments to his genius. There must have been, in this restless zeal of the evening of his life, something of that noble, exalting sentiment, which sometimes animates the bosoms of men, to leave upon the illimitable hereafter some sign, some trace, some token, to testify that they *have lived*, and that not vainly, and that their names might rest embalmed, enshrined in the grateful hearts of new generations!

And so the morning of each day of his last earthly summer was given to the completion of the work upon which he was engaged. He carefully secluded himself in the solitude of his library, giving peremptory directions to his servant to admit no one whomsoever to his presence. But one day a tall, strange man, of commanding presence, applied at the door for an interview with Herr Mozart; and on being denied, pushed his way abruptly past the servant, and entered the library. The rapid movements of the composer's pen ceased on the intrusion, and looking up, Mozart angrily demanded his object and his name.

"My name is of little consequence," was the reply, "so long as it is not *Mozart*! Yours is?"

The composer made an affirmative sign, and struck with the singularity of the stranger's language and appearance, motioned him to proceed.

"As for my *object*," he said, "it is to prevail upon you to execute a musical composition for me, of the character that I shall name, and to be finished in three weeks from this day. The price you may name yourself—money is of no consequence to me."

"Impossible!" Mozart exclaimed, with an air of annoyance. "I have denied that same request to the highest nobles in Germany; the king himself could hardly command my pen at pres-

ent. I am engaged on a new opera, and *must not* be disturbed!"

He turned to his desk, and resumed his writing. The stranger eagerly eyed the precious manuscript as it passed beneath his hand blacked over with its magical scores, and suddenly cried:

"And I *must* have what I wish! Here are a thousand thalers; a like sum shall be at your disposal upon the completion of the work!"

The composer contemptuously swept the tempting roll of notes from the table, and silently continued his writing.

"I will make it three thousand!" the strange unknown excitedly exclaimed. A half-angry, half-remonstrating shake of the head was the only answer; and the pen which no hand in Germany but *that one* could wield, still coursed briskly and noisily across the paper.

"Herr Mozart, you shall at least hear me!"

His arm was arrested by the stranger's hand, and his attention no less by the calm, determined manner in which the words were spoken. He looked up, sighed wearily, and awaited the next words of the unknown.

"I think I understand you," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "but the necessity which presses me to this request is urgent beyond your knowledge. If gold cannot induce you to the task, you cannot at least deny the claims of *the grave*! The composition I ask is a requiem."

"A requiem!" Mozart softly repeated. His head was rested on his hand, and his eyes fixed absently upon a picture on the wall; apparently he was now totally unconscious of the stranger's presence.

"Yes," the latter rejoined, "a requiem. Let it be long or short, in what movement you please—let it, in short, be *anything*, so that it comes from *you*! I will return when you have completed it, and furnish you the balance of the price."

The speaker departed immediately, as if fearing another refusal before he could place himself beyond the reach of it. And still the great composer sat by his desk, his pen resting idly in his fingers, and his eyes fixed dreamily upon the wall, while the money still lay neglected at his feet. The words of the stranger had plunged him into a deep reverie, from which he only aroused himself at the expiration of the hour. Starting up, he looked around for the unknown; and not finding him, would have thought his presence an illusion of the fancy, had not the notes beneath the table confirmed its reality. He took them in his hand, and turning them over, threw them carelessly into his desk.

"A requiem?" he repeated, with a shudder. "And I, too, shall need one!"

The singularity of the incident made a deep impression upon his mind. The appearance and manner of the stranger were mysterious in a high degree, and he had disappeared without leaving any clue to his identity. The servant knew nothing more of him than the master; he could merely say, in answer to the questions of the latter, that the man had walked rapidly away from the house, bestowing upon him not so much as a glance.

An unaccountable melancholy took possession of the mind of Mozart; the opera was laid aside unfinished, and his hours were passed in silent and lonely contemplation, or if his hands casually, and by force of habit, resumed their employment, his state of mind unfitted him for its pursuit, and it was weariedly thrown aside. A week passed thus, and a letter came to him directed and written in an unfamiliar hand, and enclosing notes for a thousand thalers. Its language was merely this:

"One week has transpired—*two only* remain! The work of death is speedy; the hand of Herr Mozart should not be less so, that our dying soul may then repose with the strains of his requiem!"

Mozart read these anonymous words, and hesitated no longer. These incidents had excited the active superstition of his nature; he fancied the mysterious stranger a divine messenger, sent to warn him of his approaching dissolution, and to make preparation for it!

"I obey!" were the words with which he yielded to the influence of the ghostly idea. "It is destiny, from which I neither can nor may escape. Yes, his requiem, *my requiem*, shall be written!"

Another week was occupied in the elaboration of the theme, and in silent contemplation of the subject. His pen was laid away for the present, and every effort, mental and bodily, given to the framing in a tangible form of a new and mighty musical conception. Pacing the chamber, like one lost in a vision, he allowed his mind to be thoroughly penetrated with the weird grandeur of the subject; and grappling the unformed ideas which crowded thickly upon him, he systematized and arranged them into the measure of the absorbing composition. The work was finished before it was transcribed upon paper; and seating himself at the piano, the author flung from the keys, with nervous, impetuous strokes, the first execution of the sublime, mournful strain, known to day as Mozart's Requiem!

The flickering spark of life went out with its completion; the soul of the musician had passed, as it were, in the living warmth and power of this his latest, and, in many respects, grandest

creation; the frail casket which had prisoned the mighty genius of the immortal man, held it no longer! The presentiment which had wrought upon his fancy, was strangely verified; he expired almost in the hour of the birth of this child of his brain.

Sir Isaac Newton is said to have dropped into his last sleep, with the self-humiliating words upon his lips, "I have gathered but a few of the pebbles on the shores of science, regardless of the mighty ocean beyond; childlike in my little efforts!"

And in a like spirit did Mozart exclaim, at the moment when perhaps his dying ears were ravished by the melodies of other spheres, "Now, for the first time, do I see clearly what might be done in music!"

The hearts of the great concourse which attended his obsequies, were soothed and saddened by the soft, sweet strains of the dirge that stole forth from beneath the fingers of the skillful organist, filling the whole edifice with the unutterable and beautiful solemnity of their cadences; and many, as they heard and wondered, wished earnestly to know upon whose shoulders the mantle of the dead Mozart had fallen. Yet this was that same sad requiem which had occupied the labors of his own dying hours.

The name, the history, and the purpose of the mysterious stranger are alike unknown. But while compelled, so far as a truthful adherence to actual facts is concerned, to pause and leave him to the obscurity to which the story consigns him, the imagination would fain go further, and assign to his conduct the explanation naturally suggested by it; making him a weary misanthrope, irksome of life, or a heart-broken being, hastening to the grave, whose ardent desire that his remains might be hallowed in their final place of repose, by the strains of one whose compositions he had loved and admired—whose aspiring wish was frustrated by a death among strangers, and his weary spirit was sped upward by no touching requiem.

But this is merely the prompting of a sympathetic fancy; the story suffers the unknown to disappear, and to remain forever unknown; an instrument, as it were, to procure the composition of his own funeral dirge, by Wolfgang Mozart!

As the blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so likewise, but for disinterestedness, we should know nothing of selfishness; there are perhaps in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

[ORIGINAL.]

GOOD NIGHT.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

A lovely babe lay dying  
At setting of the sun;  
Though in life's early morning,  
Its race was nearly run.  
The sunset's dying glory  
Shed o'er its brow a light,  
Like that the sinless "Child of God"  
Wore through earth's weary night.

Beside that couch of sorrow,  
In agony of grief,  
Knelt the heart-broken mother—  
No tears could bring relief.  
Her precious boy lay dying,  
Her only darling one;  
O Father, give her strength to say,  
"Thy will on earth be done!"

Bright angel forms are waiting  
To bear the loved one home;  
No sorrow ever enters there—  
His Father bids him come.  
Though death on earth may part thee,  
The soul can never die;  
And led by faith's all guiding hand,  
It soars to realms on high.

The dying sunset embers  
Shed o'er the darkened room  
A cloud of golden splendor,  
Dispelling fear and gloom;  
When, suddenly unclosing  
Those eyes of wondrous light,  
The angel babe lisped faintly,  
"Mama, good night, good night!"

The silver cord was loosened,  
Her darling boy lay dead;  
While seraph forms were hovering  
Around that tiny bed.  
But faith and hope had entered  
That stricken mother's heart,  
And whispered that in heaven  
They never more would part.

[ORIGINAL.]

"ME AND MY WIFE."

BY WILLIAM W. MONTAGUE.

"God bless me and my wife,  
Brother Tom and his wife,  
Just us four and no more!—AMEN."

I AM a married man. I trust I make the announcement with proper meekness. I ought to be a very happy man; but I aint. I am naturally a very modest man; but I don't expect you

to believe it. I met Permit Sizer Dow at a quilting scrape, and she married me in three months. I am told that I married her; but I shall insist to my dying day that I was in happy ignorance of my fate, until people commenced to call me Mr. Dow—no—I mean to call her Mrs. —, my name. Why aint I happy? I will try and tell you. I don't expect you to credit a word I say—my wife never does, and no more should you—but I have no conscientious scruples against swearing, if that will be needed to give force to my narrative or tale.

In the first place my wife loves me. Startling as this fact may appear to the world, I nevertheless put it forth as truth; if it is an original idea, I do not hesitate to claim the originality. Now to be severely logical, why does the fact of her love make me unhappy? I will tell you. She takes the newspaper. And lest you may not even see my inferences, I will add she clips out all the "recipes" for health, and, by thunder! makes me take 'em. But I will not overwhelm you with evidences of my dear wife's infatuation—it is at this time assuming the form of positive madness—but shall select a few to have you consider my unfortunate condition. But don't pity me—don't! Pity would drive me mad, and

"Each frail fibre of my brain  
Would send forth my thoughts all wild and wide."

The first occasion I had to notice my dear wife's peculiarity, was in mid winter, about three weeks after our nuptials (I am reminded to say "nuptials," as I consider it rather later than "marriage"), I awoke in the night with shivering sensations, and a cold, blankety feeling generally. I was surprised to find six inches of snow on a level in my room, and accumulating so rapidly that it bid fair soon to be nine. The cause of this slight intrusion being the window open to its full length, and the drift snow making for our chamber stove. On inquiring about this new arrangement of my other half, she mildly informed me:

"That, dear, she had read in the paper the other day that we should never sleep without having the windows open; that we breathed out so much air, and then breathed it back again, and out, and back, and that, love, we must always keep the windows up."

Now I am no saint; it don't run in our family. And if any of the brothers of the Protestant Episcopal Church—of which denomination I am an unworthy member—had heard the expressions I used as I waded through the snow to that window, I am sure I should have been reported at the next conference.

My troubles had just begun. Mrs. — my wife is a determined woman, and although we have compromised on whole window hoistings, she watches me narrowly, and no sooner do I go from one room to the other, than pop into the room I have left, and up goes the window. I have mildly suggested to her often that the neighbors seeing this state of affairs, may put a false construction on her actions in this respect, a construction highly injurious to her husband.

But I assure you, when I mention this she flouts me, and I am dumb. When my wife takes up a newspaper I tremble. I have but slightly agueish symptoms when she is going over the "Locals," "Marriages" and "Deaths;" but when she gets through these, and fastens her glance upon the "Housekeepings," "Useful Recipes," and "Extracts from Hall's Journal of Health," I know I am a goner. I watch her narrowly at these times, and if she looks up and fastens her eyes upon me, I know she is getting ready for some new experiment, and my chills are unmistakable and decided.

One day she surprised me by insisting that I should put on a pair of woolen stockings. I answered meekly, "that she knew I never wore woolen, they made my feet sore."

"Never mind," was the reply, "I just read in a newspaper that they will prevent you from taking cold."

I rebelled for a while, but she socked me, and now I am lame, and have corns and chilblains, and bunions, but I do not take cold certainly as often as formerly, which I attribute to cold water. My wife having read that water was a sovereign remedy for "all the ills," etc., I for some time went under such a strict hydropathic treatment that I am sure if shower-baths could have accomplished it, that I should have had "water on the brain" long ago.

In the morning, at four o'clock, a cold bath—this I called my crack bath, because the window was always open—cold water, and very seldom, cold meat for breakfast. Bathe my head and feet at dinner time in cold water, and eat a little barley soup, cold. Four o'clock P. M., after my return from the office, shower-bath—light-headed—tea, cold. Nine o'clock P. M.—wet sheets—immense friction—bed—after a few cold applications, locally.

My wife happened to get hold of an article on "Physical Education" one day. Woe is me! I was put through a course of the severest gymnastic sprouts. First day—practised three hours with twenty-two pound dumb-bells; ended by straining a leader in my fore-arm, and crushing my foot with a bell which I inadvertently

dropped. After the sickness attendant upon this was over, I was thought seasoned enough to trust with Indian clubs. I rather liked the clubs. I thought they were jolly, and would make a good average strike at a rowdy's head; held them out crooked, held them out straight, balanced them on my chin, whirled them around over my head, and fancied I would cut a very respectable figure as chief of the tribe of No-karehow-you-do-its. Gave the war-cry and the double-whirl, and right hand club fell full force, and broke my nose.

Day number two—"Physical Education." Wouldn't give it up yet; but whilst my nose was healing, my wife got a springing-board, iron rings, and boxing-gloves surreptitiously conveyed to the attic, and surprised me with the same when I was convalescent. I tried the springing board till I got sprung in the knees, and chopped it up for a clothes-horse. Got fast in the iron rings, and hung with my thighs on before the attic window, head downwards, crying "murder!" I sprained my ankle, and broke a blood-vessel on this occasion.

As for boxing-gloves, I used to fancy I had some proficiency in the "manly art of self-defence," and really prided myself upon my muscle; but my dear wife was anxious that I should eclipse all competitors in our social ring, and therefore called in her two brothers to practise with me. Jabez and Increase Dow weigh two hundred and thirty-four, and two hundred and twenty-four pounds respectively, and are as strong as any live ignoramuses of their stature can be. The result of that little "practice" with the gloves to me was: Item—two black eyes; item—a smashed watch, one fine linen shirt much torn, little finger of the left hand bitten off by Increase, in the real fight which afterwards occurred; item—nose broken over again. Spoils—four pounds of human hair (which I have since had a sofa pillow made of), and part of Jabez's false teeth.

It is needless to say that my wife's two brothers are forbidden my house, also, I suppose, unnecessary to state that I do not box any more, and that my "Physical Education" has been entirely neglected since that eventful evening.

I have tried every means in my power to stop newspapers from coming to the house—you are aware that I live a short distance in the country—for as sure as my wife finds a new recipe she is bound to try its efficiency on myself. A short time ago I complained of a chapped face, and I awoke in the night with a suffocating sensation, and discovered that good woman bending over me, pouring on a concoction of lard, white wax,

spermaceti and olive oil, which she had read about in the papers.

About two months ago I bribed the carrier to discontinue our paper, and he did so for four days, but venal like his tribe, he commenced sending it, after that time, on receiving a larger bribe from my wife.

The first two days after its continuance there was nothing new, in fact the southern news had crowded out all the clippings, household articles, medical and all, and I prayed most fervently they would stay crowded out. But alas, on the third day my wife looked up over her paper, and a smile of exultation beamed on her countenance.

"My love!" said she.

"My dear!" I replied.

We always address each other with the extras, even when alone.

"Just listen. You know you are thin?"

I answered rather sulkily "that I was aware plumpness was not one of my virtues, but that I thought taunts ill became her."

"O, just listen; you'll be fattened up in a fortnight. 'Delicious Revelenta Arabica food,' 'invaluable effects,' 'without other victuals' (there'll be a saving), 'not a medicine,' 'nutritive.' O, darling, we must have the 'Revelenta Arabica,' and so cheap, too."

"How much?"

"Only a dollar a pound."

I fought off for a week, but I had "Revelenta" for breakfast, varied with "Arabica" for supper, until I caved in, and a five pound canister was bought.

Behold me a well man, being fed on pap three times a day. I got tired of "Revelenta Arabica" in a week in its plain state, and then I had the "Revelenta" in custards, pies, rolls; "Arabica" in puddings and tarts, and heard of nothing but "nutrition," "digestive organs," and "poverty of blood and muscle," at breakfast, dinner and tea, and now for the result.

The first week I was swelling visibly, had to use sundry buckles and straps about my garments—gained five pounds. Second week had to cut the boot legs to allow my calves room, a very comfortable sign to my wife. Third week, had to pay fines and costs for assault on my neighbor Jobbe, who intimated to me "that dropsical people were not supposed to have good sense." Fourth week, had to lay in bed and eat "Revelenta" while my tailor was altering all my clothes, and getting me up some new ones with the patent India rubber expansion seams. Fifth week, weighed two hundred and seven pounds, apothecaries weight, and found that re-

monstrances with my wife didn't reduce me any. I have taken to drinking surreptitious vinegar, but the fat increases. I cannot sit by the fire without the grease melts out of me in a liquid stream. I have already ruined all my clothes, and my credit with my tailor is very low. I have been approached within the last two weeks by some of my most intimate friends, who darkly hint at "tapping" me. Remonstrances are useless with my wife. I am miserable. I shall do something desperate yet.

Four o'clock P. M. I've done it. I've shot the news-carrier, and thrown the "Arabica" out of the window. As I write, wife in violent hysterics.

#### SCIENTIFIC DRIFTWOOD.

All animal and vegetable poisons destroy by *de-oxidizing* the blood.

Heat has a tendency to separate the particles of all bodies from each other.

The air is known to be a fluid, by the easy conveyance which it affords to sound.

The weight of goods in a vessel is indicated by the depth to which the vessel sinks in the water.

The ocean loses many millions of gallons of water hourly, by evaporation.

On the tops of very high mountains, water will boil much sooner than on the plains, where the atmosphere is heavier.

Caloric pervades all bodies; this is not the case with any other substance we know of—not even light.

Tin must have been known very early, as it is mentioned in the Books of Moses.

Pencils of plumbago were used as early as 1565, being mentioned by Conrad Gesner in his book on "fossils" printed at Zurich in that year.

Dip paper into a strong solution of alum, and it will resist the action of fire.

A batch of wire weighing 14 pounds will furnish material for 48,100 needles.

The eye of the butterfly consists of 17,000 lenses, each as perfect as the human eye.

#### HONEST LABOR.

Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relish. Luxuries and conquest are the result of labor—we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor and where is the glory and pomp of earth—the fruits of the fields, and palaces and fashionings of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor-scoffer look around him, look at himself, and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, unless he is a Carib, made as the beast, he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tracked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where gets he his garments and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor makes music in the mine, in the furrow, and at the forge.—N. E. Farmer.

## DOING AND UNDOING.

We are most of us Hibernians in practical matters, and might emulate the reply of the Irishman who, when hailed from his somewhat suspicious elevation on the garden wall, with the pertinent inquiry, "Where are going?" lucidly replied, "Back again." We do a great deal of our work for little more than the pleasure of undoing it at our leisure. The first lesson we are taught in our infancy is to walk; the second, to sit still. Our first stammering attempts at speech are welcomed with delight, but no sooner have we become accustomed to the utterance of words than we are drilled in the far more difficult art of keeping silent. We very early show a desire to assist the busy workers that surround us on every side, but our childish attempts at usefulness are promptly if not contemptuously repressed, and when the instinct is well-nigh extirpated, we are set to work with much show of authority, at the very employments that we were so recently forbidden. We spend much time in purchasing and preparing food; very little time in eating it, as that is a comparatively unimportant matter. In like manner our clothing is very tastefully got up, and hung in dry, airy closets until it is taken down to be refuted in a later mode. Some fabrics will fall to pieces as readily in this way as if they were in actual service. Others, when the closet becomes too full, are exchanged with itinerants for vases for the mantel of an unused room.

For whenever we build houses, it is to be remarked that the best rooms and the most costly furniture is to be reserved for company; that is to say, not for the brother or the friend, not for people whom we know and dearly love, but for those whom we know but little, and who very seldom come. As much as possible they are to be unused; indeed, they "perish with the using," and we think to perish without using is a great deal better. The same principle holds true with regard to books. The house has a library, and the library has shelves. Upon these shelves we arrange a number of costly volumes, altogether too costly to be rudely handled. Many people suppose that books were printed to be read. This is a mistake. They are printed as furniture for a library, and the more rare and ennobling the thoughts with which they are filled, the more heedfully should those thoughts be preserved from contact with any living soul. Their leaves have never been cut and probably never will be. They are much safer and more symmetrical in those smooth, white folds, standing like a row of gilded sarcophagi, enclosing the mummied dust of former wisdom. By-and-by, when some great conflagration sweeps through the town, the house and its treasures will perhaps be laid in ashes, and some luckless insurance company will be asked to pay for the literary fuel, or it may be that some irreverent mouse may be the first to appropriate the contents of those creditable shelves. But we hope for better things. We will hope that these dainty volumes will remain in their unsullied beauty, respectfully avoided, until the day of doom.

As with our books, so it is with our money. We are constantly laying up for a wet day, with the tacit understanding that no imaginable day shall ever be considered wet. The farmer re-

duces his yearly expenses to the lowest terms, that he may be able to buy another farm. He sells the simple luxuries of the field and dairy, that he may enjoy the higher luxury of buying another field and a larger stock of cows. His horses win the highest prize at the county fair, but his wife cannot drive them, and he has no leisure for such nonsense, and so she walks, or stays at home. Some fine day one of them falls and breaks his leg, and the spot where he sleeps is marked, like the field of Waterloo, by the deeper verdure of the wheat. The manufacturer denies his family the comforts they crave, that he may buy more stock, employ more laborers, produce more work. Times change and he runs his mills at a loss, his wares are sacrificed in the market. At length he fails, not realizing that, practically, he had failed long before. For the only good of food and clothing and books and houses and lands and stocks, is the last to which we think of applying them; it is to feed, clothe, shelter, develop and enrich the human soul.—*Springfield Republican*.

## THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

There are but few who appreciate the vast change which public taste has undergone in reference to music during the last quarter of a century, among all who speak the English language. This is particularly true of operatic music. The Italian opera had long been a favorite amusement among the French, Spanish and Germans, as well as among the Italians, before it received any encouragement in England. It was, however, beginning to get a foothold in the latter country when the Reformation commenced under the auspices of Henry the Eighth. This put a stop to it at once, as effectually as it did to painting and sculpture. Nearly a century had elapsed from the time of Henry before the people were willing to tolerate it. Nor was the opposition which it encountered confined to the illiterate and fanatical. Some of the greatest wits of the day ridiculed it, as something that could exist only among a highly romantic people, like the Italians, or a frivolous people, like the French. Even Addison regarded it as a very absurd amusement. He thought that at best "its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience." We need not say how few men of culture entertain the same opinion at the present day. Scarcely any do except clergymen, or those whom Burns would call the "unco-pious." Even the latter begin to admit that Satan may not have so much to do with it after all; though it is well known that most persons find the opera insipid enough when they have only attended it once or twice. It takes some time to be able to appreciate it; both the mind and the ear require some training before they become sensible to its beauties.—*National Quarterly Review*.

Impatience is the parent of more evil than many suppose. Procrastination may be the thief of time, but it also is often the preserver of life. How many a suicide would have been prevented if the unhappy fellow could have been persuaded to wait another day! The best logic against rash proceedings is to be found in the couplet:

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day  
(Live till to-morrow) will have passed away."



[ORIGINAL.]

## LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY MARIA PATTEN.

O, pledge him not!—his love for thee  
Will be to him a shield,  
To guard him in the hour of need—  
To the tempter ne'er to yield.

His love for thee is generous, true,  
And a talisman 'twill prove,  
To cheer the sunlight of his life,  
Or darker hours to soothe.

Trust then his noble, manly heart,  
Which long has beat for thee;  
Ne'er think to find a bosom friend  
From every error free.

Thy love and counsel oft may guide  
In friendship's pleasant way;  
Thy gentle tones of kindness, too,  
Strew blessings o'er his way.

He asks no pledge to make him blest,  
But will, with faith, confide  
In her, the chosen of his heart,  
Whom he would call his bride!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRAGEDY OF BONNY DOON.

BY EDWARD MACDONALD.

BURNS sang of the banks and braes o' Bonny Doon, and his song alone has made it a classic river, and Loch Doon is as famous in its way as the Lakes of Killarney, if not so often the burden of musical lays. But long ere Burns drew breath amid the heather that purpled his birth-place, there was an old tower standing on the banks of Doon, that would have set the poet half mad with its romance.

This was Cassilis Castle, and the dark frowning battlements of its heavy architecture, and the height of its parapets, denoted that it had once been used as a place of defence against a strong and powerful foe. There was a moat and a draw-bridge—perhaps a "donjon keep;" all features of a remote period—of the times when Highland met Lowland in battle array; and when the Highland chiefs, like the Assyrians, "came down like wolves on the fold."

In this grim castle dwelt its sole heir, in the person of the Earl of Cassilis. No kindred remained to him; nor did he seem likely to increase his ties. No gay young gallant was Earl John, with a lady's favor tied to his saddle-bow; but a stiff, hard, strict man of forty-five, who

never talked save in the briefest speech, and then only to his few domestics, an old man and his wife, and their niece, a quiet, thoughtful maiden, to whom the air of the old castle seemed to come with a subduing effect, crushing out the gaiety of youth. On her the stern earl had never bent his eyes. Occasionally he had given her an order, when his clumsy hand bell had warned the servants that he wanted something, and the old dame was busy at her pastry; but Elsie would have performed any task rather than to have gone to him. Soon, she found that it did not matter, for he never turned his head to see who came, but gave his directions in a voice so harsh and stern, that poor Elsie shuddered lest she should not obey his bidding fast enough.

At a short ride's distance from Castle Cassilis, stood Tyringham, the seat of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man recently exalted to his present dignities. He was a widower—his wife not surviving the birth of their only child, who now wore the title of Lady Jean Hamilton. The blonde beauty of the north was united in her to a dusky tint of eyes and hair; but the complexion was as faultless as if framed in golden ringlets.

The poor child had no mother to guide her, and the newly made earl was too occupied with his honors to heed what the girl was doing all day, with no one to amuse or interest her. She did, therefore, what her sex generally do under such circumstances—fell in love with the first one whom she had seen in her lonely walks around Tyringham. Not unsought—for young Sir John Faa had loved the gentle Lady Jean from a child, without so much as naming it to a single being. Only when he met her out walking or riding, he joined her with a careless grace, until he felt that their lives must one day be united, or both would be miserable indeed. It was on the very morning on which he had told her this—the ever-new, ever-old story, that has swayed human hearts from the days of Eden until now, and will be told until the last man and the last woman will have passed from the earth. They had parted with heart promises, and exchanged the simple token of their love—a broken ring hidden deep in the bosom of each—and the Lady Jean's cheek was brighter than ever in the deeper rose tint that came over it with the first kiss ever imprinted on its glowing surface. She was walking on rapidly, for she longed now for the solitude of her own chamber, where she could live over in thought the events of the morning. A step made her look up, and she encountered the glance of an eye which she had seen before, when riding past Castle Cassilis. She remem-

bered then how it had struck a chill upon her spirit, and now it came upon her fresh, blooming vision of happiness, almost like an omen of evil. She knew that this cold, stern man was the Earl of Cassilis, and wished that it had been any one else who had met her with that glow upon her cheek and that love-light in her eye. But the grim shadow passed, and so did the memory. She entered Tyringham park with a light step and a light heart, and all day the maiden wore a look that puzzled the simple household. O, how that look was quenched in tears, when, on the very next afternoon, Lord Haddington summoned her to tell her what a brilliant offer he had had for her hand, from the Earl of Cassilis.

"Father, father!" almost shrieked the poor girl, as the grim shadow glided before her eyes, in imagination, and the remembrance of the old castle was again with her. It was all she could utter, and soon the servants were called to see their young mistress in a dead faint; Lord Haddington being quite incapable of doing anything in such an emergency. Looking upon her pallid face, he almost repented that he had given the earl's proposal so warm a welcome; but when her color was restored, he thought only of the honor of having his daughter a countess.

"O, father!" were her first words; "I have had such a frightful dream! I thought I was in that grim old tower yonder, and that the stern-looking, dark man was my jailor."

"Your husband, my child. Lord Cassilis would make a tender husband to one whom he loves."

"O, not that—not that! I remember now, how it all happened. I have not been sleeping. I wish that I could sleep forever—for, O, father, I must disappoint your hopes. I can never accept the proposal you make me."

"And why not, Jean?"

"Because, only yesterday I gave my heart to one of my own age—why, father, would you marry your child to a man who has numbered more years than you have?"

"And who may this youth be, Jean, to whom you have promised yourself, without reference to my wishes?"

"Forgive us both, father. This evening we were to have asked your consent. Surely, I need not tell you that your little Jean would give her heart to none but a true and honorable man; and, as surely, John of Dunbar bears claim to that title."

"Sir John Faa! a simple baronet!"

Even in her distress, Jean could not help smiling.

"Why, father, it is but a little while since you

were only Sir Thomas Tyringham. You are now ennobled, if honors and titles can ennoble an honest man; and if a good man deserves rank, I am sure you will one day call your son-in-law the duke." She laughed heartily at her own conceit, and her father joined her—but the bone of contention was not yet buried, although he bade her go and sleep back the roses to her cheeks.

She went out hastily, for, coming down the road, at that moment, she saw the well-known steed, beside which she had often ridden, and his master's face beaming with love and joy. She dashed away a few tears that had unconsciously gathered in her eyes, and ran out to meet him, fearless of her father's anger. As he alighted and threw the bridle carelessly from his hand, the Earl of Haddington came out with a cold greeting, and invited him into his library, as he ostentatiously called the room that held the few books that the Scottish nobles allowed themselves in those days.

"Good!" exclaimed the unsuspecting young baronet—"I was desiring to see you alone, my lord, upon a matter that concerns my happiness most deeply."

"If you mean my daughter's love, Sir John, I must disappoint you. That is already promised to the Earl of Cassilis."

Had Sir John been an uninterested spectator, he would have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Earl of Haddington's swelling importance in uttering these words. As it was, it came too near home, and they were received with poignant distress.

"My lord, permit me to ask if Lady Jean has authorized this answer?"

The earl bowed stiffly. "Any arrangement I may make for Lady Jean Hamilton, will receive her obedience. I grant you a single interview, hoping that any different plans may be cancelled at once."

Jean was waiting in trembling solicitude for the result of this meeting, when her father sent for her. He met her at the door.

"Go in," he said, "and tell him that it can never be."

With what a pale, wo-worn face she met her lover! But why dwell upon her sorrow when it was all unavailing? She was made to believe that the Knight of Dunbar had proved false to his vows, and in calm desperation, almost insanity, she submitted to her father's will, and in one short week, became the envied countess of Cassilis. O, little did she care for the new honor! although it was of far-off date. Five, bearing her title had bloomed and faded within these

gray walls, and she cared not to be the sixth. Lord Cassilis was kind to her—kinder than she expected, but she hated him for forcing her to be his wife, and it must be confessed that she made but a sorry bride. In her own room she wept, but before him, she scorned to shed a tear, and sat in obstinate silence, whenever she was obliged to remain in the room with him. She grew thinner and paler daily; and her father almost repented, when he saw her altered looks, that he had burdened her young life with sorrow.

One refuge remained to her. There was a small turret chamber, whose pleasant oriel window looked toward Dunbar, and here she would sit and weep tears of impassioned grief for hours. One day when the earl was absent, her eye was caught by the sight of a whole troop of the strangest beings she had ever seen. They were of every size, and clad in every variety of garment, both as to shape and color, with rags floating in the wind. She saw the head servant admitting some of them at the drawbridge, and fear and astonishment took possession of her mind. She called Elsie, who allayed her fears by saying that the earl had always befriended this troop of gipseys, in consideration of something they had once done for him, and had permitted them to come after the harvesting was over, every year, and gather what remained.

Satisfied with this, the lady took her station beneath a tree to mark the curious group. Suddenly she was aware that one had left his companions and was approaching the tree stealthily. He wore a cloth cap, with an eagle's feather (the badge of the Monros), and beneath it, gleamed eyes whose brightness seemed strangely familiar. She turned away, terrified and faint. The gipsy seized her hand.

"It is I, Jean; fear not. These fellows are true to me as steel. Say but the word, and we will bear you where love and happiness await you. Come—there is no bar now. unless you have ceased to love me. Lord Cassilis is away; we can bribe the servants, and—"

"Stop, John Faa!" said the countess. "I will hear no more. Did you think that I had fallen so low, or do you forget that I am a wife? Go! you are unworthy. I hope never to meet you again."

She paused, for he was weeping bitterly, as he said, "Jean, forgive me. I did but think how you were pining within these walls, when I could give you love and freedom. O, could you know what I have suffered, you would forgive and pity."

His appearance was so wild, and his words so piteous, that the lady, perfectly overcome, dropped in a swoon, like the one she had experienced

at her father's proposal to marry her to the earl—a sort of trance, in which all life, all motion was suspended. The knight seized the first moment of her insensibility, to bear her away to a litter, which he had actually brought for the purpose, and passing the drawbridge which was left unfastened at the gateway, he beckoned silently to four strong gipseys, and leaving the rest to follow, he walked in his strange, fantastic garb beside it. Soon the troop overtook them, and when the countess awoke, it was to find herself surrounded by these unearthly looking beings.

She started like a wild fawn from the litter. "Base! base!" she murmured, while the Knight of Dunbar in vain strove to quiet her. She insisted upon being carried back to her husband; and through her proud and passionate tears at being so shamefully betrayed, she descried a distant party of horsemen in their rear, and felt that she at least should be rescued from shame.

"Fly!" she said, to the knight. "Fly! My husband is on our track. Save yourself and leave me to bear all. Nay, go at once. If you will but depart, I will never betray you; but if he finds you here, I cannot answer for your life."

The knight proudly refused, and so sealed his destruction. He placed the countess once more in the litter, and hastened to the ford, where, of course, the earl, with a troop of armed horsemen had no difficulty in capturing them all. He knew Sir John Faa through his fantastic disguise, and drove him, with the gipseys, before the returning troop, to the castle. The countess was placed behind a peasant, upon a pillion.

Arriving at the castle, the earl sent his wife to a room overlooking the park, and bade Elsie stay with her. The lady entreated him to hear her but for one instant—to allow her to tell him the strange story—but in vain. Soon, however, he came back to this room, in which were many windows, commanding a complete view of everything in the park. Near the castle, and opposite the windows, stood a large plane tree, ample enough to have sheltered an army. As the countess gazed, with eyes now tearless and burning, fifteen of the gipseys, young, handsome, brave-looking men, were successively hung upon the branches of the plane tree. One branch nearest the window waited for its victim; and with one terrible shriek, the countess saw him hold out his arms toward her. She knew no more. Heaven spared her the rest.

After a solitary confinement in the castle, she was removed to Maybole, another mansion of the earl; where a beautiful staircase had been lately built. As the countess passed up its steps, her eyes met the terrible sight of sixteen carved

heads, resemblances of the Knight of Dunbar and his troop. At length release came. The gray-haired man, with his wife and niece had entered her father's service, declaring that they would not serve a tyrant like Lord Cassilis; and well versed in the intricacies of her prison, he contrived to take her away by the passage called the gipseys' steps, and conveyed her to her father, who gladly welcomed his child once more, and strove in every possible way to make up to her for the injuries she had suffered. There was a new Countess of Cassilis in her place, she heard, but this news passed over her like an idle wind. The earl was no husband of hers, and she wanted nothing now but *peace*.

#### TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

The Hindoo creed derives its peculiar character from the tenet, so generally diffused throughout the East, respecting the transmigration of souls. According to this belief, the spirit of man after death is not conveyed into a different state of existence, but goes to animate some other mortal body, or even one belonging to the brute creation. The receptacle into which it enters is decided by the course of action followed during the present life. The virtuous man may rise from an humble caste to the rank of a prince or even a brahmin, while the depraved not only sink into degradation as human beings, but even have their souls enclosed in the bodies of animals. With this view the Hindoo oracles endeavor to establish a certain conformity between the offences committed and the conditions under which they are expiated. The thief is converted into some animal addicted to steal the articles which were the wonted objects of his own depredation. The pilferer of grain is metamorphosed into a rat; while he who stole roots and fruit becomes an ape. The person thus lowered in the scale of being must pass through a long succession of degraded births ere he can resume the human form and endowments. This belief is so familiar to the Hindoo, that his conversation is filled with allusions to it. If he sees any suffering under evils that seem unmerited, he at once pronounces them the penalty of sin committed in a previous stage and form of existence. Even in seeing a cow or a dog receive a severe beating, he infers that the soul which animates them, must, under its human shape, have committed some offence worthy of such castigation. Wives, who consider themselves injuriously treated by their husbands, or servants by their masters, indulge the earnest hope that in some future state of being they shall exchange conditions, and obtain the opportunity of signal retaliation.—*The East Indians*.

#### LOVE.

Love! that molian chord,  
That takes life's tempest on its trembling string,  
And turns its wrath to music—hath the word  
In heaven no echoing?  
Yes; from the height of time  
Onward—forever shall the feeling roll,  
And from the grave reverberate the chime,  
Through the long age of soul.

LAYS OF A LIFETIME.

[ORIGINAL.]

### MISS THOMSON'S HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET A. LEE.

SCHOOL was done. All the lisping misses and chubby boys had gone home to dinner; the schoolhouse was swept and dusted, the desks were put in order, the weekly account cast up, and Miss Nelly Thomson tied on her bonnet and wrapped a light shawl round her somewhat stately shoulders, thinking what a nice time she should have at Clovernook that bland Saturday afternoon, and how sweet it would be to wake up to robin songs and fragrance of clover and roses in the holy Sabbath morning, instead of the clatter of a boarding-house, and the odor of coffee and fish-balls.

The note that had come for her had a postscript insisting on her coming by four, when the carriage would certainly call, and, strangely enough, designated the dress she was to wear—the blue poplin with the tiny linen collar, and, “don’t let your hair curl,” it added, “brush it back in those beautiful waves.” What could Mrs. Tennant mean?

The way to the boarding-house lay through the long street of the village, but there was a roundabout path by the river, shaded by great trees, and that was Miss Thomson's favorite walk. It took but five minutes longer, and albeit in a hurry, she determined to go that way now. She could walk a little quicker and get home by the time dinner was on the table. She wasn't disposed to meet common acquaintances while the excitement of the note and expected visit was upon her. The genial silence of the old trees and the tender ripple of the river suited her better, for far down in Miss Thomson's heart was a bit of sentiment that hung upon the thought of Clovernook. Last summer she had met Mrs. Tennant's brother there, a bachelor of forty, a major of infantry, a gentleman and a scholar, though a little stately.

Miss Thomson was not given to romance, being decidedly practical in her turn of mind, but she had a poetic side not spoiled by her thirty-five years and the vexatious school, and couldn't help thinking what a noble-looking man the major was, and how some time or other, some woman would love him. Ever afterward she was given to dreaming and feeling somewhat sad in connection with Clovernook, and now she felt little inclined to meet any one as she went home.

What was her vexation then, to see just in the path before her the person of all others she most disliked to meet—the Rev. Mr. Stockwell. She

would have turned back, but she had been seen, the gentleman was coming eagerly towards her, and there was nothing to do but bite her lips, smooth down a little frown, and answer his salutation. Now when Miss Thomson was a fair young girl of eighteen, and Mr. Stockwell came to preach as her father's colleague, the two had plighted troth, and the pastor's daughter was universally looked upon as the young pastor's future wife. But the old minister died suddenly; his daughter would not marry immediately, and in the meantime another woman quite as pretty, and having the advantage of a nice little income, had fascinated the fickle man. Of course he was made free at once, and Nelly very magnanimously said nothing to any of her father's friends, except that they had come to the conclusion that they should not suit each other. The pastor married; his wife had an infant every year or two, faded into a delicate invalid and died, at last, a year before this date, leaving her husband in a state of helplessness quite interesting to some of his lady parishioners. The minister could not be blamed for wanting a wife; but it was curious that he should pass by the pretty misses and buxom widows, to think of his old love, now a decided old maid, and a school-mistress into the bargain.

To be sure Miss Thomson did not seem in the least faded. Her fine constitution, active, cleanly habits and sweet disposition had preserved her from wrinkles, or gray hairs, kept her cheeks rosy, and her figure lithe and graceful. To be sure, she was by common consent allowed to be the most intellectual and most ladylike woman in the parish; she had supported herself quite independent of the gratuity her father's old friends would have bestowed upon her, and laid up a little sum in the bank beside; but then she was an old maid, and several pretty noses were turned up at the minister's evident preference for her.

Now matters had reached a crisis in the minister's mind, and he had left his dinner, and his "in conclusion," to spoil, in order to intercept Miss Thomson and settle the question of "his future happiness," as he called it. Not to lose time, with a little clearing of the throat, and a little tremble—for the minister was really in earnest, as far as he could be—he plunged into the midst of his story, and offered himself unreservedly for Miss Thomson's acceptance or rejection. He would not be contented either with her respectful negative, but must plead for time, for more consideration of the subject, and so forth.

"I think the union would be scarcely a fair one," Miss Thomson said, vexed at length. "You have bestowed all the love and care you

had to give on one woman and her children; you have lived with her, and mourned for her. You have little beside respect to give any one else. I, on the contrary, have never loved," (meeting his significant glance), "no, sir, I was mistaken when I once thought I loved you, I understand my needs better now. I have all these years been gathering up knowledge, and correcting my first estimate of life and character, loving only children and kind friends as such, until I am able to bestow upon a good man—if I should meet one—all of my heart that ever was worth bestowing. And I want an equivalent. I have no idea of taking the poor remnant any other woman has left. I wish you a very good day, sir," and Miss Thomson walked off stiffly, feeling a little womanly triumph, it must be confessed, that the old score was paid up.

It was difficult, somehow, to adjust the bands of wavy hair, and put on the collar just to our heroine's satisfaction, but it was done at length, and she read the last magazine to while away the time until the carriage came, and before she reached Clovernook forgot all about dresses, hair, the minister, or anything but the soft sky, the trees, the waving shades upon the meadows, the sparkle of the water as the trees let the sun in upon it. When she reached the cottage her heart was too full of these to leave one corner for vanity or self-consciousness, and she was astonished at herself when she met the major with perfect ease and coolness. He was a little discomposed, although it could not have been so much of a surprise to him, for he had been two days at Clovernook, and knew that she was coming, but he became his own dignified self in a moment, and entertained the ladies until tea-time quite pleasantly. Then they must go all over the garden and orchard, and even down to the river side and into the forest, and come home by starlight, the major offering his arm to Miss Thomson, while the host and hostess lingered a little behind. They must sit on the piazza too until nearly midnight, to see the moon come softly up into the radiant heavens, and hear the whippoorwill and the distant murmur of the river, now talking brilliantly, now falling into a silence as charmed as that around them.

The dreams of one of them were charmed too. The whippoorwill's song melted into the robin's, evening clasped hands with the morning, and each borrowed something of the beauty of the other, and on the wings of such sleep, full of singing and blooming, her youth seemed to come back to her again. All the hope and springing life, and fresh, buoyant faith. Such another Sabbath never bloomed into Miss Thomson's life,

either from the wonderful sunrise streaming purple all up the clouds, and all across the meadow, to the solemn brightness of its death in the western sky.

There was the last morning nap all full of robins' songs; the delicious country breakfast, not to be despised, the fragrant ride to church; the sermon, which in some way was much better than Mr. Stockwell's ordinary ones; the closing hymn—one of her father's favorites, and sung to her joy, in the consecrated old tune—the ride back to dinner—for no one would hear of her going home to the boarding-house, the visit wasn't half done yet; the long walk in the afternoon in the forest, where in a cathedral of pine trees, they—the major, that is—read chapters from the prophets and psalms with his deep, reverent voice, and they all sung old hymns that they had learned in youth, and almost looked for angels to come down upon the spiry roof, and bring them a blessing.

Miss Thomson hardly knew how Mr. and Mrs. Tennant strolled off, leaving her with the major beside her on the brown bank, nor how the conversation took so personal a turn, but before she knew it, the major had led her to tell much of her own experiences, and was talking in answer to some question of hers of a soldier's life; the danger, the hardship and the loneliness. How when watching the camp-fires far away on the outskirts of civilization, he thought sadly of his sister's happy fireside, and wondered if such an one would ever shine for him. Miss Thomson pitied his loneliness, and found that her life too had been lonely (though she didn't say so), and shrunk from the long days in the schoolroom month after month and year after year, and wished the major would always stay at Clovernook even if he was nothing to her. But she only looked thoughtfully at the bit of sky left by the pine branches, and never noticed that the major was looking anxiously at her, until he took her hand, and in a voice very faint and tremulous for such a great, stout man, said: Would it be too presumptuous in him, if he asked her to share all these hardships with him.

Then Miss Thomson found out that she had kept a bud of love all ready to blossom in her heart, ever since last year, when she first saw the major, and that he had gone off with a problem in his heart that resolved itself into the same thing when he was far away, and that he had come hundreds of miles on a short leave, only to ask that fateful question.

One week was a short time to find a new teacher for the school, and furnish a bridal outfit, but Miss Thomson had many friends, and all

were proud to help. Nothing was talked of in the parish but the new engagement, the preparations, what Mrs. B—— or Mrs. C—— or Miss M—— was making for the bride, how far she was to go, how beautiful she looked, or how grand or devoted the lover was.

Another Sabbath morning saw them standing before the altar, and the Rev. Mr. Stockwell found it a little difficult to steady his voice for the ceremony. Everybody was there, and everybody said that when she was a girl of eighteen, and had come blushing into the old church on the present minister's arm, she had not been half so handsome. And even now, ten years from that wedding, her husband honestly affirms that he never saw a woman so beautiful, certainly not one so good, and he knows there never was one better loved.

#### THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

It was their love of harmony that caused the Greeks to be so fond of dancing, for they sent their dancing-masters as well as their music-teachers to all parts of the civilized world, as the French do in our own time; and we have evidence that the former were ridiculed then, as the former are now, by those who think that nothing is good whose precise value or utility cannot be estimated in the current coin of the day. "In frames formed of a clay thus fine," observes Hope, "cast in a mould thus perfect, must have arisen organs of sense capable of impressions the most delicate and diversified. And in fact, the ancient Greeks evinced the superiority of their organization, by surpassing, in every bodily display, every other nation. Among them, individuals, of every age and station alike, frequented the gymnasium; all were equally proud to excel in the more arduous games of the palestra, and in the more elegant movements of the dance. Saltatory motions were not, in Greece, confined only to one sort, and only marked by one character. The young and the old, the grave and the gay, each had the choice of metrical movements suited to their rank and station. While the warrior delighted in the bold abruptness of the Pyrrhic step, the courtesan displayed the languishing movements of the Lydian measure; even the philosopher took his part in the maze with a grave and decorous dignity."—*National Quarterly Review*.

#### "MARRIED FOR MONEY."

What an odious comment this on the union of a man and woman for life! Cupid speculating in stocks! How degrading. The Egyptians held dowries in such horror, that he who had received one from his wife, was adjudged to her as a slave. Solon and Lycurgus also sought to deprive men of the possibility of making a wealthy marriage; and the Spartan who sought to repair his fortune by a marriage, was severely punished. How very fastidious those old fogies were.

He who enters upon a career of crime must come to either a halt or a halter.



[ORIGINAL.]

## OUR IDOLS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

We boast that our hills and vernal groves  
Hold not, as in days of old,  
Images fashioned of wood and stone,  
Or curious carven gold.

Yet not alone do the heathen kneel  
To their gods of wood and stone:  
Men build e'en now, as in ancient times,  
Altars to gods unknown.

It is true that no more to our vales and mounts  
Do we idol offerings bear;  
We shrine them now in our several hearts,  
And worship before them there.

Men bow in their souls to gold, bright gold,  
More eagerly now by half,  
Than e'er they knelt in the ancient days  
To Aaron's molten calf.

The leaves of our lives are strangely marked,  
We battle at fearful odds  
With hosts of idols that stand between  
Our secret souls and God's.

We set up idols and pull them down,  
Like children at idle play;  
And what we worshipped but yester-morn,  
We scorn in our hearts to day.

A name, a station, or wealth, or fame,  
Or favorite scheme may-be:  
There are scores and scores of 'unknown gods,'  
Whose altars we do not see!

The loves of our lives—the charmed cup  
Of pleasure our senses drown;  
Ah me, for some Hezekiah to come,  
And cast our idols down!

The mounts and vales of our hearts and lives  
Are heavy with smoke and flame;  
O God, for some Moses to lead us out  
From this bondage of sin and shame!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DIAPHORETICOPANTACATHOLICON.

BY GIACOMO S. CAMPANA.

A FEW evenings ago I called to pay a visit to my old friend, Doctor Gastrick. Though not of course to be compared with him in intellectual vigor, my old friend has nevertheless many traits in common with another very celebrated doctor, the author of *Rasselas*. In person he is not un-

like the colossus of literature, and in tea-drinking, I honestly think he could beat him. In criticism, if not so able, he is quite as severe—quite as much of a snarler.

In the knowledge of his profession, the doctor has very few superiors; and upon the ignorance which is unfortunately but too common within its pale, he is altogether unmerciful. He pursues a quack as unrelentingly as he would a mad dog, and considers him a far more dangerous animal. And yet Doctor Gastrick himself can hardly be called a strictly orthodox practitioner. Some, indeed, think him very much the reverse. The fact is, the bump of veneration was almost entirely omitted, when his phrenological protuberances were developed. Respect for authority, as such, has no place in his composition.

With all this, however, Doctor Gastrick is far from having an unkindly disposition. "His bark is worse than his bite," and the acid which is so apparent in his words has no power to caudle the "milk of human kindness" made manifest in his deeds. On the occasion to which I refer, I had heard him grunting and grumbling to himself before I entered the door.

"Well, old gentleman," said I, "whom are you snarling at this evening? Is it a homœopathist or a hydropathist? Is it the spirit of Hahnemann, or the ghost of Preissnitz?"

"Neither the one nor the other. I have simply been reading a story in a magazine—the most popular in the world, I suppose. The magazine, I mean—not the story."

"And does that sort of reading stir up your bile? It ought to have the contrary effect."

"Well, the fault is in me, I suppose, rather than in the story. I can't understand it."

"What sort of a story is it? What is it about?"

"It is about a very beautiful, intelligent, and in every way accomplished young lady, who, however, had the misfortune to be 'creative,' and not 'receptive'—a misfortune which very nearly cost her her life. And then there is 'a perfect-limbed young god,' who happened to be outrageously 'absorptive.' He fancies himself in love with the mortal and non-receptive young lady, and like another Jupiter courting Semele, proves to be altogether too much for her. She falls sick of some mysterious malady, nobody knows what, and is soon at death's door. Luckily, at the last moment, a doctor from Arabia drops in, studies her, and discovers that she is dying of absorption—dying of the 'young god,' who, vampire-like, is absorbing her to death. The doctor from Arabia prescribes a separation. Nothing else can save her life. So

he forbids the banns. The vampire being banished, the lady gets well, and gratefully falls in love with the physician, who also falls in love with her. Being non-absorptive, he is not dangerous; but there is another little difficulty in the way, namely, a wife. So they have to wait till she dies, which she is so obliging as to do, very soon. Then marriage, raptures, bridecake, blisses, kisses, etc., etc."

"And you were studying the phenomena of the new disease, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. If we really have such a terrible malady among us, it is the duty of medical men to make themselves acquainted with its symptoms, of course. But I have very little genius that way, I am afraid. When the prudish lady drew her sleeve over her pulse, Abernethy laid his own coat-sleeve upon it, remarking that a linen pulse should have a woollen physician. So I think a transcendental disease should have a transcendental doctor. I know two or three who would suit such a case exactly. But spiritual absorption is not in my line. Absorption of spirits is another thing, and one much more within the scope of my philosophy."

"But I heard you grumbling about adjectives and adverbs. What have they to do with the question of absorption?"

"Well, people can't even write transcendentalism without adjectives and adverbs; and they have no right to take liberties with them, whatever they may do with medicine and metaphysics. Theories are flexible things, and may be twisted about to any extent; but parts of speech cannot be thus contorted with impunity. Of the 'young god,' and his betrothed, for instance, it is said, 'They look charmingly.' 'They look charming,' is what the writer meant, and ought to have said. You know poor, pretty, blind Lizzie Weston. She does not look charmingly, because she cannot look at all. But that she looks charming, nobody ever did or ever will deny. It was the quality of the looks of the absorbed young lady and her suitor that were in question, and not the manner in which those looks were exercised. It was therefore the adjective belonging to the subject of the verb, and not the adverb qualifying the verb itself, that ought to have been used."

"The blunder is not an uncommon one, doctor."

"No, indeed, it is not. I don't believe there is a magazine, or periodical of any sort on this table in which you cannot find just such sentences; and many of the most popular books of the day are disfigured with that and similar errors. You know I am not a '*laudator temporis acti*'—a

enologist of 'the good old times;' but I do sometimes think that with all the boasted advantages of the present generation in matters of education, they do not write their mother tongue any better than their fathers did, if as well. There is a great deal of grammar in the school-houses—much more than in former days—but somehow it seems to stay there. The 'schoolmaster is abroad,' they say; but etymology and syntax remain at home. Here, in this same article, I notice another error, not so common as the other, but still inexcusably frequent. A little farther on in the story than the passage we have just quoted is the following, '—indicating Vaughn and I, with a bend of his head.' In our ungrammatical childhood, our parents and teachers have often to take us to task pretty sharply, about using the objective case instead of the nominative, as when we say 'Me and Tom did it,' instead of 'Tom and I.' Some people remember these teachings too well, and repudiate the *me* and adopt the *I*, even when a governing verb or preposition precedes the pronoun—and that too after they have become famous as contributors to the press. Another blunder of this sort finds an illustration in this same story, 'Some one came in—I could not see *whom*.' That is, 'I could not see *whom* it was.' It is a very common thing in conversation, to hear the nominative *who* used improperly for the objective *whom*; and it is not unlikely that it was in consequence of too great an anxiety to avoid this Scylla, that the writer ran upon Charybdis, on the opposite shore. Another pet blunder with 'popular writers,' is, 'I do not doubt *but* that it is so.' This always reminds me of another pleonasm, almost universal in the Southern States, 'John, where is your book *at*?' This, however, is a little too glaring to get into print; though I can't see that it is really any worse than the other."

"Doctor, do you think it is strictly correct to use the word *caption* in the sense which it is now so universal in this country, as synonymous with heading, or preamble?"

"No, sir, I cannot reconcile myself to it, though, as you say, it is now used in that sense by almost everybody. It is the Latin word *captio* with an English termination. And does *captio* ever signify such a thing as heading? Or has *capio*, from which it comes, any such meaning? Never. The fact is, such a use of the word is nothing more nor less than a blunder, founded upon the idea that it is derived from *caput*, a head. And yet this blunder has become a part of the American, if not of the English language. It is travelling the same road with the word *transpire*, which is now daily used in

two opposite and incompatible senses. One man asserts that a certain event *transpired* yesterday, and another declares that said event has not yet *transpired*. But the latter does not mean to contradict the former. He only attaches a different meaning to the word *transpire*, which is explained by a third individual, who says, speaking of the same thing, that it *took place* yesterday, but has not yet *transpired*. To such contradictions are we led by our habit of warping words out of the position which their derivation plainly assigns them."

"Here, doctor, is a word in this magazine which is very commonly mis-spelled and mis-pronounced."

"*Boquet for bouquet*. Yes, indeed, so universally so, that I have been corrected by young ladies, who tell me that *boquet* is right. 'Whether it is French or not,' said one to me the other day, 'it is fashionable.' And I have observed that those who omit the *u* in *bouquet*, invariably insert it in another word where it has no business to be. They write *boquet* for *bouquet*, and *soubriquet* for *sobriquet*. *Nom de plume*, too, more than half the time, gets a superfluous *me* to the *nom*. And speaking of foreign words reminds me of a Roman proper name—one of very frequent occurrence—which is so universally mis-spelled, that I have come to look upon it as a pretty good test of a writer's scholarship. Those who write *Catiline* correctly are almost always pretty well up in their classics; if not, they are sure to spell it with an *a*—*Cataline*."

"It is no easy matter to be always correct, doctor."

"No, it is not, and your own scribblings furnish examples of the fact. But I am now commenting upon errors which are really inexcusable. There, in that page which lies open before you, you have one of the 'curiosities of literature' which I have never been able to account for. You see there recorded the talk of a very vulgar person, which is meant to be very funny, and a part of the fun is to spell the word *clothes*, *k-l-o-z-e*, the word *true*, *t-r-o-o*, the word *colic*, *k-o-l-i-c-k*, and many more of the same sort. And that claims to be a first-rate magazine, and it is therefore fair to conclude that the writer of that article claims to be first-rate also. So, I suppose, there must be wit or humor of some sort in writing *kauphy* instead of *coffee*, to represent, not the spelling, but the pronunciation of the word. There surely must be, or we would not see examples of the thing in all our leading periodicals; but I'll be hanged if I can find it out."

"Well, well, doctor, those verbal inaccuracies are but small matters."

"So they are, and that, I suppose, is the reason why nobody notices them. But I can't help seeing them, and being troubled by them—and 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' And it is in quarters of the very highest respectability that these things occur. As for mere literary quacks and pretenders, their blunders are things of course, and as they are not matters of life and death, like quackery in medicine, they are of the smallest possible consequence."

"Talking of quacks," said I, "I heard a story, the other day, which would have surprised me beyond measure if I could have put any faith in it; but I at once pronounced it to be false, for it contained a charge of the grossest and most bare-faced quackery, laid at the door of my old friend, Doctor Gastrick."

"And you contradicted it without any inquiry into the facts?"

"I certainly did."

"Well, that was a very hazardous thing to do, in my opinion; and I am bound to say that I would not do the like for you, or for any other man, or woman either."

"It was not at all hazardous in my view of the case. I felt perfectly safe in giving the lie to the story, for it was a most monstrous one. It actually charged you with selling to some Western man, at an enormous price, some magical nostrum, with magical virtues, the recipe for which you professed to have obtained from Egypt, where it had been found laid over the heart of a mummy, which had been consigned to the tomb thousands of years ago. Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha! Isn't it capital?"

"Well, I don't know as to its being capital; but it's true."

"What?"

"The story is true, I say, every word of it."

"Doctor Gastrick, you would make an admirable play-actor. To look at that solemn face of yours, would make almost anybody believe you to be really in earnest."

"Then my solemn face does me no more than justice, for I *am* in earnest."

"You did actually sell a bottle of stuff which you called *Diaphoreticopantacatholicon*?"

"I did."

"And made the buyer give you one hundred dollars for it?"

"He gave me a thousand."

"And you told him it was worth fifty times its weight in diamonds?"

"I did."

"And that it came from the heart of a three-thousand-year-old mummy?"

"I did."

"Well, I give it up. You have either become a fit candidate for Bedlam, or else you are the most egregiously unmitigated old humbug that ever stepped on shoe-leather. You can take either horn of the dilemma as best suits you."

"I choose to take neither."

"Well, if you can tell me how you can help it, I will be obliged to you."

"I have no objection to oblige you at so cheap a rate."

"Then, pray do."

The doctor filled his pipe, and lit it, and between the whiffs told me what follows:

"One day I was sitting in that very chair in which you have deposited yourself. I was not spoiling the books and pamphlets by resting my feet on them, as you have been doing for the past twenty minutes; but I was doing something quite as silly, perhaps more so. I was reading (a thing I seldom do) one of your improbable, or rather impossible stories, when in stalked a sort of walking skeleton, in a rainbow-colored vest, enormous gold chain, ditto breastpin, and shiny new hat. His entire dress, though in wretched taste, was quite costly, and in ludicrous contrast with his cadaverous, lantern-jawed visage, and his universally wobegone appearance. His eyes were hollow, his nose was long and peaked, his skin looked like shrivelled parchment, his arms put me in mind of fence-rails with bags hung upon them, and his legs might have been called 'pins' without a metaphor. A lankier, leaner, hungrier-looking mortal I had never beheld.

"Good morning, sir," said he. "Are you Doctor Gastrick?"

"I am," replied I.

"The great Doctor Gastrick?"

"Well, I'm six feet high, in my stockings, and of a respectable average breadth."

"I mean the Doctor Gastrick what cures so many people. The one that cured Mrs. Drencher, down at the cross roads."

"Mrs. Drencher got well without any curing. She had dosed herself to the very borders of the grave; but, being forced to take a pledge of total abstinence from all deadly drugs, she got fat and rosy in less than three months."

"This Doctor Gastrick cured Mrs. Hyp of a dreadful complaint—made her throw up, or got out of her in some way, a full-grown bullfrog, that had been in her stomach six years, and caused her no end of misery. I saw it myself, the very identikil frog. She has kept it ever since."

"The one she swallowed?"

"The very one she swallowed. The very one Doctor Gastrick took from her. What a tremendous swallow she must have!"

"Not greater than that of some other people I know, who swallow much more extraordinary things than bullfrogs."

"Is it possible? What wonderful things you doctors do see! For my part, I thought Mrs. Hyp's case extr'or'o'ry enough for anything. I never heard the like before, except it is the man what "strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel;" and I wouldn't believe that if it wasn't in the Bible. But aint you the man?"

"That swallowed the camel?"

"No, no. I mean the man what fetched up the bullfrog."

"Well, yes; I'm the man that fetched up the bullfrog—from the bottom of the pond, I ought, in strict honesty, to have added."

"The fact is, Mrs. Hyp had been the plague of my life for years, with the bullfrog she believed to be constantly endeavoring to scramble out of her throat. One day I told her that I would have that frog or her life. So I worked away with probe and probang, forceps and stomach-pump, until I at last introduced her to an old fellow who looked as if he might have been prime-minister to 'King Log.' The old lady, however, firmly believed, and believes to this day, that I 'fetched him up,' out of her stomach. She has preserved, and petted, and cherished him, ever since, as a living monument of my manual dexterity—and so he is; but in the line of Signor Blitz, rather than in that of Sir Astley Cooper. But to return to my patient."

"You are Doctor Gastrick, then?" said he.

"I am Doctor Gastrick."

"Well, doctor, I have come to you to see if you can do anything for me. There is something in my inside that I would give a little fortune to have fetched up out of it, but I don't think it's a bullfrog. It's something that turns everything I eat into gall and brimstone, oil of vitriol and aquafortis. I live out West, when I'm at home; but I've been a-visiting some of my wife's folks, down at the Forks, and they told me all about you, and the wonderful cures you've made, among the neighbors there. I don't expect that you can do anything for me, though, whatever you mought do for other people, for I've tried about half a hundred doctors, and swallowed medicine by the ton and barrel. And it all does me no more good than if it had been throwed into the Mississippi River."

"What is the matter with you?"

"Everything's the matter. I don't believe

there ever was a complaint heard of, but what I've had a touch of it. But it all seems to come out of the stomach, somehow or another.'

" 'You feel worse after eating, don't you? I mean an hour or thereabouts after each meal.'

" 'Yes, it begins a while after I eat; and if there was a dozen bullfrogs, or even the old Scratch himself inside of me, they couldn't make me feel worse than I do.'

" 'What sort of an appetite have you?'

" 'Now, see here, doctor, there is one thing I want to say to you before we go any farther. If you mean to treat me on the starvation platform, the jig's all up. I won't be starved for any doctor living. Every one I go to talks about dieting the very first thing; and that's only another name for starvation. I was a hard-working man for twenty odd years, and I had plenty of "dieting" in that time, to last me all the rest of my days. I scraped together a little money by hard work and hard fare, and tried my hand at a land speculation, and made myself a rich man. So, now, I have nothing on earth to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep; and it would be a pretty story, indeed, if I was to be forced to go back to working hard and eating pork and beans again, now that I have nothing to do but to enjoy myself.'

" 'Do you enjoy yourself?'

" 'Don't I? Like a dog with no teeth in a butcher's shop. I lived more in one day when I was a poor, hard-working man, than I do now in a whole year. But I won't be starved, though, for all that.'

" 'I don't want to starve you. But you have not answered my question about your appetite.'

" 'Well, I can eat, and I do eat; but it don't do me one bit of good, for I always have to suffer for it, like all possessed, and my insides turns to sourness and bitterness—gall, fire, and brimstone.'

" 'How do you sleep?'

" 'O, I sleep delightful. I repose on a hackle, with red-hot iron for sheets—*sheet-iron*, you know. And I have somewhere about fifty night-mares riding me at a 2:40 speed, every time I close my eyes. O, it's delicious, and no mistake. No wonder I look so plump and rosy. It's glorious.'

" 'And all the medicine you have taken does you no good?'

" 'Not a hooter. I get worse and worse every day. I was a little bit better after I first came down here, but in less than a week I was just as bad as ever. The fact is, I've lost all hope of ever being any better, and I wouldn't have come here to consult you if I hadn't been in a manner forced into it. There is only one medicine in

all the wide world that can do me any good, and that I don't know where to get.'

" 'What medicine is that?'

" 'Well, I don't know no great deal about it. I don't even know the name of it. I wish I did, for then, may be, I might find it. You see, my grandfather (he's dead and gone long ago) came from England, and while he lived in the old country he had a sickness exactly like mine. I've heard him tell about it many a time, and it was the same identikil thing. He suffered dreadfully for years and years, till one day there came along a very old man, with a long, white beard. This old man was a wonderful doctor, and a wonderful wise and skillful person every way. He knowed pretty much everything. Well, this great doctor saw my grandfather, and told him all about how he felt and what he suffered, just by feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue. And then he pulled out a little bottle of some stuff that looked like nothing but so much clear water; but it was as powerful as ratsbane, and the old man sold it for a great many times its weight in gold. It had some long, queer name, I disremember it now, but it was something like *catholic*; and my grandfather took it drop by drop till it cured him—made him as hearty a man as he had ever been in his life. He was a hard-working man, and the old doctor's directions was always to take it while his skin was warm and moist from his work. He began to get better directly, and in one month he was just as good as new. I've been a-trying for years and years to get hold of that medicine, for I know it would cure me too; but I have never seen a doctor yet that could tell me anything about it. Some of 'em pretends to have it; but it's all humbug, for their stuff never does me no good. I'd give a thousand dollars for that little bottle this very minute. Yes, I'd give a hundred dollars a drop for it, if I could get the real stuff, and think it cheap at that. I would indeed.'

" 'Mr.—a—Mr.—you haven't told me your name. I believe, have you?'

" 'Shucks—Caleb O. Shucks.'

" 'Mr. Shucks, come a little closer, if you please. Closer still, Mr. Shucks. I have something to say to you, something very important, something which must forever remain a secret betwixt us two. There, let me whisper in your ear. I can tell you the name of that medicine!'

" 'Great gudgeon! Can you, really, doctor?'

" 'It's the grand *Diaphoreticopantacatholicon*!'

" 'Immortal Gusty Cæsar! If that aint the very name, I hope I may be chewed up and spit out again! Say it again, doctor.'

" 'DIAPHORETICOPANTACATHOLICON!'

"That's the very article, or its twin brother, anyhow—so much alike I can't tell the difference. I remember the *catholic-corn* perfectly. Great gudgeon, doctor, have you got any *diapo*—*diaper*—what the mischief is it?"

"*Diaphoreticopantacatholicon!*"

"Yes, yes—*Diapertheticopaddyecatholicomicrom*—I've got it right at last. For Heaven's sake, doctor, have you got any of it?"

"No, Mr. Shucks, I am sorry to say that I have not."

"O, Lucifer Cromwell! Doctor Gastrick, don't tell me that, after raising my hopes as you did! You haven't got no *Diaperpetticoutcatholicopolygon*, after all?"

"Lower, Mr. Shucks! Speak lower, if you please. I wouldn't have a syllable of this conversation overheard, on any account."

"But if you haven't got any of the *Diaphragm*—"

"Well, well, I have none, it is true, but it is not impossible to—"

"To make it? Hooray! That's the way to—"

"For mercy's sake, speak lower, Mr. Shucks, or I won't say another word about it. It is a possible thing to procure it; but a very difficult thing. And then you must remember that your case is a peculiar one—one of unusual difficulty. So inveterate, so obstinate, and of such long standing."

"But you don't think it beyond the power of the *Diaphoneticocatholicolitycan*, do you?"

"No, not if administered strictly in accordance with my directions."

"Great gudgeon! You mean to starve me after all, I do believe!"

"Have I not told you already that I have no such intention?"

"Yes, yes, so you have; but you see that's a tender p'int with me."

"So I perceive. I shall not interfere with your diet; but I have some important directions to give you, and upon your compliance with them depends your cure."

"All right, doctor, so that there is no starving in them."

"But, first of all, Mr. Shucks, I shall require on your part a solemn promise to keep everything relating to the *Diaphoreticopantacatholicon* a profound secret."

"Give me that Bible, and let me kiss it. There, that's the solemnest oath I know how to take. Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do, if you keep it. Now I'll tell you more. Come closer. The *Diaphoreticopantacatholicon* is a plant; or rather a distillation

from a plant. I have none of the essence; but I have a little, a very little of the seed. Unfortunately it takes a peck of that seed to make even a few drops of the essence."

"Then my cake's all dough."

"There is one way to manage the affair, and only one. You must sow the seed, and wait till it grows."

"Well, that's better than nothing. If we sow it this spring, I suppose we can have a crop in the fall. But I'm afraid I'll be in the ground myself before that time."

"Speak lower, Mr. Shucks. I am going to impart to you a most important piece of information. If I had a whole gallon of this essence, it would not cure you so effectually as this seed will, if you only follow my prescription exactly."

"Great gudgeon! You *do* mean to starve me, then, in spite of—"

"I tell you I *don't*. Eat what you please. If you make a hog of yourself you will suffer for it, and so would a man in good health. But listen to this. Your grandfather told you the exact truth when he spoke of this wonderful medicine acting powerfully through the medium of the skin; and so potent is that action, that the plants, when only a few inches high, will send forth an effluvium which goes directly to the heart, and brain, and stomach, of one who is working among them, if he only works hard enough to get his skin moist with perspiration, and the pores well open."

"And do you think they would help me, if I was to work with them in that way?"

"I'm sure of it. You would very soon begin to eat better, and sleep better, and feel better, every way. That is what I was going to propose to you. Take this seed, and as soon as you get home, sow it in drills, in your garden, and hoe, and dig, and work the plants, every day, and do it all with your own hands. The more you sweat, the faster you will be cured. And the more you work the plants, too, the larger your crop of seed will be. But everything depends upon doing it yourself. Do as I tell you, and before next fall you will be more than half cured. Then bring me your crop of seed, and I will complete the cure, and make a well man of you for life."

"And you think I will begin to feel better in a few weeks after the plants come up?"

"I know it. You can't work with them at all, not even with the seed, in fact, without being benefited. If you don't feel better in one week after the plants come up, then call me a humbug, and quit me."

" 'I'll do just what you say, doctor. I'm not fond of work, but I can stand it. I can stand anything but starvation. But, doctor, this looks very much like flaxseed.'

" 'It is like flax. It was a famous herb of the ancient Egyptians and Israelites; and—come closer, Mr. Shucks—it is thought by learned men that it was working with this plant that caused Methusaleh and those old fellows to live as long as they did.'

" 'Great gudgeon! You don't say so! And how on earth did you find out about this wonderful *Diapfugmaticocatholicoicon* ?'

" 'A description of the plant, with directions for preparing the essence, was originally found upon the breast of an Egyptian mummy, supposed to be one of Pharaoh's great doctors, who was also the chief teacher of Moses. The writing was in hieroglyphics, and engraved upon a metallic plate.'

" 'Paid pretty high for the secret, I s'pose, didn't you ?'

" 'That plate was worth its weight in diamonds, sir, and you may be sure that what it contained was not sold for a trifle. The man from whom I obtained the secret—a little closer, if you please, Mr. Shucks—looked as if he might be two or three hundred years old; and I'm not at all sure that he wasn't.'

" 'Mighty Moses! you don't say so! Kept himself alive by the *Diapherneticocatholipopcorn*, I s'pose.'

" 'By raising it, and working among it, Mr. Shucks. If he prolonged his life at all, you may depend upon it that he did it in that way. I think it highly probable that this same old doctor was the person who cured your grandfather; but it was hardly necessary that he should be set to work, seeing that he was a working man already. For you it is indispensable, and I hope you will not forget it.'

" 'No fear of me, doctor, so you let me eat. That's all I bargain for.'

" Mr. Shucks started for home the very next day, taking the seed of the *Diaphoreticopantacatholicon* with him. He sowed it, and worked it in accordance with my prescription, and with full faith in its efficiency. Nor did the result disappoint him. Before the end of the first week he felt decidedly better, and before a month had elapsed he was very materially so. This encouraged him so that he worked away most faithfully, spending half his days, hoe in hand, in the garden, and turning up the soil between the rows of plants at least a hundred times.

" In the fall he brought me his crop, and so great was the change in the man's appearance,

that I did not recognize him until he introduced himself. He was already cured; but 'to make assurance doubly sure,' I complied with his request to furnish him with a few ounces of the quintessence of '*Diarrheaticocatholiconicorn*.'—He declared that he felt better than he ever did in his life, and that the thousand dollars he paid me was the best-spent money he ever paid away in his life. And as for the '*Diatoneticocatholicoicorn*,' he meant to keep some of it in his garden, and work it, too, every day of the year that it would grow. And I believe that Mr. Shucks kept his word.

" This wonderful article, which looked 'so much like flaxseed,' was flaxseed, and nothing else. When I took it down from the shelf to hand it to Mr. Shucks, I didn't know what it was. I knew it was seed, of some sort, and that was enough for my purpose. It did not matter in the least what it was. I saw that Mr. Shucks, after leading a very active life, from necessity, for many years, had suddenly become rich, and had ever since been stuffing himself from morning till night, and doing absolutely nothing else. High feeding, coupled with total inactivity, mental, moral, and physical, had produced a serious functional derangement of the system, and threatened before long to bring about organic lesions, which must render his case a hopeless one. While it was yet possible, by removing the offending cause, to restore the organs to their original healthy condition, the man fortunately sought my advice.

" If I had simply told him the truth—that he was dying of pure laziness, and insisted upon laborious habits, and a frugal diet, he would simply have cut my acquaintance, and there would have become an end of the matter, and of him too. He had no confidence in air and exercise, and the least hint at a restriction of diet would provoke him beyond measure. But there was one thing, and but one thing, in which he had confidence, namely, the quack medicine which he believed had cured his grandfather. That medicine I resolved that he should have; I therefore invented it on the spot, and a name to suit it. The name of his grandfather's panacea, from his account, must have been a *catholicon* of some sort, and that which I adopted, at a venture, was near enough to the original to make him think it was the very thing. That was quite sufficient to give him faith in it; the story I told about it gave him more, and in the end he was bribed, deceived, and cajoled into a whole summer of active exertion. To persuade him to this, on its own merits alone, would have been manifestly impossible. But I gilded the pill with



quackery, and he swallowed it, without a grimace or a single murmur. That summer's experience, too, gave him a taste for gardening, and similar pursuits, which has been the means of keeping him in good health ever since; though all the apostles, and prophets to boot, could not convince him that it was owing to anything else but the immortal Egyptian and Methusalehian DIAPHORETICOPANTACATHOLICON.

#### SOLDIERS' GARDENS AT CHALONS.

At the close of last winter the Emperor Napoleon gave orders that a vegetable garden should be arranged behind the quarters of each regiment of infantry and cavalry, by means of which the soldiers might be supplied with additional comforts. For this purpose fourteen gardeners for each regiment, under the direction of a sergeant and a corporal, were sent to the camp in the month of April last. Engineers traced out these gardens behind each tent or wooden hut. Each regiment was placed in possession of its ground, and the men immediately began to cultivate it. Wherever the spade was not strong enough to penetrate the ground, engineers came to their assistance. On the orders having been first given to the corps of engineers, they sowed a great quantity of cabbage-seed, and the produce was distributed to each regiment in the shape of several thousand feet of cabbage plants. Radish, onion, lettuce, carrot, and turnip seeds, were sent from Paris to be distributed to each regiment. All these vegetables now present a magnificent appearance, and will serve this year to add to the soldiers' dinners. From twelve thousand to thirteen thousand feet of cabbage, and from eight thousand to nine thousand feet of leeks and onions, are to be seen at this moment in the garden of each regiment. There are, likewise, a large quantity of kidney-beans, which the soldiers may eat green. Next year, and the years following, the quantity and quality of the vegetables will be still better, inasmuch as the ground will have been better tilled and better manured. The soldiers of each regiment exhibit great *amour propre* in the cultivation of their gardens, and in the superiority of their produce. The soldiers, moreover, derive great pleasure from walking through these gardens, which remind them of their paternal homes. In a word, the emperor's idea is highly approved by the soldiers, and it is said to be the emperor's intention to carry it out on a much larger scale.—*Steele*.

#### SEALS.

Every Icelandier knows well that these are in reality King Pharaoh's people, who were drowned in the Red Sea. And, indeed, they still form a human community at the bottom of the ocean, only that their outer man is disguised in those wrap-rascal sealskins. Once a year, on St. John's eve, they come ashore, cast their skins, and dance and sing, and frisk and romp about, like sailors after a long voyage. "Catch a weasel asleep, shave his eyebrow;" if you can only manage to carry off the skin while the uncloaked ones are at their games, the owner of it remains a man or a woman for the term of his or her natural life.—*Ozonian in Iceland*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## OUR BACHELOR CLUB:

— OR, —

### A DASH FOR LIFE AND A WIFE

BY HENRY A. HAREWOOD.

ALLOW me, respected reader, to present my bachelor friends to you. Mr. Norman Baring, if you please; never mind if he is a fastidious beau, the world is his debtor for many an act of charity. The gallant Patterson Nevil; sometimes surnamed a word which rhymes with his family name, but I assure you if he is wild, he is at least gentlemanly, generous and brave. The eccentric Murray Eliot, dear reader. Please be careful with your bow, for the erudite creature is critical. Lastly: but certainly not the least, if "you are to judge by his size," you say; Chew Rollins, Esq., of Rollinsworth Manor, Rollinsworth. Than whom (despite his titles) there does not exist a more frank, simple-minded and chivalrous gentleman. Your humble servant, plain Mr. Harewood! Happy to make your acquaintance! but bless me! where was I? In the personalities of these introductions I had nearly forgotten that we have all been enjoying a good dinner, and are now busy with our pipes and gossip, and that Murray Eliot who has been glancing over a New York daily paper has exclaimed, in tones to startle the assembled company:

"Hear this, gentlemen. The magic circle is destroyed—'Othello's occupation's gone'—'All the world's a stage, and—'"

"Stop your infernal quotations," put in Patterson, with good-natured wrath. "We are gorged with them."

"Amen!" quoth he of Rollinsworth. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless—"

"Anything novel in the way of dressing gowns, my dear boy?" bawled Baring.

"Alas! poor ghost! poor Millard! I knew something was rotten in the State of Denmark."

"Cease thy babbling," mimicked Chew Rollins, "and tell us of what import is thy news from York. Let us not burst in ignorance!"

"Ha! ha!" chorused the party.

Eliot arose. The paper quivered in his grasp. His tall form loomed grandly up through the smoky vapor, and if he had thrown a hand-grenade amongst the scoffers, it would not have produced more excitement than his words:

"Millard is married!"

"Millard!" Patterson was on his feet.

"Married!" echoed the group. "When? Where?"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" continued Murray, and he read from the paper:

"On the 4th inst., by the Reverend Joseph Pews, of the church of the Assumption, Mr. Sampson Millard of Baltimore, to Miss Daisy Wilton of Seneca, Illinois. Baltimore papers please copy."

When Murray Eliot had read this announcement, he sat down amidst an ominous silence. His face wore a lugubrious expression, and he muttered in an undertone:

"Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him well—a fellow of infinite—"

The last words were lost in a deep sigh. All eyes seemed now to be turned to me. I had spoken not a word during this exciting dialogue.

"Harewood, you know of this. Confess, or by heavens, the torture shall drag thy secret from thee!"

"Unhand me, villain!" screamed I, in a melodramatic voice of which (I may modestly confess to the reader) I am proud. Then rumpling my hair, laying down my meerschaum, and drawing a large packet from my *escratoire*, I said, "Listen! I shall a tale unfold—"

"Enough, caitiff!" interposed the company. "We have had already too large a dose of the 'Royal Dane' in one sitting."

"Well, then, my friends, I will read you the manuscript forwarded to me yesterday by our mutual friend Millard. He wished me to read it to you when there was a quorum present, and at the same time to express his regrets that he is obliged to withdraw from those with whom he has been so long and pleasantly connected—"

"Bah! pass that."

"Well, then, with your permission I will read exactly what he has written."

"Go on, go on! You should belong to a circumlocation office. What right have you to tax our patience thus?"

"Question, question!" And I read from the manuscript how Sampson Millard got married.

"Sweet is the life of a bachelor, O, my friends! At least, of such jolly bachelors as composed our circle. Ah, with what delight I view those careless days devoted to pleasure, the mad revels—the wild dashing through the country—every house open to us—every face wearing smiles as we approached. Those delicious little suppers. The freedom—the wit—the wine—all dearer to me because the memory of my friends makes the past bright and sweet to me. But allow me to commit the sacrilege of saying, that I have discovered joys far sweeter, holier, calmer—that I

have hopes loftier and dearer than any engendered in our circle of Bohemians. As a married man, I can devote myself to the serious purposes—the higher duties and dignities of life, from which I was in a measure debarred by the reckless pursuit of selfish pleasure, in which we were all engaged in Maryland."

"Evidently in the honeymoon," interrupted Chews, indignantly.

"Deuced ass!" said Baring, annihilating him with the two words.

"Quoth he, to bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move;  
My beard to grow, my ears to stick up,  
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup,"

quoted Murray, absently.

"I guess he's about half right, after all," mused Patterson Nevil.

I continued reading:

"But I suppose in withdrawing from your bachelor meetings, it is no more than proper that I should state to you the why and wherefore, and if, after recounting the adventure which led to my marriage you condemn me (radicals as you are), I can only say that instead of one (as per our agreement), I will stand five champagne suppers."

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the chorus of voices, in more melting and forgiving tones.

"My respect increases."

"Poor Romeo! romantic as—"

"A hedgehog. Go on, go on!"

"You are aware that for the last fourteen months I have been engaged in surveying for the O. L. & C. A. R. R., and that portions of my route extended through the wildest regions of Illinois. One fine day in May I had travelled about fifteen miles from our cabins with a single companion beside a chain-bearer, and approached the head waters of the Likka River in the Snaky Bottom near Roseville, near evening. We proposed camping out, and after sending my companions back for their horses, which they had tethered in a shady clump of trees by the Likka, some two miles back, I rode forward to explore the neighborhood for a proper place to pitch our temporary camp. When they returned to my starting point they were to await me there and take charge of the instruments, etc., until my return.

"I set out in high spirits, and my horse seemed to partake of the buoyancy, for he pranced gaily along over the waving prairie grass and sweet-scented flowers which grow in such luxuriance in this region. The air was full of fragrance, and as the soft shadows crept over the swelling prairie, and the woods grew more dusky, the beauty of the scene impressed me strangely."

"Too much moonlight," dryly observed Nevil.

"My heart was overflowing with thanks that I was permitted to enjoy these grand beauties, while Heaven had favored me with health and strength, and a mind fitted to receive the harmonious teachings of our bounteous mother Nature."

"Stuff!" sneered Eliot, "and poorly written."

"You shall not criticize our absent friend too harshly—let him go on," interposed Chews.

"For my pawt, I think it's dayvillish fine," said Baring, leisurely, between the puffing of his meerscham.

"Reflecting thus, I rode onward, forgetting the object I had in view, till the darkness closing around brought me back to practical thought, and I soon checked my beast, and having discovered a spot upon which we should encamp, I turned and endeavored to find my way back to the rendezvous. This I discovered to be no easy task, and as I followed the course of the Likka, which was winding, I was soon wandering in the mazes of the wood without the slightest idea of whither my horse was leading me. To be lost on the trackless prairie, at night, hungry and fatigued, with the pleasant prospect of wandering for days and nights without coming to a settlement, is by no means an incentive to cheerful reflections, and I was very despondent, as I wandered for home like one in a hideous dream, seeing nothing but misery and starvation in the distance. Then—then, gentlemen, I confess it—I thought over the cheerful home I had deserted—the pleasant friends from whom I had willingly departed. What added to my trouble, was the knowledge, that in this particular locality, there were foraging parties who were known to be engaged in the pleasant practice of stopping emigrant trains and parties of travellers, and after stealing everything they possessed, money, oxen and horses, then murdering the poor wretches who were so unlucky as to fall into their hands. And whilst our little party was working, we had been obliged to keep sharp watches for the enemy. Indeed, we had twice been attacked by the miscreants when we were in larger force up the Soarlee, and nothing but the dexterous use of our 'Colt's patents,' had saved us from the common fate. It was, therefore, with feelings of the greatest joy, that I struck, about nine o'clock, a rough road through the deep woods, which seemed as though it had been frequently travelled, and I hoped would lead me to some shelter for the night. Nor was I mistaken, for after pursuing this path for about an hour, and following up carefully its intricate windings, the twinkling lights of a distant cabin rewarded me, and I dashed forward quickly.

"The cabin was about two miles ahead, and as I approached the small clearing in its vicinity, my ears were saluted by the vociferous barking of (it seemed to me) a dozen watch dogs. And as I dashed up to the door, it was opened hastily then shut to again. And when I rapped, I could hear a number of voices in seeming parley within. I did not like the looks of things, but I determined to find a shelter and something to eat here at all hazards, so I rapped again upon the crazy door of the cabin.

"What d'ye want here to-night?" asked a rough voice within, in decidedly Milesian accent.

"Food and shelter," I replied. "I have lost my way."

"Go on, then, to the next house if you're wantin' shilter, an' bedad, if yer in want of inn-thing to ate, Dennis Mulvaney's, a moile over the sthream's the place."

"I was determined to go no further that night, and I said so, and after further parley the door was opened, and I was ushered into a dirty, low-ceilinged room where were huddled together a half dozen of as brutal, cut-throat looking chaps as ever were congregated on any stage as 'first murderers,' etc., and the atmosphere of the room was reeking with the smell of whiskey, and thick with the smoke from their clay pipes. The host, an ill-browed man, apologized in his rough way for not admitting me at first, as they didn't 'loike sthraingers'—which I could well believe, for as far as appearances were reliable, it would not have conduced to the comfort of that crew to have had many visitors, especially if any of them happened to wear the U. S. badge.

"I had my horse tied outside and a full measure of corn given to him, after which 'mine host' was to prepare me some supper, after showing me into a hole which he called a room, adjoining the main *salon*, and apologising for the 'nise the b'ys' were making, whom he said had been 'dhrinkin' contrairty to his rhules,' because they had just finished a cabin some two 'moiles beyant 'river.' So I was left alone to reflect upon my unenviable situation—in this solitude amid a gang of rough fellows, who, if they were nothing worse, were certainly the lowest and most quarrelsome of their class, and obliged to pass the night here, while my brave fellows were perhaps scouring the country to find me, but you know my old maxim, from Seneca, 'He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary.'

"Hlang his nonsense."

"It's as stupid as his adventure so far," shouted the friends, for whom allowance is to be made because they had forgotten their classical learn-

ing, and we are too apt to condemn what we do not understand. But the reading went on.

"However, in a short time, when the noise had somewhat subsided in the front room, and the savory smell of the bacon was making me if possible more hungry than ever, I heard some voices speaking in angry tones below me, and I could only distinguish the following :

"—— you!" said a harsh, gruff voice, 'if you do hint it, I'll slit your weasen for ye!'

"Then don't send me in, for you may kill me as you did my brothers; but I wont connive at his murder."

"This last was a musical, woman's voice, and I was surprised at its singular refinement of tone. The man continued :

"Ye shall go in, I say. I will listen at t'dour and ef ye spake to him aiven, the b'ys shall—'

"I could not hear the balance of this threat, which was uttered in a grating, harsh tone. You may imagine that this conversation, relating as it did to me without doubt, did not tend to allay my anxiety, and I took out both of my revolvers from my belt and examined carefully their primings, knowing there must be a struggle, and determined to die hard.

"The door opened, and a female entered, bearing a wooden tray with my supper. The dim light prevented me from taking in at a glance the full measure of her glorious, radiant beauty, but soon I did comprehend that in this solitude, amidst such cut-throats, there dwelt this creature of supernal beauty (a short laugh from the bachelor audience), whose look of suffering convinced me that she was detained a prisoner, and maltreated amongst these coarse villains, and to whose appealing look I returned a glance which was intended to convey, 'I dimly understand your position. I will do all that man may dare, to rescue you.'

"She laid down my coffee, bacon, and a few slices of dark bread, and then went to a chest to get me a knife and fork. I observed her fumbling there for some time, and when she came to the table, in putting down the knife, she quickly and tightly clasped my hand and pressed into it some hard substance, and rapidly left the room. Immediately I looked upon the present which I had so mysteriously received from the woman, and found it to be a piece of the whitewash which had been broken off from the wall of the cabin, and upon its surface was scrawled the following words with what looked to be a piece of charred wood.

"For God's sake, don't eat or drink! Your food is poisoned—they intend to murder you. Escape if you can. I am a prisoner here—Dai-

sy Wilton. My two brothers were murdered. I am a daughter of Judge Wilton of Seneca.'

"I had hardly deciphered this scrawl and was awakening from the astonishment into which it had thrown me, when there was the sound of blows, and a woman's shrill scream from below, and in an instant the fair woman who had so nobly warned me, at the risk of her own life, rushed into the room, her pale face covered with trickling blood—

"The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, it were base flattery to call a villain," broke in the miserable Murray Eliot.

"She was followed by a man of murderous appearance, who held in his hand a short club with which he had doubtless inflicted the cowardly blow. He seemed to be in an ungovernable passion, and was pursuing his poor victim who had cowered behind me for protection. I cried out to him as I stood before the woman shielding her form :

"What do you mean by this outrage? Keep back, or by heavens, I will shoot you down before you shall touch this woman again.'

"Outrage, is it, me beauty? Well thin, come in, b'ys, we'll soon tache this child—bedad ye'd better giv up the woman.' And the ruffian advanced upon me, and the doorway was swarming with the scoundrels. I took the woman's arm (and she clung tremblingly to me), and shouted out to the murderous crew :

"Out of my way! the first man who obstructs my passage from this house, I will lay dead at my feet.' And I showed my shooting irons—the Irishmen falling back as I advanced to the door.

"He's got pistils—get his horse, b'ys, and then we'll thry him with our knives. Ha—get his horse;' and they made for the door, I closely following.

"The villain who was behind aimed a blow at my head, but I avoided it, and sent a bullet into his shoulder which sent him to the floor howling with pain. I had a desperate struggle for my horse, but the lady, Daisy Wilton, aided me to procure him, for she possessed herself of one of my weapons, and shot one of the scoundrels who had stabbed me in the arm. With one pair of Colt's revolvers we held the crew at bay, and there in the darkness did I cut my horse from his fastenings, assist the lady upon his back, who clung to my waist as I dashed away from the bloody cabin into the almost Cimmerian darkness of the wood beyond, while the groans and shouts of those we left behind grew fainter and fainter. We were now assisted by the moon which rose splendidly, and thus

hour after hour we dashed on to get out of reach of the robbers, who would be sure to follow us through the ravines, over the little streams, and across the rolling, fragrant prairie, and my gallant horse never faltered. He seemed to know that upon him depended our lives. In the morning (guided by the noble woman whom I had rescued from a fate far worse than death), we reached the little village of Roseville, which was not far from the spot from where I had wandered the night previous, and from this town an expedition was fitted out against the marauders who had been the terror of Snaky Bottom for so many years, and in a week they were all brought in prisoners. They were tried in a court over which Judge Lynch presided, and that officer charged the jury with such effect, that three of the men were hung, and the other two of them tarred and feathered, and driven out of the country.

"The beautiful (and as I afterwards learned) accomplished woman, Daisy Wilton, had been captured by the desperadoes in whose hands I found her, after her two brothers had been murdered on their way across the prairies to a new settlement which their father, the Judge, of Seneca owned, and was colonizing. My dear friends, I have but little more to add. I married the worthy lady, and I think when I come to Maryland in June, you will honor my choice when I present Mrs. Millard to you." . . . .

"Wishing each other not divorced but dead, they lived respectably as man and wife," spake the quoting Murray, after a silence which followed the reading.

"He don't say how much she's worth, oh, Harewood?" inquired the material heir of Rolinsworth.

"And not a word as to the latest cut of trousers in New York—Faugh! how dull he is," yawned Baring.

"Gentlemen, is he to pay for only one, or for five champagne suppers? that is the question," asked Nevil, who seemed thirsty. Pending the answer, our bachelor club refreshed themselves as usual.

#### Fatal Bite of a Rattlesnake.

A man named John Hill, from Central Ohio, while at the Dayton Fair, recently, visited one of the "side shows," which always infest such a place, and while amusing himself, concluded to try the temper of a rattlesnake by putting his hand in its cage, when the reptile bit him on the finger, and infused into his system such a virulent poison that the unfortunate man died in ten minutes. His body was sent to his relatives.

#### BEARS AFTER SEALS.

The white bear, as is well known, subsists principally on seals, and he kills many of them on these sheets of "fast" ice; but how he manages to get within arm's length of them there, is beyond what I can understand. When the seals are floating about on loose drift ice, bruin's little game is obvious enough. He "first finds his seal," by eyes or nose, in the use of both of which organs *U. maritimus* is unsurpassed by any wild animal whose acquaintance I have ever made, and then, slipping into the water half a mile or so to leeward of his prey, he swims slowly and silently toward him, keeping very little of his head above water. On approaching the ice on which the seal is lying, the bear slips along unseen under the edge of it until he is close under the hapless seal, when one jump up and one blow of his tremendous paw generally settles the business. The seal cannot go fast enough to escape by crossing to the other side of the iceberg; if he jumps down when the bear is close to him he does the best he can for his life, for, if he does not jump actually into the arms of his foe and get into the water, he is very likely to escape, the bear having no chance whatever when the seal is once fairly afloat. It cannot be very easy, even for an animal of such prodigious strength as the polar bear, to keep hold of a six hundred weight seal during the first contortions of the latter, and a furious struggle must often take place. That the seals often escape from the grasp of the bear is certain, for we ourselves shot at least half a dozen of large seals which were deeply gashed and scored by the claws of bears. It is evidently fear of the bear which makes the seals so uneasy and restless when they are on the ice, as very many of these seals never saw, in all probability, a man or a boat in all their lives.

#### DECEIVING CHILDREN.

On a certain occasion a physician was called to visit a sick boy about twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside, and told him that she could not get her boy to take any medicine, unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with. I will have nothing to do with deceiving a child, lest I help him become a man who will deceive his fellow-men, and finally deceive himself, and be lost forever."

He went to the boy, and after examining his condition, said to him: "My little man, you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and will make you feel badly for a while, and then I expect it will make you feel better." The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it at once, and without the least resistance. He said also he would take anything from his mother which the physician prescribed, but would not take anything else from her, for she had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she had given him medicines, that he would not trust to anything that she said. But he saw at once that the doctor was telling the truth; and when he took the bitter draught, he knew just what to expect. Is not honesty with children, as well as with others, and in all circumstances the best policy? How can parents hope to gain anything in the long run by deceiving their children?—*Reflector*.

[ORIGINAL.]

**"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."**

BY MRS. F. E. BARBOUR.

Fitfully sigheth the autumn breeze,  
Swaying the boughs of the forest trees  
With tremulous thrill;  
As "over the hills and far away"  
It hieth along, this gloomy day,  
On errand of ill.

'Tis the advance guard of the storm-king's host;  
'Tis a dirge for the blessed summer lost,  
And its perished flowers;  
It chills my heart with its solemn tone,  
I shrink with dread from its constant moan,  
Through the weary hours.

Sweeping along through the upper sky,  
Like spirits of air, the clouds rush by,  
Thick veiling the blue;  
The valleys sleep 'neath their banners dun,  
The brooks with a saddened cadence run,  
And a sombre hue.

'Tis a dreary day, but it must be so;  
The flowers of the year must fade, I know,  
And its verdure die.  
But beauty cometh with spring again,  
And flowers are born 'neath the summer rain,  
And its genial sky.

But alas for the flowers of love that fade;  
Alas for the hopes of which wreck is made,  
For they come no more!  
Their dead leaves rustle in aching hearts,  
Which shrink 'neath winter's pitiless darts,  
With agony sore.

And alas, alas, for the withered life,  
For the heart whose chambers with gloom are rife,  
When this dirge of pain,  
Like the death-song of sweet dreams bright and clear,  
Soundeth ever within the spirit's ear,  
"It might have been!"

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE STRATAGEM.****AN IRISH STORY.**

BY GEORGE A. BANCROFT.

"TELL me, Katrine, why do you shun, and appear to hate my good friend Michael?" asked Mr. Timothy O'Sheil, a wealthy landholder, residing in one of the thriving towns of the county Tipperary, Ireland, as he met his daughter, a young maiden of sixteen, one pleasant morning,

in the drawing-room of his splendid mansion. "Why will you not listen to his suit? What has Michael Mahoney done, that he should be only the recipient of your scorn?"

"What has he done?" responded Katrine, "why, nothing criminal that I know of; but I don't like him. He is too proud and selfish and conceited! He speaks too boastfully of himself. He has too high an opinion of his own merits, while he seems to depreciate those of every one else!"

"You are prejudiced against him, and probably do not, therefore, rightly judge him," said Mr. O'Sheil. "Certainly, you cannot blame him for simply thinking a good deal of himself?"

"I should not," was the pretty Katrine's answer, "but that his boasting propensities are so glaringly apparent. He speaks of his numerous adventures and exploits, as though he were the bravest of the brave! and always contrives to make himself the hero of his stories—the most of which, I think, are the coinage of his own brain."

"And so for this, and other things, you hate him?" interrogated O'Sheil.

"Not exactly hate—but yet, I do not like him well enough to be his wife."

"Perhaps you love another—and that is the reason why you view him so unfavorably?"

Katrine blushed, but replied—"Father, you are right—I do love another!"

"And that other," with a look of severe displeasure, spoke Mr. O'Sheil, "is Teddy O'Flynn."

"It is," said the young girl.

"I thought so," was the answer. "A fitting match he would prove for the daughter of Timothy O'Sheil!"

"And why not?"

"Why, what is he but a good-for-nothing? His parents are poor, and yet, instead of working for them as he ought, he spends his days in idleness!"

"I am sure, he is doing the best he can for himself and them," returned Katrine. "He's perfecting himself in his studies, with the view of accomplishing a good deal in the future."

"Little good will his reading of novels and romances and poems do him," said Mr. O'Sheil. "They but inculcate idle habits. But I see it all—love is blind, and you are completely infatuated! 'Tis not the conceit and the boasting qualities which you ascribe to Michael, that render him odious to you—but your love for Teddy O'Flynn leads you to dislike him."

"Not so, father," persisted Katrine. "My love for Teddy would not cause me to hate any one. But Michael Mahoney is a boaster. 'Tis

not myself alone that declares it. Others of my friends have so affirmed, and have doubted the truth of many of his wonderful stories. 'Twas but the other night—you may remember, father—while in his company, and that of others of my young friends, we were speaking of the notorious highwayman, Brennan—he who has for months been the terror of all travellers betwixt here and Glamworth—and Michael interrupted Phelim Mc'Grath in the middle of his speech, stating that he thought not much of Brennan, and adding that he felt sure he could give a good account of him, should he, well-prepared with a brace of pistols, chance to encounter him! Now, what was such a speech, with what he further said, but the merest bravado?"

"No doubt he felt as he spoke," said Timothy O'Sheil. "Michael is a strong and capable lad, and perhaps even Brennan might not get the better of him."

"Brennan, at least, would never boast of his abilities in the manner Michael does," returned Katrine. "Why, I have heard Phelim, and Patrick, and Luke, and others, since that night, speak as if they doubted, altogether, the courage of Michael. They even expressed their belief that he was but a cowardly braggadocio. I confess that I entertain the same thought."

"Yet, Michael Mahoney is no coward! He has a large share of self-esteem, it is true, and cannot help speaking as he does. But he will by-and-by prove that his actions can verify his words. He will show his friends that he fears no one of his enemies! However, all this converse is nothing to the point upon which I had proposed to speak."

"I know it, father, and we will drop it," said Katrine; "but, father, I am willing to put the courage of Michael to the test, even at the risk of losing Teddy."

"What mean you, Katrine?"

"This. If you will allow me, if I prove not the cowardice of Michael Mahoney, I will, in accordance with your wish and his, wed him—become his wife, whatever day or hour you may both determine."

"And if you do prove him a coward?" he inquired.

"Why, then, you shall allow me, if he says so, to be the chosen one of Teddy—or, at least, present no objection to his suit."

"I agree to the proposition, Katrine," spoke her parent. "But in what manner do you purpose testing the bravery of Michael?"

"A lucky thought has just come into my mind. You will send to-day to Glamworth, for a thousand pounds?"

"I shall—Mr. Mc'Gee promised to certainly have it ready to day."

"And there is no doubt of your getting it?"

"Not the least. But why do you ask?"

"I would have you send Mahoney for it."

"Mahoney? What for?"

"And telling him to hasten back, see that he be well armed with knives and pistols—at the same time arguing the necessity of his carrying those weapons, as highwaymen may cross his path, at the late hour of his returning."

"He shall go, if you wish it, and furthermore, well armed, but tell me at what you are aiming?"

"In a minute you shall know. I mean to have him robbed of the thousand pounds before he comes back."

"But, Katrine, I cannot now afford to lose so great a sum."

"Nor shall you. I will rob him of the money."

"You, Katrine?" said Timothy O'Sheil, in surprise, starting back in his chair, for both were seated.

"Yes, me, father," was the maiden's answer.

"I will attempt the highwayman's daring part, if you do not say nay."

"You? a woman?"

"Even so. You will not oppose me?"

The idea appeared a pleasant one to Mr. O'Sheil, and after momentary thought, he responded:

"No, I will not oppose you. But," he immediately continued, "how will you attire yourself, to avoid recognition?"

"That will be an easy matter. I will put on male apparel, with bushy beard and whiskers, and all the other *et ceteras* which go to make up the full *tout ensemble* of one of the masculine sex, and I dare say, when mounted upon little Bess, with a brace of pistols in my belt, it will be no easy matter to suppose me to be anything else than a slashing and fierce knight of the road."

"This is a wild and romantic idea, Katrine, and there are many chances of your failing in the plan you have in view. Not the least of which is the stubborn resistance you may meet from Mahoney."

"I have no fears of him,"

"Well, well, you shall essay the character, and if you succeed, Teddy O'Flynn shall be free—shall receive my permission to wed you!" he answered pleasantly.

"I ask no more," said Katrine, with a happy, hopeful smile; "and as I prosper in the undertaking, so may I prosper in my dearest wish."

"But tell me one thing," continued O'Sheil.

"In attempting to stop Mahoney, on his return route, have you no fear of danger for yourself? Are you not afraid that he may draw a pistol



and shoot you, when you have given utterance to your challenge?"

"I have no fear, for I think that I can too correctly read his character," returned the maiden. "But should I err in my estimation of it, I will be quick to anticipate any hostile movement on his part, and will either retreat or reveal myself to him."

"Away, then, at once, and make ready your disguise. Hasten all your preparations for this whimsical plan, and then again I'll see you. In the meantime, I will send for Michael, and without delay despatch him upon his errand to Glamworth."

Without more ado, the two separated for the time, Katrine to seek her chamber, and her paternal parent to learn the whereabouts of Mahoney. He was soon found, and when O'Sheil had made known the service he wished of him, he declared his perfect willingness to go to Glamworth for the thousand pounds. Consequently, well armed, with a huge knife, two pistols and a carbine, the young man was despatched on his errand with but little delay; and as he was departing, he boastfully asseverated that should he meet Brennan or any other knight of the road, he had every assurance of being capable of giving a good account of them, and of himself as well.

To say truth, Mahoney was nothing more nor less than a cowardly braggadocio, as Katrine and many of her young friends of both sexes rightly thought. But he had a character for bravery to sustain, especially in the family of Mr. O'Sheil, for he fondly looked forward to a marriage consummation, some time in the future, between himself and the pretty Katrine. Therefore, without seeming hesitation, although not without some qualms of fear, he consented to go upon the errand to Glamworth, upon being asked by Mr. O'Sheil.

Well mounted upon a stout and noble steed, when he had left the premises of Mr. Timothy O'Sheil, Michael Mahoney resolved to pursue what he considered the safest, as well as most unfrequented routes, in the direction of his place of destination, never doubting, by cautiously moving forward, that he would be enabled to avoid all those personages who were in the habit of exacting "toll" upon the king's highway.

However, upon his way to the town, considering that he had no money to tempt the cupidity of any one evil disposed, and it being also early in the afternoon, he pushed his way heedlessly, fearlessly onward. Without incident of note, at an early hour he arrived at Glamworth; and, as he had expected, received for Mr. O'Sheil the

one thousand pounds. Meanwhile, Katrine O'Sheil had concluded her preparations—had thrown off the habiliments of her sex—and had attired herself in a neat and well-fitting suit of clothes belonging to Teddy O'Flynn, which she had procured through the kind offices of one of the young man's sisters. Her metamorphosis complete, her father was sought. Mr. O'Sheil, on beholding her, was immediately struck with the contrast she presented to her former appearance. He could scarcely realize that the well-dressed young man, with tight fitting pants and coat, immaculate white vest, black silk hat and bushy beard and whiskers of ebony hue, now standing before him, armed with huge petronels or pistols, and ready to do battle upon the highway, was in veritable truth none other than the pretty lady Katrine.

"Well, father," said the maiden, in a playful, jovial manner, as she advanced to meet him, in her strange costume—"well, father, look I not, every inch, the bold and dashing highwayman?"

"I must confess you have exceeded my expectations, in the perfection of your disguise. Yet, I fear the failure of your plot to-night."

"You need not. I shall bring you a thousand pounds to-night, should it be sent from Glamworth."

"Be not too sure. Now you are boasting."

"That is at least a lady's privilege."

We need not record their further words. With the near approach of nightfall, little Bess was caparisoned by the fair hands of the lovely and disguised Katrine, and as the sable mantle of evening was just shutting from view the surrounding scenery, she mounted her bonny steed, and unwitnessed by any one but her father, rode quietly away towards Glamworth. The distance from Glamworth to the residence of Mr. O'Sheil was considerable; and Michael Mahoney had not proceeded half way on his return route, when darkness overtook him. Notwithstanding, he trusted that his usual good luck would not desert him, and fondly hoped to be able to reach the end of his journey without molestation.

At length, not a quarter of a mile from O'Sheil's mansion, and just as he was congratulating himself upon being altogether free from danger, he was exceedingly startled by the abrupt springing of a horse from the side of the road directly in his path. As he reined in his steed, the muzzles of two huge pistols, held in unknown hands, were thrust into his face, while a loud, shrill, but commanding voice exclaimed:

"Stand and deliver, or you are a dead man!"

The movement had been so quick, that Mahoney had no time to even raise his carbine or

draw forth a pistol, allowing that he had been so disposed—while the terrible distinctness of the voice following, seemed to fairly paralyze him.

"I have no money," tremulously ejaculated Mahoney, almost overcome with fear, and yet wishing to save what he had belonging to Mr. O'Sheil—"I am but a poor wayfarer."

"'Tis false!" cried his opponent, suddenly knocking his carbine from his hand, and jerking his pistols from his belt. "You received one thousand pounds from a person in Glamworth this afternoon, and it is now in your possession!"

This was spoken at random, for the unknown knew not but that he might have failed in getting the money. He was resolved, however, to be sure.

"Who are you, that knows so much of my movements?"

"It matters not," replied the unknown, again holding the pistols in fearful proximity to the other's head. "Give up the thousand pounds you have in your pocket, or your life is not worth the purchase of a minute!"

With the most abject terror depicted upon his craven countenance, the cowardly Mahoney drew forth a well-filled pocket-book, and placed it in the supposed highwayman's hands,

"Now let me go on my way," said Mahoney, not even daring to ask a return of his weapons.

"Hold a minute! One more thing I wish—your horse!"

"My horse?"

"Yes, dismount!"

Again a pistol was thrust into the face of Mahoney, and in an instant he had dismounted.

"Now go your way, abject coward and boaster that you are!" said his conqueror, as he seized the bridle of his steed. "But first, give me that carbine upon the ground."

Mahoney dared not disobey, but picking it up, placed it in the hands of his resolute opponent.

"Now away!" shouted the stranger.

Mahoney needed no second injunction, but rushed from the spot with all commendable haste and speed, and in an instant, almost, was lost to view in the darkness of the night.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the disguised Katrine, for she, as the reader may well know, was the unknown highwayman. "Ha, ha, ha! I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. Not only am I master of the field, but I have one thousand pounds, one carbine, two pistols, and a valuable steed, as the spoils of victory! It's all very well, unless I should happen to meet the veritable Brennan before I get home, and lose all."

Leading the horse which she had taken from Mahoney, by the bridle, Katrine struck the spurs into the flanks of her own steed, and was soon

lessening the distance between her and her father's dwelling. In a few minutes she reached the stables, and dismounting, she led the horses into their accustomed places, and then repaired to the mansion. She was soon in the presence of her father, and Mr. Timothy O'Sheil was a good deal surprised when he heard the full particulars of his daughter's achievements. Nor could he doubt one iota of what she declared, for the horse in the stable, the carbine and pistols now laid by her upon the table at hand, and the welcome sight also of the thousand pounds, all were proof positive of the truth of her statements.

"Katrine," at length said Mr. O'Sheil, after her affair with Mahoney had been a time longer discussed, "I can only congratulate you upon the result of your well-contrived plan. You have made yourself the victor both at home and abroad! Mahoney hereafter, shall not be allowed even to look at you, if you say so; and according to my promise, you shall wed, whenever you please, your heart's idol, Teddy O'Flynn."

"Thank you, father," said Katrine, as she started to change her apparel; "and, hereafter, I think you will be willing to acknowledge that a woman as well as a man, may have some knowledge of human nature."

At a late hour in the night, Michael Mahoney came back to the mansion, but neither O'Sheil nor Katrine had retired. As he entered their presence, he presented rather a woful appearance—his clothes being muddy and torn, his head uncovered, and his hair dishevelled.

"Ah, Michael, is this you?" asked O'Sheil.

"Yes, what there is left of me!"

"I thought it was a scarecrow! But what means this midnight advent, and in so pitiable a plight?"

"It means that I have been attacked upon the highway by robbers, and nearly killed before I got away!"

"Robbers?" inquired Katrine, "how many?"

"Twelve or fourteen, at least," said Mahoney.

"A whole detachment, in fact!"

"Did you go to Glamworth?" asked O'Sheil.

"Yes, and got the money."

"Where is it?"

"'Twas taken from me, as well as my pistols, carbine and horse."

"Indeed!"

Katrine smiled incredulously.

"Yes, I had a terrible struggle with the whole party, until overpowered by numbers. I knocked five or six down, and must have killed one or two, with shots from my carbine and pistols."

"All that you have killed, Michael, is in your own imagination, I think," said O'Sheil; "and

the story you bring me, is as good as that related by Falstaff to Prince Hal. Like that, too, it is lacking in one essential."

"And what is that?"

"Truth! There's not a word of what you've said to be believed!"

"What? do you doubt my words?"

"I do! You've cowardly yielded up my property—my money! and now come to me, after having torn your clothes and rolled yourself in the mud, and wish me to believe all that you are pleased to say to me."

"What reason have you to doubt me?" questioned Mahoney, taken aback somewhat, at the language of O'Sheil.

"Have I not proof of your now coming to me with a lie?" interrogated the parent of Katrine. "You say you were set upon by a whole detachment. If *one* personage can be so termed, then you have told the truth—not otherwise."

Mahoney turned pale and then red, and as he alternately glanced at Katrine and her father, he with some trembling in his voice, ejaculated—"What do you mean? what do you know?"

"Just cast your eyes upon that table beyond," spoke Katrine.

"And if you are not then satisfied, look here," said Mr. O'Sheil, displaying a roll of notes.

Michael Mahoney, upon glancing towards the table, saw his carbine and his pistols, and then turning around, he beheld the one thousand pounds held out to him by Timothy O'Sheil.

"Those are the weapons taken from you by a single person last night, and here is the money which you so cowardly yielded up, without daring to raise a hand to save it!"

Mahoney felt as though he were about to sink into the floor. He saw that O'Sheil and his daughter, by some means, had become acquainted with everything.

"If you have any further cause to doubt our knowledge of last night's affair," said Katrine, "go to the stables, and there you will find your steed, or, step into the next room, and you will there perceive the costume of the veritable personage, who, last night, so resolutely and so successfully confronted you."

Astonishment mingled with shame, could now be read in the young man's features, and he made a hasty step towards the door, as if about to leave the presence of the two.

"Stay a minute, Michael," exclaimed Timothy O'Sheil, "you may desire to know the name of the person who so easily conquered you. The gallant, the unknown highwayman in question, was no other than my daughter, Katrine O'Sheil."

Michael glanced at Katrine, and he read in

her steady gaze, that her father had spoken the truth. Then again he abruptly turned towards the door. His anger knew no bounds, that he had been so egregiously deceived, and a shame the most intense made him wish to hide his head.

"One word more," said O'Sheil, as the discomfited Michael placed his hand upon the door latch. "You have sought Katrine for your wife, and heretofore I have favored your suit. Upon the result of this stratagem depended your hopes, and those of one she really loves. That other has won—you have lost."

"I know who you mean—Teddy O'Flynn!" spoke Mahoney in a choking voice. "I wish him joy!" And with the words he opened the door and rushed from the house. Katrine and her father smiled as he left, and were apparently pleased at his final discomfiture. What shall we say further, dear reader? Teddy O'Flynn the next day saw Katrine—learned the particulars of her comical, though daring exploit, and soon after made a formal proposal of his hand and heart. He was joyfully accepted, and three weeks afterwards, as fast as wedlock's bonds and the priest's benediction could bind them, they were made one. Mahoney could not withstand the jibes of his acquaintances, when the particulars of the lady's stratagem was made known, and in a few days he quitted the place of his childhood's home, for parts unknown.

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#### THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

M. Le Verrier has lately written a letter to Marshal Vaillant on the present theories of the solar system. He concludes that there are three rings of matter revolving round the sun; one between the sun and Mercury, the second near the Earth, including meteoric stones and shooting stars, and the third between Mars and Jupiter, consisting of small planets. The ring of asteroids between the sun and Mercury has a total mass about equal to that of Mercury. The ring which supplies our aerolites and shooting stars has a total mass of not more than a tenth part that of the Earth. The total mass of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter is greater than one-third that of the earth.

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#### LORD SANDWICH'S BABOON.

Lord Sandwich had trained up a large baboon, that he was fond of, to play the part of a clergyman, dressed in canonicals, and make some buffoon imitation of saying grace. Among many merry friends round the table sat a Mr. Scott, afterwards well known by name of Antisejanus; but then a mere dependent servitor at college, and humble playfellow of young Hinchinbroke. The ape had no sooner finished his grimaces and taken leave of the company, than Scott unexpectedly, but unabashed, stood up and said, "I protest, my lord, I intended doing this duty myself, not knowing till now that your lordship had so near a relation in orders."—*Boston Journal*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CHURCH IN THE WOOD. A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE wood which I mean to refer to, is that yonder, lying between the two hillocks. It is no growth of saplings, but of sturdy oaks, ancient and mossy, whose precise age it would hardly be safe to guess. But we can conclude with tolerable certainty that not one of the sleepers in the churchyard close by, old as it is, had begun their lives when this grove was just sprouting from the ground. The births of the tenants of this "silent city," their youth, their maturity, their old age, and their deaths, with all the intervening events—all these have been chronicled during the existence of those proud old trees; and yet their leaves are as green to-day, their stalwart forms as unmovable, and their giant arms wave as pliantly in this morning breeze, as though their growth had been of a few years, and not of centuries.

We shall find it an inviting spot, if we choose to enter it; and let us do it noiselessly, for the silence and solemnity of a place like this seem always sacred to me. The sun was bright and warm a moment ago, when we stood on the open green; but here, were it not for the faint gilding which darts in tremulous quivers amid the interlacing canopy of leaves which conceals us from the sky, and occasionally creeps timidly down the side of one of these hoary monarchs of the wood, you might forget that the sun had risen at all to-day. A faint, dusky twilight pervades the place, and almost causes you to feel that you are treading upon haunted or hallowed ground. Fancy can readily fill it with the spirits and voices of the past; but it is, in reality, hallowed—sacred with the blood and death of a martyr in the cause of justice and right.

For this reason, the place has been spared by the axe and the restless hands of change and improvement. The bones of the former generations are mouldering in the churchyard; even their names, or many of them, would be forgotten, were it not for the inscriptions on the mossy headstones; in brief,

"—another race has filled  
These populous borders,"

but the venerable wood still shelters itself between the protecting hills, as of old, insurmountable as themselves, a striking symbol of the past and its history.

And well, as you may imagine, did the early

dwellers of this vicinity love this leavy solitude; for it was here that they built their house of worship, rough and simple, but to the devotions and services of which their pious hearts clung with deep fervor. Nothing remains of it but yonder heap of worm-eaten and decaying timbers; yet time was when it stood as an ark of peace and salvation, and when

"—here came hardy men, and women tender,  
And youths and maidens, on the Sabbath day,  
To praise with hymn and prayer the Great Benefactor,  
And unto him for preservation pray."

There is a legend told of this place, as it was, and since we are here, I will tell it. Look carefully around you, at the wood, the ruins, and all else that you can see, from where we sit; observe, too, the impressive solemnity of the scene, and then give your thoughts, your ears, and your eyes to me.

At the time of which I wish to speak, the American colonies had sustained themselves for four years, through the trying suffering of their revolution. In one section or another of the country, the war had been waging through this period; but heretofore rumors only of the progress of the invaders had reached the inhabitants of this locality. Yet it needed but the startling intelligence of the approach of the enemy to call forth the latent patriotism from the hearts of its population. With the first intimation of the kind, the thrilling cry, "to arms!" was upon every lip, and active preparations were immediately made to meet and repel that enemy.

The band of defenders, hastily armed and equipped, which left the appointed rendezvous late on the night following the day which had brought the warlike news, comprised almost every male inhabitant of the neighborhood of sufficient age and strength; and it was thus under strange and peculiar circumstances that the women and children of the settlement met at the church in the wood on the succeeding Sabbath. Unprotected, save by the God whom they worshipped, they trusted implicitly in Him to defend them while they performed their devotions in the rude temple, constructed by hands which were now wielding the weapons of war. Timorously they gathered themselves together, weak, helpless as they were, and fervent indeed were their whispered supplications for the safety of the absent.

The pastor of this little flock was an aged and infirm man, of serene face and whitened hair—so white as to vie with the robes of his ministry. His withered hands shook with pale, as he raised them repeatedly to Heaven in the earnestness of prayer, while his voice quavered and

trembled in the utterance of the words of the solemn and beautiful service of the English Church. Never before had priest and congregation joined so devoutly in that service; and the impressive "God have mercy upon us!" "Christ have mercy upon us!" were spoken with tears and sobs of uncontrollable emotion.

But more fervent and solemn than all, were the tones in which the venerable clergyman besought the Throne of Grace to shield and protect the sister colonies in their struggle with the mother country, and especially to farther and crown with success the efforts of the patriotic army and its commander-in-chief.

For an instant, as he concluded, his emotions were too powerful to admit of his proceeding, and his head continued bowed upon the desk before him, while an audible "amen" was breathed, as if with one voice, by the congregation. But suddenly, at this juncture, the discordant roll of a drum broke the silence, and the church was filled with British soldiers, thronging the aisles and crowding the chancel itself. With faces white from apprehension, the mothers of the little flock drew their children closer to their sides, and fearfully awaited the event of the interruption.

The leader of the band, a man of stern and evil aspect, strode impetuously up the aisle, and seizing the aged priest by the arm, exclaimed, fiercely:

"Recant your treasonable words, priestly rebel that you are! Pray for King George and the British arms, or your gray hairs shan't save you!"

The person addressed looked steadily into the face of the officer, inflamed with passion and brutality, and replied, mildly and firmly:

"For my poor, suffering country alone can my prayers and petitions be given; for her oppressors, never!"

With an oath, the officer drew his sword, and placing its keen point against the other's breast:

"Pray, as I have bidden you, or you die!" were the words which accompanied the act. At this moment a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of the clergyman, rushed forward and grasped the arm of the Briton.

"Harm him not; he is my father! Spare him—spare him!" were her interceding words.

"Not if he were my own!" was the stern reply; and the gentle hand upon his arm was roughly shaken off.

The point of his weapon still touched the breast which it menaced, and the officer again, and more peremptorily, commanded:

"For the last time—recant, and pray for his majesty, or this steel shall pierce you!"

A gleam of enthusiasm shot from the eyes of the clergyman; he clasped his hands, raised them, and his eyes, and began, with bold and unshaken voice:

"Great God of nations, of battles, and of right, put to confusion, we beseech thee, the enemies of our land. Smite them with the lightnings of thy wrath; overtake them with thy—"

The voice of the speaker faltered and ceased; the naked sword had been driven through his breast, and he sank to the floor, his life-blood welling out at the feet of his murderer. A wail of grief, of horror, and of indignation, mingled with the distressed cry of the bereaved child, echoed through the church, even some of the soldiers joining instinctively in the former; and as if satisfied with the atrocity of the act, their commander withdrew from the building.

That humble church never witnessed a scene such as that which followed. With tears and sighs of the keenest sorrow, the matrons and children gathered around the form of their dying pastor, murmuring the prayers which he had taught them, and striving in vain to staunch the flow of blood from the gaping wound.

"I have lived long enough for myself, but not for our country," he feebly whispered. "God prosper her arms!" and with the words he became silent in death.

We speak of heroes and martyrs as lightly as though it were a trifling thing to be one; but I verily believe that no braver hero nor truer martyr gave his life as a sacrifice for the cause of our land, during that eight years' war of the Revolution, than the aged and noble pastor of that Church in the Wood.

#### THE DRUMMER BOY.

A gentleman tells this story of a little drummer boy. He went on the ship to Fortress Monroe, with his regiment, and just at evening, overcome with the fatigues of the day, he had laid down upon the deck, and had fallen to sleep. The dews were falling. The colonel came along and shook him by the shoulder, and told him he would take cold, if he continued to lie there, and advised him to go below and go to his rest for the night. As he was getting up, his Bible fell out of his pocket upon the deck. He picked it up and replaced it. Some kind hand—perhaps a mother or a Sunday school teacher—had given him that Bible. He went below and prepared himself for his bed. When ready he kneeled down—many loudly-talking men standing around—put his hands together in the attitude of prayer, and poured out his heart silently to God. He heeded not the noise around him. In a moment all was hushed; the company, being overawed by the conduct of the boy, reverently stood silent until he had finished his prayer.—*Ch. Watchman.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## MY DEAD.

BY MRS. R. B. NOBLE.

In an inner room,  
Overhung with gloom,  
They have lain him away—  
My beautiful image of sculptured clay;  
And his sunny head,  
On a draped bed,  
In a dim recess,  
Is lying in ghostly loneliness.

It was only last night,  
In the waning light,  
That he came to my room,  
His beautiful lips and cheeks a-bloom;  
And his flaxen curls,  
As fair as a girl's,  
Lay damp on his brow—  
O God, they are matted with death-dew now!

O, time is so slow!  
Full a year ago  
It seems since he lay  
Asleep in my arms—and in heaven to-day!  
I have tried to pray  
For more faith to-day;  
But alas! for me, I cannot see  
Why God had need of him more than me!

Think you that there  
They will list his prayer  
With a love as deep  
As guarded on earth his innocent sleep?  
Will his curly head  
Miss his cradle-bed?  
Will his little feet  
Never tire of treading the golden street?

Across the river,  
Again to the Giver,  
At shut of day  
They bore him, my pet, my darling, away.  
O, why did they leave,  
In the dusky eve,  
The gates golden undone,  
When God had so many, and I but one?

(ORIGINAL.)

## MY FRIEND'S FLIRTATION.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"WHEN you are my wife, Esther."

When he had uttered these words, Lynn paused, and looking down into my face, laughed at its sudden rush of color.

When I was his wife! Dear future—would it never come—the day on which I should hear him

call me "wife," and should realize in a holy hush of heart rejoicing, that the relationship was one which would exist through time and eternity! His wife in joy, his wife in sorrow, his wife—holy title—through all circumstances. No one could part us—no one ever come between us. He would be my own as much as my heart. I should be his and his only. Dear Lynn!

"What are you thinking of, Esther?"

I did not tell him. I only replied, "I have news for you, Lynn."

"What is it, Birdie?"

"My old friend and schoolmate, Miss Georgie Lewis, is coming here on a visit."

"A young lady I never heard of before. Who is she, pray?"

"A Boston merchant's daughter, and a beauty. You will fall in love with her, Lynn."

"Will I?"

He bent down and kissed me.

"Yes," I went on, putting him lightly back.

"And she will fall in love with you."

"Indeed! And what will you do?"

"I haven't concluded which role will best suit my style, but when the time comes you will see."

With his arms about me, his hair tossed against my forehead by the breeze, and the moonlight streaming over us, we stood in the wide hall doorway, and chatted away an hour. The next night Georgie and I stood in the same place. The breeze tossed her hair, but about a more beautiful face than mine—her own. The moonlight made her look like an angel.

"It is beautiful, but are you never lonely here, Esther?" she said, looking across the meadows and brooks to the village. "Don't you ever have company?"

"O, yes, sometimes. I have never been used to much society, and do not depend on it as you do. And really, Georgie, I am afraid you will not enjoy yourself here for this reason."

"Don't anticipate trouble on that account. I can make myself happy anywhere if I am only allowed to have my own way," was her careless reply. "By the way, what have you for beaux, Esther?"

I shook my head and laughed. Her manner of asking this question made me think of a merchant taking account of stock.

"Beaux are scarce, and below market value," I replied.

"Then there can't be much done in that line," she answered, with dancing eyes.

"Very little, you trader's daughter," I cried, giving her a little shake. "O, Georgie, haven't you given up flirting yet?"

"Not any more than I have given up eating and drinking, and going to bed nights," was her merry reply. "Esther, Esther, I never can get along without beaux!"

"Which means that if I don't furnish you with the article in question, you will go home again. Now, Georgie, that is cruel, when the nearest approach I can make to finding a gallant for you is to relinquish my own. But I am bound to make you happy at my expense, so here, my guest!"

I tossed over her head the ribbon with my lover's locket attached; the locket he had given me at our betrothal, containing his miniature and a curl of his brown hair.

"What is this?"

I did not answer, but stood watching her, with a feeling of proud anticipation thrilling through me, as she unclasped it, and bent forward.

"He is handsome, very."

The bounding of my happy heart made my face flush. She continued looking steadily at the picture.

"What are you trying to find out, Georgie?" I asked.

"What he is made of," she laughed, glancing up with a toss of her gilded hair.

"O, he is good," I exclaimed, "and brave, and generous, and affectionate."

"And strong, firm, and true as steel," she added, looking at the picture with its eloquent eyes and smiling mouth, instead of at me.

I hesitated, and gazed searchingly at her.

"Why did you say that?" I asked.

"Because I wanted an answer, instead of such a blank look, you child!" she exclaimed, dropping the locket with a smile. "Has he ever been tested?"

Something in her looks and manner pained me. Perhaps it was the magnetism of her thoughts affecting both that touched me. From that moment, even afterwards, I recognized in her the existence of something which I did not possess. I could not analyze and give it a name then—I only knew it as a superiority which she possessed over me—but I have discovered since that it was a fine knowledge of human nature, and a quick capacity for reading character. A vague shadow of this passing over my heart, made me stretch out my hand and clasp it over the locket. She broke into a low, musical laugh, and sprang back, drawing the little golden case from my grasp.

"No, no, it is mine, little one. You have given him to me, Esther."

I caught the glance of her brilliant, violet

eyes, and a sudden revulsion of feeling took place within me.

"Well, keep it, if you wish," I replied, "I am not afraid."

"Your assertion is an admission to the contrary. Esther, you are afraid. You are trembling from head to foot."

We were both serious enough then.

"It was only the shock of the thought that affected me," I replied, quietly enough, for it seemed as if my heart had died with pain.

"Georgie, so far I have trusted Lynn Worthford perfectly. I love him, and intend to become his wife, but if you are capable of making him swerve one jot from his allegiance to me, I will thank you for the service, and bless God that he opened my eyes to my betrothed husband's weakness."

Her eyes dilated as she looked at me, and the rich rose-red died out of her cheeks. For a moment she seemed not to comprehend the entire meaning of my words, but when she did, her pride, or perhaps her vanity, took affront. Her face flushed crimson, and she curved her ripe lips scornfully.

"If I am capable!" she repeated.

I bowed.

"Believe me quite as grateful for the implied compliment as if it were fully expressed," she said, standing erect, but turning her face away.

"Georgie Lewis," I said earnestly, "you know as well as I that I intend you no insult. You cannot know yourself as you are, as I see you, and as others see you, if you think so. It is impossible that you can be an innocent rival of mine. No honest love for Lynn Worthford will make you seek his favor; your efforts to please him will be made only for the gratification of your vanity. And with such motives you can only be a heartless flirt—a vain, unprincipled woman. As such, believe me, I despise you, as he also will do, if he fathoms your arts."

She bent her head at my words, and smiled a cold, hard smile.

"Which he can hardly fail to do if he profits by your hints," she observed.

The hot blood of anger dashed through my chilled veins, and flooded my cheeks. But I spoke more quietly even than before.

"You have never had occasion to doubt my truth, Georgie. Let me assure you that Lynn will derive no information on this subject from me. Perhaps," I tried to smile, "perhaps I am a little selfish in the matter, for so far from wishing to avert this trial of my lover, I am quite willing, almost anxious, indeed, that it should be made."



"You are not afraid, then?" she said, resuming a little of her former manner.

"No, but people are sometimes infatuated with the wish to attempt impossibilities," I answered. "But we had better go in, now. It is growing cold."

Georgie Levis was my guest. I remembered this always. Through the time of her stay she received every fitting attention from my hands, no service or requisite favor was lacking. And though served without ostentation or parade, I am sure she was conscious of unexceptionable treatment from me, when circumstances were such as to induce her to observe any want of courtesy or kindness. We walked, and rode, and sewed, and sang together, spending hour after hour alone in each other's company. But all the time there was a strangeness to me in this intercourse, and I am sure there must have been to her. Every day I realized more deeply what a hollow mockery of our old friendliness it was.

As regarded Lynn, I was sure she had laid plans for the destruction of my hopes in him, if it were possible, and with motives of malice. She was vain and revengeful, and I had wounded her vanity and aroused her retaliating nature. I knew her to be experienced and artfully fascinating, and with a dreary pain at my heart I endeavored to anticipate calmly the probable results of her intentions. I had faith in my lover, but I also had many natural fears. Georgie was so beautiful, and Lynn worshipped beauty in any form. He was ardent, impulsive, and not accustomed to the society of such women as my friend—I called her so still, and Lynn spoke of her as such after his introduction to her.

"Your friend is the handsomest woman I ever saw," he said to me, and I bowed and smiled.

Until they met—Georgie Levis and my betrothed husband—I had had occasional hopes that my anxiety might be unnecessary—that when her passion had passed away, she would think better of entertaining enmity towards me, and choose the better, truer way; but such hopes had been aroused in vain. I was most assuredly convinced of it when by a sort of magnetic warning I turned suddenly upon them one evening and saw her give him a red rose from her bosom. I caught my breath in sudden, quick pain, at which they both started, and looked up; but smilingly accusing them of being a "sentimental pair," I left the room with an assumed air of carelessness, and gave vent to my distress in my own room. An hour later I came back to the parlor, and found Georgie playing for Lynn, while he leaned over her chair. I seated myself

by the window, and after a moment he came and sat down by me. He wore the red rose in his button hole. Georgie stole away, to rejoice over her triumph, I thought. Lynn stayed until quite late, and towards the last of the evening his fingers tore to pieces the red blossom upon his breast.

"O, Lynn, you are spoiling Georgie's gift," I said.

In reply, he dropped the last of the crimson petals to the floor, and bent forward to kiss me. My eyes were blinded with sudden tears; I could not speak, but silently I asked myself the meaning of this. Did his conscience reproach him for the slight inconstancy which he believed I had not observed, and he appeased it thus? Or did he think that I had noticed, and was troubled by the petty intrigue, and strove tacitly to reassure me by his cool destruction of the flower? I could not determine, but would have died rather than lead him to speak on the subject.

Such scenes grew to be of daily, almost hourly occurrence. I was constantly unhappy, and should have been unspeakably wretched but for Lynn's occasional remarkable tenderness. He seemed at times more fond than ever before; but I observed with a bewildered brain that he seldom paid me any marked attention before Georgie. To her he was always gay and gallant, often springing from my side to meet her when she entered the room. Once, in a frolic, he kissed her when I was present. Of this I should have thought little under any other circumstances; but knowing and feeling all I did, it gave me sharp pain. I was not unselfish enough willingly to see him kiss another woman, if young and fair; but her!

The crisis came at last. We were at the breakfast table—Georgie and I. I had slept little all night, and sat languidly trifling with my coffee, while she lounged opposite, in her dainty, morning wrapper, and with her gracefully dressed hair looped carelessly away from her flushed, dimpled cheeks. I thought I had never seen her look more beautiful. Her strange grace and beauty charmed my eyes, and I was not conscious that I had been gazing fixedly at her for several moments, until she spoke.

"What are you dreaming about, Esther?" she said, shaking from her delicate skirts my little spaniel who fawned upon her.

"I hardly know," I replied. "I believe I was thinking how pretty you are."

She smiled, and as she sat toying with her teaspoon, a tress of her rich hair dropped like a coil of heavy golden silk, and rested against her white throat.

"You are looking thin and pale of late. What is the matter?" she said.

Did she think I did not see the shadowy, significant smile that flitted across her perfect lips?

"My head ached so badly as to prevent my sleeping much last night," I replied, mechanically; but my thoughts flew suddenly to a story I had read of a deserted woman who had drawn a fine, shining blade across the beautiful, white throat of her rival.

"You are not troubled about anything—down, Carlo!—or caused anxiety by anything which has happened of late?" she added, after a pause.

I turned sharply upon her, my breath coming in gasps. But she sat negligently balancing her spoon across the edge of her cup, and the sole expression of her face was one of careless indolence. If there was a secret malice in her eyes it was concealed by the dark, down-sweeping lashes. I hesitated in confusion and embarrassment. Then my answer came easily.

"No, I have had no cause for trouble," I said.

"Ah!"

That was all she said; but her eyes, raised for an instant, spoke volumes. We sat in silence for a few moments, I strangely calm, she flushed, and I thought secretly annoyed. Suddenly a shadow fell across the sunlight, and Lynn sprang through the window from the piazza.

"A splendid morning, ladies fair!" he cried, gaily. "Come into the garden. There are hundreds of roses in blossom."

There was a moment's silence, during which Georgie's eyes met mine.

"I would like to go out, but I do not feel able," I said, quietly.

At another time I should not have noticed that he scarcely observed my words, but turned gaily to Georgie, who rose to accompany him; but when they had gone, I hid my pale face in my hands in momentary despair and desolation. Were not my worst fears being realized? Was she not slowly but surely winning him from me? Until that moment, when danger came so near as to be plainly recognized, I had never realized what life would be to me if I should lose Lynn Worthford's love. In the pain of the revelation I seemed suffocating with the weight of my sorrow, and rising hastily as the servant entered to remove the breakfast things, I retreated from the room, and hurrying into the adjoining apartment, flung myself down by a window. For a few moments I did not think that my situation commanded a view of the garden; but presently I was roused from my sad thoughts by the sight

of Lynn and Georgie walking together below. Her hands were filled with the early June roses which he had gathered.

I sat a long time watching them. At last they turned towards the house, and soon I heard their steps upon the piazza, and then they came in through the window, filling the silent room with their merry voices. I was concealed by the curtain.

"Red roses for you, and white for Esther," I heard Lynn say. "Where is the child?"

"No; both for me, and orange blossoms for her," replied Georgie.

"The latter would be vastly becoming to you. When do you intend wearing them?"

The wind moving the window drapery gave me an instant view of their faces and positions. At the sight my spirits rose at a vague warning which seemed to inform me of the happening of some strange event. The moment's silence that followed seemed filled with the most intense life.

"Never!"

Georgie Levi's voice was low, sweet, and changed to a thrilling sadness.

"Do you never intend to be married, Georgie?" Lynn said, surprisedly.

There was another pause. My heart told me that my rival was hesitating before making her boldest venture.

"No, for I can never be the wife of the man I love."

She said this quietly, and with a well-assumed dignity. I could not see her, but I knew how more charming than ever she looked in her new position.

"Dear Georgie, I am very sorry for you. I never thought of you as a hopelessly-loving woman. It must be very bitter for a woman to find that she has given her love unasked; almost crushing to one as proud and delicate as I believe you to be."

My Lynn said this so gently, so kindly, in such a courteously considerate tone that my face flushed with shame for Georgie Levi's unwomanly conduct. Had she no sensitiveness, no maidenly shame?

The next moment Lynn was called hastily from the room, and for an instant there was perfect silence in the apartment. My first impulse was to step from the window to the piazza, and thus escape unseen, for with a most unselfish pity and sympathetic shame, I did not wish to encounter Georgie in a moment of mortification. But I had not time to put my design into execution, when I was suddenly startled by the sound of passionate weeping. With a bounding heart

I put aside the curtain and looked out. Georgie had sank upon a couch, and was sobbing wildly. I stood a moment in amazement. The next instant the inexpressibly sad revelation that Georgie Levis really loved my betrothed husband came to me, and my heart swelled in warm sympathy. Before I knew what I was doing, I was beside her, soothing, caressing, loving her.

"Dear Esther, pity me, for I loved him!" she sobbed. "I didn't know it till this dreadful day," she said. "I thought I was flirting and deceiving him, for I believed I had acquired some influence over him; but a few moments ago, by a few earnest words he showed me my heart as it is, and gave me a view of his character that nearly maddened me with shame for myself. He is so noble, so true—O, Esther, love him; but forgive and pity me!"

Her pride and stubbornness were all gone. She sank down and wept piteously. I put my arm about her, and drew her head upon my shoulder, putting back tenderly the damp, clinging tresses that hung over her flushed forehead.

"Dear Georgie, I love you," I whispered.

I would not say that I forgave and pitied her merely. The words did not express all I felt.

"O, Esther, Esther, can I ever be as good as you are?" she cried.

The little drama, during the enactment of which so much had been experienced and felt, was at an end. Georgie left for home the next day. Her pride, much of which returned with her composure, would not permit her to meet Lynn again, and I sympathized with her too much to urge her to remain where there was so much to keep her sorrow and disappointment fresh. But we parted on perfectly friendly terms, trusting and understanding each other more fully than we had ever done before.

I was doubtful as to whether Lynn knew Georgie's secret, until one day nearly a year after our marriage, when he told me that he understood her perfectly after the first day of their meeting, and that through the shadows of her faults, both of nature and education, he had detected much that was true and good, and as skillfully as he could he directed her into the better way. And through much sorrow Georgie Levis became a better woman, and in time married happily. My friend's flirtation ended well and safely for all parties.

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#### HOPE ON!

Take heart! The waster builds again—

A charmed life old goodness hath;

The tares may perish, but the grain

Is not for death.

J. G. WHITTIER.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

BY ONE OF THE PROFESSION.

ALMOST in the outskirts of one of our largest seacoast cities, where the beautiful homes of men who have "gone down to the sea in ships" have brightened and refined a spot once squalid with poverty and wretchedness, a young German artist took up his temporary abode a few years ago. He could not afford the luxury of living in the country, for his means were comparatively small, and even these had to be shared with a widowed sister and her children in the father land. His only brother went away in early youth, and the paths of the family had diverged so far from the old door stone, that it seemed very doubtful if they would ever be treading its lonely haunts again together.

But if Paul Wilmer could not afford to enjoy nature in her richest depths, he could at least court her in the civic shades of Crescent Park, where he had a studio so high that it overlooked the great city, and from whence he could hear the hum distinctly, though refined by distance into something almost musical. And here, in the bright, dazzling August of 1852, the thoughtful and quiet painter sat down, content with the prospect from his window, and the hope of an occasional stroll into more rural latitudes. His heart and soul were now deeply engrossed with a picture of Magdalene, into which he had thrown the full force of his genius. Already it had been seen by those persons whose criticism he had almost trembled to meet, and had been the theme of nearly unqualified approbation from many of them.

His model had been a young and lovely girl whom he had found in the streets of the great city. Struck by the intense sadness of her look, and feeling that in her he had found the ideal he had craved so long, he lost no time in securing her. She was very mournful in the few words that she spoke, very quiet in her demeanor, and submitting to all his suggestions with a graceful deference and respect that he did not expect from one of her class. For he knew by the worn gray dress, and the wretched shoes she wore, that her circumstances were at the lowest ebb. Still there was a modest propriety and neatness that struck him favorably, even in her poor garments. There was no attempt at anything finer or gaudier, and she wore her coarse robes as unconsciously as a queen would her coronation dress.

But such a face, so purely pale, as if tears had washed away every tint of rose-hue! Such eyes,

in their unfathomable depths so full of tender meaning! Such hair, with its golden-brown masses curling upon a neck on which the superb head sat so splendidly—that rich and rare beauty in woman. The painter's eye was resting continually upon that beautiful head. It was a perfect realization of all he had dreamed of in the Magdalene. He saw nothing but that. As a beautiful statue would have been regarded by him, so was this girl. The beauty of form and face was all—the woman, or her heart and life were nothing. Paul might have been ashamed had any one taxed him with this indifference, but it was all he felt or could feel.

But this day, this beautiful August day, was the last time in which he should ever see her again; and as even a chair in which we have sat, a table on which we have written, or, in short, any object, animate or inanimate, on which we believe our eyes to be resting for the last time awakens a peculiar feeling, even so did Paul linger a moment in almost pensive mood over the approaching parting with her who had been so good, so gentle and submissive. He even felt some restlessness for her to come, that he might look upon the face so familiar, and which he should miss as he missed his pictures when they were taken away. He flung aside the curtain that concealed the Magdalene, and thought he had failed to give it a certain sweet expression which was the distinguishing point of the girl's face, and while he was replacing it almost in dissatisfaction, a gentle knock, as from soft fingers, was heard at his door.

The girl entered at his bidding, her sad, pale face lighting up with a slight flush, but subsiding into whiteness again. The painter sat down to his work, and the girl took her usual position—that of drooping sorrow. It seemed so fitted to her that there was no appearance of effort, much less of acting. He succeeded in obtaining the desired expression, and then, putting money into her hand, he said:

"You need come no more, Margaret. I can finish now without you. Thank you for your patient attendance, and your gentle bearing with all my whims."

He had turned away his face while he said this; but a low cry caused him to turn it toward her. The cheeks, usually so pale, were flushed to crimson, and the tears, great shining tears, such as he had never seen in human eyes before, were raining over her face and dropping upon her dress. She had flung the silver upon the floor, and now stood in such perfect abandonment of grief that Paul was distressed beyond measure. He laid his hand upon the shining

masses of curls that floated around her, and tried to hush her grief as one would comfort a child.

"Is it because our pleasant hours are to be broken up, Margaret, that you sorrow in this way?" he asked, kindly.

The storm was not allayed by his words. She sobbed deeply, and at last, flinging aside his hand from her hair, she said, in tones that pierced his heart with their strange wailing sound: "You offer me money to pay me for that which has been my life, my salvation for weeks. Do you think I can take it? I, who for two years, have not known a single happy or peaceful hour until I came to you! And now you tell me it is the last time, and that I must return to the haunts I have left, never to see you again, never to know what it is to spend an hour again by the side of a true, pure being! I tell you I *must* weep, for you are sending me back to worse than death."

Paul was confounded. He would not have believed that so much passion lay beneath that quiet surface. He spoke to her gently, and she calmed down. He sat beside her as a brother would, and drew out a story that melted his very heart—a story of orphanage, of wrong and bitter treachery, of man's fleeting, mocking love, and woman's scorn, not of the betrayer, but of the betrayed, you may be sure, until his very soul sickened with the dreary tale.

She had spoken very rapidly, as if drawn by the intensity of her feelings out of her usual calm sorrow. When she had finished, she hung her head and clasped her hands over her face in silent shame.

"Look up, Margaret," said Paul Wilmer, deeply agitated. "Look up! Not to you alone does this bitter wrong and shame belong."

"But you must despise me," she answered.

"I have no right to do so, Margaret. Believe me, I wish you only good, and your sorrow and penitence must bring you nothing else. I will think how best I can serve you, but I cannot now. I must be alone in order to judge rightly."

He shook her hand, begging her to return at the usual time to-morrow, and as she turned away, he sat down to think. To redeem her if possible, to place this wronged and sensitive being in some quiet place, away from the haunting memories that so oppressed her, was now his imperative duty. Such an opportunity for doing good must not be slighted. The world might decide, but the inward conscience could not be appeased with less. A little reflection brought to his mind an old nurse who had attended him through a violent illness. She was living alone, a few miles from town, and he would go to her,

even before he saw Margaret again. He easily found her, and laid the case, in all its bearings, before her. She accepted the trust of the poor young girl, and wept at his recital.

"But you must not come to see her, Mr. Wilmer," she said, wistfully, as if not knowing how it would affect him.

"No, I have no wish to do so," he quietly replied. "My life lies elsewhere. I will remit you the money for her board—"

"Bless you, Mr. Wilmer—no!—that would condemn you at once, in the eyes of the world."

"What, then, do you propose?"

"That she shall maintain herself. I can get plenty of work for us both, and when it is scarce, I have a little hoard, and shall not mind the bit."

So it was agreed, and the next day Paul waited impatiently for the appearance of Margaret. She did not come, and then he tried, after many days' watching, to reconcile himself to the belief that he had been mistaken in her, and that it was all an exquisite piece of acting only. The dream passed, only returning to his mind when the sight of the Magdalene brought some trace of the peculiar expression of Margaret's face. The picture was purchased, and he saw it no more.

Four years after, when the changes of life had brought Paul Wilmer into new scenes, afar from that in which he had dwelt, his health seemed failing, and his many friends advised him to return to his native air. Packing up hastily, he sailed in a vessel which was bound on a trading voyage, and would stop at various ports, giving him an opportunity of seeing many places before he went home. The first port was Trieste, and here the dreaded scourge of cholera was raging. During his stay here, Paul Wilmer, undaunted by the terrors that prevailed, was first to offer his services to the sick and dying. At the hospital, day after day, or night after night, he watched; he was alike nurse and comforter, and when the soul had fled, he performed the last offices to the inanimate form.

Beside the beds of a certain ward, he had frequently noticed a spare, thin figure in the dress of a sister of charity. Once he had met a pair of soft, meek eyes stealing a glance at his face, but the next time he saw the sister, the eyes were concealed by glasses. It was curious how perplexed he was to think who it could be whose eyes so resembled *hers*. But one night the cries and groans of a sick man were heard from the same ward, and so thrilling and fearful was the sound that Paul involuntarily ran thither. It was the last effort of expiring nature, and was soon hushed in death. Another and another, roused by the sound, came in, and Paul went

back to the bedside he had left. Here he was soon joined by her who had witnessed the terrible scene with him, and in a calm and quiet voice, from which all passion or emotion seemed to have died out, she said, simply:

"I am Margaret!"

The silent, brotherly grasp of his hand seemed to re-assure her. She threw off the close, oppressive bonnet that she wore, letting down a shower of golden-brown locks that rippled over her shoulders. Then the glasses were removed, and the dove-like eyes lifted to his own. And then followed her explanation, told in soft, low words, while the patient she was tending slept. She had gone home, nearly distracted, she said, after her passionate interview with him on that day, feeling that in his heart he despised her, and that she could never see him more. She put her scanty wardrobe in a small bag, and went away, wandering off toward the wharves of the city. Here she caught the sound of a woman's voice, saying that her mistress would go in the ship, if she could find some one to take care of the children.

"Why don't you go yourself?" was asked.

"O, bother the sea! I had enough when I came over from Ireland."

Margaret followed the girl home, went into a large, beautiful house, and saw the housekeeper, who took her to the lady's presence, as one who would perhaps answer her purpose. The lady's brother was in the room, and she heard him say to his sister, in a low voice:

"That is the face of Wilmer's Magdalene!"

But the ship was to sail the next morning, and there was no time to be lost. The lady asked few questions, and Margaret could go at once. Her worn, but perfectly clean and whole dresses were replaced by others more durable from the lady's own wardrobe, and she was satisfied with the arrangements she made. There was a shipwreck, and the lady and her children were drowned, while Margaret, more dead than alive, was brought by a passing vessel into Trieste, and nursed into health by the sisters of charity. When she recovered, she adopted their garb and occupation. This was her history.

Months after this, a little cottage overlooking the bay of Naples was tenanted by a painter and his young and beautiful wife. Their seclusion was undisturbed, save by the travellers in search of picturesque regions. They who caught sight of the wife were haunted by her resemblance to some picture they had seen and admired, and one whose memory was more accurate than the rest, declared that she resembled the beautiful Magdalene in a friend's collection across the seas.

## The Florist.

Immortal in bloom,  
Soft waves the Magnolia its groves of perfume,  
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,  
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;  
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers—  
’Tis the land of the sunbeam, and the green Isle of lovers.  
YAMOTDEN.

### Bulbous Roots.

The time to put bulbous roots—as the hyacinth, narcissus and the jonquil—into glasses filled with water is from September to November, and the earliest will begin blooming about Christmas. The glasses should be blue, as that color best suits the roots; put in water enough to cover the bulb one-third; let the water be soft, change it once a week, and put in a pinch of salt at each change. Keep the glasses in a moderately warm place, and near to the light. They should have fresh water about once in ten days. The leaves should not be plucked off before they decay, or the root will be deprived of much of its natural nourishment. When they have decayed, the bulbs should be taken up, laid in the shade to dry, cleaned, and kept in sand in a dry place till wanted to re-plant. The offsets should be taken off, and planted according to size.

### When to plant Flowers.

Many kinds of annuals and perennials, sown in March and the beginning of April, will be fit for transplanting about the end of May, and may either be planted in patches about borders, or in beds, as fancy shall direct. Of these, the kinds improved by transplanting are, amaranthuses, China asters, columbines, French and African marigolds, fox-gloves, hollyhocks, India pinks, love-lies-bleeding, mallows, mignonette, prince's feather, scabious, stocks, sunflowers, sweet-williams, wall-flowers, and others. They should be planted out in a showery time, if possible, or otherwise be frequently watered till they have struck root.

### To preserve Seeds of Plants.

Seeds of plants may be preserved, for many months at least, by causing them to be packed, either in husks, pods, etc., in absorbent paper, with raisins or brown moist sugar; or, a good way, practised by gardeners, is to wrap the seed in brown paper, pasted down, and then varnished over.

### To preserve Flowers, etc., from Caterpillars.

These depredators are destroyed by oils, which close the lateral pores by which they breathe. For this purpose it is advised, that on the approach of spring, a cloth, dipped in train-oil, be laid on such parts of the tree on which there is the least appearance of them.

EMMA W.—The floral language of the Blue Violet is Faithfulness. Wild Tansey signifies—I declare war against you.

### To preserve Flower-Seeds.

Those who are curious about saving flower-seeds must attend to them in the month of August. Many kinds will begin to ripen apace, and should be carefully sticked and supported, to prevent them from being shaken by high winds, and so partly lost. Others should be defended from much wet—such as asters, marigolds, and generally those of the class Syngenesia, as from the construction of their flowers they are apt to rot, and the seeds to mould, in bad seasons. Whenever they are thought ripe, or indeed any others, in wet weather, they should be removed to an airy shed or loft, gradually dried, and rubbed or beat out at convenience.

### To propagate Plants.

It may be received as a general principle, that all plants which produce shoots may be propagated by cuttings; though some plants are much more difficult to propagate in this manner than others. Generally speaking, all the soft-wooded plants which have abundance of sap, such as geraniums, fuchsias, petunias and verbenas, strike root readily. The usual mode for striking cuttings is to put them in fine sand, and to cover them with a bell-glass. Some cuttings which are difficult to strike are directed to have bottom-heat—that is, the pots in which they are planted should be plunged into a hot-bed, that the stimulus afforded by the heat may induce the cuttings to throw out roots.

### Work for December.

If geraniums or other plants taken from the borders in autumn exhibit signs of rottenness, remove the decaying parts, and dust the wounds with quick-lime or sulphur, keep them comparatively dry and as much exposed to the sun as possible—air is essential whenever it can be admitted. If it be necessary to stand the pots in saucers, when the plants are watered, the waste which runs through should be regularly emptied away, as much mischief ensues from allowing the roots to remain in the water.

### Watering Plants in Dishes.

The practice of placing flats or saucers under plants, and feeding them by the roots, that is, pouring the water continually into these dishes, and never on the earth at the top, is highly improper. The water should always be poured on the surface of the earth, that it may filter completely through it, to the benefit and refreshment of the fibres.

### Flowers.

Flowers are the delight of the senses; and if we could see in form the delights of innocence, the delights of intelligence, or the delights of wisdom, they would still be flowers.

### Singular Fact.

Plants grow much faster in moonlight nights than they do in dark nights. This is a well settled fact.

## Curious Matters.

### A singular Definition.

Some weeks ago, says the Lynn Reporter, the examining committee were in attendance on one of our public schools of an inferior grade, and were asking the scholars to define certain words which they proposed. Among others was the word "singular." It was promptly defined as meaning but one, or the opposite of "plural." "But," said one of the committee, "has it no other definition? For example—a singular man."—"O, yes, I know," exclaimed a bright little fellow, just into his first jacket and trousers, "I know. It means a man who has never got married!" The scholars laughed, and the committee abstained from asking any more questions.

### A Cat Story.

Elder Samuel G. Wilson, of Lee, N. H., has a cat twenty-four years old, and the elder thinks she must have at least three hundred children in that vicinity. The grandmother of this cat adopted a rabbit that she caught in the field and brought it up. She also made strange companionship with an insane man confined in a room, and would go at his bidding to catch rats as often as ten times a day, in a neighboring grist-mill. The cat under notice has taken charge of four of her grandchildren born in the house, catching mice and birds for them, and looking after their wants generally.

### A Hiv Yankee.

Bayard Taylor tells of a Yankee who, walking the streets in St. Petersburg one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two to pass, and the street was very deep in filth; the American took a silver rouble from his pocket, shook it in his closed hand, and cried out, "Crown, or tail?"—"Crown," guessed the duke. "Your highness has won," cried the American, looking at the rouble, and stepping into the mud. The next day the Yankee was invited by the grand duke to dinner.

### Odd Accident.

- A thunder-storm which recently broke over Paris occasioned a curious accident. A glass bottle, containing cherry brandy, in a house in the Faubourg St. Martin, was cut by the lightning in a line as straight as if it were done by a professional hand. The neck of the bottle was struck off and driven through a window into the garden, a distance of more than thirty yards.

### Venerable Twins.

An incident rarely equalled occurred in this city. Two widows, twin sisters, aged 88 years, were present on the camp of the 6th and 7th Connecticut volunteers, in good health and spirits. They were born before the Revolutionary war, and have lived to see the first attempt to destroy the nation established in their childhood. May they live to see the attempt frustrated.

### Singular Death.

The Newark Mercury gives the following singular cause of death:—An interesting little girl about four years old, daughter of Mr. George Minchin, 274 Warren Street, was buried recently, whose death was caused in a singular manner. While rolling a hoop she tripped and fell, and as she reached the ground, one end of the wire, used to guide the hoop, entered her mouth so far, and with such force, as to sever the windpipe. The poor child lingered until an early hour the next morning, when death relieved her from suffering.

### The Number 9.

There is something curious in the properties of the number 9. Any number multiplied by 9 produces a sum of figures which, added together, continually makes 9. For example, all the first multiples of 9, as 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81, sum up 9 each. Each of them multiplied by any number whatever produces a similar result; as 8 times 81 are 648, these added together make 18, 1 and 8 are 9. Multiply 648 by itself, the product is 419,904—the sum of these digits is 27, 2 and 7 are 9. The rule is invariable.

### Singular, if True.

If we may believe the French papers, a remarkable incident lately happened to M. Benoit Champy, the advocate of the Mires creditors. While sitting in one of the rooms of the general railroad office at Paris, the scene of the great swindler's exploits, he gave way to the American weakness of tipping back in his chair. As it struck the wall it touched a private spring, a door flew open, and some very interesting documents were disclosed which throw light on the Mires affair.

### A curious Deposit.

An aged colored woman, who in early life was a slave in Virginia, called at one of the Pittsburg banking houses with \$150 in silver coins, some of which were old Spanish dollars, and none bore a later date than 1853. This sum was the accumulated savings of more than thirty years. After exchanging her silver for gold, she took \$150 in government 7-30 stock.

### Very Singular.

An ancient skillet made out of lava, and probably used in the mines several thousand years ago, was washed out of a hydraulic claim, in California, a few weeks ago. It is circular, has a spout, the bowl is an inch deep, and has three feet underneath, two and a half inches long, with a neatly finished oval-shaped bottom.

### Speed of Light.

In one second of time—in one beat of the pendulum of the clock—light travels over 192,000 miles. Were a cannon ball shot toward the sun, and it were to maintain full speed, it would be twenty years in reaching it—and yet light travels through this space in seven or eight minutes.



## The Housewife.

### Potted Veal.

Take one pound of lean veal, put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of fresh butter, the juice of a lemon, pepper, salt, sifted mace, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and mushroom powder, a small quantity of each, a little thyme, savory, and a small onion chopped fine; stew them ten minutes, then pound them, add a pound of the mellow part of a boiled tongue beaten to a paste, half a pound of cold fresh butter; mix all well together, with two eggs well beaten, then press the mixture down tight in small pots, cover them with paper, and put them into a moderate oven; bake twenty minutes, then pour over them clarified butter.

### To dye the Hair Black.

Procure from the dyer's a quantity of walnut-water, and with this wash the hair, as the first part of the process. Then make an aromatic tincture of galls, by scenting the common tincture with any agreeable perfume, and with this wet the hair, which must next be moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron.

### Sago Bread.

With two pounds of sago, well soaked in water or milk some hours, mix the same quantity of wheat flour. If preferred, a little Indian meal, also. Saleratus and yeast to be used as with other kinds of bread. When well raised, it should have a good, quick bake. It is delicious, healthy and cheap. For invalids it is particularly good.

### Poached Eggs.

Break the eggs into a pan; beat them to a froth; then put them into a buttered tin pan; set the pan on a few coals; put in a small lump of butter and a little salt; let them cook very slowly, stirring them constantly, till they become quite thick; then turn them on to buttered toast.

### To make Hens lay perpetually.

Give your hens half an ounce of fresh meat chopped fine, once a day, while the ground is frozen, and they cannot get worms or insects; allow no cocks to run with them, and they will lay without cessation. They also require plenty of grain, water, gravel and lime.

### A simple Hair-Dye.

Boil in a pint of water a handful of rosemary; when cold, strain and bottle, but do not cork it. Renew it every few weeks. Wet the hair with it every night.

### Boiled Eels.

Choose the smallest; simmer in a small quantity of water, into which a quantity of parsley has been put. Garnish, and serve with the same sauce as for fried eels.

### To cook the inside of a Sirloin.

Take out the inside of a sirloin in one piece, put it into a stewpan, and sufficient good gravy to cover it, season with mixed spice, pepper, salt and cayenne, and a spoonful of walnut ketchup; more of the latter may be added, if the quantity should require it to flavor; serve with pickled gherkins cut small.

### Fish Force-Meat Balls.

Take a little uncooked fish, chop it fine, together with a little raw salt pork; mix it with one or two raw eggs, a few crumbs of bread, and season the whole with pepper and spices. Add a little catsup, if you like; do them up into small balls, and fry them till brown.

### To increase the Quantity of Cream.

Have ready two pans in boiling water; and on the new milk coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk into one of them, and cover it with the other. This will occasion great augmentation in the thickness and quality of the cream.

### Removing Sunburn.

If our young lady friends would like to know what will take off tan and sunburn, let them take a handful of bran, pour a quart of boiling water on it, let it stand one hour, then strain. When cold put to it a pint of bay rum. Bottle and use it when needed.

### Blanmange.

In three pints of water put two ounces of isinglass; let it boil for thirty minutes, strain it into a pint and a half of cream, sweeten it, and add a few bitter almonds; boil it up once, let it settle, then turn it into any mould you intend to use.

### To keep Apples.

Dry sand; and dry your barrel. Put in a layer of apples, and a layer of sand, and so on until full; cover it tight, and keep where they will not freeze in winter. They will be fair and fine-flavored the next summer.

### To change Hair to a deep Brown.

A solution of silver caustic in water is the foundation of all the nostrums for this purpose. It must be well diluted before it is used.

### Fried Eels.

Skin, dress and cut into pieces, cleaned nicely and well dried; let them be coated with yolk of egg, powdered with bread crumbs; fry them brown; serve with parsley and butter. Garnish with handsome sprigs of parsley.

### Fish Salads.

All kinds of fish left from the former days make good salads; introduce all the articles as for fish salads, cutting the fish when cold into thin slices, and using fillets of anchovies.

## Editor's Table.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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### END OF THE VOLUME.

With the present number of the *Dollar Magazine* we close the fourteenth volume. Our next issue will be the commencement of volume *fifteenth*, and will be dated January 1, 1862. As we print an edition so large, we can only put it to press equal to the current demand; and it is therefore *all-important* that our friends should renew their subscriptions *at once*. Some idea of the steady and great demand of this wonderfully cheap magazine may be gathered from the fact that we have not now on hand one complete set of the work for the past year!

Those who have been subscribers from the commencement need not to be reminded of the steady increase in the value and interest of the work, until it has reached a circulation and importance equalled by but *one* other magazine in the country, and that is just *three times* the price of this work!

We intend to go on improving *Ballou's Dollar Magazine* from month to month, and to make it fully deserve the large circulation and patronage it enjoys.

✍ Enclose your subscriptions at once, as we cease sending the Magazine in *all cases* at the expiration of the time paid for.

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A SYLLOGISM.—A correspondent sends us the following logical proof that a cat has *three* tails: "No cat has two tails; a cat has one more tail than *no* cat; therefore a cat has three tails."

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HEART.—A rare article sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

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IMPROVEMENT.—It is gratifying to be able to chronicle the gradual but sure improvement of business all over the Northern States, and especially in New England.

### OVERPLUS OF BEAUTY.

It is ascertained by the last British census that the increase of males in ten years (nine hundred and seventy-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-seven) was much less than the increase of females, (one million one hundred and forty-six thousand four hundred and eighty-nine.) The females increased in excess of the males one hundred and seventy eight thousand and sixty-two. By the census of 1851, the proportion of males to females was one hundred to one hundred and five; in the new population it is as ninety-seven to one hundred and fifteen. American women are now more diversified in their style of beauty than those of all the globe besides; and that diversity comprises the highest order of charms, from Grecian delicacy of outline to French symmetry and proportion. The truth is, and it forms a subject of remark and admiration of all travellers, that the American females have no superiors for beauty in any country, either for outline or expression, complexion or delicacy. And this is readily accounted for from the fact that all other countries furnish, originally, the mothers of those whose charms are the pride and boast of our country. The opprobrium of the age is the 'scanty wages' paid for female labor. However lovely, they cannot, like the fabulous chameleon, 'live on air'; although the experiment seems to be making on how small an allowance of food a woman can subsist, and yet continue to sew to make fortunes for heartless man.

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CUTE ANSWER.—"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the east?"—"Don't know, sir," replied William, "'cept it be that the 'east makes everything rise." Teacher fainted.

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LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A kind of a hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

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JUST SO.—A full purse presses heavily, but an empty one heavier.

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SENSITIVE.—A "native" has left America because it was discovered by a foreigner.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.**

It has often been asserted—so often indeed, as to have passed into an axiom—that the “luxury of the prodigal is the life-blood of the poor.” It is the excuse of lavish amphitryons, who load their boards with luxurious viands, who ply their guests with the costliest wines, who vie with each other in the splendor of their dresses, the brilliancy of their equipages, and the number of their servants, those “pageants of their folly.” In a highly artificial condition of society (in such a city as Paris, for instance,) there would seem to be a necessity for luxury; it would seem to give activity to business, and really to enrich society. Yet in those communities where luxury has attained its height, there is also the greatest misery. The palace and the hovel stand side by side; the velvet robe of the lady of fashion brushes the soiled rags of the starving mendicant; where one fair head is pillowed on down, ten that might have been as fair but for pinching want, and the vice induced by destitution, rest upon straw. The cause of these effects is thus stated by a French writer on political economy: “If two thousand dollars are expended in keeping up horses for show and servants, when the service of their horses and servants is once ended, there remains nothing. But, on the contrary, if these two thousand dollars have been employed in useful works—for instance, in draining and improving land, they have not only supported (farm) servants and (working) horses, but they have created a productive power of the value of two thousand dollars. There has been an augmentation of wealth, both for the proprietor and the country. In both hypotheses money has circulated, but what a difference in the results! Instead of impressing movement and activity in business, luxury tends to enfeeble it, because it destroys capital (labor and implements) without return or compensation, and consequently annihilates their productive force. Neither is it true, that in increasing wants luxury imparts a taste for labor; it merely excites beyond measure an avidity for wealth, whether honestly or dishonestly acquired. History teaches us that luxury is developed freely and extensively only among those who have acquired their means without labor, either by war, gambling, intrigue or the arts of courtiers. Luxury tends always to exaggerate inequality of condition. Morality blames exaggerated personal consumption, because it attests egotism and vanity. Political economy blames it equally because it exhausts society, and always engenders pauperism and misery. When people spend more than they produce by their labor, they rapidly impoverish themselves;

and vain extravagances cannot be a title of glory in a community where the law of labor is recognized. When a small number consumes beyond measure, the privations of the greater number are excessive, and legitimate means of acquisition rarely suffice for exaggerated wants.” In our country the extremes of luxury and want are very seldom manifested, as in Europe. “Persons,” says J. B. Say, “who, by great power or by great talents, seek to disseminate a taste for luxury, are conspirators against the happiness of nations.”

—♦—♦—♦—  
**HOW MUCH WAS A PENNY A DAY?**—Much better wages than it sounds to us. An agricultural paper says that, in the time of Christ, a penny was about equal to fifteen of our cents, and money was about ten times as valuable as now; the penny a day was as good as 150 of our cents; so that the man who worked in the vineyard for that got as good wages as good men now generally have in harvest time. The gift of the good Samaritan of two pence to the landlord for the care of the man who fell among thieves, in addition to the raiment, the oil, and the wine, was equivalent to about three dollars of our currency, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country tavern, where board was very cheap.

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**NELSON'S WATCH.**—The Marchioness of Westminster has presented to the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital the gold watch worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. It has been placed for exhibition in the painted hall in a case containing the coat and waistcoat worn by the deceased in the same engagement.

—♦—♦—♦—  
**A MONSTER GUN.**—The Liverpool Albion says that Mr. Clay, of the Mersey Steel Works, is engaged in the manufacture of a gun of enormous size and power. It is said that the gun is to throw a shot of 500 pounds, and that it will be ready for trial in three weeks.

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**CANNOT BE ARRESTED.**—By a recent decision made in Erie county, New York, Judge Mason holds that an enlisted soldier cannot be arrested for any debt or contract during his term of service.

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**VENERABLE.**—A pistareen has been dug up in Milford, Mass., dated 1726, as bright as the day it was coined.

—♦—♦—♦—  
**TRUISM.**—Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

—♦—♦—♦—  
**QUERY.**—What is the best line to lead a man with? Crino-line.

## LAUGHING PHILOSOPHERS.

The old proverb says, "there is no use crying for spilt milk;" but we should like to know what use there is in crying about anything. Tears will not bring back the false friend who has run away in the British steamer, leaving you to pay the note you endorsed for him. Whining wont raise the stocks you foolishly invested all your available capital in, when your best friends advised you to buy real estate. Sighs wont convince Miss Arabella that she did very wrong to jilt you for that odious Smith, who has so many more thousand in the bank. Jaffier was a whining sentimentalist, always ready to "play the boy and blubber;" but who does not prefer the "bold, gay-faced villain," the dashing Pierre? Tony Lumpkin expresses a very proper contempt for the taste of his mother and cousin, whom he often saw weeping over a book, "and the more it made 'em cry the more they liked it." The morbid melancholy of Lord Byron is out of fashion; the world had rather laugh with Tom Hood, or Saxe, or Oliver Wendell Holmes. Even stage sorrows find audiences with flinty hearts, and persons in the parquette are no longer obliged to put up their umbrellas to shelter themselves from the floods of tears descending from the boxes. Even the greatest calamities may be borne without unmanly weakness. Matthews used to tell the story of an East Indian, who, when his wife was consumed to ashes by a sunstroke at dinner-table, quietly laughed, and ordered the servant to sweep away his mistress, and bring him another bottle. "This convulsion" (laughter), says a pleasant writer, "as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may therefore fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate (the only one to which I ever succeeded), both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational." Ladies are aware that tears are very repulsive to the bearded half of creation, and sometimes make a formidable use of the fact. Just as Jerry Sneak is about to get the upper hand of his ter-magant wife, she attacks him with a fit of weeping. In an agony of remorse he exclaims, "Brother Bruin, I have made my Molly weep!" and straightway abandons all his pretensions to martial supremacy. So dear are a wife's smiles, that, to banish her tears, he will concede anything—cashmeres, sables, diamonds. But even woman in her weakness must resort to tears only

in desperate cases, for they are sad destroyers of female charms. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is called by Homer the "laughter-loving queen," and mirth and beauty go hand in hand together, as do laughter and wisdom. The "ha, ha!" vanquish the "heighos!" all the world over.

## STRATEGY.

The following incident of the Shay rebellion, furnished to the Springfield Republican by a gentleman who heard it from his father, conveys the lesson that strategy is sometimes better than force. The story is as follows: Soon after the rebellion was quelled, three men, named Nathaniel Coleman, Samuel Paxton and Henry Styles, and who resided in Hatfield and Whately, hearing that one of Shay's men was confined in the old jail at Springfield, determined to rescue him. They rode to Springfield on horseback, taking an extra horse for the prisoner, and at night, leaving one of their number to guard the horses, the other two went to the jail and demanded the keys of the jailer. That official refused to give them up, and Coleman said to his companion, "Call in forty men from the main body, and we'll see if we can have those keys." The jailer was frightened at this, and not only gave up the keys, but showed them where the prisoner was confined, and both he and his brave deliverers succeeded in making their escape.

CHANGE.—If we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous, and then we are reduced to that old despair, "If water chokes, what will you drink after?"

LOST.—Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost forever!

EXPERIENCE.—The longer we live, the more our experience widens; the less prone are we to judge our neighbor's conduct, to question the world's wisdom.

THE HEART.—Every heart has a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

PROFITABLE.—Wilkes's Spirit states that M. Berger, the billiard player, made \$8000 by his exhibitions in this country.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in the stranger's gardens.

**RICH AND POOR.**

This strange world of ours is made up of contrasts. In it wealth and poverty move side by side, the palace and the hovel often join each other, and a partition wall frequently is all that separates the abode of Lazarus and Dives. Men murmur at this inequality, and it is not strange that the extremely poor should be envious of the extremely rich, and should bitterly contrast their lives and fortunes. This striking disparity has not only occupied the attention of the sufferers themselves, but has engaged the thoughts of political economists, and various are the schemes that have been devised to put an end to its existence.

In France, Red Republicanism proposes a decisive remedy for the evil, namely, the confiscation of all existing property, and its equal division among all men and classes. But how long, with the infirmities of human nature always operating, would this equality exist? We have the authority of one divinely inspired, to assure us that the rich and poor will always be among us. Is not this condition of misery also the source of virtue? The sufferings of the poor develop benevolence, charity and good feeling among their more fortunate brethren, and inspire those acts that are twice blessed, blessing the giver and receiver.

But if we separate from the class of rich men those who only hold their property in trust for others' use, who bestow their incomes in noble, expansive charities, employ vast capital in vast enterprises which gives employment to all who are willing to labor, we shall narrow down the number of those who inspire the hatred and envy of the poor to a very small amount. We shall then have left us but a very small number, comparatively, who, miser-like, act the part of the dog in the manger with their hoarded treasures, who

"Cheer, starve and pilfer to enrich an heir,"

and the selfishly rich who employ their money in personal gratification.

Yet what man among the poorest of the poor, could he know and realize all the conditions of the question, would willingly change places with the sordid miser? The beggar's fare is far, far better than the loathsome diet to which the miser dooms himself. And what is the condition of the rich man, who, with no bar to self-indulgence, devotes his life to the procuring of luxuries for himself? Wan, wasted with indigestion, or dying with plethora, a victim to the gout, or dreadfully momentarily an attack of apoplexy or paralysis, he is an object of pity rather than hatred

or envy. Besides, the happy law of compensation is visible even here, since the luxuries consumed by such a man give employment to the poor; he is not without his uses to society.

The utopian scheme of a division of property is entirely impracticable; the improvidence of some, and the superior skill, intelligence and strength of others, would in a very short time re-produce the same relation of rich and poor, for wealth and poverty are only terms of comparison. It is worse than folly for a state, therefore, to attempt to regulate these things by law. All that can be done is, to encourage industry, by affording an equal opportunity to all to succeed in the various employments of life, to equalize the burthens of the cost of government, to supply the means of sound moral and intellectual culture to all, and to leave the rest to individual exertion and to the benevolence of Providence.

Such are the views we hold in the relationship of rich and poor, and such, doubtless, will be the result of any thinking person who gives to the subject his due consideration.

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**HORSE-FLESH.**—Horse-flesh for the table has become so common in Germany and France, that it is now regularly quoted in the price current column of local newspapers. A Frenchman who has taken the trouble to analyze horse-flesh speaks highly of horse-soup, but pronounces horse-beef black, stringy, and indigestible.

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**THE HAIR.**—Dr. Liebnitz says that cutting the hair close to the head, a custom which is now in vogue, causes the sap which naturally invigorates the hair to strike to the brain, thus giving that peculiarity of expression which is noticed in those whose heads have been filed.

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**PAPER RAGS.**—The annual consumption of rags in this country far exceeds 110,000 tons, three-fourths of which are imported; and the best material for paper is gradually becoming scarcer and dearer.

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**MARRIAGE.**—Marriage, with the best prospects, is a very solemn engagement—enough to make a young creature's heart tremble, when she thinks seriously of it.

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**SPORTS OF THE TURF.**—It is estimated that more than five millions of dollars are circulated annually in Great Britain by means of horse racing.

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**A SAD TRUTH.**—We are oftener more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who steal into our houses.

## Foreign Miscellany.

The manufactories of Manchester, England, consume 20,000 tons of coal every 24 hours.

Butcher's meat is so dear in Paris that a leg of mutton is an imperial luxury.

Motley's History of the United Netherlands has reached its fourth thousand in England.

The imperial library at Vienna contains three hundred thousand volumes.

The first book issued in England bears the date of the year 1507.

John Howard Payne wrote "Home, sweet Home" while residing in the city of Paris.

A "big thing" is the great bell of Moscow. It weighs nearly four hundred thousand pounds.

News can now be sent from England to San Francisco in the period of nineteen days.

Two hundred and twenty children per day, are said to be born in the city of London. Sure crop!

A servant girl, lately committed suicide in England, by cutting her throat, because she was accused of stealing from her mistress.

The first locomotive ever run on a railroad is still in existence, in Darlington, Eng., and is an object of great curiosity. It bears the date 1825.

Martin Farquhar Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, which has been so abused and laughed at, has reached its hundredth thousand in England.

Two soldiers in the standing army of England were lately sentenced to six months' imprisonment for sprinkling a dog with turpentine and setting it on fire. The dog was killed.

The first temple dedicated to the Greek rite in France was opened a few weeks since. Archbishops, archimandrites, ambassadors, deacons, ladies of fashion, marshals, etc., assisted, and the pomp was prodigious.

African slavers have discovered a new way of reaching Cuba with their cargoes. A few weeks since six hundred negroes were landed on Anguilla Island, one of the Bahamas, the slave ship burned to escape detection, and the cargo forwarded to Cuba, in two trips, by a schooner.

It is stated that Miss Frederika Bremer is about to make a lengthened sojourn in Greece, with a view of giving to the literary world some account of society in that country, which will be translated by Mrs. Mary Howitt, and published in an English form.

The price of land in London may be reckoned at considerably more than £100,000 per acre. Thus, the excise office was sold at the rate of £28,000 an acre; the India house at the rate of £124,000 per acre; some land, as approaches to New Westminster bridge, at £170,000 per acre, giving an average of £127,000 per acre.

The treaty with the King of Lagos for the cession of the isle and port of Lagos to Great Britain, is officially announced. The port of Lagos is one of the most valuable upon the African coast, its business amounting to upwards of ten millions of dollars annually. It is a rich acquisition for the British government.

In Russia there is one soldier to every sixty of the inhabitants throughout the empire.

There are some three hundred copper mines in successful operation in Chili, South America.

A Russian church has just been dedicated in Paris.

In China, now, you can buy a dozen Chinese babies of their mothers for \$2.

Let travellers remember that ancient Rome was about thirty feet below the present city.

The largest cannon ever known was cast in Hindoostan, to carry a ball of 2600 pounds!

They have an Egyptian almanac in the British Museum nearly 3000 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton have been giving their Parlor Operas at Scarborough, England.

The Baron de Vidi is picking oakum in a London prison. It will be remembered he had one son too many.

M. Xindavelonis, the husband of the late Madame Bosio, has erected an elegant monument to her memory in St. Petersburg.

The honey crop of France is this year one of the most abundant ever known. In some hives in the southern provinces there have been three swarms of bees.

Certain persons are endeavoring to revive in Paris the use of the funeral pyre, and the preservation of the ashes of the dead in urns, instead of the system of inhumation.

The latest news from England shows that a great number of the larger cotton manufactories are running about two-thirds time, owing, it is stated, to the scarcity of cotton.

A monkey owned by an Edinburg shop-keeper lately snatched from its mother's arms a baby twelve months old, and with its teeth and nails nearly tore it to pieces before it could be reached.

The Australian exploring expedition has proved a failure. Several of its members died from disease and exhaustion, while the leader and three of his companions who pushed forward, have not been heard of since.

The bride selected for the Prince of Wales, the Princess Anna of Denmark, is described as just fifteen, very fair, with a most brilliant complexion, and lovely fair hair, clustering in thick curls about her neck and shoulders.

The annual musical festival at Baden must have been a brilliant affair. It took place last month, and the expense was near \$4000. M. Berlioz was the director, and the music performed was drawn, to a considerable extent, from his own writings.

Messages have lately been sent direct, by telegraph, to Taganrog, on the Sea of Azoff, from the city of London. The distance is 2500 miles. This is said to be the longest direct communication by telegraph ever achieved, unless we except the messages by the Atlantic Cable.

The owner of the ticket which has won the prize of 100,000 francs at the Amiens lottery in France is a resident at Havre, but though he took the precaution to write down the number, he has mislaid the ticket, without the production of which he cannot, of course, receive the prize.

## Record of the Times.

Three hundred thousand bushels of wheat arrived in Chicago in one day not long since.

A grandniece of Oliver Cromwell resides in Livingston, Madison county, Mississippi.

St. Louis has a population of about two hundred thousand. It grows like a mushroom.

First duty of a soldier—to know how to make soup. So said Napoleon the Great.

Diphtheria has proved very fatal in various parts of the State of Maine this fall.

Counterfeiters have been very busy all over the country of late. Look sharp at paper currency.

There never was so much money in this country as there is at the present moment.

It is against the law of the State for first cousins to marry each other in Kentucky.

We have about five thousand public schools in the State of Massachusetts.

The Washington monument at Baltimore is 115 feet high; Pompey's Pillar, Alexandria, 120.

The Machias (Me.) Republican reports several cases of ravages by wolves in that section.

The cotton crop in some parts of Texas has been injured materially by continued rainy weather.

New Hampshire, this year, sends forty-nine students to the several departments of Harvard University.

There are eighteen thousand Indians in Oregon and Washington, most of whom are on reserves, in accordance with the provisions of government.

A writer in the New England Farmer, speaking of dogs, says, "As a curse to the commonwealth, they stand, in an economical point of view, next to rum."

As an improvement upon the barbarous word "telegram," the more expressive one of "tell-a-whopper" has been suggested. The hint will certainly be adopted if the reporters persist in sending their purely fictitious messages over the wires.

Edmund Randolph, an able and prominent politician of California, died at San Francisco, September 8th. He was a native of Virginia, and was closely related to the Virginia Randolphs, who have occupied high positions in the government of their State and the United States.

George S. Shaw, of Coleraine, has a black raspberry bush near his house, from which he has picked, in their season, half a bushel or more of berries, and the same bush was recently loaded with a second crop, many of them ripe, some green, and other parts of the bush covered with blossoms.

Some towns are favored in a pecuniary manner by the war. Portsmouth, N. H., was never more flourishing before than it is now made by the government works. Nearly two thousand men, we are told, are employed in the navy yard—a number equal to all the men in Portsmouth before—and they keep money in quick circulation.

The London Times costs thirty-five dollars a year.

The territory of Missouri exceeds in extent the whole of the New England States.

A submarine cable has been successfully laid from Malta to Alexandria.

General Lane wears a straw hat, a plain coat, and a gray woollen shirt, and is the most marked and unmilitary man in his brigade.

They raise apples in Missouri weighing thirty-one ounces, and measuring sixteen and a quarter inches in circumference.

The planters of Havana are going into the cotton raising business, in addition to their importation of wool from Africa.

Spain is a customer in the Birmingham market for 12,000 tons of railway iron, 50 locomotives and 600 carriages.

The receipts of the patent-office have fallen off so much that it probably will not continue self-sustaining.

The finance accounts of England show that there was paid last year from the Consolidated Fund, £323,000 for salaries of judges, and £65,000 for pensions to retired judges.

A Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen sailed in June last, with the intention of endeavoring to reach the North Pole by following Parry's track, to the westward of Greenland.

A general order has been issued from the English war department, which authorizes the payment of one farthing per pound for the recovery of all shot fired from garrison or field guns.

A marriage between two cousins of the Rothschild family has been arranged, and will take place in London. A great many million dollars will meet on the occasion and be consolidated.

The son of Leary, the famous New York hatter, owns the tract of land where the battle of Bull Run was fought. If the government assert its power over Virginia, he means to build a hotel on the battle-field.

The number of sewing machines exported from New York to foreign countries, for the three months ending October 1, 1861, was 1268, worth \$64,149. Of these, 552, valued at \$25,000, went to England.

Only a few days before he was first attacked by the disease, which finally resulted in death, the late Dr. Ezra Styles Ely was heard to exclaim: "I long to be where I shall learn more of God in an hour than I have learned in all my life."

A soldier accidentally dropped a bottle of Jamaica ginger on the floor in the Rome (Ga.) railroad depot a few days since, when the contents instantly ignited, and burning in a bright blaze, consumed the wrapper and other dry substances on the floor before it could be extinguished.

The street railroads feel the pressure of the times keenly. At Cincinnati their earnings the past few months have been about 25 per cent. less than during the corresponding period last year. Their expenses, however, are ten or fifteen per cent. less. The business of the Philadelphia and Boston passenger railways shows a very similar result.



## Merry-Making.

Jerrold says, "Eve ate the apple that she might indulge in dress."

Why is the seeing a sign a manifest token of sight? Because it is a sign you see.

There is no objection to *boils* in the house, so that they be confined to the dinner-pot.

The funambulist who tried to balance the north pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

Why may it be said that Dutchmen come into the world ready dressed? Because they are born in Holland.

Why does no man confess his vices? It is because he is yet in them. It is for a waking man to tell his dreams.

If your watch is snatched from you in the streets, probably the best thing you can do is to raise the cry of "Watch, watch!"

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

Julius—What portion ob de army do de land-lords dread de most? Sam—Don't reely know, nigga. Julius—Why de left tenants, ob course.

Punch thinks that the carriage drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troops could stand their charges.

A writer on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles generally fly fastest.

Fitzgerald's City Item asks: "If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where is the audience and orchestra to come from?"

Slanders issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

If one of our people in the East be found kissing a Turkish lady, can he be charged with embracing Mahomedanism?

A poet says, "O, she was fair, but sorrow came, and left his traces there." What became of the rest of the harness he don't state.

"If you call this skinning," says Tom to the barber, "it is not so bad; but if you call it shaving, I should prefer your using the other side of the razor."

One of the Vermont gold diggers has come very near making his fortune. With immense labor he has dug up an old sledge, a woodchuck trap, a jewsharp and an old cent.

A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

The newspapers are cautioning people not to go out in the sun, just as though they could gather their harvest in the shade. "Don't go near the water, Billy, till you learn to swim."

The following knotty question claims the attention of one or all of our debating societies: "It a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or let go?"

A Quaker loves the ocean for its broad brim.

It is as bad to have nothing to live for as it is to have nothing to live on.

Why was Adam like a sugar-planter? Because he first raised *Cain*.

When does night draw near?—When T (tea) is removed, for then night is nigh.

Going to balls in peace or war, has caused many a soldier to dance *shot-tisch*, reel or hop waltz!

When is a cloth cloak not a cloth cloak?—When it is well wet (velvet)! This is intended for our English readers.

We were amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men on the ground and six misses.

Persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is they cannot find thoughts for their words.

Stay awake in church. It is a shame for the church to be made a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath.

A French writer has lately observed, with commendable caution, that "nearly all men are human."

The young lady who saw a baby without kissing it, has acknowledged that her friend's bonnet is handsomer than her own.

Why are the pimples on a drunkard's face like the engravings in a London newspaper? Because they are illustrations of Punch.

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempts to circulate in vein. (The author of this joke is dead.)

A negro fellow, the other day, got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A great many white men do the same by marrying one.

Why ought the American people to emulate all that is great and good? Because they have such admirable precedents (*Presidents*) given them.

Why is Kossuth a great glutton? Because after having plenty of good *Turkey*, and an invitation to *Fill more*, his cry is, alas! *Hung(a)ry!*

General Taylor, on one occasion, being besieged by office-seekers, made the remark, that "some were doomed to appointment, and some to disappointment."

Why are the works of most authors of fiction like Stewart's celebrated marble store in Broadway? Because the greatest pains (panes) are shown in the first story.

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?"—"Yes, papa, but this is a *yellow* one." Papa collapsed.

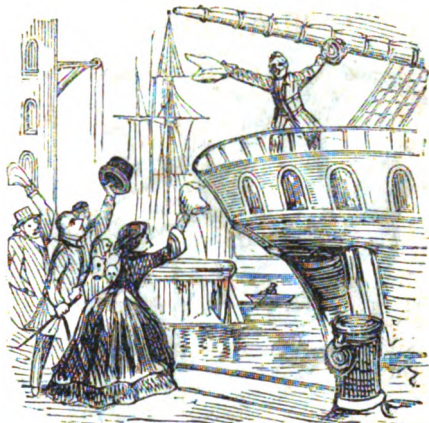
"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine."—"Why, I ordered medicine for ten."—"Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

A pedler called on an old lady to dispose of some goods and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which no pedler had travelled. "Yes, said she, 'I know one, and only one, and that is the road to heaven.'"

# HUNTING GORILLAS.



Mr. Romanticus reads Du Chaillu's adventures in Africa until two o'clock in the morning—resolves to go a-hunting for gorillas.



Bids his friends adieu, and sets sail for the wilds of Africa.



Rather astonished at the intelligent beings he meets on first landing!



Starts off with his rifle and attendants for the hunting-grounds.



The first sight of the gorillas quite overcomes him.



Recovering himself, he retreats and fires among them—the result.



# BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Hand to hand conflict—deserted by his native attendants.



Gorillas a little too smart for him—tie him hand and foot.



Gorillas resolve to make an example of the invading white man.



And procuring a small amount of fuel, put their determination into practice by adopting white men's style—burning the body!



Triumphal dance of gorillas over the victory and punishment.



Mr. Romanticus awakes, rubbing his eyes, and rejoicing it is all a dream!—resolving to read no more such horrid descriptions just at bed-time.

















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